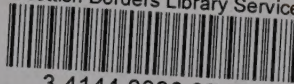


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CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c.

AND

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH REBELLIONS," "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," &c.



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AND

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EDINBURGH:

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THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

End of the Volume.

The numbers of the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER may be bound in at the end of the volume; interspersed with the Journal according to their dates; or preserved separately. It is recommended to place them at the end of the volume.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c.

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THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

It is a custom so ancient, that I do not know when it had a beginning, for editors of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, large and small, to commence their labours with an apology for their intrusion, and an expression of sorrow for their deficiencies. With regard to such a venerable usage, I beg entirely to depart from it. I make no apology, and seek no undue favour. The grand leading principle by which I have been actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the poorest labourer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction: nay, every school-boy shall be able to purchase with his pocket-money, something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life—instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it. Entertaining such a design as this—one calculated to be of such extensive service to mankind at large—those apologies, which Johnson has already condemned as being

"With merit needless, and without it vain"—

would be unutterably ridiculous. Whether I succeed in my wishes, a very brief space of time will satisfactorily determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I seek is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service; and should Heaven in its mercy grant me that share of health, which, by its inscrutable Providence, is now denied to so many around me, I do not despair of showing such a specimen of the powers of the printing-press as has hitherto been unexampled in the history of Literature. It may, perhaps, be considered an invidious remark, when I state as my honest conviction, that the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never yet been properly cared for, in the way of presenting knowledge, under its most cheering and captivating aspect, to their immediate observation. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an enormous capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavour has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the folly of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjunctly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser with all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which these highly praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles—and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them—neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society. Nothing could afford me more unmitigated pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal edification and delight to the highest conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of an universal democracy: or was read with

as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cottars of my native land. I have voluntarily, and unprompted, taken in my hands an engine endowed with the most tremendous possibilities of mischief. I may have it now in my power to instil the most pernicious opinions on almost any subject, into the minds of three millions of human beings. But I see the straight path of moral responsibility before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty.

On account of certain existing laws affecting unstamped periodical publications coming out at briefer intervals than twenty-seven days, this Journal, as a matter of course, will not be expected to contain any news of general events, or any political or parliamentary intelligence. All information of that character, when wanted, must be sought for in the ordinary sevenpenny stamped newspapers. The matter which I am allowed by law to introduce into my paper is, however, such as will, I trust, be of value to readers in all grades of society. As I happen to be able to spare room, I shall present—but not too hurriedly one upon another—original and select papers on Literary and Scientific subjects, including articles on the Formation and Arrangements of Society; short Essays on Trade and Commerce; Observations on Education in its different branches, with Investigations into the Properties of our Scholastic and Academic Institutions; Sketches in Topography and Statistics, relative to Agriculture, Gardening, Planting, Sheep-farming, the making of Roads, Bridges, and Canals; the Establishment of Ferries, the best means of Conveyance by Land and Water; Increase of Population; the Uses of Machinery to simplify Human Labour, Manufactures, &c.; all indicative of the vast improvements effected in the United Kingdom and America by the skill and perseverance of their inhabitants, and of what still remains to be accomplished.—For the express use of the poor man, I shall open a continued flow of valuable and correct information for his guidance, should he be disposed or necessitated to emigrate—neither, on the one hand, buoying him up with false hopes, nor, on the other, discouraging him by gloomy anticipation.—For the benefit of poor old men and women who live in cottages among the hills, and who cannot sometimes come to church, because the roads are miry, or because the snow lies deep on the ground, I shall give excellent pithy passages from the works of the great British Moralists, the names of which they hardly ever heard of.—For the recreation of those men who reflect deeply on the constitution of man, I shall from time to time present passages from the works of Newton and Bacon, the learned Encyclopædists, and other English luminaries of the present and preceding ages; so that their dignified knowledge may not remain any longer locked up in leather bindings, in presses, but be brought under the view of my readers, as they lie on their sofas in warm and comfortable rooms.—To Artizans I shall present instructive little paragraphs from the best writers on the various branches of their industry, and notices of new inventions in mechanics.—To the Naturalist I shall, in a similar manner, offer agreeable sketches illustrative of his interesting pursuits.—My short extracts, relative to Domestic and Cottage Economy, will, I doubt not, be received with approbation, from their general utility.—I shall give short analytical notices of and extracts from Books, pointing out which ought preferably to be bought. In this department I shall be altogether beyond the reach of being purchased by publishers, and shall only consult the benefit of the reader. I anxiously desire to remain on the most amicable terms with all my editorial friends;

but I promise them they shall find me a very DAVOUST in literary warfare. Like that eminent general of divison—who thought nothing of marching a body of thirty thousand men a dozen leagues before breakfast, and capturing his enemy before the men had time to powder their hair, or put the necessary daily whitening on the belts of their cartridge-boxes—I shall have a dozen fresh publications dispatched and gutted before they have time to draw on their red morocco slippers.—To the ladies and gentlemen of the "old school" I shall relate innumerable amusing traditional anecdotes, not one of which probably they ever heard before; and I shall tell them many curious particulars of old castles, and abbeys, and monks, and abbots, which, I dare say, will entertain them very agreeably in their easy chairs by their firesides. With the ladies of the "new school," and all my fair young countrywomen in their teens, I hope to be on agreeable terms, and I have no doubt but that in the end I shall turn out a great favourite. I will now tell them what I intend to do for them: I shall make a point of giving them every week, if I can find room, a nice amusing tale, either original, or selected from the best modern authors—no ordinary trash about Italian castles, and daggers, and ghosts in the blue chamber, and similar nonsense, but something really good. I will also inform them of a thousand useful little receipts and modes of housewifery, calculated to make them capital wives; and perhaps I may give them some new insight into the mysteries of sewing maps and footstools, and painting in water colours, and drawing with pencils or chalk, and of singing, and improving their taste in music.

I intend to do a great deal for Boys. I have long been of opinion that these "harmless little men" are an exceedingly ill-used people. I was once a boy myself, and I remember how thankful I was when any body explained things to me. I was many years the worst scholar in the whole school. I never learned anything, because no one would give me a reason for there being certain peculiarities in the construction of Latin words. It was ten years after I left school before I saw through the trick of learning this intricate tongue, which I found altogether consisted of paying the most minute attention to the two last letters in the words; often did I think that mankind had entered into a conspiracy to torment boys with Latin. My distaste of this language drove me from the perusal of every kind of books, and I was near turning out an ignorant blockhead. My father, who was an exceedingly intelligent man, at length saw what I wanted: it was instruction under an alluring, comprehensible form. He tried me first with Gulliver—not a trifling sixpenny Gulliver, which tells only about the little men the size of your finger, but one which tells also of the great tall men the height of a church steeple; and the men who were always apt to fall asleep, and had to be kept awake by flappers; and the men who always began to build their houses from the roof downwards; and of the horses who could speak and drink tea with each other, at one another's houses, and who had a sort of human beings to act as their servants. A relation of these wonderfully curious things opened up a new world to my awakened senses. Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress were soon similarly devoured, and I became a confirmed reader for ever after.

This is what I intend to do for boys: I know the kind of things they would like to read about, and a perusal of which would lead them to more abstruse and valuable studies. I shall give them lots of nice little stories, every one of which will be true, about travellers who went upon long and painful journeys in Asia and Africa, seeking for knowledge regarding the

produce and peculiarities of unknown countries; and how they travelled among the most sublime ruins of empires, of which history scarcely retains a recollection; or across spacious burning deserts and wildernesses, tenanted only by naked savage men, wild beasts of a ferocious character, and snakes of a most frightful size. Or I will describe to them the region in its present degraded condition, in which those miraculous events took place which are recorded in the books of the Old and New Testament; and of who were instrumental in writing these exceedingly ancient productions; and how long they remained unknown to mankind in their present shape; and of how that unfortunate country is now inhabited by an indolent race of men, who wear cambric napkins on their heads instead of hats, and shawls like women; and how they have no chairs in their houses, but sit cross-legged on the floor, like tailors, sipping coffee out of cups not much larger than a thimble, and smoking long pipes made out of the branches of cherry-trees. I have yet a great deal more things in store for boys. If they behave themselves, and learn their lessons at school, I shall tell them all about building rabbit-houses on scientific principles; and, perhaps (but their mothers and fathers are to hear nothing of it), I shall give them an insight into the art of legerdemain. I have yet many nice things in my mind which I am going to tell boys. I shall inform them about matters which their papa does not think of speaking to them about, because he is so busy; such as the meaning and uses of many institutions they will have to be members of when they become big; and, among other things, of how the people of this country, by their good sense and steadiness, have made little paper pictures pass for money in shops, and which are worth twenty round silver shillings with the king's head on them, or a whole capful of penny pieces. Or, as I know that boys are fond of voyages at sea, and like to hear about sailors who were wrecked by storms on desert islands, I will give them a number of stories of that description, of which they have at present no idea. I will also tell them of still more terrific adventures of seamen who have tried to sail their ships round the northern extremity of America, whose vessels were frozen in among large floating islands of ice, and who had a great difficulty in keeping themselves warm, as well as sustaining life, by eating seaweed, till the ices thawed, and their ships were permitted to return home. Finally, I shall give them accounts of men who were at one time poor little boys like themselves, but who, on paying a daily attention to their studies, and being always honest, and having a great desire to become eminent, and not be mere drudges all their days, gradually rose to be great statesmen, and generals, and members of learned professions, and distinguished authors, and to have fine houses and parks; and that at last they even came to be made kings or presidents of powerful nations.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

EDINBURGH, February 1, 1832.

ON THE FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

THE necessary labours, and the frivolous pursuits of man, leave him little leisure to inquire into the early state of that system of society of which he happens to be a member; while few are tempted, from their ordinary course of reading, to search into records pregnant with the most instructive details of the former condition of their native country, or illustrative of the rise and progress of that remarkable organisation which has elevated Britain to the highest pitch of intellectual superiority. For instance, there are not many who can give an explicit account of how the people in the northern part of our island came to speak the generous language which they now employ; how different orders of society originated; or how or why families began to use surnames. Without a knowledge of circumstances of this interesting nature, no Scotsman can properly understand a variety of those institutions which he sees established around him. He will only know that those things had a beginning some time, but when that *some time* was, he cannot rightly tell; and so he will settle down in an ignorant and apathetic contentment, exceedingly prejudicial to his character as a person of intelligence. Before coming to a discussion on these ingenious arrangements, which rule the conduct of modern society, it would be best to explain, in a simple manner, some of those preliminary matters to which we allude; and by this procedure, we shall clear the way of several obstacles which interrupt our progress.

Prior to the tenth century, the greater part of Scotland was the residence of a number of different nations of men, who, though governed by distinct heads, owned the same Celtic original, tracing their descent from that great branch of mankind, which, in the most remote times, crossed the Hellespont, and over-spread the whole of Europe and its islands. Whether named Picts, Scots, or Celts, they all held communication in the Gaelic language, though varying in idiomatic expression. At the period to which we refer, there were few towns in Scotland; almost none of those castles whose remains we now see in the country; none of those abbeys whose picturesque ruins ornament many a rural scene; no feudal usages; no lords, no peers, no trade, and little civilisation. The kingdom lay a savage blank; kings, thanes, priests, and people, spoke the Celtic tongue, and, as

is supposed, wore the Highland garb. An astonishing revolution was, however, destined soon to take place, and to alter, by its influence, the whole system of human society.

The reign of Malcolm III. (or *Canmore*, from *can more*, a great head), which lasted from the year 1057 to 1093, has usually been ascribed as the era of the great revolution which I mention. But it is well understood by antiquaries, that the change began somewhat earlier, and lasted much later. Before the reign of Malcolm, the district called Lothian, which, in point of fact, included the shires of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Haddington, Berwick, and part of Roxburgh, formed a large portion of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, and was, consequently, settled by an Anglo-Saxon people, whose tongue and whose usages were thus early settled in the division of country south of the Forth. About the year 1020, this large and fair portion of Scotland was added to the Scottish crown by Malcolm II.; and when Malcolm Canmore came to the throne, he found himself the first ruler of the whole of Scotland. The settlement of Anglo-Saxons in Lothian prepared the way for a far wider extension of their race over the country; and the troubles in England prior to, and consequent on, the Norman Conquest, produced a continued influx of foreigners into North Britain. The Conquest itself was, indeed, an immediate cause of a prodigious emigration of Anglo-Saxons into Scotland. It will be remembered that Edgar Ætheling, the unfortunate prince who was subdued by William of Normandy, fled with his family on the seizure of his country, and bent his way towards the continental territories of his ancestors. Luckily for Scotland, the ship which bore the dejected prince across the seas, was driven by a tempest into the Firth of Forth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Malcolm, who resided at the time in Dunfermline. The Scottish monarch was already favourably known to Edgar and his family. The result is well known: Margaret, his sister, became the wife of Malcolm, and proved an inestimable blessing, not only to her royal spouse, but to the whole Scottish nation. She taught him the Saxon tongue, the arts of reading and writing, and several other accomplishments. In consequence of her settlement in Scotland, the country became the ready place of refuge to a vast number of Anglo-Saxon chiefs and their followers. It is not easy to discover the extent of change which this influence of a more civilised people produced on the Scotch at this particular period; for, after the demise of Margaret, a large body of her followers are said to have been chased out of the country by the indignant natives. Malcolm, it seems, had the good sense to give an asylum to the fugitives from the south; he, indeed, aided insurrections in England for the purpose; and during his incursions into Northumberland and Durham, carried away so many of the young men and women, that they were seen many years afterwards not only in every village, but in every house within his dominions. It may therefore be concluded, that such a large introduction of foreigners must have had a permanent influence on society, and could not be eradicated at any future period.

In the reign of Malcolm Canmore, there were not many settlements of Anglo-Saxon barons who left lines of descendants in the higher ranks. The only two which have been noticed were the Earls of Dunbar and of Lennox, both of whose houses have merged in subsequent times. We have thus to look to a period after the decease of Malcolm for the events which occurred to change the customs of the country. On investigating the remote records of history, it is ascertained that the successive reigns of Edgar, Alexander I., and David I.—embracing a period from 1098 to 1153—formed the interesting epoch in which the overthrow of Celtic usages took place; but that in that period, the benignant reign of David I. has the chief claim to be considered the most conducive to such an alteration.

David I., whose extreme piety has been well detailed in history, having been educated at the English court of Henry I., and married an English countess, was followed into North Britain by a thousand Anglo-Normans—that is, English gentlemen of Norman extraction, or perhaps of Anglo-Saxon and Norman lineage—to whom he distributed lands in all parts of the country, where they settled with their retainers, and built castles, churches, mills, and hamlets, for the convenience of themselves and their retainers. The feudal chiefs, who were thus introduced by David, seem to have soon remodelled the order of things previously existing. The barbarous civil code, if code it can be called, dropped in pieces; the greater proportion of those eminently judicious laws now governing the country were established; parliaments and sheriffdoms were organised; guilds and governments of burghs were instituted; the Celtic tongue very soon, and in a most surprising manner, was abandoned; the people in the towns which were built near the castles of the barons, gave it altogether up; speedily it was only spoken by serfs or *villeins*; not long after, they also gave it up, because they were compelled, of necessity, to learn the language of their masters; ultimately, it was forced to linger only in the wilds of Galloway, Carrick, and the Highlands; it was even gradually banished from thence, and in our own times, the only portion of the country which retains it, is the last-mentioned district, and the Western or Hebridean Isles. About the same epoch, there was also an infusion of a

Scandinavian Gothic race in Caithness and the northern islands, who helped to destroy the Celtic tongue, and to extirpate its usages. Thus, in nearly all directions, the naturalised Scotch, the real owners or tillers of the land, the descendants of the original Irish and Scottish tribes, or of the Romanised Britons, sunk, without striking a blow, before the powerful and intelligent domination of Germans, Normans, or Goths, and have left behind them in the Lowlands no farther traces of their presence than those conferred by the names of places, which are, almost without exception, of a Gaelic original, or by physical memorials of their places of devotion and sepulture. The most remarkable part of this singular overthrow was the circumstance of those Germans and Normans settling even in the heart of the Highlands, which, it is pretended, were *never* conquered, and these becoming the heads or chiefs of clans, have ever since been revered as the descendants of the most ancient aborigines. We shall soon have occasion to notice some of those foreign chieftains, whom the Highlanders have in this manner had imposed upon them.

Having now shown when and how this country lost the impress of its Celtic original, it will be a matter of agreeable recreation to go over a list of patrician and respectable Scottish families, who, in the way we have described, settled in the country. We consider it quite unnecessary, in a publication of this kind, to crowd the pages with authorities, but for the authenticity of the details, we may at once pledge ourselves. The first family which we may notice, was that of the *Morvilles*, who came from Burg in Cumberland, and acquired extensive possessions from David I. in Lauderdale, the Lothians, and Ayrshire. Hugh Morville, the first of his race in this country, became Constable of Scotland, an office which descended hereditarily through a long succession of illustrious heirs, both male and female. By Beatrice de Bello Campo, his wife, he acquired still greater possessions, and left a son to inherit his honours, as well as that of principal minister of William the Lion. This distinguished man built the Abbey of Dryburgh, and a great many churches. The Morvilles are frequently mentioned in Scottish history, and at one time they had extensive powers. They surrounded themselves with vassals, a number of whom were from England; and from the chief of these foreign servants there sprung not a few of our most respectable landed proprietors, especially in Cunningham, Haddingtonshire, and Tweeddale. In the latter, one of these gentlemen named *Edufr*, received lands near Peebles, in which arose a village taking from him the name of *Eddleston*. The family at length sunk, or lost its name, in Scotland, by the introduction of three female heirs, one of whom married De Quincy, Earl of Winchester; the second a son of the Earl of Albemarle; and the third, John Baliol, the lord of Bernard Castle, in Yorkshire, from whom sprung John Baliol, some time King of Scots, and a number of distinguished families in Galloway, where the descendants settled, and their families may still be found.—The *Riddels* came at the same time into Scotland, and there was not for many centuries a more respectable family. The first of the race was Gervase Riddel, who came from Ridal, in Yorkshire, and, under David, became one of the earliest sheriffs of Roxburghshire. From this district the family spread into Mid-Lothian, gave a name to a place now or lately called Cranston Ridel, near Dalkeith, and originated a great number of families of the name of Riddel in other parts of Scotland. The first of these Riddels also brought Anglo-Saxons with him as vassals, who contributed to swell the population of the country.—The *Corbets* were coeval with the Riddels, and were equally distinguished for the respectability of their rank and character. The first of the name was Robert Corbet, who came out of Shropshire, which was the original country of his race. He settled in Teviotdale, and seems to have been an opulent and liberal man. The family became conspicuous in the reign of William the Lion, and with their vassals helped considerably to Anglicise the country. Several of the name found their way into the north, and settled in Moray, where, perhaps, their descendants still remain. The main line of the family became extinct in the thirteenth century. Of the Riddels and Corbets, we shall have something remarkable to mention a little farther on.—The highly honourable and respectable family of the *Lindsays* were among the followers of David. Two brothers of the name of Walter de Lindsay and William de Lindsay, came out of Essex, from a place called Lindsay, and, attaching themselves to Earl David, before he ascended the throne, obtained from him, when he became king, extensive possessions in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, and Mid and East Lothian. One of their descendants, entitled David de Lindsay, settled in Fife, where he held lands under Ermengarde, the Queen of William the Lion, and originated a family of Lindsays, which has, we believe, ever since stood among the chief freeholders in the county. The Lindsays of Queen Mary's reign were descended from a descendant of one of the former-mentioned Lindsays, who obtained lands in Berwickshire. In modern times, we find families of the name of Lindsay over the whole of Scotland. Perhaps it is not generally known that the distinguished Northumbrian house of *Percy* sent a branch into this northern kingdom. Alan de Percy, like the Lindsays, attached himself to Earl David, and adhered to this beneficent

prince when he became king. With the alacrity and spirit of his race, he accompanied David to the celebrated battle of the Standard, in the year 1138. In return for his valuable services, he received the manors Oxenham and Heton, in Teviotdale. The line of family which Alan de Percy re-established, became munificent endowers of Melrose Abbey; but after sustaining an honourable name for three generations, the family became extinct for lack of heirs. The name of Percy is not common in Scotland, and any which possess it must be descended from the immigrant of modern times.—The *Somervilles* fall the next to be mentioned; but we must stop for the present

EMIGRATION.

It has been mentioned in our prospectus, that the furnishing of valuable and correct information on the subject of Emigration from Britain, shall, if possible, be a prominent object in the design of the present publication. The reason for this may be soon stated. The works of a respectable character, which profess to enlighten us on so momentous a topic, are generally so expensive, or otherwise so difficult to be obtained, that they seldom come within the reach of the humbler classes, who, it is evident, are those to whom information can only be of practical benefit. Under this impression, it becomes our willing office to present, as far as in our power, a variety of details on a point so important to the interests of a large mass of our readers. In looking about for some branch on which to begin with, we do not see any so likely to yield satisfaction as that relative to emigration to Canada and the United States of America; and of these countries we do not perceive any account which contains so much good, sound information, especially of a recent date, as an article "On the Agricultural Condition of Canada and part of the United States," drawn up by Adam Fergusson of Woodhill, just published, among other papers, under the auspices of the Highland Society. The directors of this beneficial institution having been apprised by Mr Fergusson of his intention to visit these places, it appeared to them a favourable opportunity of obtaining such information as might prove beneficial to rural economy, and the useful arts at home. The result has proved the correctness of those views. Mr Fergusson visited America in the course of the last year, 1831, and has now presented a statement which cannot be too highly prized. He gives us an outline of his excursion through the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and his visit to the States, the author every where giving a distinct view of the state and appearance of the country, the nature of soils, the crops which the lands produce, the price and rent of farms, and the market value of all kinds of stock. The author never *palavers* on any subject, but comes at once to the point; and that is what gives his paper its greatest value. No sort of abridgement is thus necessary in offering our readers a specimen of the production, and so we hurry to let the traveller speak for himself.

"To those ignorant of the geographical position, there is something in the term *Lower*, strongly indicative of a superiority in climate, which is by no means borne out by actual circumstances. Winter, in the Lower Province, wears a more severe and protracted form than it does on the great table-land above. Many decisive facts in confirmation of this might be adduced. I shall only mention that wheat cannot here withstand the severity of winter, requiring to be sown in spring, and occasioning thereby both loss and inconvenience to the farmer in wet and late seasons; while quails, or Virginian partridges, it may be observed, which abound in the Upper, are totally unknown in the Lower Province.

The soil is generally a fertile clay, which has hardly been yet brought, in any instance, to the test of what it may produce. It is generally occupied in small possessions, which continue, with the exception of some large seignories and church-lands, to fritter more and more away, from the absence of a check in the law of primogeniture, and a want of enterprise in the people, which might lead them to counteract this effect, by entering on new land. The population is chiefly French, and the religion Roman Catholic. The *habitants* are industrious, frugal, and contented; but their condition, to say the least, is almost stationary, and the habits or practices of their fathers are far too scrupulously revered.

I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with several British emigrants, who either occupy or possess farms in Lower Canada, and the uniform conclusion, to which all of them came, was an advice to look at the Upper Province before I formed an opinion upon the eligibility of a settlement. I am quite aware that several of these individuals are prospering, in a measure which might possibly be curtailed, if too many farmers of a like stamp should become located beside them; but I am equally satisfied that no such jealousy influenced the advice I received, and that the established conviction of all who are experimentally acquainted with Canada, is in favour of the Upper Province, as a settlement for British agriculturists. Those emigrants who have obtained land near Quebec or Montreal, and who are industrious and active, profit, of course, very handsomely by the vicinity of these cities.

Dairy produce brings in excellent returns, and every thing finds a market; and although mere locality cannot avail so much as formerly, when steam

navigation was unknown, still great advantages remain to the occupier of land near large towns. It is to be remarked, too, that the greater supply of farm produce, occasioned by the introduction of steam-boats, has materially increased the consumption, and has thereby compensated to the farmer the fall in price which necessarily followed. Fresh butter, which sold in 1817 for 1s. 6d. per pound in Montreal, may now be had for 6d. In summer it is a perishable article, and must be sold when it comes to market. But hay, straw, potatoes, &c., and the very soil itself, are becoming, in the vicinity of Montreal, what an Angus farmer termed to me, 'mischievously dear;' and those who are in possession of farms in that vicinity will reap an abundant harvest. My Angus friend, who seemed to be in the enjoyment of very easy circumstances, affords a proof, among hundreds, of what an industrious and steady man may do for himself in Canada. He came out in 1817, was wrecked in the Gulf of St Lawrence, suffered many hardships, and finally landed at Montreal, devoid of every resource, save his own hands and good spirits. He soon found employment, and in due time took a lease of a farm, which he finds to succeed extremely well. His wheat and potatoes, he says, are excellent; oats, inferior. He cultivates green crops, taking mangel wurzel instead of turnips, which suffer from the fly. He uses horses in preference to oxen; he has iron ploughs, and follows what he called a sort of rotation; 1st, Wheat; 2d, Green crop; 3d, Clover; 4th, Timothy for hay; and, 5th, Pasture. Several farms are at this time to let in this quarter. The rent expected is 10s. or 12s. per acre.

The Canadian farmers pursue the old Scottish practice of infield and outfield, taking crop after crop of grain from their fields, until nothing but weeds remain, and looking to Nature for that renovation which their own industry ought to have effected.

It may appear almost incredible, but I was assured of the fact, that it was by no means unusual, as winter occupation among the *habitants*, to drive out dung from their farm-yards, and deposit it upon the glassy surface of the St Lawrence, there to await the breaking up in spring, as a riddance from what they consider a worthless incumbrance.

On tracing a route upwards from Montreal, the eye of an emigrant is speedily arrested by the junction of the Ottawas, or Grand River, falling into the St Lawrence. I did not visit the settlements of this district, and do not therefore speak of them from personal observation; but they are well known to be valuable, extensive, and increasing. The Ottawas has of late years attracted the notice of government, as a safe route for troops and stores to the Upper Province, in the event of war with the United States. In surveying its banks, and applying its course to this purpose, extensive tracts of fine land have been located, and several very promising settlements have been established. Of these, I may notice Perth, Richmond, and Lanark, the two former chiefly composed of retired officers and reduced soldiers; the latter, of families from the manufacturing districts in the west of Scotland, who came out in 1820, and all, I believe, as communities, doing well. All of these were assisted and fostered by government. A military road communicates between Ottawas and Kingston, upon Lake Ontario, a distance of 240 miles. The Rideau Canal passes through a part of the country between this line of road and the St Lawrence.

The soil of this part of Canada is good; but the country is flat, the lakes shallow, and the streams frequently sluggish, which must be necessarily accompanied, for a time, with fever and ague to a greater extent than more airy and better watered situations present. There can be no doubt, however, that the settlements already formed, and to be formed in this quarter, will prosper. Government has done much for them by public works, which can scarce fail to benefit the country, whether they do or do not effect the objects for which they were planned; and the steam communication upon the Ottawas with Montreal is already in operation.

Returning to the St Lawrence, we enter the Upper Province, the Ottawas here forming the boundary line. As we ascend the river, we find numerous settlers, and thousands of acres well adapted for the farmer. One of the first settlements we meet with is the Glen-garry district, an extensive tract of good land, enjoying the advantages of water carriage. The language, the customs, the native courage of their Celtic sires, still distinguish the clan, though at the same time, we are afraid, accompanied by some of those less profitable traits which stamp the Highlander as more at home in wielding the claymore, or extracting mountain dew, than in guiding the ploughshare to slow but certain results. The farms are but indifferently improved, considering the advantages they have enjoyed; and much valuable time is expended in the depths of the forest, in a demi-savage life, cutting and preparing timber for the lumber merchant, which, if steadily devoted to the cultivation of the land, would certainly be attended with infinitely greater benefit, both in a physical and moral point of view.

Very conflicting opinions exist in Canada regarding the lumber-trade, and the subject was frequently discussed at this period, from the late proposal of ministers to lower the duties upon Baltic timber. It is certain that a large circulation is occasioned by the trade, perhaps a million sterling, in one way or another, and that it employs, during winter, many who may gain

perhaps L.20 for their winter labour when nothing else could be done.

To go minutely into the statistics of even the banks of the river, would far exceed the limits to which I must necessarily restrict myself. Suffice it to say, that a constant succession of eligible situations present themselves for estates and farms. I was much pleased with the Matilda district, and consider it capable of great improvement. The soil is a fine mellow sandy loam, sometimes perhaps rather light, but admirably adapted for turnip husbandry and fine-woolled sheep, with numerous beautiful situations for a residence, the noble St Lawrence ever forming a prominent feature, its surface varied by lovely wooded islands, similar to those we so justly admire on many of our British lakes. In approaching Kingston, or the east end of Lake Ontario, the river Guananoque falls into the St Lawrence, and, at its mouth, is the establishment of Messrs M'Donell, two brothers who came about eight years ago to the colony, and who, by steady enterprise, without original capital, have realised considerable wealth, while, along with it, they have secured the respect and esteem of all who know them. They have here, what is called in America, a valuable water privilege or fall, and have erected flour and saw-mills to a large extent. Last season they sent down to Montreal 24,000 barrels of flour; and a friend of mine who was their agent, informed me that one of the brothers having resolved upon becoming their own agent in Montreal, it would be a loss of some hundreds a-year to his house in commission. They have a very clever cooperage worked by water, similar to the steam cooperage at Glasgow, and the articles turned out are uncommonly reasonable, substantial, and neat. I regretted much not having it in my power to form an acquaintance with these spirited colonists, more especially as they farm likewise to a large extent. The farm at Guananoque extends to 1200 acres, and the mansion-house and barns are commodious and handsome.

Having received very encouraging accounts at Kingston, of the country along the Bay of Quinty, a deep inlet of Lake Ontario, formed by a peninsula called Prince Edward's Island, I made an excursion into that district. The scenery was pleasing, in many places very fine; and settlements are forming on every hand. The soil is partly clay, partly loam and sand, sufficiently rich to yield fifteen crops of good wheat, with impunity, in a period of twenty years. Granite, limestone, and schistus, or claystone, are successively met with. Wherever a stream or creek of any importance falls into the lake, there we find a mill-seat and a village growing up, the embryo, in many cases, of considerable towns.

To the patriot or philanthropist, it is highly gratifying to remark, how the wants of the farmer and the interests of the trader or mechanic co-operate in the rapid progress of general improvement and civilisation. Holywell, Sophiaburgh, and Belville, are all thriving villages of this description; and many individuals are to be met with in each, who, from the humble situation of merchants' clerks, &c. are rapidly acquiring independence. The last is the county town of Hastings, which has already three churches, a court-house, and projected jail; a valuable mill-power and fine situation for houses; the high road from York to Kingston passes through it, and, altogether, it seems destined to become a place of some note. I was really astonished at the frequent calls which the steam-boat made for produce, and, ere we reached Kingston, our deck was absolutely heaped with flour barrels."—*Agricultural Journal*.—To be continued.

LADY JEAN.

The Verl o' Wigton had three daughters,
Oh, braw wale! they were bonnie!
The youngest o' them and the bonniest too,
Has fallen in love wi' Richie Storie.—*Old Ballad*.

The Earl of Wigton, whose name figures in Scottish annals of the reign of Charles II., had three daughters, named Lady Frances, Lady Grizel, and Lady Jean—the last being by several years the youngest, and by many degrees the most beautiful. All the three usually resided with their mother at the chief seat of the family, Cumbernauld House, in Stirlingshire; but the two eldest were occasionally permitted to attend their father at Edinburgh, in order that they might have some chance of obtaining lovers at the court held there by the Duke of Lauderdale, while Lady Jean was kept constantly at home, and debarred from the society of the capital, lest her superior beauty might interfere with, and foil, the attractions of her sisters, who, according to the notion of that age, had a sort of right of primogeniture in matrimony, as well as in what was called *heirship*.

It may be easily imagined, that, while the two marriageable ladies were enjoying all the delights of a third flat in one of the *closets* of the Canongate, spending their days in seeing beaux, and their nights in dreaming of them, Lady Jean led no pleasant life amidst the remote and solitary splendours of Cumbernauld, where her chief employment was the disagreeable one of attending her mother, a very infirm and querulous old dame, much given (it was said) to strong waters. At the period when our tale opens, Lady Jean's charms, though never seen in the capital, had begun to make some noise there; and the curiosity excited respecting them amongst the juvenile party of the vice-regal court, had induced Lord Wigton to confine her ladyship even more strictly than

heretofore, lest perchance some gallant might make a pilgrimage to his country seat, in order to behold her, and, from less to more, induce her to quit her retirement, in such a way as would effectually discomfit his schemes for the pre-advancement of his elder daughters. He had been at pains to send an express to Cumbernauld, ordering Lady Jean to be confined to the precincts of the house and the terrace-garden, and to be closely attended in all her movements by a trusty domestic. The consequence was, that the young lady complained most piteously to her deaf old lady-mother of the tedium and listlessness of her life, and wished with all her heart that she was as ugly, old, and happy as her sisters.

Lord Wigton was not insensible to the cruelty of his policy, however well he might be convinced of its advantage and necessity; he loved his youngest daughter more than the rest; and it was only in obedience to what he conceived to be the commands of duty, that he subjected her to the restraint. His lordship, therefore, felt anxious to alleviate in some measure the *désagrémens* of her solitary confinement; and knowing her to be fond of music, he had sent to her by the last messenger, a theorbó lute, with which he thought she would be able to amuse herself in a way very much to her mind—not considering that, as she could not play upon the instrument, it would be little better to her than an unmeaning toy. By the return of his messenger, he received a letter from Lady Jean, thanking him for the theorbó, but making him aware of his oversight, and begging him to send some person who could teach her to play.

The earl, whose acquirements in the philosophy of politics had never been questioned, felt ashamed of having committed such a solecism in so trivial a matter; and, like all men anxious to repair or conceal an error in judgment, immediately ran into another of ten times greater consequence and magnitude;—he gratified his daughter in her wish.

The gentry of Scotland were at that time in the custom of occasionally employing a species of servants, whose accomplishments and duties would now appear of a very anomalous character, though at that time naturally arising from the peculiar situation of this country, in respect to its southern neighbour. They were, in general, humble men who had travelled a good deal, and acquired many foreign accomplishments; who, returning to their native country after an absence of a few years, usually entered into the service of the higher class of families, partly as ordinary livery-men, and partly with the purpose of instructing the youth of both sexes, as they grew up and required such exercises, in dancing, music, writing, &c., besides a vast variety of other arts, comprehended in the general phrase of *breeding*. Though these men received much higher wages, and were a thousand times more unmanageable than common serving men, they served a good purpose in those days, when young people had scarcely any other opportunities of acquiring the ornamental branches of education, except by going abroad. It so happened, that not many days after Lord Wigton received his daughter's letter, he was applied to for employment by one of these useful personages, a tall and handsome youth, apparently five-and-twenty, with dark Italian-looking features, a slight moustache, and as much foreign peculiarity in his dress, as indicated that he was just returned from his travels. After putting a few questions, his lordship discovered that the youth was possessed of many agreeable accomplishments; was, in particular, perfectly well qualified to teach the theorbó, and had no objection to entering the service of a young lady of quality—only, with the proviso that he was to be spared the disgrace of a livery. Lord Wigton then made no scruple in engaging him for a certain period; and next day saw the youth on the way to Cumbernauld, with a letter from his lordship to Lady Jean, setting forth all his good qualities, and containing among other endearing expressions, a hope that she would both benefit by his instructions, and be in the meantime content on their account with her present residence.

Any occurrence at Cumbernauld, of higher import than the breaking of a needle in embroidering, or the miscarriage of a brewing of currant wine, would have been quite an incident in the eyes of Lady Jean; and even to have given alms at the castle-gate to an extraordinary beggar, or to see so much as a stranger in the candle, might have supplied her with amusement infinite, and speculation boundless. What, then, must have been her delight, when the goodly and youthful figure of Richard Storie alighted one dull summer afternoon at the gate, and when the credentials he presented disclosed to her the agreeable purpose of his mission! Her joy knew no bounds; nor did she know in what terms to welcome the stranger: she ran from one end of the house to the other, up stairs and down stairs, in search of she knew not what; and finally, in her transports, she shook her mother out of a drunken slumber, which the old lady was enjoying as usual in her large chair in the parlour.

Master Richard, as he was commonly designated, soon found himself comfortably established in the good graces of the whole household of Cumbernauld, and not less so in the particular favour of his young mistress. Even the sour old lady of the large chair was pleased with his handsome appearance, and was occasionally seen to give a preternatural nod and smile at some of his musical exhibitions, as much as to say she knew when he performed well, and was willing to en-

courage humble merit. As for Lady Jean, whose disposition was equally lively and generous, she could not express, in sufficiently warm terms, her admiration of his performances, or the delight she experienced from them. Nor was she ever content without having Master Richard in her presence, either to play himself, or to teach her the enchanting art. She was a most apt scholar—so apt, that in a few days she was able to accompany him with the theorbó and voice, while he played upon an ancient harpsichord belonging to the old lady, which he had rescued from a lumber-room, and been at some pains to repair. The exclusive preference thus given to music, for the time threw his other accomplishments into the shade, while it, moreover, occasioned his more constant presence in the apartments of the ladies than he would have been otherwise entitled to. The consequence was, that in a short time he almost ceased to be looked upon as a servant, and began gradually to assume the more interesting character of a friend and equal.

It was Lady Jean's practice to take a walk prescribed by her father, every day in the garden, on which occasions the countess conceived herself as acting up to the letter of her husband's commands, when she ordered Master Richard to attend his pupil. This arrangement was exceedingly agreeable to Lady Jean, as they sometimes took out the theorbó, and added music to the other pleasures of the walk. Another out-of-doors amusement, in which music formed a chief part, was suggested to them by the appropriate frontispiece of a book of instruction for the theorbó, which Master Richard had brought with him from Edinburgh. This engraving represented a beautiful young shepherdess, dressed in the fashionable costume of that period—a stupendous tower of hair hung round with diamonds, and a voluminous silk gown with a jewel-adorned stomacher, a theorbó in her arms and a crook by her side—sitting on a flowery bank under a tree, with sheep planted at regular distances around her. At a little distance appeared a shepherd with dressed hair, long-skirted coat, and silk stockings, who seemed to survey his mistress with a languishing air of admiration, that appeared singularly ridiculous as contrasted with the coquettish and contemptuous aspect of the lady. The plate referred to a particular song in a book, entitled "A Dialogue betwixt Strephon and Lydia, or the proud Shepherdess's Courtship," the music of which was exceedingly beautiful, while the verses were the tamest and most affected trash imaginable. It occurred to Lady Jean's lively fancy, that if she and her teacher were to personify the shepherdess and shepherd, and thus, as it were, to transform the song to a sort of opera, making the terrace-garden the scene, not a little amusement might be added to the pleasure she experienced from the mere music alone. This fancy was easily reduced to execution; for, by seating herself under a tree, in her ordinary dress, with the horticultural implement called a rake by her side, she looked the very Lydia of the copperplate; while Richard, standing at his customary respectful distance, with his handsome person, and somewhat foreign apparel, was a sufficiently good representation of Strephon. After arranging themselves thus, Master Richard opened the drama by addressing Lady Jean in the first verse of the song, which contained, besides some description of sunrise, a comparison between the beauties of nature at that delightful period, and the charms of Lydia, the superiority being of course awarded to the latter. Lady Jean, with the help of the theorbó, replied to this in a very disdainful style, affecting to hold the compliments of lovers very cheap, and asseverating that she had no regard for any being on earth besides her father and mother, and no care but for these dear innocent sheep (here she looked kindly aside upon a neighbouring bed of cabbages), which they had entrusted to her charge. Other verses of similar nonsense succeeded, during which the representative of the fair Lydia could not help feeling rather more emotion at hearing the ardent addresses of Strephon than was strictly consistent with her part. At the last it was her duty to rise and walk softly away from her swain, declaring herself utterly insensible to both his praises and his passion, and her resolution never again to see or speak to him. This she did in admirable style, though perhaps rather with the dignified gait and sweeping majesty of tragedy-queen, than with anything like the pettish or sullen strut of a disdainful rustic; meanwhile, Strephon was supposed to be left inconsolable. Her ladyship continued to support her assumed character for a few yards, till a turn of the walk concealed her from Master Richard; when, resuming her natural manner, she turned back, with sparkling eyes, in order to ask his opinion of her performances; and it was with some confusion, and no little surprise, that on bursting again into his sight, she discovered that Richard had not yet thrown off his character. He was standing still, as she had left him, fixed immovably upon the spot in an attitude expressive of sorrow for her departure, and bending forwards as if imploring her return. It was the expression of his face that astonished her most; for it was not at all an expression appropriate to either his own character or to that which he had assumed. It was an expression of earnest and impassioned admiration; his whole soul seemed thrown into his face, which was directed towards her, or rather the place where she had disappeared; and his eyes were projected in the same direction, with such a look as that perhaps of an enraptured saint of old

at the moment when a divinity parted from his presence. This lasted, however, but for a moment; for scarcely had that minute space of time elapsed, before Richard, startled from his reverie by Lady Jean's sudden return, dismissed from his face all trace of any extraordinary expression, and stood before her (endeavouring to appear) just what he was, her ladyship's respectful servant and teacher. Nevertheless, this transformation did not take place so quickly as to prevent her ladyship from observing the present expression, nor was it accomplished with such address as to leave her room for passing it over as unobserved. She was surprised—she hesitated—she seemed, in spite of herself, conscious of something awkward—and finally she blushed slightly. Richard caught the contagion of her confusion in a double degree; and Lady Jean again became more confused, on observing that he was aware of her confusion. Richard was the first to recover himself and speak. He made some remarks upon her singing and her acting—not, however, upon her admirable performance of the latter part of the drama; this encouraged her also to speak, and both soon became somewhat composed. Shortly afterwards they returned to the house; but from that moment a chain of the most delicate, yet indissoluble sympathies began to connect the hearts of these youthful beings, so alike in all natural qualities, and so dissimilar in every extraneous thing which the world is accustomed to value.

After this interview there took place a slight estrangement between Master Richard and Lady Jean, that lasted a few days, during which they had much less of both conversation and music than for some time before. Both observed this circumstance; but each ascribed it to accident, while it was in reality occasioned by mutual reserve. Master Richard was afraid that Lady Jean might be offended were he to propose anything like a repetition of the garden drama; and Lady Jean, on her part, could not, consistently with the rules of maidenly modesty, utter even a hint at such a thing, however she might secretly wish or long for it. The very consciousness, reciprocally felt, of having something on their minds, of which neither durst speak, was sufficient to produce the said reserve, though the emotions of "the tender passion" had not come in, as they did, for a large share of the cause.

At length, however, this reserve was so far softened down, that they began to resume their former practice of walking together in the garden; but though the theorbó continued to make one of the party, no more operatic performances took place. Nevertheless, the mutual affection which had taken root in their hearts experienced on this account no abatement, but, on the contrary, continued to increase. As for Master Richard, it was no wonder that he should be deeply smitten with the charms of his mistress; for ever as he stole a long, furtive glance at her graceful form, he thought he had never seen, in Spain or in Italy, any such specimens of female loveliness; and (if we may let the reader so far into the secret) he had indeed come to Cumbernauld with the very purpose of falling in love. Different causes had operated upon Lady Jean. Richard being the first love-worthy object she had seen since the period when the female heart becomes most susceptible—the admiration with which she knew he beheld her—his musical accomplishments, which had tended so much to her gratification—all conspired to render him precious in her sight. In the words of a beautiful modern ballad, "all impulses of soul and sense had thrilled" her gentle and guileless heart—

—hopes, and fears that kindled hopes,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes, long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long,

had exercised their tender and delightful influence over her; like a flower thrown upon one of the streams of her own native land, whose course was through the beauties, the splendours, and the terrors of nature, she was borne away in a dream, the magic scenery of which was alternately pleasing, fearful, and glorious, and from which she could no more wake, than could the flower restrain its course on the gliding waters. The habit of contemplating her lover every day, and that in the dignified character of an instructor, gradually blinded her in a great measure to his humbler quality, and to the probable sentiments of her father and the world upon the subject of her passion. If, by any chance, such a consideration was forced upon her notice, and she found occasion to tremble lest the sentiments in which she was so luxuriously indulging, should end in disgrace and disaster, she soon quieted her fears, by reverting to an idea which had lately occurred to her—namely, that Richard was not what he seemed. She had heard and read of love assuming strange disguises. A Lord Belhaven, in the immediately preceding period of the civil war, had taken refuge from the fury of Cromwell in the service of an English nobleman, whose daughter's heart he won under the humble disguise of a gardener, and whom, on the recurrence of better times, he carried home to Scotland as his lady. This story was then quite popular, and at least one of the parties still survived to attest its truth. But even in nursery tales Lady Jean could find examples which justified her own passion. The vilest animals, she knew, on finding some beautiful dame, who was so disinterested as to fall in love with them, usually turned out to be the most beautiful princes that ever were seen, and invariably married and made happy

the ladies whose affection had restored them to their natural form and just inheritance. Who knows, she thought, but Richard may some day, in a transport of passion, throw open his coat, exhibit the star of nobility glittering on his breast, and ask me to become a countess!

Such are the excuses which love suggests to reason, and which the reason of lovers easily accepts; while those who are neither youthful nor in love wonder at the hallucination of their impassioned juniors. Experience soon teaches us that this world is not one of romance, and that few incidents in life ever occur out of the ordinary way. But before we acquire this experience by actual observation, we, all of us, regard things in a very different light. The truth seems to be, that, in the eyes of youth, "the days of chivalry" do not appear to be "gone;" our ideas are then contemplative, or upon a par with the early romantic ages of the world; and it is only by mingling with mature men, and looking at things as they are, that we at length advance towards, and ultimately settle down in, the *real era* of our existence. Was there ever yet youth who did not feel some chivalrous impulses—some thirst for more glorious scenes than those around him—some aspirations after lofty passion and supreme excellence—or who did not cherish some pure first-love, that could not prudentially be gratified?

The greater part of the rest of the summer passed away before the lovers came to an *eclaircissement*; and such, indeed, was their mutual reserve upon the subject, that, had it not been for the occurrence of a singular and deciding circumstance, there appeared little probability of this ever otherwise taking place. The Earl of Home, a gay and somewhat foolish young nobleman, one morning after attending a convivial party where the charms of Lady Jean Fleming formed the principal topic of discourse, left Edinburgh, and took the way to Cumbernauld, on the very pilgrimage, and with the very purpose, which Lord Wigton had before anticipated. Resolved, first to see, then to love, and, lastly, to run away with, the young lady, his lordship skulked about for a few days, and at last had the pleasure of seeing the hidden beauty over the garden-wall, as she was walking with Master Richard. He thought he had never seen any lady who could be at all compared to Lady Jean, and, as a matter of course, resolved to make her his own, and surprise all his companions at Edinburgh with his success and her beauty. He watched again next day, and happening to meet Master Richard out of the bounds of Cumbernauld policy, accosted him, with the intention of securing his services in making his way towards Lady Jean. After a few words of course, he proposed the subject to Richard, and offered a considerable bribe, to induce him to work for his interest. Richard at first rejected the offer, but immediately after, on bethinking himself, saw fit to accept it. He was to mention his lordship's purpose to Lady Jean, and to prepare the way for a private interview with her. On the afternoon of the succeeding day, he was to meet Lord Home at the same place, and tell him how Lady Jean had received his proposals. With this they parted—Richard to muse on this unexpected circumstance, which he saw might blast all his hopes, unless he should resolve upon prompt and active measures, and the Earl of Home to enjoy himself at the humble inn of the village of Cumbernauld, where he had for the last few days enacted the character of "the daft lad frae Edinburgh, that seemed to ha'e mair siller than sense."

On the morning of the tenth day after Master Richard's first interview with Lord Home, that faithful serving-man found himself jogging swiftly along the road to Edinburgh, mounted on a stout nag, with the fair Lady Jean seated comfortably on a pillion behind him. It was a fine morning in autumn, and the road had a peculiarly gay appearance from the multitude of country people, mounted and dismounted, who seemed also hastening towards the capital. Master Richard, upon inquiry, discovered that it was the *market-day*, a circumstance which seemed favourable to his design, by the additional assurance it gave him of not being recognised among the extraordinary number of strangers who might be expected to crowd the city on such an occasion. The lovers approached the city by the west, and the first street they entered was the suburban one called Portsburgh, which leads towards the great market-place of Edinburgh. Here Richard, impatient as he was, found himself obliged, like many other rustic cavaliers, to reduce the pace of his horse to a walk, on account of the narrowness and crowded state of the street. This he felt the more disagreeable, as it subjected him and his interesting companion to the close and leisurely scrutiny of the inhabitants. Both had endeavoured to disguise every thing remarkable in their appearance, so far as dress and demeanour could be disguised; yet as Lady Jean could not conceal her extraordinary beauty, and Richard had not found it possible to part with a slight and dearly beloved moustache, it naturally followed that they were honoured with a good deal of staring. Many an urchin upon the street threw up his arms as they passed along, exclaiming, "Oh! the black-bearded man!" or, "Oh! the bonnie leddie!"—the men all admired Lady Jean, the women Master Richard—and many an old shoemaker ogled them earnestly over his half-door, with his spectacles pushed up above his dingy cowl. The lovers, who had thus to run a sort of gauntlet of admiration and remark, were glad when

they reached an inn, which Richard, who was slightly acquainted with the town, knew to be a proper place for the performance of a *half-merk marriage*. They alighted, and were civilly received by an obsequious landlady, who conducted them into an apartment at the back of the house. There Lady Jean was for a short time left to make some arrangements about her dress, while Richard disclosed to the landlady in another room the purpose upon which he was come to her house, and consulted her about procuring a clergyman. The dame of the house, to whom a clandestine marriage was the merest matter of course, showed the utmost willingness to facilitate the design of her guests, and said that she believed a clerical official might be procured in a few minutes, provided that neither had any scruples of conscience, as "most part of fouk frae the west had," in accepting the services of an Episcopal clergyman. The lover assured her that, so far from having any objection to "a government minister," for so they were sometimes termed, he would prefer such to any other, as both he and his bride belonged to that persuasion. The landlady heard this declaration with complacency, which showed that she loved her guests the better for it, and told Richard that, if he pleased, she would immediately introduce to him the Dean of St Giles, who, honest man, was just now taking his *meridian* in the little back garret parlour, along with his friend and gossip, Bowed Andrew, the waiter of the west port. To this Richard joyfully assented, and speedily he and Lady Jean were joined in their room by the said Dean—a squat little gentleman, with a drunken but important-looking face, and an air of consequentiality even in his stagger, that was partly imposing and partly ridiculous. He addressed his clients with a patronising simper, of which the effect was grievously disconcerted by an unlucky hiccup, and in a speech which might have had the intended tone of paternal and reverend authority, had it not been smattered and degraded into shreds by the crapulous insufficiency of his tongue. Richard cut short his ill-sustained attempts at dignity, by requesting him to partake of some liquor. His reverence almost leaped at the proffered jug, which contained ale. He first took a tasting, then a sip—shaking his head between—next a small draught, with a still more convulsion-like shake of the head; and, lastly, he took a hearty and persevering swill, from the effects of which his lungs did not recover for at least twenty respirations. The impatient lover then begged him to proceed with the ceremony; which he forthwith commenced in presence of the landlady and the above-mentioned Bowed Andrew; and in a few minutes Richard and Lady Jean were united in the holy bands of matrimony.—*To be concluded in our next.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR ADAM.

PERHAPS no country in the world, in proportion to its size, has produced so many eminent men, who have risen from the humble ranks of life, as Scotland; and no species of reading with which we are acquainted can yield such striking instances of the value of honest perseverance, under the most adverse circumstances, as the biography of the individuals who have so distinguished themselves. A most instructive lesson of this nature is afforded us in the life of the late Dr Adam, at one time rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and the author of a number of meritorious classic works, well known to every young man who attends our schools and colleges.

Alexander Adam, LL.D., was born at the hamlet of Coates of Burgie, in the parish of Rafford, and county of Moray, about the month of June 1741. His father, John Adam, rented one of those small farms which were formerly so common in the north of Scotland. In his earlier years, like many children of his own class, and even of a class higher removed above poverty, he occasionally tended his father's cattle. Being destined by his parents, poor as they were, for a learned profession, he was kept at the parish school till he was thought fit to come forward as an exhibitor, or, as it is called in Scotland, a bursar, at the University of Aberdeen. He made this attempt, but failed, from the alleged inferiority of his acquirements, and was requested by the judges to go back and study for another year at school. This incident did not mortify the young student, but only stimulated him to fresh exertions. He was prevented, however, from renewing his attempts at Aberdeen, by the representations of the Rev. Mr Watson, a minister at Edinburgh, and a relation of his mother, who induced him to try his fortune in the metropolis. He removed thither early in the year 1758, but, it appears, without any assured means of supporting himself during the progress of his studies. For a considerable time while attending the classes at the college, the only means of subsistence he enjoyed consisted of the small sum of one guinea per quarter, which he derived from Mr Allan Macconochie (afterwards Lord Meadowbank), for assisting him in the capacity of a tutor. The details of his system of life at this period, as given by his biographer Mr Henderson, are painfully interesting. "He lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the north-eastern suburbs; and for this accommodation he paid fourpence a-week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oatmeal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the

nearest baker's shop: and if the day was fair, he would dispatch his meal in a walk to the Meadows or Hope Park, which is adjoining to the southern part of the city; but if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stair, which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coal nor candles; for when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one or other of his companions." There are many instances, we believe, among Scottish students, of the most rigid self-denial, crowned at length by splendid success; but there is certainly no case known in which the self-denial was so chastened, and the triumph so grand, as that of Dr Adam. Ere he had yet reached his twenty-first year, he was employed as a teacher in George Watson's Hospital at Edinburgh, an institution designed for the support and education of a certain number of boys. In 1761, when he was exactly twenty, he stood a trial for the situation of head teacher in this establishment, and was successful. In this place he is said to have continued about three years; during which period, besides discharging the duties of his office, he was anxiously engaged in cultivating an intimacy with the classics—reading, with great care, and in a critical manner, the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cicero, and Livy. At the same time he began to make a collection of books connected with the studies which he afterwards prosecuted with so much success. His views were now directed towards the church, and it is said he was on the eve of being licensed as a preacher of the gospel, when suddenly a prospect opened before him of becoming assistant, with the prospect of being eventually the successor, of Mr Matheson, rector of the High School. It would appear that his pretensions were fortified on this occasion by the influence of Mr Kincaid, Provost of Edinburgh, whose son he had for some time attended as tutor. It was not till 1771 that the increased infirmities of Mr Matheson threw the whole of this charge into the hands of Mr Adam; the retired rector was then permitted to draw the whole of the salary given by the town (about L.30), besides L.20 given by Mr Adam out of the school fees, the remainder furnishing a scanty provision for the man who performed the duty.

The time when Adam assumed this respectable office was very fortunate. Every department of knowledge in Scotland was at this period adorned by higher names than had ever before graced it; and hence the office of master in the principal elementary school of the country presented to a man of superior qualifications a fair opportunity of distinguishing himself. This opportunity was not lost upon Mr Adam. He devoted himself, with singular assiduity, to his laborious duties; and, under his auspices, the school gradually increased in numbers and reputation. Soon after his appointment, he began to compose a series of works adapted to facilitate the study of the Latin language. His Rudiments of Latin and English Grammar were published in 1772, and, though composed in a style which appeared to the generality of teachers as a dreadful schism and heresy, met with the approbation of a discerning few, whose praise was sufficient to overbalance the censure of the multitude. The mind of Dr Adam was that of a liberal; that is to say, he had more regard for new things with the appearance of much utility, than dread of forsaking old things, of which a small degree of good was ascertained with a great deal of evil. It had occurred to him that the hitherto universal practice of teaching children Latin in the language which they were yet to learn, was a solecism. He therefore had composed his grammar in English. Experience has now shown the propriety of this course; and the same system, we believe, must speedily be adopted in all other foreign and dead languages.

The next work of Dr Adam is entitled, *A Summary of Geography and History*, but the date of the first edition is not mentioned by his biographer. In 1791, he published his excellent Compendium of Roman Antiquities. For the copyright of this work he received L.600. His Classical Biography made its appearance in 1800, and half of the above sum was given for the copyright. Dr Adam's last, and perhaps his most laborious work, was his Latin Dictionary, published in 1805. Towards the beginning, his illustrations are brief, but, as he proceeds, they gradually become more copious. It was his intention to add an English-and-Latin part, and to enlarge the other to a considerable extent. In this favourite plan he had made some progress at the time of his death.

The latter part of Dr Adam's life was considerably embittered by the political aspect of the times. It scarcely requires to be explained, that the extreme danger in which the institutions of this country were placed by the French Revolution, caused the ban of the government, and of the major portion of society, to fall upon all who had given tokens of disaffection to the existing state of things, or even of a theoretical prepossession in favour of the abstract idea of liberty. The character of Dr Adam's mind, as already hinted, was that of a liberal in politics. He thus became so obnoxious a person, that many of even those who had been his pupils, could pass him by upon the street without notice. It is testified, however, by his eloquent biographer, Mr Henderson, that his character "derived a lustre of no common kind from his deportment amidst the harassing obstructions which were

raised up against his philological lessons, and from his firmness during the rage of political terrorism. He had to cope with prejudice in all its most malignant forms; yet in maintaining a contest, under which the powers of an ordinary mind would have sunk, he never absented himself from his official avocations for a single day. While he thus fulfilled his duties to the public, he also continued, with the utmost calmness, his extensive classical researches. This composure of mind he must have derived from no other source than a full conviction of the rectitude of those principles upon which he set out, and of the propriety of his conduct. Such a conviction must have been strengthened, and in a great measure formed, by the previous habit of proving to himself, by a course of rigid self-examination, the expediency or impropriety of every act before it was committed. Exertions of this sort can only be made by a most vigorous mind. When they have been improved into regular habits, however, the great affairs of human life become plain and easy. But how few ever attain such habits! and how seldom does the mind submit to such discipline, without much apparent effect!" We learn from the same source, that, by dint of his uncommon self-command, Dr Adam in a great measure withdrew himself from all pretensions to a political character. He had even the fortitude to abstain in a great measure from reading newspapers; a species of publication in which, as he remarked with a pathos that must appeal to every free heart, he felt scarcely any interest after the period of the French Revolution. His modesty at length had its reward, and gained back to respect those individuals who had formerly regarded the venerable grammarian with suspicion, and perhaps with worse feelings.

On the 13th of December 1809, Dr Adam was seized in the High School with an alarming indisposition, which had all the appearance of apoplexy. Having been conducted home, he was put to bed, and enjoyed a sound sleep, which appeared to have arrested the progress of the disease, for he was afterwards able to walk about his room. The apoplectic symptoms, however, returned in a few days, and he fell into a state of stupor. His last words marked the gradual darkening of the ray of life and intellect beneath this mortal disorder. He said, "It grows dark, boys—you may go," his mind evidently wandering at that moment to the scene where he had spent the better part of his life. This *crepusculum* soon settled down into the night of death; he expired early in the morning of the 18th of December 1809.—*Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary*.

PLAGUE—CHOLERA.

In the course of the last five hundred years, the island of Great Britain has been visited by PLAGUE about twelve times, at every appearance assuming peculiar characteristics, and of a virulence more or less fatal to human life. In nearly every instance, the pestilence came out of the East, from whence it progressed to the most westerly parts of Europe. During the reign of Edward III., England was visited by a most destructive pestilence, which had swept away nearly a third of the inhabitants in every country which it attacked. It was more fatal in large cities than in the country; and about fifty thousand souls are said to have perished of it in London alone. During the reign of Elizabeth, another plague visited this island. Infection was caught by the English soldiers in France; and the bad diet and fatigue of the men, adding force to its operation, it swept off vast numbers: the remainder coming home to England, they brought the infection with them, and again the city of London was subjected to its ravages. In that city alone, twenty thousand persons died in one year of this dreadful malady. A still more fatal plague visited the metropolis in the reign of James I., when in one year, thirty thousand are computed to have died of it, though the whole population was then little more than one hundred and fifty thousand. In the succeeding reign of Charles I., another plague found its way to London, and committed great havoc; the Parliament had in consequence to be assembled at Oxford; but it soon after visited that place. All these plagues are, however, trifling in comparison to one which visited England in the year 1665, during the reign of Charles II., and which seems to have swallowed up all recollections of the preceding. De Foe has written a history of this truly terrific pestilence, as it took place in London; but, unfortunately, he has so much dressed it up in the garb of romance, that his details are unworthy of implicit credit. The most faithful account we have of the great plague in London, is one drawn up by a person called William Boghurst, an apothecary, as it appeared under his own experience; it is now to be found in manuscript in the British Museum, among the papers of Sir Hans Sloane.

Speaking of the "Evil Signs or Presages of the Plague," the writer says, "Among these were spots of different colours, hicough, vomiting, carbuncles or buboes, shortness of breath, stoppage of urine, drowsiness and thirstiness, contraction of the jaws, and large and extended tumours. Almost all that caught the disease with fear, died with tokens in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with fuddling, surfeiting, overheating themselves, and disorderly living.

Tokens appeared not much till about the middle of

June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, but were very rife in the fall about September and October, and seized most on old people, adult, choleric, and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had none. If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased. This plague was ushered in with seven months' dry weather and westerly winds.

Those that married in the heat of this disease (if they had not had it before) almost all fell into it in a week or a fortnight after it, both in city and country, of which most died, especially the men.

Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy laden with this disease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions had least of the disease; and if they had it, fared the best under it. Pregnant females fared miserably. Strength of constitution was no safety. Death made the strongest assault upon strong bodies. All that I saw, that were let blood in the disease, if they had been sick two, three, four, five days, or more, died the same day. More of the good died than of the bad; more men than women; and more of dull complexions than fair.

In the summer before the plague, in 1664, there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of houses, and if any thread or string did hang down in any place, it was presently thick set with flies like a rope of onions, and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken a handful at a time. Also the small-pox was so rife in our parish, that betwixt the church and the pond in St Giles's, which is not above six score paces, above forty families had the small-pox.

The plague fell first upon the highest grounds; for our parish is the highest ground about London, and the best air, yet was the first infected. Highbate, Hampstead, and Acton, also shared in it.

Those that died of the plague, died a very easy death generally: first, because it was speedy; secondly, because they died without convulsions. They did but of a sudden fetch their breath a little thick and short, and were presently gone; so that I have heard some say, 'How much am I bound to God, who takes me away by such an easy death!'

One friend growing melancholy for another, was one main cause of its going through a family, especially when they were shut up, which bred a sad apprehension and consternation on their spirits.

Many women giving suck, freed themselves of the plague, by their children sucking it from them; but some continued well some days, sometimes weeks, and then fell into the disease after their children were dead.

The wind blowing westward so long together from before Christmas until July, about seven months, was the cause the plague began first at the west end of the city, as at St Giles's, St Martin's, Westminster. Afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city, and at last to the east end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west end of the city before the east end and Stepney were infected, which was about the middle of July. Southwark, being the south suburb, was infected almost as soon as the west end.

The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place, and spread farther and farther, as an eating spreading sore doth all over the body, but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first, as St Giles's, St Martin's, Chancery Lane, Southwark, Houndsditch, and some places within the city, as at Proctor's Houses.

Of all the common hackney prostitutes of Lutener's Lane, Dog Yard, Cross Lane, Baldwin's Gardens, Hatton Garden, and other places, the common criers of oranges, oysters, fruit, &c.; all the impudent, drunken, drabbing bayles, and fellows, and many others of the Rouge Route, there are but few missing.

Authors speak of several kinds of plagues, which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty; but this of ours took all sorts, yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease, and most in the decrease and declining of the disease.

Cats, dogs, oxen, horses, sheep, hogs, conies, all wild beasts, hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, &c., and all wildfowl, were free from infection.

Great doubting and disputing there is in the world (says this author), whether the plague be infectious or catching or not; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats, and heats all it comes near; but the plague leaves as many as it takes; thus are they gruelled at such arguments, and cannot solve their doubts; and Van Helmont thinks all people catch it by fear: and generally every one is apt to judge by his experience; for if they have been in never so little danger, and yet have escaped without catching it, they presently think the disease not infectious; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason almost as any to think it is not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers *cum summo vita periculo*, being employed all day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath and sweat of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses who were in the like danger; yet I count it to be the most subtle, in-

fectious disease of any, and that all catch it not by fear neither (though this doth much, as Helmont thinks), for then children and confident people would not have the disease; but we see many of them also have it, and children especially most of any."

Such is an accurate account of the peculiarities of the plague in London. If that city and other towns in England thus suffered by these loathsome distempers, Scotland was not exempted from similar visitations. Till a comparatively recent period, this part of the island was continually suffering by "plagues, pestilence, and famines;" dearths, or scarcities of provisions, being ordinarily preliminary, or attendant on disorders of this nature. In the same manner that London was the chief seat of the plague in England, so Edinburgh usually suffered beyond all other towns in Scotland. We find that in the reign of James IV., in 1513 (the year before the fatal battle of Flodden), Edinburgh was visited by a severe plague. On its appearance, the whole town was thrown into consternation, and the magistrates having imprudently ordered the shops and booths to be shut for fifteen days, and neither doors nor windows to be opened within that time, but on extraordinary occasions, the malady, from such confinement of air, got leave to riot almost at will among the houses. Having at length exhausted itself, as much from the want of materials to operate upon as any thing else, it was gradually stayed, and at length disappeared. Edinburgh was not again attacked with pestilence till the year 1645, in the reign of Charles I., much about the time it affected London, Oxford, and other places. This instance of plague is still spoken of with horror by the people of Scotland. It stalked across the land as a destroying angel. All business and intercourse was suspended. The jails were every where opened, and their unhappy inmates released. Nothing stayed the visitation or modified the asperity of this dreadful scourge. The evils it produced were soon awfully enhanced by a famine, which either prepared victims for its approach, or smote them on its departure. To crown the national calamity, the country was at the very time cursed by the presence of a civil war, carried on between Charles and his Scottish subjects, and which tore society asunder. Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, and all the provincial towns, became objects of the utmost commiseration; the metropolis, however, and its seaport, Leith, suffered most. To such an unparalleled degree was this city spoiled by these complicated ravages, that, after the battle of Kilsyth, when Montrose threatened to reduce it to ashes, unless certain painful conditions were granted, it could with great difficulty raise sixty men capable of bearing arms! It seems that on this and similar visitations of plague to Edinburgh, the persons affected were, if possible, hurried out of the town to an hospital on the Boroughmoor—spacious downs south-west from the city.

Leith, we have said, suffered jointly with Edinburgh, though at the time numbering only from four to five thousand inhabitants. This devoted town, in eight months, namely, from April till December 1645, lost about 3000 individuals by plague; so that, as the record affectingly mentions, "the number of the dead was greater than that of the living." This predigious mortality soon filled both the churchyards, and the bodies were hence buried in all directions in the vicinity. No coffins on these melancholy occasions were used. As soon as the last breath of the sufferers gave token of death, they were swathed in the blankets in which they happened to be lying, and committed to the earth. This indeed has been substantiated in recent times, by the bones of these unfortunate plague-stricken individuals being occasionally dug up along with shreds of old-fashioned plaiding, when trenching the gardens and other grounds in the neighbourhood. The great famine followed, as usual, and reduced the town to the most pitiable condition; and such was the dearth, that the Scots Parliament gave the local authorities the power of seizing grain or food wherever it could be found.

The whole history of the plague, its course, and its character, are shrouded in impenetrable mystery. The disease used to enter at one end of a street, and clear all before it on one side, leaving the other free of its visit for a season. It used also to be stopped by water-courses, sometimes of the most trifling nature; thus, at Peebles, it took off nearly all the inhabitants on the western side of a gutter which runs across the main street (now covered up), while those on the other side were not affected. Though in general no respecter of persons, it seems to have attacked those who had a predisposing cause of some kind, there having been some people who, notwithstanding a constant contact with it for months, never took it at all. When the plague occurred in Dundee, early in the sixteenth century, all the infected were compelled to retire from the town, and either reside in the suburbs, or bivouac in the fields without the walls. A massive fragment of the ancient wall of the town, containing the gateway of what is called the East Port, still remains in one of the streets of Dundee. Upon the top of this, Wishart, the celebrated reformer, is said to have preached to those infected with the pestilence, who lay upon the ground below. It has survived all the rest of the wall, and was lately repaired at a considerable expense, out of reverence to the memory of Wishart. In a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shown, under which it is said the plague was buried. There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with

this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a poor shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernible; it is a plain ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green, and the field-daisy blooms as sweetly, as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery and mortal disease. The plague was introduced into this house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and, instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who, being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision, that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the entreaties of the poor shepherd, they went *en masse*, and, closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth round and over the cottage, till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation, about half a day, the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wailings were heard finally to subside. The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in the district.

At Linlithgow, there is preserved a curious relic of the plague—namely, a coffin or box, which was used in conveying all the persons who died of that distemper to their last abode. It possesses no peculiarity of appearance, except that it seems calculated to contain a body of the largest size, and that the bottom is a lid, moving on hinges, with a pin which serves by way of lock. The tradition of the town bears that the bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves successively in this general coffin, and when brought over the hole, permitted to drop in, by merely withdrawing the pin. This indecorous mode of interment, so opposite to the ordinary customs of the Scottish people, presents us with a dreadful idea of this disorder, and of the hardening effect which its ravages gradually produced upon the feelings and ordinary sympathies of humanity. In Edinburgh, various superstitious ideas were cherished among the common people respecting the plague, which scourged the city in 1645. Throughout the Old Town, various places used to be shown where it was said the plague was shut up, and one in particular was pointed out as its burial-place. The former were certain old houses in Beth's Wynd, Mary King's Close, &c., the doors and windows of which were either almost or altogether buried beneath the adjacent ground, or covered up with such a thick layer of dust and mud, as it appeared they could only have contracted during the lapse of several centuries. When the old pest-houses of Beth's Wynd were removed in 1808, to make way for the extension of the Advocates' Library—for that storehouse of learning now occupies the site of the said dwelling-places of superstition—serious apprehensions were entertained by the gossips of the wynd, lest the plague should burst forth from its place of confinement, and do as much mischief in the neighbourhood as before it had been bound over to keep the peace. No result of any importance followed the destruction of the houses, however, except that beneath the floor of one of them, two workmen found a pot full of gold and silver coins, which had probably been buried there by an infected person, under the dread of being spoiled during his illness (which is said to have often been the case) by the cleansers, and never recovered by the unfortunate owner. We have not learned that any other valuables were found in these houses at their demolition; but can, with not the less safety, avouch that it was customary, when a house was shut up for the plague, to leave the whole of the furniture within. We were once informed, by an aged lady who had lived a good deal more than eighty years in Edinburgh, that when she was a girl, there were some houses in the close where she resided (Allan's, first east from the Exchange), said to be shut up on account of the plague, with all the furniture within, precisely in the same state as it had been left by the owners when they died. Though it was known that coin, plate, and other things of value, were deposited in one or more of these houses, they had been permitted to remain undisturbed for a century, and might have continued shut for a much longer period, but for a particular circumstance. When the Highland army came to Edinburgh in 1745, many of the soldiers, at the risk of military punishment, as is well known, committed such acts of rapacity as to give that gallant enterprise but too much of the appearance of a predatory invasion. Some, hearing of the treasures supposed to be concealed in the pest-houses of Allan's Close, and entertaining no fear of an enemy so long dead as the plague, resolved to break them open, and possess themselves of whatever they found—an innocent species of plunder, as they thought, which neither "ta law nor

ta prince" could be expected to visit with the punishment promised to the robbery of the living. They did break open the houses, and, as was expected, found many valuable articles, though, contrary to the anxious apprehensions of the neighbours, no fatal consequences ensued. The plate, which was all marked with engraven coats-of-arms, and the other things worth taking, were divided among the adventurers; and after the spell was thus broken, the houses were inhabited by poor people, who willingly encountered all the danger that could be supposed to remain, for the sake of a free habitation. What was very remarkable, one of the Highlanders, when the army afterwards visited Glasgow, lodged in the house of a relation of our informant, who discovered, by the arms engraved on a silver drinking cup in the man's possession, that the plundered house from which it was taken had belonged to his ancestor, and accordingly made an effort to take by force, and finally was glad to purchase, the said piece of plate, which he retained all his life afterwards as a family piece. The old lady from whom we derived this singular story, had also a tradition, that the ancestress of a certain wealthy family in Edinburgh had accumulated a vast quantity of money and things of value, by attending those who were dying of the plague, which she was enabled to do with perfect safety, on account of her having had the distemper before, and being, therefore, incapable of taking it again. The sick-nurses and cleansers, it seems, were usually the heirs of the dead, and many of them, like this person, laid the foundations of vast fortunes, which were, however, it was remarked, for the most part dissipated by their immediate successors. In Stirling, such were the ravages of the distemper, that all the magistrates and town-council died. The executioner also died. A mound is shown in the churchyard of Stirling as the burial-place of those who perished. It is said to be a vault of stone-work, but is now covered over with soil. Two particular men, who alone performed, or could perform, the duties of attending the sick, became, as is known from authentic records, proprietors of much more than the half of the town; yet so little does this seem to have affected the distribution of property in the long-run, that the only descendant of any of those two men, known to exist some years ago, was an old woman, who did not possess an inch of land, built or unbuilt; and there has been, ever since the oldest inhabitants can remember, just as plentiful a variety of "lairds" at Stirling as any other town of its extent. The memory of the circumstance is preserved by certain tenements and pieces of ground, which, though now in the hands of various proprietors, still retain the names of those who inherited them in the singular way mentioned.

One of the most picturesque anecdotes of the plague which we have collected in Edinburgh, bears, that, during the calamitous period, when the town was abandoned to the rapacious and the dying, the awful silence which pervaded the streets, quite as much by day as through the night, used only to be broken, in the dusk of the evening, by a cart going through the city, attended by a man, who rung a bell, and cried with a loud and solemn voice, "Throw out your deid!" Scarcely any thing could be conceived more awful than such a ceremony, performed under such circumstances. The place in Edinburgh where "the plague was buried," is situated in Leith Wynd. This ancient though much modernised street, as may be known to some readers, is skirted on one side by a fragment of the wall of the city. In the inside of this memorial of a former age, the soil rises almost to the very top, and is, for the most part, employed in the capacity of a garden. Towards the bottom of the wynd, a small part of the ground seems enclosed as a sort of bleaching green, being bounded on the west by a peculiarly tall house, in which there was once a Roman Catholic chapel (burnt by the Protestant mobs of 1779). From the wynd, the place is marked by a bulge, and peculiar blackness in the external wall, as if occasioned by the press and nature of the mould within—and by one or two spectre-like trees, which throw their dismal forms half over the rampart, apparently bleached by the dews which would have nourished them in their younger days, and not bearing any leaves even in summer. Beneath these trees, which seem to have been brought to their marrow-bones by the dreadful juxtaposition, "lies the plague." It was buried here, says an old female informant, "by candle-light, at three o'clock in the morning, by Mr Gusthart, minister, long ago of the Trinity or College Kirk, in presence of two witnesses, and not without ceremonies, such as praying and the like"—the aversion of the Scottish church to the burial service having been apparently done away with in the extraordinary case of "the plague." What "the plague" was, this worthy lady did not well know, but she promised to inquire. At a second visit, she informed our ignorance that it was a thing which long ago used to come into people's houses, "in the shape of long silken threads, palpable to the eye, but not to the touch, and which, flying about hither and thither in the air, cut the breaths of all with whom it came in contact. That her account of the funeral of the plague was true, she was quite certain; for she herself had been at the sewing-school, when a girl, with two Misses Gusthart, who were the granddaughters of the minister, and who told her the story. Her great-grandfather, moreover, who died at a most advanced age, while she was very young, "had seen the plague!"—so there was no occasion for incredulity.

Although popular tradition points to Leith Wynd as the place of burial of many who died of the plague in Edinburgh, and although such be quite correct in point of fact, as this place formed part of the churchyard of the neighbouring collegiate church, it is fully more consistent with record to mention, that many of those who died of the distemper were buried in the Greyfriars churchyard, in large graves, "seven fute wyde, and verie deepe." Many were also buried at the small remote chapel of St Roque, to the south of Burntsfield Links. We are informed, by historical evidence, that this had been from early times a place of sepulture for those who were carried off by the Edinburgh plagues. Why this religious establishment should have been selected for a purpose of this kind, is not adverted to by the historians of Edinburgh; and it is left for us to mention that St Roque, or Rochus, was long esteemed by our ancestors as the patron saint of those afflicted with pestilence. In the Breviary of Aberdeen, one of the earliest specimens of Scottish typography, we have some curious particulars regarding him. He was of foreign birth, and flourished in the fourteenth century. There is no end of the miracles he is said to have wrought, both before and after his death. "Vale, Roche angelice," concludes the Breviary, "voce citatus famine optimisti deifice a cunctis pestem peller." At the Reformation this sainted physician lost his reputation—the revenues of his chaplain were seized, and his chapel demolished; still the force of ancient custom remained, and the people of Edinburgh continued to inter their plague-stricken relations in the little burying-ground. But we are probably tiring our readers with these melancholy memoranda of times to which the present has too lamentable a resemblance; so we pass on to the plague of our own days.

The spasmodic cholera of modern times is evidently one of those oriental plagues, which, though greatly modified in its effects, and different in its mode of attack and symptoms, has been in the same manner generated in the pestilential jungles of Hindostan, and in the same manner has progressed a distance of eight thousand miles towards the north-west, laying every principality and power successively under contribution to its insatiate appetite. All that is known of plague and cholera is a number of isolated facts, often of a contradictory nature, and no way capable of forming a body of evidence on which any correct theory can be founded. Cholera is certainly far more capricious than plague. It will travel against the wind at the rate of more than a hundred miles a-day. It despises the temperature of the atmosphere, and will malignantly frolic under a frost which withers every species of vegetation. Sometimes it keeps to a line of road, or a river, captivating town after town, as they happen to fall in its way; and at other periods it will skip over two or three towns at a time, just stooping here and there to pick up a victim, as it were, out of the mere wantonness of mischief. In our opinion, he would be a cowardly and short-sighted man who would leave a town because cholera threatened an invasion. If he fly, he may either meet it or overtake it, while all the time it has never come near the house he has left. Going to the country is utterly useless, for it may pounce upon you in an instant, though you were immersed in the innermost recess of a mountainous wilderness. In a city you are surrounded by an innumerable body of the most intelligent physicians, all acting in concert, and each contributing his solitary fact to swell the mass of useful knowledge on the subject. Under a visitation of plague, mankind might always be allowed to repine; but under a visitation of cholera, they have much to comfort them. Its general selection of victims from among the dissolute and famished, in which it entirely differs from plague; its general aversion of those of regular habits who enjoy good food and raiment; its putting to death only a third or a half of those it attacks; its premonitory symptoms or warnings; its liability to be cured by certain specific remedies; the safety with which medical men may attend it; the great chance of escaping it by retaining a perfect cheerfulness of disposition; but, above all, this remarkable fact, that in most countries which it has visited, it has not increased the amount of mortality in the aggregate, reckoning in a whole year; for it seems, in some measure, only to take those persons who would catch any sort of epidemic that happened to be going. Taking these and other peculiarities of cholera into account, it may be safely pronounced an exceedingly modified species of plague. Having already exhausted itself on the Continent of Europe, it is now passing over the island of Britain, always keeping onwards towards the west. Whether, on arriving at the shores of the Atlantic, it will venture to cross that spacious sea, of three thousand miles in breadth, and will land, re-invigorated by its voyage, among the nations of America, is a problem that cannot long be in being elucidated. These lines will probably never meet the eye of a living soul in that great Western World, otherwise we would beseech its inhabitants instantly to prepare, with the manliness and intelligence of men descended from a British ancestry, for the reception of this hated scourge; and in using those means for its prevention and cure, placed by the good providence of God within the scope of their comprehension, will in the end, we trust, oblige it to pass innocuously over their settlements.

This article has been necessarily drawn to an extraordinary length, and leaves us to regret the space

which it has occupied; we therefore, without one word of comment, conclude by offering the following advice to families, regarding the means to be used to prevent and cure the cholera now in progress, extracted from the works of the best medical practitioners:—

CLEANLINESS.—Personal cleanliness is strongly recommended, and a careful removal of every source of filth which may render the air impure. Great care should also be taken that rooms and houses be well ventilated.

DIET.—Indigestible articles of diet, such as undressed fruits, should be avoided.

TEMPERANCE.—The abuse of spirituous liquors tends greatly to lessen the influence of remedial means, and, consequently, to render the disease more fatal. Temperance is therefore strongly enjoined.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—The disease is preceded by languor, coldness, giddiness, and slight bowel complaint. It usually comes on with purging, vomiting, and cramp; then follow smallness of the pulse and coldness of the skin; the features become sharp and contracted; and the eye sinks. These early symptoms are more or less felt from one to three days before the attack.

REMEDIAL MEANS.—It is of the utmost importance that the premonitory or early symptoms should be attended to, and medical assistance procured as early as possible; but as the disease may occur under circumstances where medical advice cannot be immediately obtained, the following measures may be safely and beneficially employed.—All means tending to restore the circulation and maintain the warmth of the body should be had recourse to without delay. The patient should always be immediately put to bed, wrapped up in hot blankets, and the warmth of the body should be sustained by the application of bags, containing hot salt or bran, to different parts of it. For the same purpose, stone bottles or tin canisters, filled with hot water, should be employed. Two teaspoonfuls of the flour of mustard-seed, mixed with half a tumbler of warm water, to be given to excite full vomiting; afterwards, a wine-glassful of brandy or whisky, mixed with hot water, will be useful. If the disease continues, from twenty to forty drops of laudanum may be administered, along with two teaspoonfuls of magnesia in peppermint water. If there be pain of the stomach, a mustard poultice ought to be applied over it. Should the symptoms not abate in an hour, or an hour and a half, the draught, with laudanum, may be repeated.

THE MUSSULMAUN'S SABBATH.

As a religious rest, the Sabbath is but partially observed by Mussulmauns. The Soonees, I have remarked, pay much more attention to its institutions than the Sheahs; but with either sect, the day is less strictly kept than might have been expected from people who really seem to make religion their study and the great business of their lives. Both sects have extra prayers for the day, besides the usual Namaaz, which the religious people perform with great punctuality, whether they carry their devotions to the great mosque, or offer their prayers in due form in their own abode. On the Sabbath they make it a point to bathe and change their apparel; the public offices are closed, and the shops partially shut until mid-day; the rulers—as Kings or Nuwaubs—distinguish the day, by not receiving their courtiers and the public visitors, as on other days. Charitable donations are likewise more bountifully dispensed from the rich to the poor on Friday. These observances serve to convince us that they believe in the constituted Sabbath; still there is not that strict respect for the holy day which could satisfy the scrupulous feelings of a Christian; the servants are quite as much employed on Friday as on any other day; the dhurzie (tailor), dhobie (washerwoman), and indeed the whole establishment of servants and slaves, male and female, find their work undiminished on the Sabbath. The ladies amuse themselves with cards and dice, the singing women even are quite as much in request as on other days; and all the amusements of life are indulged in, without once seeming to suspect that they are disobeying the law of God, or infringing on their actual duties. Indeed, I believe they would keep the day strictly, if they thought doing so was a necessary duty; but I have often observed, that as Friday is one of their “fortunate days,” works of any importance are commenced on this day; whether it be building a house—planting a garden or a field—writing a book—negotiating a marriage—going a journey—making a garment, or any other business of this life which they wish should prosper. With them, therefore, the day of rest is made one of the busiest in the calendar; but I must do them the justice to say, that they believe their hearts are more pure after the ablutions and prayers have been performed. And that as nothing, however trifling or important, according to their praiseworthy ideas, should ever be commenced without being first dedicated to God—from whose mercy they implore aid and blessings on the labour of their hands—they set apart Friday for commencing whatever business they are anxious should prosper. This was the excuse made by the pious Meer Hadjee Shaah.—*Mrs Meer Hassan Ali's Hindoostan.*

THE WASP.

The manners of wasps are truly curious; but we are not about to enter upon a particular description of them. It is one quality only that we would at present mention—the power of the wasp to make paper. The substance of which the wasp's nest is made is actually paper; and the wasps knew how to make paper long before man did. And it is particularly worth notice, that at this very time a new method of making paper is said to have been discovered—namely, to make the paste (or pulp) for the paper with the fibres of rotten wood. A French gentleman, M. Brad, says he was determined to try whether he could not devote to some useful purpose a substance which seemed so useless. He took a large quantity of rotten wood, and removed the knots and parts from it. This was then put into an oil-mill, and ground; it was watered, and afterwards put into sacks to drain off. The paste thus formed was taken to a paper manufactory; and after going through the usual process, about 500 lbs. of greyish paper were produced, fit to be written on, although no glue had been applied to it. By pasting a number of sheets together, he formed a pasteboard sufficiently solid and light for ordinary uses. The wasp is a paper-maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. Whilst mankind were arriving by slow degrees at the art of forming this valuable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very much the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery. While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass, and leaden tablets, others more advanced wrote with a pointed instrument on wax; others employed the inner bark of trees; and others the skins of animals rudely prepared—the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus—the flag growing on the banks of the river Nile in Egypt—was by a process of art made to serve for paper, the wasp was a better artisan than the Egyptians; for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude, that the substance produced was almost useless, having no firmness of texture. The paper of the papyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant, dried, pressed, and polished. The wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size of glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper-making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as the modern paper-makers know, that the fibres of rags are not the only materials used in the formation of paper. She employs other vegetable matters, converting them into a proper consistency by her laborious exertions. In some respects she is more skillful even than our paper-makers; for she takes care to keep fibres of a sufficient length, by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their material into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is produced by the fibre being long, and therefore tough, or short, and therefore easily pulled to pieces.

A JUDGMENT OF GOD.

It was upon one of these occasions, when Jeroboam stood by his altar at Beth-el, that God sent a prophet from Judea to rebuke the idolatrous monarch, and to predict the overthrow of that very altar, by a prince of David's line, called Josias. Jeroboam, incensed at the insolence of the speaker, stretched out his hand to arrest him, but he had scarcely done so when the arm withered, and he was unable to draw it back. Alarmed, rather than conscience-struck by the judgment, Jeroboam entreated the prophet to pray for him, which was done, and the use of his arm restored; but the king took no further notice of the prophet's rebuke, except by inviting him to his house with the promise of a reward. This, however, the stranger declined, declaring that God had positively forbidden him to eat or drink within the bounds of the impious kingdom, and that even to return by the way which he had followed in coming was prohibited. He accordingly mounted his ass, and leaving the assembly to think what they might, took a new direction homewards.—*History of the Bible.*

CATS.

We are informed by Brown, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, that cats are considered a very dainty dish among the negroes; and Goethe, in his *Rifelman's Comrade*, says—“At Palermo, some of the soldiers caught a cat belonging to a convent, and having skinned the carcase, it was cut into pieces, and soaked twenty-four hours in vinegar, then anointed with garlic and honey, until the strong flavour had left it, after which it formed an excellent *fricassée*. To be serious,” continues our author, “I can assure my readers that the flesh of a well-fed cat is extremely good. It is indeed (presuming her to be properly dressed) not only agreeable in taste, but actually a dainty; and it is imagination and prejudice alone which protect the feline race amongst us from the uses of the gastronomic art.”—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*—[The people of Palermo have a right to exercise their own taste in cooking and eating the gigots of cats, and I shall not quarrel with them for doing so; for my part, I prefer to stick to our good old Scottish fare, and would recommend all my readers to do the same.]

ANECDOTE OF MR JEFFREY.

The present Lord Advocate for Scotland was the son of an under-clerk of Session, and was born in the upper part of a house in the Lawnmarket, very near the spot where the celebrated David Hume is said also to have first seen the light. The house happened to take fire at the time when the future Lord Advocate was only about a year old, and in the hurry of saving other things, the child in the garret was for a long time forgotten. When it was almost too late, he was remembered, and an honest man, by trade a slater, volunteered his services in rescuing the infant from his perilous situation. With much difficulty, and no little danger, he was brought forth from the burning house, and delivered into the arms of his anxious friends. Thus was a life, which assuredly has been of some importance in Scottish literary and political history, preserved by the courage of a poor tradesman. It is pleasant to have it to record, that many years after this event, when Mr Jeffrey had commenced his career at the bar, the poor slater, happening to get involved, by no misconduct of his own, in a ruinous series of legal troubles, applied for advice to Mr J., who, in gratitude to his disinterested preserver, exerted himself in such a way as completely to extricate him in a very short time. We believe we may safely add, that this conduct on the part of the Lord Advocate is no more than what all who know him would expect from him under such circumstances.

FOWLS.

It is perhaps seldom that fowls can be kept conveniently about a cottage; but when they can, three, four, or half a dozen hens, to lay in winter, when the wife is at home the greater part of the time, are worth attention. They would require but little room, might be bought in November and sold in April, and six of them, with proper care, might be made to clear every week the price of a gallon of flour. If the labour were great, I should not think of it; but it is none; and I am for neglecting nothing in the way of pains, in order to ensure a hot dinner every day in winter when the man comes home from work. As to the *fattening* of fowls, information can be of no use to those who live in a cottage all their lives; but it may be of some use to those who are born in cottages, and go to have the care of poultry at richer persons' houses. Fowls should be put to fat about a fortnight before they are wanted to be killed. The best food is barley-meal wetted with milk, but not wetted too much. They should have clear water to drink, and it should be frequently changed.—*Cobbett's Cottage Economy.*

SMOKING.

The smoke of tobacco drawn into the mouth, without being inhaled into the lungs, acts powerfully on the nervous system, and produces the effects of a stupefying narcotic: hence its use among the lower orders. The chewing of tobacco has the same influence; and if the saliva be swallowed, its effects are powerful and dangerous. The powder of tobacco, called snuff, drawn into the nostrils, produces on those unaccustomed to its use, immediate but momentary intoxication, along with much sickness. This baneful plant is supposed to have been introduced into England by the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, in 1586.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

HAARLEM.

We paid a sovereign for an hour's enjoyment of the organ in the Cathedral of St Bavon, which is admitted to be the finest in the world. It has eight thousand pipes, and sixty-eight stops. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. One of the pieces we heard, represented a band with every variety of music; another, a storm of rain and thunder, the effect of which was astonishing. The loud peals of thunder seemed to roll over the building, while drops of rain beat violently on the roof. The storm gradually exhausted itself, and all was calm.—*Elliot's Letters from the North of Europe.*

UNNATURAL CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

No character can enter a human imagination which is not within the compass of Nature's possibility, but there is much in Nature which has never entered the imagination. What imagination ever conceived any thing so outrageous as Jack Mitford's acknowledgment that his love of gin was so great, that if his soul were on one table, and a gin-bottle on the other, he would barter the former for the latter?

THE KING OF NAPLES.

The late king of Naples, playing once at cards, exclaimed, on making a fault, “I am an ass.” Duke —, whom he was playing with, made a mistake soon after, and said, “And I am a greater ass than your majesty.” The king never played with him again.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

I AM fond of a walk through an ancient library, in which the long dim vista is partially illuminated by coloured streaks of light darted through the painted windows, so as to leave the room, here and there, in gloomy shade. How awful and sublime it is to plant one's self in the midst of this dignified silence, with a sombre Gothic roof overhead, and where, all around you, is built up the concentrated knowledge of man! How solemn the reflection, that, here, you stand the only living soul—the only being that breathes, and has power to speak, and can use a pen with his fingers; while, standing so near you, there are thousands of disembodied authors, whose mortal frames have long since sunk into the dust, to which you yourself must ere long be also carried! How transcendent was the idea! how Godlike was the invention! of transferring the greatest minds of the past and passing ages into books; so that, at the distance of hundreds of years, their successors on this ever-shifting stage are enabled to receive their instructions as fresh as from their living lips. How sweet and edifying is the converse which may be held amidst the chequered lights of such a chamber, with the sages of other years! How superior is such an enjoyment to those procured from many of the vain frivolities of the passing world! With what thankfulness do I lay down my friendly monitor!—with what reverence do I commit the instrument of his instruction to its little receptacle, there to remain till again consulted by some similar visitor, probably a century after I shall have joined the spirit with whom I have been meditating. There is something agreeable to the feelings of a living visitor, in these occasional researches amongst the volumes of almost neglected libraries. In the delight of drawing forth and consulting some volume, upon which the dust of years has been permitted to repose, the visitor, if himself engaged in the task of diffusing knowledge by the press, is apt to reflect, that, when his works are perhaps consigned to a place in the range of volumes, he may be indebted to some similar enthusiast for the compliment of having *his own dust* swept away, and his instructions brought once more into actual use. While he is gratifying, as he half supposes, the unseen spirits of the place, he reflectively gratifies himself. Having lately sauntered, in the mood of mind now described, through a large library of neglected books, I was impressed with the idea, that, to take up a dust-covered volume at random, and communicate to the present generation some part of whatever wisdom it contained, would not only be an act of homage from the living to the dead, in itself highly commendable, but might be attended with much benefit. At the bottom of a neighbouring pilaster lay a tattered volume, of old-fashioned appearance, which seemed to be so much despised as not to be conceived worthy of a place on the shelves; this, I thought, is a favourable specimen with which to commence my experiment. I therefore took it up, brushed off its coat of dust, and found it to be entitled, "Thoughts, Moral and Divine, upon Various Subjects, by Wellins Callcott, Gent., London." The reader will be able, after perusing the following extract from its pages, to say whether my resolution be one worthy of being pursued any farther; but, in the meantime, I must express my own admiration of the fine strain of moral feeling which pervades the passage which follows, as well as the simple grandeur of its style. Probably, every successive week, I shall present to my readers a short piece of solemn or pious composition, equally calculated to fill their minds with virtuous or sacred reflection. The subject is *Honour*.

"The nearest way to honour is for a man so to live that he might be found to be that in truth he would be thought to be. 'Tis honourable to support the glory of one's ancestors, by actions which correspond with

their reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a title to one's descendants which is not borrowed from our predecessors; to become the head and author of our own nobility; and (to use the expression of Tiberius, who was desirous of hiding the defect of birth in Curtius Rufus, though otherwise a very great man) to be born of one's own self.

"True honour is seated in the soul. It rises from a generous heart, and flows with a natural and easy descent into all the different traces of life and channels of duty, refreshing, invigorating, and adorning all the faculties of the soul, the language of the tongue, the very air of the face, and motions of the body. It displays itself in a natural unaffected greatness and firmness of mind, improved by a train of wise and religious reflections and generous actions, in which personal virtue and real merit truly consist. The Jewish Cabalists had a pretty allegory to express this truth, as founded in the original make and frame of nature. They tell us, that, when Moses describes the great river of Eden branching out into four streams, we are to understand by paradise the mind or soul of man. The river was this original fountain of truth and virtue, arising from the very root and essence of the soul, and branching out into the four cardinal virtues, and all the other lower degrees and kinds of virtue—even the inferior morals of affability, politeness, good nature, and good manners; and that, in short, there lies hid in the root of every human soul, however defaced by ignorance and deformed by vice, a fund of good, an oracle of truth, which, when assisted by a happy concurrence of external causes—such as, particularly, the structure of the organs and the texture of the blood and spirits—will, by due culture and discipline, naturally exert itself into a train of great, generous, and beneficent actions, suitable to the original grandeur and dignity of its nature. This, in the present debased state of human nature, lies very often buried under the ruins of ignorance and vice, like valuable coins, medals, statues, pillars, and other beautiful ornaments of architecture—or, to speak more properly, that order, symmetry, and proportion, which were as the soul of the structure—lie buried under the ruins of a once famous and magnificent building. Hence it comes to pass, that many an excellent genius is lost to the world—lies hid amongst the rubbish of mankind—who, with proper assistance, due culture, and in a happy situation, might have done honour to human nature, and been a public blessing to mankind. A man of honour, considered in this light, performs not only all the acts of virtue in public and private life, but does them with a peculiar propriety and dignity of behaviour, as the connoisseurs in writing, painting, music, architecture, or even dress, execute even the justest designs, not only with proportion and truth, but with such decorations, embellishments, and graces, as naturally flow from a fine taste and an improved understanding. This alone, in high life, makes glorious princes, illustrious heroes, gallant commanders, vigilant magistrates, and honourable counsellors; and, in the lower degree of social life, indulgent husbands, tender fathers, affectionate friends, merciful landlords and masters, faithful tenants and servants; and executes all the relative duties of life with justice and honour. This is the true and real virtue, the only proper foundation of all the honourable distinctions among men in all the different stations of life. The bulk of mankind are caught by noise and show. The pompous sound of titles and glitter of ornaments strike their senses, attract their attention, raise their admiration, and extort from them all that reverence and regard which are due only to eminent and distinguished merit; while real virtue and true honour pass silently through the world, unheeded and unregarded but by the happy

discerning few who are sensible of its merit, or enjoy the blessed communication of its influence. When those glorious spirits, whom Providence has appointed to be our guardians and protectors in this present state of imperfection and probation, survey the disordered state of human nature, agitated by blind passions, prejudiced by false opinions, into erroneous conclusions and wild pursuits, they view us with the same light, and with the same emotions of compassion and charity, as Monroe did his lunatic patients in Bedlam, who misal and misapply almost every instance in which their duty and happiness is concerned. To those blessed intelligences, the silent life of a generous, compassionate, beneficent man, is more truly honourable than the pageantry of princes, the pomp of conquerors, and all the glorious impertinence of state. To them, an obscure good man, doing secret acts of charity, relieving the distressed, comforting the miserable, and approving himself, by habits of piety and devotion, to the great Author of his being, appears more truly glorious than the conqueror at the head of an hundred thousand men. To them the Man of Ross appears in a fairer light in the Book of Remembrance, and will ever make a much more illustrious figure at the last great day, than Alexander, or Cæsar, or William the Conqueror, though a Christian. For to do good, to be lovers of mankind, to alleviate the distressed, and promote the peace and happiness of our fellow-creatures, is the highest honour, the noblest ambition, that can enter into the heart of man. But the greatest part of mankind judge quite otherwise. Noise and show, title and equipage, glitter and grandeur, constitute the whole idea of honour; and whoever can command an interest sufficient to procure, and an affluence sufficient to support them, becomes thereby not only a man of honour, but even a subordinate fountain of honour to others."

BURNS'S "JOLLY BEGGARS."

THE scene of the "Jolly Beggars" was an hostel in Mauchline of the lowest possible description, to which beggars and vagrants resorted for lodging and food. It was adapted for the entertainment of such characters only, and no other sort of persons ever entered it, excepting, perhaps, such wags as Burns himself, when bent upon amusement, and desirous of seeing the lowest scenes which human nature can exhibit.

At the time Burns composed his poem, there were several houses of this kind in the country. At that period there were infinitely more beggars than at present, and their lodging-houses were of course more numerous. Begging might be said to have been then a much better trade, partly on account of the greater hospitality of the times, and partly by reason of its professors being generally useful in retired places, as news-venders, as tale-tellers, and occasionally as smugglers. The "randie gangrel bodies" of 1785 were therefore a more opulent and riotous class than those of the present degenerate days. They could afford to spend between ten and twenty shillings in a week upon the pleasures of a lodging-house, and to sit at their liquor from Saturday night till Tuesday or Wednesday morning; not that a lodging-house was preferred before other places of abode—as indeed a farmer's stable, loft, or outhouse, with a good supper before bed, and their "parritch" in the morning when they rose, was invariably a more delectable object, as being perfectly eleemosynary—but it was generally made a fixed point among them to taste the luxuries of "Poosie's" hovel at least once a-week, if funds were answerable, in order to refit for the next campaign, and see their friends. The regularity of their meetings may be authenticated from Burns's own words:—"In Poosie Nansie's held the splot," the

use of the definite article indicating that it was a constant custom.

The person who supplies the information contained in this article happened, about the year 1794, to be personally intimate with the scenes so imitatively described in the poem, it being part of his duty, as a citizen-constable, to visit, every night, the house to which the Jolly Beggars resorted, to see that every thing was quiet and orderly. To the admirers of the cantata it may be interesting to have a more minute account of this scene in every particular than Burns has given; and though his sketch must fall infinitely short of the poet's outline, he will at least pledge himself to give a faithful transcript of his own recollections.

Poosie Nansie's cottage was a ruinous hovel of one story, with the thatch broken in several places, so that the family were sometimes blessed with the dews of heaven in the most direct manner. From without, the house appeared to have two windows, one at each side of a low oval-shaped door; so that the contour of the whole bore no small resemblance to the visage of a cat; the two chimnies rising from the roof being supposed to represent the erect ears of the animal. On entering, you were not troubled with the ceremony of an inner door, nor was there any extent of lobby to traverse. About one yard forward from the outer door, on turning the corner of a small projection, the whole scene lay exposed to view. One end of the tenement was the room common to all. The price of lodging in this part of the domicile was one penny. The accommodations were of course by no means elegant. Here there was no form of beds, but merely a common heap of straw, of which a couch could be made by the guests themselves, according to their own pleasure, or the means they possessed of dressing it. The straw was squalid to the utmost degree, and chopped so small, by long service, that it was more like chaff than straw. However, a covering of "orra duds" made it quite as pleasant as if it had been less equivocal in its appearance. The chimney stood out from the gable of this apartment, like a pulpit, and almost as large. Here in the evenings an immense fire was lighted, where Poosie herself—an old, bearded dame—was eternally engaged in cooking, and round which all the wretches gathered, to drink their "dear Kilbagie," &c. The furniture consisted of the merest fragments: stools, originally quadruped, degraded into tripods, and even, in some instances, into bipeds; a long deal table with turned legs, one limb tethered to the other to keep the whole from straggling, and propped into a horizontal position by supplementary peats; pots that, in the course of time, had come to answer completely the fanciful description of the Irishman, "wanting feet, ears, and cheeks, with a hare-lip into the bargain;" even the articles of stoneware seemed to be in the most dilapidated condition; the most of them had ceased to be vessels of quantity, and become mere shreds of plain surface; or if a hollow was attained, it was only at the expense of a larger vessel; for instance, a cup was perhaps fashioned out of the larboard side of a tureen.

Such was the apartment of Poosie Nansie's house, in which lodging was to be had at the low price of one penny. This was the House of Commons: now for the House of Peers! The House of Peers was the *spence*, or better part of the dwelling, in which the more respectable sort of beggars were deposited, apart from the vulgar throng. A division was accomplished by means of a partition formed of straw, curiously wattled and mixed with clay. The accommodations here were considerably superior to those of the meaner apartment. Here there were actually beds!—beds formed of straw, it is true, but yet possessed of the inestimable advantage of a species of covering like horse-rugs. Here there were also chairs, generally with bottoms, and sometimes even with backs. One side of the Chamber of Peers was entirely occupied by two ranges of beds in tiers; and "the kipples" in this part of the house were covered with a firm footing, and filled with receptacles like "chicken-cavies" ranged all round, which were accessible from below by an infirm trap-stair, fashioned like a hen's ladder. The price of lodging in this magnificent quarter was twopence.

But what avails it to describe the mere externals of the immortal Poosie Nansie's hostelry, if its internal economy, its wonderful inmates, and its glorious "splores," are to remain undelineated? Oh, for the pen of Burns, to fill up the exquisite outline which he has left us—to paint a Saturday night scene in all its depth and breadth of colouring, and with that minute faithfulness of touch so necessary to a general comprehension of the whole! Alas, the only hand that could do it justice is torpid, and forgetful of its cunning! The sun himself is set, and a dim "gloamin'" alone remains, capable of throwing but little light upon the subject. We have promised, however, to do our best.

As the approach of night calls home all the creatures of animated nature to rest and enjoyment, so, in these good old times, did Saturday night, the sunset of the week, bring to roost all the stray sons of poverty, bent upon compensating, by the festivity of one night, the contumelies, the wanderings, the hunger, cold, pain, and abstinence, of the rest. On that evening, therefore, whole fleets of mendicants might be seen thronging the roads, bound for Poosie Nansie's, to "haud the splore," and pouring in at all the "town-ends" in Mauchline. The oval-shaped door

we have described received them within its *crater*, as the bughole in the genie's cask, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, received the vapour into which the fisherman had caused him to dissolve himself. Then would there be recognitions of acquaintance, and the most ceremonious shaking of hands imaginable; for they were always ceremonious, till such time as the ice of politeness was thawed by the genial warmth of a few preliminary drams; when, of course, there was a greater community of friendly feeling throughout. But not more wonders in the dissolution of ceremony did Poosie's Kilbagie achieve, than did her large pulpit-looking fire round which they gathered, in respect of relaxing with equally potent heat the cripple limbs of the company. It was truly amazing to witness the miracles wrought by Poosie's wonderful fire. The miserable wretch who perished with the rheumatism, and walked double through the week, was cured in an instant, as if the demon of the disease had fled from his bones on coming within the influence of a spell. The "po-or oul'd bli-nd man," who had howled forth the terrible circumstances of his condition, vexing the ears of the lieges, for six long days, suddenly opened his eyes to the blessings before him, as if he had only awoke from a long sleep. The "poor sailor lad," too, who had lost an arm with Rodney, on the glorious 12th of August 1782, seemed suddenly to forget all the effects of the engagement, and, in the twinkling of a hand-spike, the long deceased limb sprang from the jacket, into all its pristine health and vigour. More astonishing resurrections than even that took place. Legs accustomed to "limp wi' the spavie," recovered their vigour and proportion. Legs grew down from trunks formerly truncated, and arms sprang from shoulders erst apparently stumps. Immense blotches, that, in week days, excited the commiseration of the charitable, in the character of plague-spots upon the skin, at once disappeared, "and, like the haselless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." The man "with a brown leg and a blue one," who had "had the black scurvy in Jamaica, and come home a poor helpless object," became in a moment the soundest and liveliest man in the company; and the wretch who trembled through the week between two crutches, as if every part of his body were taking leave of the other, now shivering with the ague, and at other times agonised by the cramp, threw by his wooden friends, and was "himself again." In short, the transformations and cures accomplished at Poosie Nansie's fire-side were miraculous and manifold. Suffice it to say, that the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke (nay, "ranted and sang"), the lame walked—and *all drank*. In the latter department, there was not a single inefficient member.

No sooner were the window-shutters of night all fairly closed in, and every thing snug, than the festivities of the evening commenced. Tea was paraded by the females of the company, and drunk from *buggies*, *caups*, and *finnies*, all of them vessels not easily broken. Fowls and pieces of meat were sometimes produced from secret wallets, and bacon ham was no unusual dish; all of which were hastily prepared by frying, for they had no delicacy of taste in cooking. To these were added savoury messes, consisting of cold meat, eggs, hares, and other articles of food the most incongruous in association, seasoned highly with salt, pepper, onions, and occasionally garlic. As soon as the feast was pretty well over—for it never could be said to be altogether done—the fiercer debaucheries began, and the hostess was in perpetual demand for supplies of more liquor. Nansie did not retail spirits herself, but procured what was wanted from a neighbouring shop, where she was allowed a small emolument for her custom, which she contrived to increase not a little by cheating her guests of an enormous commission (in kind) for her trouble. Kilbagie was then sold so low as one penny per gill;* of course, it was quite possible to get completely intoxicated for fourpence. Over this stuff they were wont to carouse till midnight, when the mirth and fun generally grew so fast and furious, that nothing could contain them, and their joy could only find vent in the confusion of a dance, or a squabble. If the former amicable method chanced to be adopted, the floor was cleared in an instant for action. The whole of Nansie's furniture was promiscuously huddled into a corner, and to it they set, men, women, and children, like a parcel of infuriated Bacchanals, tossing their limbs wildly about, and using gesticulations, and *setting* into attitudes, that no language can paint. After tiring of this exercise, they would again sit down to deep debauch, and drink till morning light, about which time all that had survived the soporific effects of the liquor were commonly engaged in a Polymachia, or battle general; which exertion was for the most part quite as effectual in laying the company low, as the Kilbagie. They seemed to fight themselves out, in short; and one by one dropped from the scene, till not a combatant was left. All were on the floor, dead, flat, and peaceable. Sunday morning, which, rising in Scotland, finds all nature reduced to a state of perfect calm, usually found the inmates of Poosie Nansie's hotel in the same circumstances. All was quiet; but

* Kilbagie was the greatest distillery of spirituous liquors at that time in Scotland. There were then so few others, that more usquebae was produced there than at all the rest together. It was not of the best quality; but it was the cheapest to be had—and that was a sufficient reason for its being a favourite with Poosie Nansie's clubs.

it was the quiet of desolation. The whole apartment seemed strewn with the ruins of the human race—"reliquiæ Danaum"—a heterogeneous chaos of carcases, heads, arms, women, children, wooden legs, and other fragments of humanity, together with the no less disabled pieces of Nansie's furniture, that were in every respect analogous to the strange beings who used them on the preceding evening.

Through the course of Sunday, it was observed that the inmates of Nansie's mansion were wonderfully quiet and orderly. If the weather was good, many put off the day by sitting upon turf seats at the door, smoking and talking; while the children lay half naked upon the green, amusing themselves with every species of feat and play, like Nereids sporting on the azure wave. In proportion as the debauch or battle of the preceding evening had been fierce and fatal, the conversations of Sunday were harmonious, and the harmony universal. Whatever were the injuries received in the fray, none of them were remembered. It seemed to be then the general wish that an amnesty should be agreed upon, and no revenge taken for former aggressions. At the close of night, however, the splore was again commenced with considerable briskness. But the festivities of this evening never reached within many degrees of their Saturday night jollifications, in intenseness of enjoyment, or obstreperousness of mirth—partly for the sake of decorum, partly on account of low finances, and principally because their spirits, which, suppressed through the week, burst out into the most violent expression on Saturday night, were so far exhausted by the first overflow, that little material remained to be expended upon the second. On Monday morning, it was a rich sight to see the crapulous wretches take their departure from Mauchline, with empty wallets, sore heads, and sneaking aspects—so completely spent in every respect by the excesses they had committed, that their wretched appearance looked a thousand times more wretched; and what had formerly seemed only ruins of humanity was now the wreck of ruins.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE exceedingly ingenious invention of printing with metal types, on paper, was first brought to light in Germany, a country lying near the heart of the Continent of Europe, and most remarkable in the history of mankind for having furnished not only this, but some other very important improvements in the mechanical arts. Until this invention took place, in the course of the fifteenth century, no nation in the world possessed a distinct knowledge of its neighbour, or was even acquainted with its own internal properties. All communications had to be effected by means of writing, or by special messengers, and the knowledge gleaned by one generation ran always a risk of being lost to those which came after it, for want of a permanent medium of communication. To investigate properly, says Hansard, the origin of printing, it is necessary to carry our research to a period far more remote than that at which the art became applicable to the making of books. The early inhabitants of the earth would naturally desire to perpetuate their useful discoveries, as well as the important events of their time; and it may be therefore fairly presumed, that they had some mode of communicating their ideas to succeeding generations before the invention of an alphabet. The scanty traditions received concerning the antediluvians do not enable us to come to any determination relative to their proficiency in communicating the transactions of their time; whether, therefore, they employed stamps of any kind, or had any means whatever of transmitting knowledge, except by oral tradition, we have neither history nor relics to inform us. But that period which immediately followed the deluge, and which some chronologers have termed the second age of the world, affords convincing proofs of the art of forming impressions being then practised; and most probably with a view to propagate science—to inculcate special facts—and as a general means of preserving to posterity certain useful memorials. Purposes such as these, it is reasonable to conclude, were contemplated by the ancient Chaldeans when they stamped, or printed, their tiles or bricks with various figures, hieroglyphics, or inscriptions. In some instances, these ancient specimens seem to have been sun-baked; yet, for the most part, they appear kiln-burnt to a surprising degree of hardness, even to partial vitrification. Of such materials was built the original city and celebrated tower of Babylon; and although a period of four thousand years has rolled away since the construction of the superb metropolis, whose name they bear still, even to the present day do the Babylonian bricks, which have supplied the antiquary and orientalist with so many curious subjects for reflection and discussion, continue to be found. The great city, "whose towers, whose temples, and whose palaces, were built with brick dried in the sun, or baked in the furnace," and whose walls were ornamented with animals modelled to resemble life, richly painted in their natural colours upon the bricks of which they were composed, and into which they were afterwards burnt—what inexhaustible emotions must the spectacle of opulencè presented by the real pile, at the zenith of its glory, have excited! And what must reasoning creatures think of human grandeur, looking now at the bald and desolate site that once boasted such a display of sumptuous edifices—such a gorgeous scene of civic ostentation!

LADY JEAN.

Concluded from No. 1.

WHEN the ceremony was concluded, and both the clergyman and the witnesses had been satisfied and dismissed, the lovers left the house, with the design of walking forwards into the city. In conformity to a previous arrangement, Lady Jean walked first, like a lady of quality, and Richard followed closely behind, with the dress and deportment of her servant. Her ladyship was dressed in her finest suit, and adorned with her finest jewels, all which she had brought from Cumbernauld on purpose, in a mail or leathern trunk—for such was the name then given to the convenience now entitled a portmanteau. Her step was light, and her bearing gay, as she moved along—not on account of the success which had attended her expedition, or her satisfaction in being now united to the man of her choice, but because she anticipated the highest pleasure in the sight of a place whereof she had heard such wonderful stories, and from a participation in whose delights she had been so long withheld. Like all persons educated in the country, she had been regaled in her infancy with magnificent descriptions of the capital—of its buildings, that seemed to mingle with the clouds—its shops, which apparently contained more wealth than all the world beside—of its paved streets (for paved streets were then wonders in Scotland)—and above all, of the grand folks who thronged its Highgates, its Canon-gates, and its Cowgates—people whose lives seemed a perpetual holiday, whose attire was ever new, and who all lived in their several palaces. Though, of course, Edinburgh had then little to boast of, the country people who occasionally visited it did not regard it with less admiration than that with which the peasantry of our own day may be supposed to view it now that it is something so very different. It was then, as well as now, the capital of the country, and, as such, bore the same disproportion in point of magnificence to inferior towns, and to the country in general. In one respect it was superior to what it is at the present day—namely, in being the seat of government and of a court. Lady Jean had often heard all its glorious peculiarities described by her sisters, who, moreover, sometimes took occasion to colour the picture too highly, in order to raise her envy, and make themselves appear great in their alliance and association with so much greatness. She was, therefore, prepared to see a scene of the utmost splendour—a scene in which nothing horrible or paltry mingled, but which was altogether calculated to awe or to delight the senses.

Her ladyship was destined to be disappointed at the commencement, at least, of her acquaintance with the city. The first remarkable object which struck her eye, after leaving the inn, was the high bow, or arch, of the gate called the West Port. In this itself there was nothing worthy of particular attention, and she rather directed her eyes through the opening beneath, which half disclosed a wide space beyond, apparently crowded with people. But when she came close up to the gate, and cast, before passing, a last glance at the arch, she shuddered at the sight then presented to her eyes. On the very pinnacle of the arch was stuck the ghastly and weatherworn remains of a human head, the features of which, half flesh half bone, were shaded and rendered still more indistinctly horrible by the long dark hair, which hung in meagre tresses around them. "Oh, Richard, Richard!" she exclaimed, stopping and turning round, "what is that dreadful-looking thing?" "That, madam," said Richard, without any emotion, "is the broken remnant of a west country preacher, spiked up there to warn his countrymen who may approach this port, against doing any thing to incur the fate which has overtaken himself. Methinks he has preached to small purpose, for yonder stands the gallows, ready, I suppose, to bring him some brother in affliction." "Horrible!" exclaimed Lady Jean; "and is this really the fine town of Edinburgh, where I was taught to expect so many grand sights! I thought it was just one universal palace, and it turns out to be a great charnel-house?" "It is indeed more like that than any thing else at times," said Richard; "but, my dear Lady Jean, you are not going to start at this bugbear, which the very children, you see, do not heed in passing." "Indeed, I think, Richard," answered her ladyship, "if Edinburgh is to be all like this, it would be just as good to turn back at once, and postpone our visit till better times." "But it is not all like this," replied Richard; "I assure you it is not. For heaven's sake, my lady, move on. The people are beginning to stare at us. You shall soon see grand sights enough, if we were once fairly out of this place. Make for the opposite corner of the Grassmarket, and ascend the street to the left of that horrible gibbet. We may yet get past it before the criminals are produced."

Thus admonished, Lady Jean passed, not without a shudder, under the dreadful arch, and entered the spacious oblong square called the Grassmarket. This place was crowded at the west end with rustics engaged in all the bustle of a grain and cattle market, and at the eastern and most distant extremity with a mob of idlers, who had gathered around the gibbet in order to witness the awful ceremony that was about to take place. The crowd, which was scarcely so dense as that which attends the rarer scene of a modern execution, made way on both sides for Lady Jean as she moved along; and wherever she went, she left

behind her a wake, as it were, of admiration and confusion. So exquisite and so new a beauty, so splendid a suit of female attire, and such a stout and handsome attendant—these were all alike calculated to inspire reverence in the minds of the beholders. Her carriage at the same time was so steady and so graceful, that no one could be so rude as to interrupt or disturb it. The people, therefore, parted when she approached, and left a free passage for her on all sides, as if she had been an angel or a spirit come to walk amidst a mortal crowd, and whose person could not be touched, and might scarcely be beheld—whose motions were not to be interfered with by those among whom she chose to walk—but who was to be received with prostration of spirit, and permitted to depart as she had come, unquestioned and unapproached. In traversing the Grassmarket, two or three young coxcombs, with voluminous wigs, short cloaks, rapiers, and rose-knots at their knees and shoes, who, on observing her at a distance, had prepared to treat her with a condescending stare, fell back, awed and confounded, at her near approach, and spent the gaze, perhaps, upon the humbler mark of her follower, or upon vacancy.

Having at length passed the gibbet, Lady Jean began to ascend the steep and tortuous street denominated the West Bow. She had hitherto been unable to direct any attention to what she was most anxious to behold—the scenic wonders of the capital. But having now got clear of the crowd, and no longer fearing to see the gallows, she ventured to lift up her eyes and look around. The tallness and massiveness of the buildings, some of which bore the cross of the Knights Templars on their pinnacles, while others seemed to be surmounted or overtopped by still taller edifices beyond, impressed her imagination; and the effect was rendered still more striking by the countless human figures which crowded the windows, and even the roofs of the houses, all alike bending their attention, as she thought, towards herself. The scene before her looked like an amphitheatre, filled with spectators, while she and Richard seemed as the objects upon the arena. The thought caused her to hurry on, and she soon found herself in a great measure screened from observation by the overhanging projections of the narrower part of the West Bow, which she now entered. With slow and difficult, but stately and graceful steps, she then proceeded, till she reached the upper angle of the street, where a novel and unexpected scene awaited her. A sound like that of rushing waters seemed first to proceed from the part of the street still concealed from her view, and presently appeared round the angle, the first rank of an impetuous crowd, who, rushing downward with prodigious force, would certainly have overwhelmed her delicate form, had she not dexterously avoided them, by stepping aside upon a projecting stair, to which Richard also sprang, just in time to save himself from a similar fate. From this place of safety, which was not without its own crowd of children, women, and sage-looking elderly mechanics, with Kilmarnock cows, both in the next moment saw the massive mob rush past, like the first wave of a flood, bearing either along or down every thing that came in their way. Immediately after, but at a more deliberate pace, followed a procession of figures, which struck the heart of Lady Jean with as heavy a sense of sorrow as the crowd had just impressed with terror and surprise. First came a small company of the veterans of the city guard, some of whom had perhaps figured in the campaigns of Middleton and Montrose, and whose bronzed inflexible faces bore on this melancholy occasion precisely the same expression which they ordinarily exhibited on the joyful one of attending the magistrates at the drinking of the king's health on the 29th of May. Behind these, and encircled by some other soldiers of the same band, appeared two figures of a different sort. One of them was a young looking, but pale and woe-worn man, the impressive wretchedness of whose appearance was strikingly increased by the ghastly dress which he wore. He was attired from head to foot in a white shroud, such as was sometimes worn in Scotland by criminals at the gallows, but which was, in the present instance, partly assumed as a badge of innocence. The excessive whiteness and emaciation of his countenance suited well with this dismal apparel, and, with the wild enthusiasm that kindled in his eyes, gave an almost supernatural effect to the whole scene, which rather resembled a pageant of the dead than a procession of earthly men. He was the only criminal: the person who walked by his side, and occasionally supported his steps, being—as the crowd whispered around, with many a varied expression of sympathy—his father. The old man had the air of a devout Presbyterian, with harsh, intelligent features, and a dress which bespoke his being a countryman of the lower rank. According to the report of the bystanders, he had educated this, his only son, for the unfortunate church of Scotland, and now attended him to the fate which his talents and violent temperament had conspired to draw down upon his head. If he ever felt any pride in the popular admiration with which his son was honoured, no traces of such a sentiment now appeared. On the contrary, he seemed humbled to the very earth with sorrow; and though he had perhaps contemplated the issue now about to take place, with no small portion of satisfaction, so long as it was at a distance and uncertain, the feelings of a father had evidently proved too much for his fortitude, when the event approached in all its dreadful reality. The emotions perceptible in that

rough and rigid countenance were the more striking, as being so much at variance with its natural and characteristic expression; and the tear which gathered in his eye excited the greater commiseration, in so far as it seemed a stranger there. But the hero and heroine of our tale had little time to make observations on this piteous scene, for the train passed quickly on, and was soon beyond their sight. When it was gone, the people of the Bow, who seemed accustomed to such sights, uttered various expressions of pity, indignation, and horror, according to their respective feelings, and then slowly retired to their dens in the stairs and booths which lined the whole of this ancient and singular street.

Lady Jean, whose beautiful eyes were suffused with tears at beholding so melancholy a spectacle, was then admonished by her attendant to proceed. With a heart deadened to all sensations of wonder and delight, she moved forward, and was soon ushered into the place called the Lawnmarket, then perhaps the most fashionable district in Edinburgh, but the grandeur and spaciousness of which she beheld almost without admiration. The scene here was, however, much gay, and approached more nearly to her splendid preconceptions of the capital than any she had yet seen. The shops were, in her estimation, very fine, and some of the people on the street were of that noble description of which she had believed all inhabitants of cities to be. There was no crowd on the street, which, therefore, afforded room for a better display of her stately and beautiful person; and as she walked steadily onwards, still *ush*ed (for such was then the phrase) by her handsome and noble-looking attendant, a greater degree of admiration was excited amongst the gay idlers whom she passed, than even that which marked her progress through the humbler crowd of the Grassmarket. Various noblemen, in passing towards their homes in the Castle Hill, lifted their feathered hats and bowed profoundly to the lovely vision; and one or two magnificent dames, sweeping along with their long silk trains, borne up by liveries, stared at or eyed askance the charms which threw their own so completely into shade. By the time Lady Jean arrived at the bottom of the Lawnmarket, that is to say, where it was partially closed up by the Tolbooth, she had in a great measure recovered her spirits, and found herself prepared to enjoy the sight of the public buildings, which were so thickly clustered together at this central part of the city. She was directed by Richard to pass along the narrow road which then led between the houses and the Tolbooth on the south, and which, being continued by a still narrower passage skirting the west end of St Giles's church, formed the western approach to the Parliament Close. Obeying his guidance in this tortuous passage, she soon found herself at the opening or the square space, so styled on account of its being closed on more than one side by the meeting-place of the legislative assembly of Scotland. Here a splendid scene awaited her. The whole square was filled with the members of the Scottish Parliament, barons and commons, who had just left the house in which they sat together—with ladies, who on days of unusual ceremony were allowed to attend the house—and with horses richly caparisoned, and covered with gold embroidered foot-cloths, some of which were mounted by their owners, while others were held in readiness by footmen. All was bustle and magnificence. Noblemen and gentlemen in splendid attire threaded the crowd in search of their horses; ladies tripped after them with timid and careful steps, endeavouring, by all in their power, to avoid contact with such objects as were calculated to injure their fineries; grooms strode heavily about, and more nimble lacqueys jumped every where, here and there, some of them as drunk as the Parliament Close claret could make them, but all intent on doing the duties of attendance and respect to their masters. Some smart and well-dressed young gentlemen were arranging their cloaks and swords, and preparing to leave the square on foot, by the passage which had given entry to Master Richard and Lady Jean.

At sight of our heroine, most of these gallants stood still in admiration, and one of them, with the trained assurance of a rake, observing her to be beautiful, a stranger, and not too well protected, accosted her in a strain of language which caused her at once to blush and tremble. Richard's brow reddened with anger, as he hesitated not a moment in stepping up and telling the offender to leave the lady alone, on pain of certain consequences which might not prove agreeable. "And who are you, my brave fellow?" said the youth, with bold assurance. "Sirrah!" exclaimed Richard, so indignant as to forget himself, "I am that lady's husband—her servant, I mean;" and here he stopped short in some confusion. "Admirable!" exclaimed the other. "Ha! ha! ha! ha! Here, sirs, is a lady lacquey, who does not know whether he is his mistress's servant or her husband. Let us give him up to the town-guard, to see whether the black-hell will make him remember the real state of the case. So saying, he attempted to push Richard aside and take hold of the lady. But he had not time to touch her garments with so much as a finger, before her protector had a rapier flourishing in his eyes, and threatened him with instant death, unless he desisted from his profane purpose. At sight of the bright steel, he stepped back one or two paces, drew his own sword, and was preparing to fight, when one of his more graceful associates called out, "For shame Rollo!—with a

lady's lacquey, too, and in the presence of the duke and duchess! I see their royal highnesses, already alarmed, are inquiring the cause of the disturbance." It was even as this gentleman said, and presently came up to the scene of contention some of the most distinguished personages in the crowd, one of whom demanded from the parties an explanation of so disgraceful an occurrence. "Why, here is a fellow, my lord," answered Rollo, "who says he is the husband of a lady whom he attends as a liveryman, and a lady, too, the bonniest, I dare say, that has been seen in Scotland since the days of Queen Magdalen!" "And what matters it to you," said the inquirer, who seemed to be a Judge of the Session, "in what relation this man stands to his lady? Let the parties both come forward, and tell their ain tale. May it please your royal highness," he continued, addressing a very grave dignitary who sat on horseback behind him, as stiff and formal as a sign-post, "to hear the *declaratur* of thir twa strange incomers. But see—see—what is the matter with Lord Wigton?" he added, pointing to an aged personage on horseback, who had just pushed forward, and seemed about to faint, and fall from his horse. The person alluded to, at sight of his daughter in this unexpected place, was, in reality, confounded, and it was some time before he mastered voice enough to ejaculate, "O, Jean, Jean! what's this ye've been about? or what has brocht you to Edinburgh?" "And Lord have a care o' us!" exclaimed at this juncture another venerable peer, who had just come up, "what has brocht my sonsie son, Ritchie Livingstone, to Edinburgh, when he should have been fechtin the Dutch by this time in Transylvania?" The two lovers, thus recognised by their respective parents, stood with downcast looks, and perfectly silent, while all was buzz and confusion in the brilliant circle around them; for the parties concerned were not more surprised at the aspect of their affairs, than were all the rest at the beauty of the far-famed, but hitherto unseen, Lady Jean Fleming. The Earl of Linlithgow, Richard's father, was the first to speak aloud, after the general astonishment had for some time subsided; and this he did in a laconic though important query, which he couched in the simple words, "Are you married, bairns?" "Yes, dearest father," said his son, gathering courage, and coming close up to his saddle-bow; "and I beseech you to extricate Lady Jean and me from this crowd, and I shall tell you all when we are alone." "A pretty man ye are, truly," said the old man, who never took any thing very seriously to heart, "to be staying at hame, and getting yourself married, all the time you should have been abroad, winning honour and wealth, as your gallant granduncle did, wi' Gustavus i' the thretties! However, since better mayna be, I maun try and console my Lord Wigton, who, I doot, has the worst o' the bargain, ye ne'er do weel!" He then went up to Lady Jean's father, shook him by the hand, and said, "that though they had been made relations against their wills, he hoped they would continue good friends. The young people," he observed, "are no that ill-matched; and it is not the first time that the Flemings and the Livingstones have melled together, as witness the blythe marriage of the Queen's Marie to Lord Fleming, in the fifteen-sixty-five. At ony rate, my lord, let us put a good face on the matter, afore thae glowing gentles, and whizzer-snapper duchesses. I'll get horses for the two, and they'll join the ridin' down the street; and de'il ha'e me, if Lady Jean disna outshine them, the hale o' them!" "My Lord Linlithgow," responded the graver and more implacable Earl of Wigton, "it may set you to take this matter blythely; but, let me tell you, it's a muckle mair serious affair for me. What think ye am I to do wi' Kate and Grizzly noo?" "Hoot, toot, my lord," said Linlithgow, with a sly smile, "their chance is as gude as ever it was, I assure you, and sae will every body think that kens them. *I maun ca'* horses though, or the young folk will be ridden over, afore ever they do mair gude, by thae rampaugin' young men." So saying, and taking Lord Wigton's moody silence for assent, he proceeded to cry to his servants for the best pair of horses they could get; and these being speedily procured, Lord Richard and his bride were requested to mount; after which they were formally introduced to the gracious notice of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Princess Anne, who happened to attend Parliament on this the last day of its session, when it was customary for all the members to ride both to and from the house in an orderly cavalcade. The order was now given to proceed, and the lovers were soon relieved, in a great measure, from the embarrassing notice of the crowd, by assuming a particular place in the procession, and finding themselves confounded with more than three hundred equally splendid figures. As the pageant, however, moved down the High Street, in a continuous and open line, it was impossible not to distinguish the singular loveliness of Lady Jean, and the gallant carriage of her husband, from all the rest. Accordingly, the very trained bands and city guard, who lined the street, and who were in general quite as insensible to the splendours of the *Riding*, as are the musicians in a modern orchestra to the wonders of a melodrama in its fortieth night—even they perceived and admired the graces of the young couple, whom they could not help gazing after with a stupid and lingering delight. From the windows, too, and the *stair-heads*, their beauty was well observed, and amply conjectured and commented on; while many a young cavalier endea-

voured, by all sorts of pretences, to find occasion to break the order of the cavalcade, and get himself haply placed nearer to the exquisite figure, of which he had got just one killing glance in the square. Slowly and majestically the brilliant train paced down the great street of Edinburgh—the acclamations of the multitude ceaselessly expressing the delight which the people of Scotland felt in this sensible type and emblem of their ancient independence. At length they reached the court-yard of Holyrood-house, where the duke and duchess invited the whole assemblage to a ball, which they designed to give that evening in the hall of the palace; after which, all departed to their respective residences throughout the town, Lords Wigton and Linlithgow taking their young friends under their immediate protection, and seeking the residence of the former nobleman, a little way up the Canongate. In riding thither, the lovers had leisure to explain to their parents the singular circumstances of their union, and address enough to obtain unqualified forgiveness for their imprudence. On alighting at Lord Wigton's house, Lady Jean found her sisters confined to their rooms with headaches, or some such serious indisposition, and in the utmost dejection on account of having been thereby withheld from the Riding of the Parliament. Their spirits, as may be supposed, were not much elevated, when, on coming forth in dishabille to welcome their sister, they found she had had the good fortune to be married before them. Their ill luck was, however, irremediable; and so, making a merit of submitting to it, they condescended to be rather agreeable during the dinner and the afternoon. It was not long before all parties were perfectly reconciled to what had taken place; and by the time it was necessary to dress for the ball, the elder young ladies declared themselves so much recovered as to be able to accompany their happy sister. The Earl of Linlithgow and his son then sent a servant for proper dresses, and prepared themselves for the occasion without leaving the house. When all were ready, a number of chairs were called to transport their dainty persons down the street. The news of Lady Jean's arrival and of her marriage having now spread abroad, the court in front of the house, the alley, and even the open street, were crowded with people of all ranks, anxious to catch a passing glimpse of the heroine of so strange a tale. As her chair was carried along, a buzz of admiration from all who were so happy as to be near it, marked its progress. Happy, too, was the gentleman who had the good luck to be near her chair as it was set down at the palace gate, and assist her in stepping from it upon the lighted pavement. From the outer gate, along the piazza of the inner court, and all the way up the broad staircase to the illuminated hall, two rows of noblemen and gentlemen formed a brilliant avenue, as she passed along, while an hundred plumed caps were doffed in honour of so much beauty, and as many youthful eyes glanced bright with satisfaction at beholding it. The object of all this attention tripped modestly along in the hand of the Earl of Linlithgow, acknowledging, with many a graceful flexure and undulation of person, the compliments of the spectators. At length the company entered the spacious and splendid room in which the ball was to be held. At the extremity opposite to the entry, upon an elevated platform, sat the three royal personages, all of whom, on Lady Jean's introduction, rose and came forward to welcome her and her husband to the entertainments of Holyrood, and to hope that her ladyship would often adorn their circle. In a short time the dancing commenced; and amidst all the ladies who exhibited their charms and their magnificent attire in that captivating exercise, who was, either in person or dress, half so brilliant as Lady Jean?

OLD SCOTTISH MODE OF DISCOVERING MURDER.

In tracing the customs of our ancestors, we alternately pity their superstitious usages, and are amused at the credulity of the legislature, in continuing absurdities which would now be scoffed at even by children. There was a superstitious notion once exceedingly prevalent, regarding the discovery of the murderer by the touch of the dead body. In Germany, this experiment was called *bahr recht*, or the law of the bier, because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound, and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and in that posture call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If during this ceremony the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party. The same singular kind of evidence was admitted in the Scottish criminal courts, at the short distance of little more than a century. Fountainhall relates a most dreadful instance of this perversion of jurisprudence. The case was that of Philip Stanfield, tried upon the 30th November 1687, for cursing his father (which by the Scottish law is a capital crime, act 1661, chap. 20), and for being accessory to the murder. Sir James Stanfield, the deceased, was a person of melancholy temperament; so that, when his body was found in a pond near his own house of Newmilns, he was at first generally supposed to have drowned himself. But the body having been hastily buried, a report arose that he had been strangled by ruffians, insti-

gated by his son Philip, a profligate youth, whom he had disinherited on account of his gross debauchery. Upon this rumour the Privy Council granted warrant to two surgeons of character, named Crawford and Muirhead, to dig up the body, and to report the state in which they should find it. Philip was present on this occasion, and the evidence of both surgeons bears distinctly, that he stood for some time at a distance from the body of his parent; but being called upon to assist in stretching out the corpse, he put his hand to the head, when the mouth and nostrils instantly gushed with blood. This circumstance, with the evident symptoms of terror and remorse exhibited by young Stanfield, seems to have had considerable weight with the jury, and is thus stated in the indictment:—"That his (the deceased's) nearest relatives being required to lift the corpse into the coffin, after it had been inspected, upon the said Philip Stanfield touching of it (*according to God's usual mode of discovering murder*), it bled afresh upon the said Philip; and that thereupon he let the body fall, and fled from it in the greatest consternation, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon me!'" The prisoner was found guilty of being accessory to the murder of his father, although there was little more than strong presumptions against him. It is true, he was at the same time separately convicted of the distinct crimes of having cursed his father, and drunk damnation to the monarchy and hierarchy. His sentence, which was to have his tongue cut out, and hand struck off, previous to his being hanged, was executed with the utmost rigour. He denied the murder with his last breath. "It is," says a contemporary judge, "a dark case of divination, to be remitted to the great day, whether he was guilty or innocent. Only, it is certain he was a bad youth, and may serve as a beacon to all profligate persons."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES FERGUSON

In the first number of the Journal, I presented a sketch of the life and character of our late distinguished townsman, Dr Adam, in whom *genius* was early manifested, and ultimately rewarded. I may now offer a similar biographic sketch of our illustrious countryman, James Ferguson, the Astronomer. These I hold up to my juvenile friends as patterns truly worthy of their imitation; and fully impressed with the conviction that such sketches may be found beneficial, I shall, in the language of the author of a work entitled "the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," continue to select, from the records of philosophy, literature, and art, in all ages and countries, a body of examples, to show how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Every man has difficulties to encounter in this pursuit; and, therefore, every man is interested in learning what are the real hindrances which have opposed themselves to the progress of some of the most distinguished persons, and how those obstacles have been surmounted. The love of knowledge will of itself do a great deal towards its acquisition; and if it exist with that force and constancy which it exhibits in the characters of all truly great men, it will induce that ardent but humble spirit of observation and inquiry, without which there can be no success.

"Among self-educated men there are few who claim more of our admiration than the celebrated James Ferguson. If ever any one was literally his own instructor in the very elements of knowledge, it was he. Acquisitions that have scarcely in any other case, and, probably, never by one so young, been made without the assistance either of books or a living teacher, were the discoveries of his solitary and almost illiterate boyhood. There are few more interesting narratives in any language than the account which Ferguson himself has given of his early history. He was born in the year 1710, a few miles from the village of Keith, in Banffshire; his parents, as he tells us, being in the humblest condition of life (for his father was merely a day-labourer), but religious and honest. It was his father's practice to teach his children himself to read and write, as they successively reached what he deemed the proper age; but James was too impatient to wait till his regular turn came. While his father was teaching one of his elder brothers, James was secretly occupied in listening to what was going on; and, as soon as he was left alone, used to get hold of the book, and work hard in endeavouring to master the lesson which he had thus heard gone over. Being ashamed, as he says, to let his father know what he was about, he was wont to apply to an old woman who lived in a neighbouring cottage to solve the difficulties. In this way he actually learned to read tolerably well before his father had any suspicion that he knew his letters. His father, at last, very much to his surprise, detected him one day reading by himself, and thus found out his secret.

When he was about seven or eight years of age, a simple incident occurred, which seems to have given his mind its first bias to what became afterwards its favourite kind of pursuit. The roof of the cottage having partially fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on a prop in the manner of a lever, and was thus enabled, with comparative ease, to produce what seemed to his son quite a stupendous effect. The circumstance set our young philosopher-a-thinking; and after a while, it struck him that his father, in using the beam, had applied his

strength to its extremity; and this, he immediately concluded, was probably an important circumstance in the matter. He proceeded to verify his notion by experiment; and having made several levers, which he called bars, soon not only found that he was right in his conjecture as to the importance of applying the moving force at the point most distant from the fulcrum, but discovered the rule, or law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any form or weight made to bear upon it is always exactly proportioned to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. 'I then,' says he, 'thought that it was a great pity that by means of this bar a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this, I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height, by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick; and found it to be exactly so, by hanging one weight to a rope put round the wheel, and another to the rope that coiled round the axle.' The child had thus, it will be observed, actually discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics—the lever and the wheel and axle. He afterwards hit upon others; and all the while, he had not only possessed neither book nor teacher to assist him, but was without any other tools than a simple turning-lathe of his father's, and a little knife wherewith to fashion his blocks and wheels, and the other contrivances he needed for his experiments. After having made his discoveries, however, he next, he tells up, proceeded to write an account of them; thinking his little work, which contained sketches of the different machines drawn with a pen, to be the first treatise ever composed of the sort. When, some time after, a gentleman showed him the whole in a printed book, although he found that he had been anticipated in his inventions, he was much pleased, as he was well entitled to be, on thus perceiving that his unaided genius had already carried him so far into what was acknowledged to be the region of true philosophy.

It is a ludicrous blunder that the French astronomer, Lalande, makes, in speaking of Ferguson, when he designates him as '*Berger au Roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse*,' the King of England's Shepherd for Scotland. He had no claim to this pompous title; but it is true that he spent some of his early years as a keeper of sheep, though in the employment not of the state, but of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of his native place. He was sent to this occupation, he tells us, as being of weak body; and while his flock was feeding around him, he used to busy himself in making models of mills, spinning-wheels, &c. during the day, and in studying the stars at night, like his predecessors of Chaldea. When a little older, he went into the service of another farmer, a respectable man called James Glashan, whose name well deserves to be remembered. After the labours of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields, with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle, and there, laying himself down on his back, pursued, for long hours, his observations on the heavenly bodies. 'I used to stretch,' says he, 'a thread, with small beads on it, at arm's length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the star thereon by the beads. My master,' he adds, 'at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.' Having been employed by his master to carry a message to Mr Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, he took with him the drawings he had been making, and showed them to that gentleman. Mr Gilchrist upon this put a map into his hands, and having supplied him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, and paper, desired him to take it home with him, and bring back a copy of it. 'For this pleasant employment,' says he, 'my master gave me more time than I could reasonably expect, and often took the thrashing-flail out of my hands, and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen.' This is a beautiful, we may well say, and even a touching picture—the good man so generously appreciating the worth of knowledge and genius, that, although the master, he voluntarily exchanges situations with his servant, and insists upon doing the work that must be done, himself, in order that the latter may give his more precious talents to their more appropriate vocation. We know not that there is on record an act of homage to science and learning more honourable to the author.

Having finished his map, Ferguson carried it to Mr Gilchrist's, and there he met Mr Grant of Achonamey, who offered to take him into his house, and make his butler give him lessons. 'I told Squire Grant,' says he, 'that I should rejoice to be at his house, as soon as the time was expired for which I was engaged with my present master. He very politely offered to put one in my place, but this I declined.' When the period in question arrived, accordingly, he went to Mr Grant's, being now in his twentieth year. Here he found both a good friend and a very extraordinary man in Cantley, the butler, who had first fixed his attention, by a sun-dial which

he happened to be engaged in painting on the village school-house, as Ferguson was passing along the road, on his second visit to Mr Gilchrist. Dialling, however, was only one of the many accomplishments of this learned butler, who, Ferguson assures us, was profoundly conversant both with arithmetic and mathematics; played on every known musical instrument except the harp; understood Latin, French, and Greek; and could let blood, and prescribe for diseases. These multifarious attainments he owed, we are told, entirely to himself and to nature; on which account Ferguson designates him 'God Almighty's scholar.'

From this person Ferguson received instructions in decimal fractions and algebra, having already made himself master of vulgar arithmetic, by the assistance of books. Just as he was about, however, to begin geometry, Cantley left his place for another in the establishment of the Earl of Fife, and his pupil thereupon determined to return home to his father.

Cantley, on parting with him, had made him a present of a copy of Gorton's Geographical Grammar. The book contains a description of an artificial globe, which is not, however, illustrated by any figure. Nevertheless, 'from this description,' says Ferguson, 'I made a globe in three weeks at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it; made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and was happy to find, that, by my globe (which was the first I ever saw) I could solve the problems.'

For some time after this, he was very unfortunate. Finding that it would not do to remain idle at home, he engaged in the service of a miller in the neighbourhood, who, feeling, probably, that he could trust to the honesty and capacity of his servant, soon began to spend all his own time in the alehouse, and to leave poor Ferguson at home, not only with every thing to do, but with very frequently nothing to eat. A little oatmeal, mixed with cold water, was often, he tells us, all he was allowed. Yet in this situation he remained a year, and then returned to his father's, very much the weaker for his fasting. His next master was a Dr Young, who, having induced him to enter his service by a promise to instruct him in medicine, not only broke his engagement as to this point, but used him in other respects so tyrannically, that, although engaged for half a year, he found he could not remain beyond the first quarter; at the expiration of which, accordingly, he came away without receiving any wages, having 'wrought for the last fortnight,' says he, 'as much as possible with one hand and arm, when I could not lift the other from my side.' This was in consequence of a severe hurt he had received, which the doctor was too busy to look to, and by which he was confined to his bed for two months after his return home.

Reduced as he was, however, by exhaustion and actual pain, he could not be idle. 'In order,' says he, 'to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood, and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours, was the neck of a broken bottle.' A short time after this, when he had recovered his health, he gave a still more extraordinary proof of his ingenuity, and the fertility of his resources for mechanical invention, by actually constructing a time-piece, or watch, moved by a spring. But we must allow him to give the history of this matter in his own words.

'Having then,' he says, 'no idea how any time-piece could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions, and was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house (which was close by a public road), I asked him what o'clock it then was. He looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good nature, I begged of him to show me the inside of his watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round. He told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it? He answered, that the spring was long and thin; that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box; that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him that I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. 'Well, my lad,' says he, 'take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger; it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop.' I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone, but found that I could not make the wheel go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I

enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast teacup; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and, turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.'

What a vivid picture is this of an ingenious mind thirsting for knowledge! and who is there, too, that does not envy the pleasure that must have been felt by the courteous and intelligent stranger by whom the young mechanician was carried over his first great difficulty, if he ever chanced to learn how greatly his unknown questioner had profited from their brief interview? That stranger might probably have read the above narrative, as given to the world by Ferguson, after the talents which this little incident probably contributed to develop, had raised him from his obscurity to a distinguished place among the philosophers of his age; and if he did know this, he must have felt that encouragement in well-doing which a benevolent man may always gather, either from the positive effects of acts of kindness upon others, or their influence upon his own heart. Civility, charity, generosity, may sometimes meet an ill return, but one person *must* be benefited by their exercise: the kind heart has its own abundant reward, whatever be the gratitude of others. The case of Ferguson shows that the seed does not always fall on stony ground. It may appear somewhat absurd to dwell upon the benefit of a slight civility, which cost, at most, but a few minutes of attention; but it is really important that those who are easy in the world—who have all the advantages of wealth and knowledge at their command—should feel of how much value is the slightest encouragement and assistance to those who are toiling up the steep of emulation. 'Too often "the scoff of pride" is superadded to the "bar of poverty," and thus it is that many a one of the best talents and the most generous feelings

"Has sunk into the grave, unpitied and unknown,"

because the wealthy and powerful have never understood the value of a helping hand to him who is struggling with fortune."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

[Such is the history of Ferguson's struggles in the early part of his life. He afterwards applied himself, apparently without the least effort, to the business of portrait-painting, by which he subsisted for several years in Edinburgh and London; till finally his philosophical powers obtained the notice and patronage which they deserved, and he stood forth one of the first men of the age. His numerous publications are well known, and have been translated into most of the European languages. He died in 1776, having for some years enjoyed a pension from George III., whose beneficence to men of science has conferred great lustre upon his reign, as well as upon his own private character.]

A SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND FRENCH.

ON the 30th of December 1794, the British twelve-pounder, thirty-two gun frigate, *Blanche*, Captain Robert Faulknor, cruising off the island of Désirade, one of the dependencies of Guadaloupe, and in French possession, chased a large French armed schooner, under the fort at the bottom of the bay. This being accomplished, "the *Blanche*, at about 6 p. m., steered straight for Pointe-à-Pitre, and, on arriving within four miles of the port, lay to for the night. On the next day, the 4th, at daybreak, the *Blanche* discovered the *Pique* lying at anchor just outside of the harbour. At about 8 h. 30 m. the *Blanche* made sail to meet the French ship and schooner, until nearly within gunshot of Fort Fleur-d'Épée; when finding the *Pique* apparently disinclined to come out from the batteries, the *Blanche*, who had hove to, made sail to board a schooner running down along Grande-terre. At this time Pointe-à-Pitre bore from the *Blanche* north-west, distant two leagues, and the French frigate north-north-west, distant three miles.

At half-past noon, the *Pique* filled, and made sail towards the *Blanche*. At 2 p. m., the *Pique* crossed the *Blanche* on the opposite tack, and, hoisting French colours, fired four shots at her. This challenge, as it might be considered, the British frigate answered, by firing a shot to windward. The battery at Gosier also fired two shots; but they, like those of the frigate, fell short. At 2 h. 30 m. p. m., finding that the *Pique* had tacked, and was standing towards her, the *Blanche* shortened sail for the French frigate to come up; but at 3 h. 30 m. p. m., the latter tacked and stood away.

In hope to induce the *Pique* to follow her, the *Blanche*, under topsails and courses, stood towards Marie-Galante. At 7 p. m., observing the *Pique* sail under Grande-terre, Captain Faulknor took out the American crew from the schooner, and sent on board a petty officer and party of men. The *Blanche* then wore, and stood towards the island of Dominique, with the schooner in tow. At about 8 p. m., the French frigate was descried astern, about two leagues distant, standing after the *Blanche*. The latter immediately cast off the schooner, and, tacking, made all sail in chase.

At about a quarter past midnight, the *Blanche*, on the starboard tack, passed under the lee of the *Pique* on the larboard tack, and returned the distant broadside which the *Pique* had fired at her. At half-past midnight, having got nearly in the wake of her opponent, the *Blanche* tacked, and, at a few minutes before 1 A. M., on the 5th, just as she had arrived within musket-shot upon the starboard quarter of the *Pique*, the latter wore, with the intention of crossing her opponent's hawse, and raking her ahead. To frustrate this manœuvre, the *Blanche* wore also; and the two frigates became closely engaged, broadside to broadside.

At about 2 h. 30 m. A. M., the *Blanche*, having shot ahead, was in the act of luffing up to port, to rake the *Pique* ahead, when the former's wounded mizen and mainmasts, in succession, fell over the side. Almost immediately after this, the *Pique* ran foul of the *Blanche* on her larboard quarter, and made several attempts to board. These attempts the British crew successfully resisted; and the larboard quarter-deck guns, and such of the main-deck ones as would bear, were fired with destructive effect into the *Pique*'s starboard bow; she returning the fire from her tops, as well as from some of her quarter-deck guns, run in amid-ships fore and aft. At a few minutes before 3 A. M., while assisting his second lieutenant, Mr David Milne, and one or two others of his crew, in lashing, with such ropes as were handy, the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the capstan of the *Blanche*, preparatory to a more secure fastening, by means of a hawser, which was getting up from below, the young and gallant Captain Faulknor fell by a musket-ball through his heart.

At this moment, or very soon afterwards, the lashings broke loose; and the *Pique*, crossing the stern of the *Blanche*, who had now begun to pay off for the want of after-sail, fell on board the latter, a second time, upon the starboard quarter. In an instant, the British crew, with the hawser which just had before been got on deck, lashed the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the stump of their own mainmast. In this manner, the *Blanche*, commanded now by Lieutenant Frederick Watkins, towed before the wind her resolute opponent, whose repeated attempts to cut away this second lashing were defeated by the quick and well-directed fire of the British marines. In the meanwhile, the constant stream of musketry poured upon the quarter-deck of the *Blanche*, from the fore-castle and tops of the *Pique*, and a well-directed fire from the latter's quarter-deck guns, pointed forward, gave great annoyance to the former; particularly as, having, like many other ships in the British navy at this period, no stern-ports on the main-deck, the cannonade on the part of the *Blanche* was confined to two quarter-deck six-pounders. The carpenters having in vain tried to cut down the upper transom beam, no alternative remained but to blow away a part of it on each side. As soon, therefore, as the firemen with their buckets were assembled in the cabin, the two after-guns were pointed against the stern-frame. The discharge made a clear breach on both sides, and the activity of the bucket-men quickly extinguished the fire it had occasioned in the woodwork. The two twelve-pounders of the *Blanche*, thus brought into use, soon played havoc upon the *Pique*'s decks.

At about 3 h. 15 m. A. M., the mainmast of the French frigate (her fore and mizenmast having previously come down) fell over the side. In this utterly defenceless state, without a gun, which, on account of the wreck of her masts, she could now bring to bear, the *Pique* sustained the raking fire of the *Blanche* until 5 h. 15 m. A. M.; when some of the French crew, from the bowsprit end, called aloud for quarter. The *Blanche* immediately ceased her fire; and every boat in both vessels having been destroyed by shot, Lieutenant Milne, followed by ten seamen, endeavoured to reach the prize by means of the hawser that still held her; but their weight bringing the bight of the rope down in the water, they had to swim a part of the distance.

The *Blanche*, besides her 32 long 12 and 6-pounders, mounted six 18-pounder carronades, total, 38 guns; and having sent away in prizes two master's mates and 12 seamen, she had on board no more than 198 men and boys. Of these, the *Blanche* lost her commander, one midshipman, five seamen, and one private marine killed; one midshipman, two quartermasters, the armourer, one sergeant of marines, twelve seamen, and four private marines, wounded; total, eight killed and twenty-one wounded.

The *Pique* was armed with two carriage-guns, 6-pounders, less than her establishment, or 38 in all; but she mounted, along her gunwale on each side, several brass swivels. Respecting the number composing the crew of the *Pique*, the accounts are very contradictory. Lieutenant Watkins, in his official letter, states the number at 360; and Vice-Admiral Caldwell, at Martinique, when enclosing that letter to the Admiralty, says, 'many more than 360.' On the other hand, the three French officers, examined before the surrogate of the colonial vice-admiralty court, subsequently deposed, two of them, to 'between 260 and 270 men,' and the third, to 'about 270 men,' as the total number on board their ship when the action commenced. Upon these certificates, head-money was paid for 265 men; but according to the documents transmitted along with those certificates, the actual number of men on board was 279."—*James's Naval History*.

EMIGRATION.

"I HAVE said nothing," continues Mr Fergusson, "hitherto of the price or value of land in Canada, and it is extremely difficult, in the settled parts of either province, to ascertain any thing like a fair average rate. Prices are perpetually fluctuating, and must be regulated by the circumstances of the seller; one man being willing to sell his farm for five dollars an acre, under a strong desire to commence anew upon a forest tract, or labouring under necessity, while his next neighbour may probably refuse to part with similar land for less than ten or twelve dollars per acre. Of this, however, there is no doubt, that very eligible and advantageous purchases may at all times be made by a prudent capitalist, and that land is every year increasing in value, wherever it is desirable to possess it. Great bargains are sometimes obtained at public sales, by warrant of the sheriff, for payment of land taxes. Land thus sold is subject, for a certain short period, to be redeemed by the individual, or his heirs, who originally obtained the grant; but as it seldom exceeds, at a sheriff sale, 6d. or 7d. per acre, it is well worthy of a trial. Steam navigation may be said to have been created for America, and it is difficult to estimate the advances which the States and the Canadas will soon make under its influence. To emigrants it not only affords a safe, cheap, and agreeable conveyance, but from the large concourse of passengers, a fund of valuable local information may always be procured, and useful acquaintances formed; while it is impossible to overlook the silent but important effects, in clearing the forest, which the consumption of fuel on board the steam-boats is destined to accomplish. Perhaps it is not fanciful to assert that the woods of America are now actually clearing by means of steam.

York, the capital of Upper Canada, and seat of government, is a very desirable station for a settler to choose as head-quarters, in looking about for a purchase. He is sure, at this place, to meet with numerous offers of farms, regarding which he will do well to act with caution; and he will be able to inspect the plans of public lands in the government land-office, under the superintendence of Mr P. Robinson, a gentleman able and willing to afford him every facility. The rich and heavy land of Upper Canada is not to be found in general upon the immediate banks of the lakes and rivers. It lies, for the most part, from twelve to twenty miles back, and thus compensates the enterprising settler for plunging into the forest. Government have still, I believe, about four millions and a half of acres to dispose of, besides seven or eight millions more, beyond the lines of what has been surveyed. No land is now granted to individuals without payment, the price varying according to situation and quality, and subject to the regulation of clearing and fencing five acres within two years, erecting a house sixteen feet by twenty, and also clearing half of the road in front.

Another land-office, highly interesting to emigrants, is likewise to be found in York. It is here that the commissioners of the Canada Company reside, and have their principal establishment. This Company, as is well known, purchased from government two and a half millions of acres in the Upper Province, with the view of disposing of it in lots to settlers, at an advanced price. The Company is yet too much in its infancy to speculate upon results; but no reasonable doubt can be entertained that it must operate favourably in procuring settlers.

A great progress has been made in the formation of roads, bridges, mills, &c., which government would not, and private individuals could not, have effected in the short period which had elapsed since the establishment of the Company; and although a feeling inimical to their measures showed itself in some quarters, I confess myself unable to discover for that jealousy any reasonable cause. I had very full discussions with the commissioners and agents, from which, as well as from their published proposals, I feel satisfied that emigrants of every class may commit themselves to the Canada Company, in perfect assurance of experiencing the most kind, honourable, and liberal treatment. Circumstances dependent upon the state of a new country may delay the execution of plans beyond the promised period; but there can be no doubt of the Company fulfilling all their engagements as speedily as possible. The prices of land vary from 7s. 6d. to 15s. per acre. I was much impressed with a favourable opinion of the Great Huron Tract, from the fact that many steady Dutch settlers, in the possession of old productive farms near York, were, at the period of my visit, disposing of their property and removing to Goderich—a change which the calculating Dutchman would not have readily adopted, without pretty reasonable prospects of bettering himself to a considerable amount. The township of Goderich contains about four hundred inhabitants already, and several Dutch families from the neighbourhood of York have sold, or are endeavouring to sell, their cultivated and valuable farms, and have purchased lands from the Company in the Huron Tract. About 6000 acres have been sold them in the neighbourhood of Goderich within the last six months. In Guelph a very valuable mill has lately been erected, and one in Goderich is now in progress.

In a young and thinly-settled country such as Canada, every accession of an industrious family or individual tends to the welfare of all; and it is there-

fore natural to suppose that such a corporation as the Canada Company would be fully awake to this principle. We find, accordingly, that in forming arrangements for forwarding emigrants to their own lands, they have offered very favourable proposals to emigrants at large. They state, that 'all persons depositing £20 with the Canada Company's agents in Quebec and Montreal, will be forwarded to the head of Lake Ontario by steam-boats, free of expense, and have liberty to select land in any part of the province, at the current price charged by the Company, when the whole amount of their deposit will be placed to their credit on account of their land. But should they prefer purchasing from individuals, and not the Company, then the expense of their conveyance will be deducted from the amount deposited, and the balance paid over to them. Persons depositing a sum equal to their conveyance, with their families and luggage, from Quebec to the head of the lake, may avail themselves of the Company's contracts with the forwarders; and should they, within three months after arrival, select land in Guelph, and pay one-fifth of the purchase-money, then the amount of their deposit in Quebec will also be placed to their credit, and they, their families, &c. be thus conveyed from Quebec free of expense.'—*Agricultural Journal*.—*To be continued*.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE situation of man on the globe he inhabits, and over which he has obtained the control, is in many respects exceedingly remarkable. Compared with its other denizens, he seems, if we regard only his physical constitution, in almost every respect their inferior, and equally unprovided for the supply of his natural wants, and his defence against the innumerable enemies which surround him. No other animal passes so large a portion of its existence in a state of absolute helplessness, or falls in old age into such protracted and lamentable imbecility. To no other warm-blooded animal has nature denied that indispensable covering, without which, the vicissitudes of a temperate, and the rigours of a cold, climate, are equally insupportable; and to scarcely any has she been so sparing in external weapons, whether for attack or defence. Destitute alike of speed to avoid, and of arms to repel the aggressions of his voracious foes; tenderly susceptible of atmospheric influences, and unfitted for the coarse ailments which the earth affords spontaneously, during at least two-thirds of the year, even in temperate climates—man, if abandoned to mere instinct, would be of all creatures the most destitute and miserable. Distracted by terror, and goaded by famine; driven to the most abject expedients for concealment from his enemies, and to the most cowardly devices for the seizure and destruction of his nobler prey, his existence would be one continued subterfuge or stratagem; his dwelling would be in dens of the earth, in clefts of rocks, or in the hollow of trees; his food worms and the lower reptiles, or such few and crude productions of the soil as his organs could be brought to assimilate, varied with occasional relics, mangled by more powerful beasts of prey, or contemned by their more pampered choice. Remarkable only for the absence of those powers and qualities which obtain for other animals a degree of security and respect, he would be disregarded by some, and hunted down by others, till after a few generations his species would become altogether extinct, or, at best, would be restricted to a few islands in tropical regions, where the warmth of the climate, the paucity of enemies, and the abundance of vegetable food, might permit it to linger.

Yet man is the undisputed lord of the creation. The strongest and fiercest of his fellow-creatures—the whale, the elephant, the eagle, and the tiger—are slaughtered by him to supply his most capricious wants, or tamed to do him service, or imprisoned to make him sport. The spoils of all nature are in daily requisition for his most common uses, yielded with more or less readiness, or wrested with reluctance from the mine, the forest, the ocean, and the air. Such are the first fruits of reason. Were they the only or the principal ones, were the mere acquisition of power over the materials, and the less gifted animals which surround us, and the consequent increase of our external comforts, and our means of preservation and sensual enjoyment, the sum of the privileges which the possession of this faculty conferred, we should, after all, have little to plume ourselves upon. But this is so far from being the case, that every one who passes his life in tolerable ease and comfort, or rather, whose whole time is not anxiously consumed in providing the absolute necessities of existence, is conscious of wants and cravings in which the senses have no part, of a series of pains and pleasures totally distinct in kind from any which the infliction of bodily misery, or the gratification of bodily appetites, has ever afforded him; and if he has experienced these pleasures and these pains in any degree of intensity, he will readily admit them to hold a much higher rank, and to deserve much more attention, than the former class. Independent of the pleasures of fancy and imagination, and social converse, man is constituted a speculative being; he contemplates the world, and the objects around him, not with a passive indifferent gaze, as a set of phenomena in which he has no farther interest than as they affect his immediate situation, and can be rea-

dered subservient to his comfort, but as a system disposed with order and design. He approves, and feels the highest admiration for the harmony of its parts, the skill and efficiency of its contrivances. Some of these which he can best trace and understand, he attempts to imitate, and finds that, to a certain extent, though rudely and imperfectly, he can succeed; in others, that although he can comprehend the nature of the contrivance, he is totally destitute of all means of imitation; while in others, again, and those evidently the most important, though he sees the effect produced, yet the means by which it is done are alike beyond his knowledge and his control. Thus he is led to the conception of a power and an intelligence superior to his own, and adequate to the production and maintenance of all that he sees in nature; a power and intelligence to which he may well apply the term infinite, since he not only sees no actual limit to the instances in which they are manifested, but finds, on the contrary, that the farther he inquires, and the wider his sphere of observation extends, they continually open upon him in increasing abundance; and that, as the study of one prepares him to understand and appreciate another, refinement follows on refinement, wonder on wonder, till his faculties become bewildered in admiration, and his intellect falls back on itself, in utter hopelessness of arriving at an end.

When from external objects he turns his view upon himself—on his own vital and intellectual faculties, he finds that he possesses a power of examining and analysing his own nature to a certain extent, but no farther. In his corporeal frame he is sensible of a power to communicate a certain moderate amount of motion to himself and other objects; that this power depends on his will, and that its exertion can be suspended or increased at pleasure within certain limits; but how his will acts on his limbs, he has no consciousness; and whence he derives the power he thus exercises, there is nothing to assure him, however he may long to know. His senses, too, inform him of a multitude of particulars respecting the external world, and he perceives an apparatus by which impressions from without may be transmitted, as a sort of signals, to the interior of his person, and ultimately to his brain, wherein he is obscurely sensible that the thinking, feeling, reasoning being he calls *himself*, more especially resides, but by what means he becomes conscious of these impressions, and what is the nature of the immediate communication between that inward sentient being, and that machinery, his outward man, he has not the slightest conception.—HERSCHEL.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia*.

THE PHOENIX.

Professor Rennie, in a recent lecture at the King's College, gave an elaborate account of the far-famed Phoenix, which ought to prove not a little interesting to individuals trading under the name of this bird in insurance offices, iron companies, engine factories, stage coaches, steam packets, race horses, coal wharfs, coffee houses, and innumerable other heterogeneous things—imagined, it may be supposed, to derive a mysterious influence from the name of Phoenix. The earliest account of the Phoenix is given by Herodotus, the father of history; and this has been copied with additions (a story seldom loses in its transmission), by Pliny, Tacitus, Pomponius, Mela, Horapollus, Mariana, and other writers. Among the rest, our old English writer Bartholomew Glantville, as translated by Trevisor, and printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1498, says, "St Ambrose, in Exameron, sayth: of the humour or ashes of fœnix ariseth a newe byrde and wexeth, and, in space of tyme, he is clothed with fethers and wyngis, and restored into the kind of a byrde, and is the most fairest byrde that is—most like to the peacock in fethers, and loveth wilderness, and gadereth his meate of cleane greenes and fruites. Alanus speketh of this byrde, and saith, that whan the highest byshop Onyas had buylded a temple in the cite of Heliopolis in Egypt, to the lykness of the temple of Jherusalem, and the fyrste daye of Easter, whaune he hadde gathered moche sweete smelling wood, and sette it on fyre uppon the altar to offer sacrifice, to all mennes syghte suche a byrde came sodaynely, and fell into the myddel of the fyre, and was brente anone to ashes in the fyre of the sacrifice; and the ashes abode there, and was besely kept and saved by the commandement of the preeste; and within three days, of these ashes was bred a lyttel worme, that took the shape of a byrde attē the laste, and flew into the wyldernes." This account, Mr Rennie remarked, "of a worm being generated out of the ashes of a sacrifice, and afterwards becoming a bird, is precisely of a piece with the methods given by Virgil and Columella for the generation of bees from dead carcases, which originated in an imperfect knowledge of the natural history of insects."

NIGHT-FALL IN ITALY.

In Mr Bell's Observations on Italy, the night-fall is thus powerfully described:—The serenity of the approach of night in these fine climates is most soothing; yet so sudden is the fall of evening, that, while we are just beginning to trace the rising stars, day is gone. But how beautiful—how grand is the contemplation of nature at this hour! how splendid the spangled sky! how soft the milky way, clearly defined in its long course, as it lies spread out in the heavens! while, perhaps, from light clouds in the distant horizon, the harmless lightning plays, as if

to mock the fire-fly, which, rising from every spot, deepened, soars and plies its busy wings, filling the air with incessant bright alternations of light and shade, and seeming to give life to the silence and stillness of the night.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

We are enabled to state the exact number of these useful establishments, though, on a superficial enumeration, they cannot amount to fewer than between seven and eight hundred, the contents of which have been estimated by Malthus at 19,847,000 volumes. Of these contents there are preserved in

The Austrian states,	2,220,000 vols.
Prussian,	997,000
Remaining states of Germany,	3,524,500

The whole of Germany,	6,651,500
France,	6,427,000
Great Britain,	1,533,000
Russian Empire,	880,000
Italy,	2,139,000

The six most considerable, and at the same time most valuable, libraries in Europe, are the following:—

	Vols.	MSS.
Royal Library, Paris,	450,000	76,000
Bodleian, Oxford,	420,000	30,000
Royal Central, Munich,	400,000	9,000
Vatican, Rome,	100,000	40,000
University, Göttingen,	300,000	5,000
British Museum, London,	300,000	...

—*Literary Gazette*.

ODE TO POVERTY.

[The following is the production of a humble Scottish rustic, William Park, who acts as farm-servant, or "minister's man," to the Rev. Mr Brown of Eskdale-Muir. That sentiments so refined, and thoughts so profound, should reside in a peasant, whose opportunities of improving his mind are probably of the most limited nature, is in itself most wonderful, and proves, if proof were wanting, how highly the rural people of Scotland are exalted in the scale of intellect. It also proves a far more important thing—that there is no lot so mean but it may be ennobled by virtuous feeling, and the triumphs of inborn genius.]

Hail! mighty power! who o'er my lot
President unconroll'd and free;
Sole ruler of the rural cot,
I bid thee hail, dread Poverty!
Thine aid I crave to guide my strain,
Nor shall I supplicate in vain.
When on this world of woe and toil,
A helpless stranger I was cast,
Like mariner on desert isle,
The sport and victim of the blast,
Thy russet robe was o'er me flung,
And to thy cold lean hand I clung.
In youth I felt thy guardian care,
Each saving, self-denying rule,
Awful for those of fortune spare,
I learnt and practised in thy school;
And of my lengthen'd life at large,
Thou still hast taken special charge.
Much have I seen—much more I've heard,
Of chance and change in this vain world;
The low to high estate prefer'd—
From high estate the haughty hurl'd;
But chance or change ne'er pass'd o'er me—
I'm still thy subject, Poverty!
(Oh, how unwise are they who scorn
Thy homely garb and homely fare;
Who scale the tropic's burning bourne,
Ideal happiness to share!
They tread the wild, and plough the wave,
In quest of gold—but find a grave).
There are who know thee but by name,
Who spurn thy salutary laws,
And count thy badge a mark of shame,
And hold it sin to own thy cause.
Fools that they are! they never knew
Thy guiltless pride—thy spirit true.
Full oft in danger's darkest day
Thy sons have proved their country's shield,
When wealth's effeminate array
Appear'd not on the battle field:—
'Twas theirs to grasp the patriot brand,
That dropp'd from luxury's nerveless hand.
Full oft, where wealth-engender'd crime
Roll'd o'er the land its whelming tide,
Their fervent faith and hope sublime
Have stable proved, though sorely tried:
In virtue's heavenward path they trode,
When Pleasure's sons forsook their God.
And yet nor stone, nor poet's strain,
Records their honours undefil'd;
Even poetry would weave in vain
The laurel wreath for penury's child:
Should fashion sneer, or fortune frown,
'Twould wither ere the sun went down.
But greater, happier far is he,
More ample his reward of praise—
Though he should misery's kinsman be,
Though hardships cloud his early days—
Who triumphs in temptation's hour,
Than he who wins the warlike tower.
What though he may not write his name
On history's ever living page!
What though the thrilling trump of fame
Echo it not from age to age!
'Tis blazoned bright in realms on high,
Enroll'd in records of the sky.
What though the hirling bard be mute,
When humble word for notice calls,
There wants not voice of harp or lute
To hymn it high in heavenly halls:
Around the cell where virtue weeps,
His nightly watch the seraph keeps.
If peace of mind your thoughts employ,
Ye restless murmuring sons of earth!
Ah! shun the splendid haunts of joy,
Peace dwells not with unholly mirth,
But oft amidst a crowd of woes,
As in the desert blooms the rose.
Thick fly the hostile shafts of fate,
And wreck and ruin mark their course,
But the pure spirit, firm, sedate,
Nor feels their flight, nor fears its force;
So storms the ocean's surface sweep,
While calm below the waters sleep.
Oh! may eternal peace be mine,
Though outward woes urge on my war,
And Hope do thou in realms on high,
And light it with thy radiant star.
Thou, Hope! who through the shades of sorrow,
Coudest trace the dawn of joy's bright morrow.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

From an interesting parliamentary paper, it appears that the average expense of transporting a convict to New South Wales, which was in 1827, L.24, 1s. 6d., is now considerably under L.20; and that the average expense of actually maintaining and clothing a male convict there was, in 1821, L.22, 9s. 8d., but that now it does not exceed L.7, 3d. The total number of male convicts in the colony on the 1st November 1828, including those assigned to individuals, and those allowed to provide for themselves by ticket of leave, was 14,155

The total number of female convicts under the same circumstances, was 1,513

Total	15,668
The total expenditure of the government of the colony in the year 1829, is stated to be	L.306,439 8 0
Of which was contributed by the colonial revenue	99,933 15 0
Leaving to be borne by the government a total of	L.206,505 13 0

which sum, divided by the number of convicts maintained in the colony, gives L.11, 5s. 6d. as the expense of each. It should, however, be remarked, that in the expenditure for the year 1829, are included two sums of L.78,493, and L.20,000, the former for the "provisions, clothing, fuel, and the necessaries provided in the colony for the use and maintenance of the convicts;" the latter for the estimated costs of stores sent from England, and amount of expenses incurred, but not yet brought to account. The year 1829 was the last of a series of four years of drought and scarcity, and a great proportion of the wheat consumed in the colony during that year was imported from Van Dieman's Land; in consequence of this, the average price was not less than 10s. per bushel, more than double the price of 1831. The price of maize during the same year was not lower in proportion than that of wheat, and animal food was also from 50 to 75 per cent. higher than it has since become; this leaves no doubt that the maintenance of the same number of convicts, which in 1829 cost L.78,493, would not in 1831, or any future year, cost more than L.50,000. The estimate for stores, materials, &c., required from England during the present year, does not exceed L.7000; but, on the other hand, an increase may have taken place under the head of "police, jails, &c.," to the amount of probably L.5000. It will consequently follow, that supposing (as is pretty near the truth) the number of convicts maintained by the crown in ordinary service, at penal settlements, in jails, hospitals, &c., will be the same in 1831 as it was in 1829, the demands upon the English treasury will be reduced from L.206,505 to L.170,000, or L.9, 15s. for each convict. The aggregate of this estimate includes a sum of L.64,000 for the maintenance of troops in the protection of the colony, as well as in the control of the convicts, and all other charges to which the mother country is subjected on account of the colony.

According to a statement in a pamphlet published by Mr Potter Macqueen, M.P. for Bedfordshire, the average expense of a culprit in the Hulks in the years 1818-19-20-21, was L.34 0 0
Ditto at Millbank Penitentiary 56 15 0
The lowest estimate (that of Worcester Jail) in a list of 11 Penitentiaries and Jails 28 2 4
The average of the whole 11 38 7 2
The expense of sending a convict to New South Wales is, in round numbers, say 20 0 0
Annual average expense of maintenance, say 12 0 0

If, therefore, a convict is five months on his voyage, which costs L.20, and seven months in the colony at L.1 per month, there will be a saving to the nation, in the lowest estimate of Mr P. Macqueen, of L.1, 2s. 4d. for each convict in the first year of his quitting England. This clearly shows the advantages derived from transporting convicts by the mother country, where labour is so plentiful, that the punishment of the criminals interferes with the employment of the half-starved pauper.

WILLIE COSSAR PINS.

The large pins which the common people at present denominate *Willie Cossars*, were formerly called *bodle preens*, on account of their price, only four of them being given by the chapman for a halfpenny. The change of their name is said in the south country to have been occasioned by a remarkable circumstance. There was once a wandering madman, named Willie Cossar, who bore a terrible character every where for his rabid disposition. This personage one day walking along an unfrequented road, met a poor woman, who did not know his person. He asked her if she were not afraid to walk abroad by herself, considering the numerous dangers which beset solitary, and especially female travellers. She answered that she never dreaded any thing in her journeys, except the chance of encountering a wild man of the name of Willie Cossar. Willie was so enraged at this, that, out of revenge, he picked out her eyes with a large bodle pin. That species of pins thenceforward received his name. This circumstance occurred within the last seventy or eighty years.

Column for the Boys.

AGREEABLY to the plan upon which I set out, I now commence a series of amusing articles for the perusal of my juvenile readers. In the execution of this willing duty, I am wonderfully assisted by a recently published volume, entitled "THE BOYS' OWN BOOK, or a Complete Encyclopedia of all the Divisions, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative, of Boyhood and Youth," published by Vizetelly, Brainston, and Co., Fleet Street, London, 1830. Exceedingly few of my young Scottish readers can have possibly seen this delightful production, which is written with great taste and judgment. "We heartily trust that our young readers," says the author, "will commence the perusal of our pages with pleasure equal to that which we feel in sitting down to write them, and that we shall go pleasantly together through our work. The description of these minor sports, most especially, will, we are convinced, be an agreeable pastime to us, and call up, from time to time, welcome reminiscences of those days of our boyhood when we were a hero at 'ring-taw,' and by no means a contemptible adversary even to the most accomplished youthful players at 'fives.' It will remind us of our happy holidays and favourite schoolfellows; of feats of agility performed at 'follow my leader,' and trophies borne off in triumph at 'peg in the ring;' of those merry mornings, when the first glance of the sun awakened us to snatch an additional half-hour for the play-ground, without encroaching on the allotted times for study; when, during 'winter's surly reign,' we joined the active few, who, instead of moping in greatcoats, or shivering round a fire, sallied forth into the clear, cold, invigorating air, and marking out goals and bounds in the crisp hoarfrost that mantled the ground, sought after, and found, warmth and high spirits in a game of 'prisoner's base;' or made the brows glow at lofty 'leap-frog;' or defied the frost by briskly playing the whip-top with eel-skin; and came in with glad hearts, ruddy cheeks, perfect willingness, and the best of appetites, to our morning repast, and subsequent studies. It will bring to our recollection, also, those smooth and shady spots, where, when the noontide sun was midway in the heavens, in the sultry month of August, we alternately perused pleasant and instructive books, and played with our class-mates at 'increase-pound,' or set up a pyramid of marbles for them to shoot at, or shot at one erected by one of them. It will carry us back in imagination to the hills and downs, where we flew our kites, the loftiest soarsers for miles around—of mishaps, through breaking of strings, and long races of rivalry after our falling favourites—to that cheerful parlour, in which, during the winter vacation, when mince-meat, plum-puddings, and young parties, were most abundant, on Christmas eve, or mirthful Twelfth-night, most especially—we bore a part in the exhilarating and harmless fireside sports of the season; to that dilapidated ruin—the court of that mouldering castle, with a tall and stately elm rising from one of its corners, and ivy, apparently ages old, the constant home and nesting-place of innumerable birds, which bedecked and supported the outward side of its walls—the scenes of our chief exploits at fives; to the garden walk, where our school-swing was erected between two gigantic sister pear-trees; and, in brief, to all those places where we played the games which were the delight of our holidays, when a sportive bout at 'saddle my nag' was in itself an ample recompense for the past two hours of study, employed in working an intricate question in arithmetic—composing a theme on some difficult subject—rendering a portion of the Iliad into Latin hexameters, or a passage of Pope into French prose. We conceive that we are bringing no disgrace on our boyhood, by avowing that we deeply enjoyed the sports of the play-ground. The line of a talented writer, 'A dunse at syntax, but a dab at taw,' has, by a thoughtless few, been converted into a proverb, and those who were most eminent for their activity and love of the usual amusements of youth out of school, have thus been unjustly stigmatised as inattentive students. The reverse we have generally found to be the fact, for we have often remarked, that the lads who led the sports in the play-ground stood high in their classes in the school-room. But while we recommend that the school-room should not be forgotten on the play-ground, we wish to impress on our young readers the necessity of their forgetting the play-ground in the school-room."

Passing over what are called the *Minor Sports*, which, it is presumed, are too well understood by boys to require description, I proceed to the article on *Archery*.

In this island, archery was greatly encouraged in former times, and many statutes were made for its regulation. The artillery company of London, though they have long disused the weapon, are the remains of the ancient fraternity of bowmen or archers. As to the time when shooting with the long bow first began amongst the English, there appears no certain account. Richard I. was killed by an arrow in 1199. After this time, we read nothing of archery, till that of Edward III., when an order was issued to the sheriffs of most of the English counties, to provide five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows, for the then intended war against France. The famous battle of Cressy was fought four years afterwards, in which it is stated that we had about two thousand archers, opposed to about the same number of French.

In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV., an act was passed, that every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow of his own height, which is directed to be made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or arburne, or any other reasonable tree, according to their power. The next chapter also directed that butts should be made in every township, which the inhabitants were obliged to shoot at, every feast day, under penalty of one halfpenny, when they should omit this exercise. During the reign of Henry VIII., several statutes were made for the promotion of archery. An act of Parliament, in Elizabeth's reign, regulated the price of bows. Charles I. is said to have been an archer; and in the eighth year of his reign he issued a commission to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting."

The Bow.—The young archer should, in the first place, select a bow that is fit and proper for his own size and strength. It is not probable that, let him be ever so skilful, he will be able to achieve such an exploit as the construction of a good bow himself; bow-making being a trade which requires many years' practice and much attention.—[Mr Muir, Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, is doubtless the most-skilful bowyer of the day.]

The back of the bow is the flat outside, and the belly the round inside part of it. The round inside part is bent inward: if the bow be pulled the reverse way, it will break: therefore, however a bow may be bent when unstrung, it is invariably to be strung with the round part inward.

Arrows.—Arrows should be delicately proportioned in length and weight to the bow for which they are intended. They are used blunt or sharp, and varying in their thickness, according to the fancy of the archer. Some are made so as to taper gradually from the feathers to the pile, and some *vice versa*; others, again, are thickest in the centre. All arrows should have their nocks or notches cased with horn, and the nocks should be of such a size as to fit the string with exactness, and be neither too tight nor too loose. Three goose or turkey feathers are affixed to arrows; one of these, denominated the cock feather, is of a different colour from the other two; and this is always to be placed uppermost.—*To be continued.*

A DERBYSHIRE TALE.

About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper. At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night, until his return. This the man promised to do, and Mr Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl at the usual time went to bed. Some time in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business. She was informed that a friend of Mr Webster being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his greatcoat in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "Are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution—presented it to his face—and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the villain above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door, you are a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead. Another villain who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts; and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and such unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr Webster.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

"The humming bird (says Dampier) is a pretty little feathered creature, no bigger than a great overgrown wasp; with a black bill no bigger than a small needle, and with legs and feet in proportion to its body. This creature does not wave its wings like other birds when it flies, but keeps them in a con-

tinued quick motion, like bees or other insects; and like them makes a continued humming noise as it flies. It is very quick in motion, and haunts about flowers and fruit like a bee gathering honey; making many addresses to its delightful objects, by visiting them on all sides, and yet still keeps in motion, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, as often rebounding a foot or two back on a sudden, and as quickly returns again, keeping thus about one flower five or six minutes or more."

THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF MILK.

The chemical properties of this secretion differ somewhat in different animals. The milk of the cow has been most attentively examined, and it has the following properties:—"1, It is nearly opaque; white, or slightly yellow; of an agreeable sweetish taste, and a peculiar smell. Its specific gravity varies from 10.18 to 10.20. It boils at a temperature a little above that of water, and freezes at 32 deg. When allowed to remain a few hours at rest, a thick unctuous liquid collects upon its surface, called cream; the colour of the remaining milk becomes bluish-white, and when heated to about 100 degrees, with a little rennet, it readily separates into a coagulum, or curd, and a serum, or whey. In this way, the three principal constituents of milk are separable from each other. 2, By the process of churning, cream is separated into butter and buttermilk; the latter being the whey united to a portion of curd. Butter may be considered as an animal oil, containing a small portion of curd and whey. 3, The curd of milk has the leading properties of coagulated albumen. Curd, in combination with various proportions of butter, constitutes the varieties of cheese. That containing the largest quantity of oil becomes semi-fluid when heated; it is prone to decomposition, and a large quantity of ammonia is then formed in it; whereas bad cheese, which consists of little else than curd or albumen, shrinks and dies when heated, curling up like a piece of horn. 4, Whey is a transparent fluid, of a pale yellow colour and a sweetish flavour; by evaporation, it affords a minute quantity of saline matter, and a considerable proportion of sugar of milk."—*Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge.*

LION HUNTING.

Ten or twelve colonists, mounted and armed with their large guns, go out, and having, with the assistance of their dogs and Hottentots, ascertained where the spoiler lies, approach within a moderate distance, and then alighting, make fast the horses to each other by their bridles and halters. They then advance to within about thirty paces, backing the horses before them, knowing to within what distance, and being aware, from his aspect and motions, whether he is likely to anticipate their attack. As they advance, the lion at first surveys them calmly, and wags his tail as in a pleased or playful humour; but when they approach nearer, he begins to growl, and draws his hind parts under his breast till almost nothing of him is seen except his bushy, bristling mane, and his eyes or living fire gleaming fiercely from the midst of it. He is now fully enraged, and only measuring his distance, in act to spring upon his audacious assailants. This is the critical moment, and the signal for half the party to fire. If they are not successful in killing him at the first volley, he springs like a thunderbolt upon the horses. The rest of the party then pour in their fire upon him, which seldom fails to finish his career, though, perhaps, with the loss of one or more horses; and sometimes, though more rarely, some even of the huntsmen are destroyed in these dangerous encounters.—*Thompson's Travels in Africa.*

NEGRO DOCTOR.

Of the thirteen months which Dampier spent in Virginia, he has left no record; but from another portion of his memoirs, it may be gathered that he suffered from sickness during most of the time. His disease was not more singular than was the mode of cure practised by a negro Esculapius, whose appropriate fee was a white cock. The disease is what is called the *Guinea-worm*. "These worms," says our navigator, "are no bigger than a large brown thread, but (as I have heard) five or six yards long; and if it break in drawing out, that part which remains in the flesh will putrify, and endanger the patient's life, and be very painful. I was in great torment before it came out. My leg and ankle swelled, and looked very red and angry, and I kept a plaster to it to bring it to a head. Drawing off my plaster, out came about three inches of the worm, and my pain abated presently. Till then I was ignorant of my malady, and the gentleman at whose house I lodged took it (the worm) for a nerve; but I knew well enough what it was, and presently rolled it upon a small stick. After that I opened it every morning and evening, and strained it out gently, about two inches at a time, not without pain. The negro doctor first stroked the place affected, then applied some rough powder to it, like tobacco leaves crumbled, next muttered a spell, blew upon the part three times, waved his hands as often, and said that in three days it would be well. It proved so, and the stipulated fee of the white cock was gladly paid."—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

"FATHERS HAVE FLINTY HEARTS."

I ONLY quote this popular expression from a very popular play, in order to warn my juvenile friends against being too much impressed by it. It is a fatal error running through nearly the whole mass of our fictitious literature, that parents are represented as invariably adverse, through their own cruel and selfish views, to the inclinations of their children: either the glowing ambition and high spirit of the boy is repressed by the cold calculations of his father, who wishes him to become a mere creature of the counting-room and shop like himself; or the romantic attachment of the girl to some elegant Orlando, procures her a confinement to her chamber, with no other alternative than that of marrying a detestable suitor, whom her father prefers to all others on account of his wealth. Then, the boy always runs away from his father's house, and, by following his own inclinations, acquires fortune and fame, while the girl as invariably leaps a three-pair-of-stairs window, and is happy for life with the man of her choice. The same dangerous system pervades the stage, where, I am sorry to remark, every vicious habit of society, and every impropriety in manners and speech, is always sure to be latest abandoned.

I warn my juvenile readers most emphatically against the fallacy and delusion which prevails upon this subject. Fathers, as a class, have not flinty hearts, nor is it their wish or interest, in general, to impose a cruel restraint upon their children. Young people would do well to examine the circumstances in which they stand in regard to their parents and guardians, before believing in the reality of that schism which popular literature would represent as invariably existing between their own class and that of their natural protectors. The greater part, I am sure, of my young friends must have observed that, so long as they can remember, they have been indebted for every comfort, and for a thousand acts of kindness and marks of affection, to those endeared beings—their father and mother. The very dawning light of existence must have found them in the enjoyment of many blessings, procured to them solely by those two individuals. From them must have been derived the food they ate, the bed they lay on, the learning at school which enabled their minds to appreciate all the transactions and all the wisdom of past times, and, greatest blessing of all, the habits of devotional exercise which admitted them to commune with their Almighty Creator. Surely it is not to be supposed that, at a certain time, the kindness and friendship of these two amiable persons is all at once converted into a malignant contrariety to the interests of their children. Is it not far more likely, my dear young friends, that they continue, as ever, to be your wellwishers and benefactors; and that the opposition which they seem to set up so ungraciously against your inclinations, is only caused by their sense of the dangers which threaten you in the event of your being indulged? It may appear to you that no such danger exists; that your parents are actuated by narrower and meaner views than your own, or that they do not allow for the feelings of youth. But they are in reality deeply concerned for the difference of your feelings from theirs; they sympathise with them in secret, from a recollection of what were their own at your period of life; but know, from that very experience of your feelings, and of their result, that it is not good for you that they should be indulged. You are, then, called upon—and I do so now in the name of your best feelings, and as you would wish for present or future happiness—to trust in the reality of that parental tenderness which has never, heretofore, known interruption, and in the superiority of that

wisdom with which years and acquaintance with the world have invested your parents.

Perhaps, my young friends, you may have perceived, even in the midst of your childish frolics and careless happiness, that your parents were obliged to deny themselves many indulgences, and toil hard in their respective duties, in order to obtain for you the comforts which you enjoy. You may have perceived that your father, after he had returned home from his daily employment, could hardly be prevailed upon to enter, as you wished, into your sports, or to assist you with your lessons, but would sit, in silent and abstracted reflection, with a deep shade of care upon his brow. On these occasions, perhaps, your amiable and kind protector is considering how difficult it is, even with all his industry, and all his denial of indulgences to himself, to procure for you an exemption from that wretchedness in which you see thousands of other children every day involved. But though many are the cares which your parents experience in the duty of rearing you to manhood, there is none so severe or so acute as that which comes upon them at the period of your entering into life. Heretofore, you were simple little children, with hardly a thought beyond the family scene in which you have enjoyed so many comforts. Heretofore, with the exception of occasional rebukes from your parents, and trifling quarrels with your brothers and sisters, you have all been one family of love, eating at the same board, kneeling in one common prayer, loving one another, as the dearest of all friends. But now the scene becomes very different. You begin to feel, within yourselves, separate interests, and each thinks himself best qualified to judge for himself. At that moment, my young friends, the anxiety of your parents is a thousand times greater than it ever was before. Your father, probably, is a man of formed habits and character; he occupies a certain respectable station in the world; he has all his life been governed by certain principles, which he found to be conducive to his comfort and dignity. But though he has been able to conduct himself through the world in this satisfactory manner, he is sensible, from the various, and perhaps altogether opposite characters which nature has implanted in you, that you may go far wide of what have been his favourite objects, and perhaps be the means of impairing that respectability which he, as a single individual, has hitherto maintained. It is often observed in life, that children who have been reared by poor but virtuous parents, as if their minds had received in youth a horror for every attribute of poverty, exert themselves with such vigorous and consistent fortitude, as to end with fortune and dignity; while the children, perhaps, of these individuals, being brought up without the same acquaintance with want and hardship, are slothful through life, and soon bring back the family to its original condition. If you then have been reared in easy circumstances, you may believe what I now tell you, that your approach to manhood or womanhood will produce a degree of anxiety in the breasts of your parents, such as would, if you knew it, make your very hearts bleed for their distress, and cause you to appear as monsters to yourselves if you were to act in any great degree differently from what they wished.

How much, then, is it your duty, my young friends, to treat the advices and wishes of your parents, at this period of life, with respect, knowing, as you do, that the future happiness of those dear and kind beings depends almost solely upon your conducting yourselves properly in your first steps into life. Should you be so unfortunate as to be beguiled into bad company, or to contract a disposition to indulgences which are the very bane of existence, and the ruin of reputation,

what must be the agony of those individuals who have hitherto loved and cherished you, and indulged, perhaps, in very different anticipations! On the contrary, should you yield respect, as far as it is in your nature, to the maxims which your father has endeavoured to impress, with what delight does he look forward to your future success—with what happy confidence does he rely upon your virtuous principles! And may there be no happiness to you, in contemplating the happiness which you have given to him? Yes, much, I am sure, and of a purer kind than almost any which earthly things can confer upon you here below.

I have one word to add, and it is addressed to the female part of my juvenile readers. Exactly as parents feel a concern for the first appearance of their sons in the business of life, so do they experience many anxious and fearful thoughts respecting the disposal of their daughters in matrimony. Wedded life, I may inform them, is not the simple matter which it appears prospectively in early and single life. As it involves many serious duties and responsibilities, it must be entered upon with a due regard to the means—above all things, the pecuniary means—of discharging these in a style of respectability, such as may be sufficient to support the dignity of the various connections of the parties. It is, therefore, necessary that no person of tender years (this is most frequently the lot of the female) should contract the obligations of matrimony, without, if possible, the entire sanction of parents or other protectors. The people of this country happen to entertain, upon this subject, notions of not so strict a kind as are prevalent in most other nations. In almost all continental and all eastern countries, the female is reared by her friends as the destined bride of a particular individual; and till her marriage, she is allowed no opportunity of bestowing her affections upon any other. The custom is so ancient and so invariable, that it is submitted to without any feeling of hardship; and as prudence is the governing principle of the relations, the matches are generally as happy as if they were more free. Perhaps such a custom is inapplicable to this country, on account of our different system of domestic life; but I may instance it, to prove to my fair young readers, that the control of parents over their choice of a husband ought to be looked upon as a more tolerable and advantageous thing than their inclinations might be disposed to allow, or our popular literature represents it to be.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

THE Somervilles are amongst the most ancient families of note in Scotland. The first of the name in Britain was Gualter de Somerville, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and obtained from him estates in Staffordshire and Gloucestershire. He left several sons, and died at the commencement of the twelfth century. One of these sons, named Gualter, inherited his estates in England, and the second attached himself to Earl David, when he came to Scotland. On arriving in this country, David conferred on him the manor of Carnwath, in Clydesdale, in reward for his attachment, and there have been Somervilles in this part of Scotland ever since.—There was at one time a family of the name of Umphraville, of considerable note, in this country; the first of whom attached himself to Earl David. The family enjoyed various lands in Stirlingshire; but, after a residence in the country for about half a century, merged for lack of heirs. There are, in all probability, not many persons in Scotland who are aware of the origin of the name Maxwell. The first of this family, in this country, was also a follower of David, from whom he re-

ceived a grant of land on the Tweed. The name of this person was *Maccus*, and his place of residence requiring the appropriate name of *Maccus-ville*, such a term was, in the course of time, shortened, and corrupted into *Maxwell*.—But of all those Anglo-Saxons who settled in Scotland, scarcely any that we hear of arrived at such eminence as that of *Sules*, or *Souls*. The first of this line was Ranulph de Sules, who followed David from Northamptonshire into Scotland. The attachment of Ranulph was amply rewarded by a grant from him of Liddesdale, the manor of Nisbet, in Teviotdale, with some other lands, both in this district and in Lothian. In Liddesdale, where he thus settled before the middle of the twelfth century, he built a fortalice, called *Hermitage Castle*, which gave rise to the village of Castletown, and has been the subject of numberless popular traditions, some of which I shall perhaps, at an after period, detail. In 1271, William de Soules was knighted at Haddington by Alexander III., and under the same monarch he became justiciary of Lothian. He was one of the *Magnates Scotiae*, or principal men of the kingdom, who engaged in 1284 to support the succession of the Princess Margaret to her grandfather, Alexander III. In 1290, he was present with Sir John Soules in the celebrated parliament of Birgham—now a poor hamlet on the Tweed, below Kelso—for betrothing the heiress of Scotland to the prince of England. This Sir John de Soules was one of the ambassadors to France, for marrying Joletta, the daughter of the Count de Dreux, to Alexander III. In 1294, he again went to France—this will partly show to the Scotch of the present day, the species of intercourse that took place in former times betwixt the Scottish and French nations—to negotiate the marriage of Edward Baliol with a daughter of Charles, the French king's brother. In 1299, he was made *Custos Regni Scotiae*—Keeper of the Scottish Kingdom—by John Baliol. In 1300, the same Sir John Soules commanded at the siege of Stirling Castle, which was surrendered to him by the English. In 1303, he was one of the Scottish commissioners at Paris. At the capitulation of Strathurd, on the 9th of February 1304, he was excepted by Edward I. from the ignominious conditions imposed on the vanquished, and it was provided that he should remain in exile for two years. When Robert Bruce entered on his active career, he was joined by Sir John Soules, and for his services was rewarded with a grant of the baronies of Kirkcaldrews and Thorowald, and the lands of Bretallach, in Dumfriesshire. Some years afterwards, he closed his gallant career as a soldier of Scotland. Following Edward Bruce to Ireland, he was slain with him in battle near Dundalk, on the 5th of October 1318. These de Souleses had other two brothers; one named Sir Thomas de Soules, of the county of Roxburgh, who swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296, and Sir Nicholas de Soules. In 1300, Thomas was taken prisoner by the English in Gallo-way; and Edward I. ordered *fourpence a-day* to be paid as his allowance. This curious particular is learned from the Wardrobe accounts. It appears that in 1306, Alicia, the widow of Thomas de Soules, did homage to Edward I. for lands in Scotland. It is a remarkable circumstance in the family history of the Souleses, that, among others, one of them laid claim to the crown of Scotland—an event which overwhelmed and ruined the family altogether. The claimant was Nicholas de Soules (supposed by some to have been the above Nicholas); and the historian Prynne thus deduces the claim:—"Alexander II. left a bastard daughter, Margery, who married Allan Doorward, an active, ambitious baron, who died in 1275, leaving three daughters; one of these daughters, Ermingard—this beautiful female name was once common among the higher classes in Scotland—married a Soules; and of this Soules was Nicholas the competitor." The seal of this ambitious man has been engraved by Astle, among the Scottish seals; but his armorial bearings are quite different from the arms of the Liddesdale family of Soules, as set forth by Nisbet; from which circumstance there is reason to infer that there was some difference in the lineage. I leave better antiquaries and genealogists than myself, however, to clear up the obscurity. The next family I have to mention is that of *Avenel*; but here I stop for the present.

SKRYME.

Though popular narrative, when general and unvarying, is an authority by no means despicable; and though proverbial wisdom affirms that what all men say must be true, it cannot be denied that there are some common and general observations which bear all the marks of absurdity, and which to support, would argue utter credulity, or what is worse, superstition. Most of my readers are acquainted with Skryme, the apothecary, who deals out doses of alarm for the mind, and confusion for the body, to the inhabitants of Little Britain, in the *Sketch Book*. This venerable gentleman has in Scotland many disciples and apostles, male and female, who entertain all sorts of strange and dark beliefs, and, in fact, form a part of the public entirely beyond the reach of the intelligence which is perpetually emanating in one shape or other from the press. Skryme's apostles assert, for instance, in defiance of all experience, that if a culprit about to be hanged can get the appointed hour past, he may laugh at executioners, bailies, and all, and walk away a free man; also, that if the rope breaks, he cannot be hung

up again.* They believe, too, that Friday makes a point of being always the best or the worst day of the week; that men have one rib less than women, on Adam's account; and that the dove has no gall, in consequence of its sacred emblematical character, and its services at the flood. They are dead-certain that the half of the people that die come alive again in the grave, and turn themselves round in their coffins. They believe that horses, on account of the convexity of their eyes, think men larger than themselves, and otherwise would not submit to human government. They tell children, by way of encouraging an industrious disposition, that every member of the royal family is taught some trade, that he may be able to support himself by his hands, should the craft of kingship fail him. George III., according to the Skrymists, was bred a shoemaker. They believe that cats see best in the dark; that bats have wings made of leather; that to take much salt, tends to make one dark-complexioned; that the man in the moon is a real man, who was put up there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day; and they are convinced that beasts have a language among themselves.

Among the natural objects which the disciples of Skryme have invested with supernatural attributes, rats are not the least distinguished. Rats, it is true, are a peculiar people; while the ignorance which generally prevails regarding them, gives a good deal of scope for the imagination. Rats, say the Skrymists, sometimes remove in whole nations. The old aboriginal rat of this country is now totally extirpated, or removed, and the present race is of German extraction, who came in soon after the accession of the house of Brunswick. They also remove in whole cities, occasionally in whole streets, or still more frequently in housefuls. It has been known in Edinburgh that a whole street has all at once been evacuated, and a neighbouring one at the same instant taken possession of. One particular street in the New Town was last year announced to be completely hollowed out below, like a honeycomb, by rats, in consequence of which, the proprietors can tell that the houses have all been, this year, by a sort of poetical justice, very much under-rated in the way of rent. Rats are a sort of fair-weather friends in their way, always departing from a house when misfortune is about to befall it, and from a ship before the last fatal voyage.

It is very remarkable that almost every town in Scotland has a street called the Rotten-Row: and still more so, that with all the Rotten-Rows is associated some Skrymism upon the subject of these mysterious animals. There is a Rotten-Row at Dunfermline, and I shall relate the Skrymism connected with it:—On the day before the great fire in Dunfermline, in 1622, when almost every house was destroyed, the whole of the rats of the town gathered themselves together, and were observed to go out to the country in a leisurely and orderly manner by this narrow lane; the blind, according to the established custom of rats, being led by their companions with straws in their mouths! Whatever credit may be given to it, the fact is attempted to be established by another equally incredible, but which several living witnesses remain to attest. On the day before a great inundation of the Dean Burn, which runs through Dunfermline, many rats were observed to leave their place of abode, near the banks of that stream, and climb, with their young, up a tall tree. By this means they escaped the deluge that would otherwise have drowned them in their dens, and were enabled to look down with an air of cool contempt upon the two-footed people below, who, for want of the same providence, were exposed with their property to the raging fury of the flood.

THE RUSSIAN COURT.

At ten I called, in a coach-and-four, upon Needham, to take him to the court, at the Annishoff palace. The court is like all other courts. Here we remained with chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, grand chamberlains, generals, colonels, captains, &c., until about eleven, when we were presented in a circle to the emperor. His imperial majesty is a remarkably fine-looking man, of upwards of six feet in height. His countenance is open and ingenuous, his manner frank, but a little inclining to brusque. If I were to see such a man in a crowd, I should say "that man is born to be an emperor." He is thirty-six years of age, and is represented by all those who have access to his person, and who are well acquainted with his character, to be the model of a prince and of a man. His fine physiognomy is expressive of benignity, magnanimity, and intelligence. He received us in private audience; and as we stood in a sort of semicircle, he went round and addressed something kind and pertinent to our professions and nation to each of us. He asked me if I had ever seen in India any thing of the cholera; to which I replied, that I had never served in India, but that I had had the complaint commonly called the cholera morbus, twice in my life—once at Buenos Ayres, in South America, and once at Constantinople. His majesty seemed surprised, and asked me how I was treated for it; to which I replied, the first time simply with barley-water made very sweet, and the second time with syrup of orjeat and water. I remarked, likewise, that the Arabs, who were well acquainted with the cholera, treated it with rice-water

* P.S. I have since observed, in the ancient code of laws, known by the name of the *Regiam Majestatem*, that such was once the fact.

and sugar. "Ah!" said his imperial majesty, "you have not had the oriental cholera, but its first cousin; but," said he, "your remedy is deserving of notice." He observed, that he trusted that the measures he had caused to be taken, of quarantine and *cordon sanitaire*, would check the progress of the disorder; but, he added, it is very difficult in Russia to make the people pay obedience to sanitary regulations. "You, in England," said he, "respect and obey the law, and enforce the quarantine rigorously." I replied, that I hoped the excellent example set by himself, in performing fourteen days of quarantine, on his return from Moscow, would be productive of good effects.—*Frankland's Russia.*

MAJOR WEIR.

THE following account of this notorious sorcerer is from Fraser's *Divine Providences*, MS. Advocates' Library. It is the most minute and curious which the editor of the Journal has ever met with, and possesses additional value, as the narrative of a contemporary. Fraser was a minister of the reign of Charles II.

"One Thomas Weir, whom I saw at Edinburgh, anno 1660, commonly called Captain Weir, was born in Clydesdale, near to Lanark, anno 1607, the son of one John Weir, first a peugh-maker, and afterwards a farmer. About the year 1639, he took on with a Captain Young for Ireland, where, about the year of the massacre of that kingdom, he was made serjeant, and about the 45 (1645), turned lieutenant. In the 48, he came to Scotland; and Edinburgh being the metropolitan and centre of the kingdom, Thomas Weir made acquaintance with many, and not the worst, personating a deal of gravity and mystification, and frequenting sermons frequently, till, in the end, he went under the notice and got the repute of a singular professor. At length, he got a charge over the waiters at the ports of the city, being a check to them. About 1650, he got the place of major in the town guard, and so was ever after called Major Weir. His garb was still a cloak, and somewhat dark, and he never went without his staff. He was a tall black man, and ordinarily looked down to the ground—a grim countenance and a big nose. At length he became so notoriously regarded among the Presbyterian strict sect, that, if four met together, be sure Major Weir was one. At private meetings, he prayed to admiration, which made many of that stamp court his converse. He never married, but lived in a private lodging with his sister, Grizel Weir. Many resorted to his house to hear him pray, and join with him; but it was observed that he could not officiate in any holy duty without the black staff or rod in his hand, and leaning upon it, which made those who heard him pray admire his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture; so that he was thought more angel than man, and was termed by some of the holy sisters ordinarily *Angelical Thomas*. And yet, how wonderful it is, this vile counterfeit was a devil and a varlet, and was in compact with the devil, upwards of fifty years in his service, from whom he got the gift of utterance and this enchanted staff, for by it he was enabled to pray and to commit sins not fit to be named.

By the use of this staff he was enabled to conciliate the favour of many, to reconcile neighbours, even husband and wife when at variance, which purchased him veneration with all, and brought him vast gain and profit. In short, this villain lived all his time in horrid wickedness, especially the years that he abode at Edinburgh. At length, like the wild ass, [he] was found in his mouth. Coming one day, as his custom was, to view the waiters, he found them drinking and neglecting their charge. After a gentle reproach, one of them replied, that some of their number being upon duty, the rest had retired to drink with their old friend and acquaintance Mr Burn; at which word Major Weir started back, and, casting an eye upon him, repeated the word *burn* four or five times, and, going home, came not abroad again for a long time after. It was observed by some, that going to Libberton sometimes, he shunned to step over that brook ordinarily called Libberton Burn, but went about to shun it. By this men have conjectured, and not amiss, that he had been advised to beware of a burn, or some other thing which this equivocal word might signify, as *burn in a fire*. If so, he hath foreseen his day approached nigh. A year before he discovered his imposture, he took a sore sickness, during which time he spake to all that visited him like an angel, and he came frequently abroad again. A while after this, he took some dreadful tortures of conscience, and, the terrors of the Almighty being upon his spirit, he called in several neighbours to his house, to whom he confessed, and that most willingly, the particular sins he was guilty of; with sad aggravations, which bred amazement to all persons, coming from a man of such repute of religion and piety. He ended with this remarkable expression, 'Before God,' says he, 'I have not told the hundredth part of that I could tell, and am guilty of.' These same very abominations he confessed before the judges likewise; but after this he would never, to his dying hour, confess any more which might have been to the glorifying of God and edification of others, but remained stupid and heavy, having no confidence to look any man in the face, or to open his eyes. When two of the magistrates of Edinburgh came to his house in the night-time, to

carry him to prison, they asked if he had any money to secure. He said none. His sister said there was. Whereupon, there was found in parcels here and there to the value of five dollars, which they took up. His sister advised the magistrates to secure his staff especially, which they did. Thereafter, he and his sister were both carried away and secured in the Tolbooth. The bailies returning home, went into a tavern in the West Bow, near to Weir's house; the money was put into a bag, and the clouts thrown into the fire, which, after an unusual manner, made a circling and dancing in the fire. There was another clout found with some hard thing in it, which also they threw into the fire. It looked like a root, which curled and sparkled like gunpowder, and, passing up the funnel of the chimney, it gave a crack like a little cannon, to the amazement of all who were present. The foresaid money was taken by one of the bailies to his own house, and laid by in his closet. After family worship, he retired to the said closet, during which time his wife and the rest of the family were affrighted with a terrible noise within the study, like the falling of a house, three times successively. His wife, knocking, gave a fearful cry, saying, 'My dear, are you alive?' The bailie came out unafraid, and said he heard nothing. Whether he concealed this upon the account that his wife was with child, or otherwise, is uncertain.

During the time of his imprisonment, he was never willing to be spoken to; and when the ministers of the city offered to pray for him, he would cry out in fury, 'Torment me no more, for I am tormented already.' One minister asking if he would pray for him, he answered, 'Not at all!' The man, in a zealous anger, said, 'I will pray for you in spite of your teeth, and the devil your master, too.' So he prayed in his hearing, and the witnesses observed that Weir stared wildly, and was senseless as a brute all the while. Another asked him if he thought there was a God; he said, 'I know not.' The other replied, 'O man! the argument that moves me to think there is a God, is thyself, for what else moveth thee to inform the world of thy wicked life.' But Weir answered, 'Let me alone.' When he peremptorily forbade one of his parish ministers to pray, one demanded if he would have one of the Presbyterian persuasion to pray. He answered, 'Sir, you are now all alike to me.' Then, said the minister to him, 'I will pray with you.' 'Do it not,' said he, 'upon your peril,' looking up to the beams of the house. But prayer was made so much the more heartily, because the company present expected some vision. It is observable, that in things common he was pertinent enough; but when any thing about Almighty God, and his soul's condition, came about, he would scraugh, and strike his breast, crying, 'Torment me not before the time!'

At length he was sentenced to be burnt; and when the account of this was given him, he stood mute and stupid. When he was at the stake to be burnt, the city ministers called to a cunning man there looking on, a Presbyterian (of which persuasion Weir was formerly deemed to be), to speak to him; but no sooner had he opened his mouth than the vile wretch made a sign with his hand and his head to be silent. When the rope was about his neck, to prepare him for the fire, he was bid say, 'Lord be merciful to me!' but he answered, 'Let me alone. I will not. I have lived as a beast, and I must die as a beast.' The fire being kindled, he dropped a little after into the flames—a sad spectacle to behold; and, shortly after, his black spectre was cast into the fire with him. Whatever incantation was in it, the persons present aver that it gave rare turnings, and was long a-burning, as also himself.

Major Weir was brought to his dreadful, desperate, and yet deserved death, April 14, 1670, at the Galloway Lee, between Leith and Edinburgh."

SKETCHES IN TOPOGRAPHY.

EDINBURGHSIRE.

It is ascertained that, before the close of the eleventh century, agriculture had made some progress in the district of Mid-Lothian, though at that period, and an epoch much later, the greater part of the shire continued to be covered by the aboriginal forests of the country. The district contiguous to the fortress of Edinburgh, now disposed in fertile lawns, was then covered by primeval forests of oaks, within whose boundaries royalty enjoyed the diversions of hunting; and if we may credit the legend, it was in the wood of Drumshugh that David I. encountered the stag, under such miraculous circumstances as led to the erection of the religious house of Holyrood. The grants to different monasteries show that woods and shrubberies must have prevailed to a great extent, and been serviceable not only for fuel, but for yielding shelter, pasturage, and food, for numerous brood-mares, cattle, sheep, and swine. Edward III. did much to diminish the extent of the forests; but although, in his time and subsequently, the woods of Mid-Lothian suffered a sensible diminution, it is found that, as late as 1513, the Boroughmoor, whereon James IV. mustered the army of the kingdom, before setting out for Flodden, was, according to Hawthorn-den, "a field spacious and delightful, by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." In the history of Edinburgh it is recorded that these "aged oaks" were

rooted out as a public nuisance—all citizens who chose to cut wood being permitted, as a premium for their industry, to use it in extending their houses seven feet into the street. We may here notice, as indicating the aptness of the soil for this species of production, that the grounds still bear some of the largest trees in the country. During the last and the present century, much has been done in Mid-Lothian in the way of rearing plantations. At Dalkeith, Newbottle (now and improperly called *Newbattle*; the term signifying "the new residence," from *bottl*, a Saxon word), Arncliffe, New Hailes, and Pinkie, there is some remarkably fine hard wood of a large size. At Newbottle, the trees, which are chiefly beech, are unrivalled in their exuberance and magnitude, seeming from their gnarled branches, as aged as the days of the Abbot Radulphus, in the thirteenth century. Around every gentleman's seat in the country there are modern plantations, sometimes to a very large extent, which add beauty to the district, and give shelter to the fields. In the upland tract of country, stretching towards Peeblesshire, between the Pentland and Moorfoot Hills, a vast extent of territory has of late years been very judiciously planted by the family of Clerk of Pennycook. Rabbit-warrens seem to have been common in Mid-Lothian in the days of the monks, but they are now entirely gone.

In old times, there were extensive pasturages for sheep on Gala Water, a district still principally devoted to such purposes; and, in old writings, often called *Wae-dale*, from the doleful events which had taken place in it: this term is most probably the original of the surname *Weddel*. The other parts of the country were farmed by the three great classes, the king, the abbots, and the barons, each of whom had extensive commons free to the flocks of their immediate vassals or neighbours. From such a primitive process of management, a system gradually arose in the county, of landlords giving their vassals leases of farms with stock, which was rented as well as the land, and which the tenant was obliged to restore when he delivered up the farm to its owner. Practices of this nature were copied from the example of the freeholders of England, and obtained, by the law of Scotland, the name of letting lands by *steel-bow*. In examining the early agricultural condition of Mid-Lothian, it is found that this part of Scotland, as well as Haddingtonshire, at one time abounded in the three good characteristics of a country—mills, kilns, and breweries; and from the increase of these establishments, is inferred the progress of agriculture. Mid and East Lothian were likewise noted, during the Saxon period, for their superior horticulture. The monks of Newbottle and Holyrood, like their brethren every where else in Scotland, not only employed much of their leisure time in the delightful amusement of gardening, but, by their example, fostered the arts of cultivating flowers and rearing fruit-trees. Near Edinburgh, there thus originated some pleasant gardens. It appears that David I. had a garden under the castle, now entirely gone; but the garden of Holyrood still remains, and attests, by its appearance, the culture it must have received from its religious attendants upwards of six hundred years since. During the reign of James III. even the poorest tenants in Mid-Lothian had their gardens, which supplied them with *kail*; and before the accession of James VI., gardens were universal in the district.

Scotland owes the introduction of the use of coal to the monks of Newbottle, who had the merit of discovering this valuable substance. Till about the end of the twelfth century, the common fuel of the inhabitants was either wood or peat. Grants of *peataries* for fuel were exceedingly common at this and a later period. In their parish of Preston, in Haddingtonshire, the monks of Newbottle discovered and wrought coal, before the accession of Alexander II., or the year 1214. The practice of digging for coal spread from thence into Edinburghshire; and I find that, at the accession of James I., there were collieries at Dud-dington, Gilmerton, Newbottle, and other places. The discovery of coal, nevertheless, did not by any means abolish the use of the ancient and more easily acquired fuel, as I find that in Edinburgh, in 1584, the ordinary fuel was wood, heath, whins, broom, &c. Great stalks of these were piled up in the different lanes, for the use of the inhabitants, in the same manner as peat-stacks may still be seen in villages remote from coal. It happened that one of these piles was set on fire in the night, either intentionally or casually, which so much alarmed the inhabitants, that the town-council immediately issued an order for removing the stacks to the side of the North Loch, and other waste ground around the city. The making of salt from the water of the Frith of Forth seems to have been known in the country at least a hundred years before the introduction of coal as fuel; indeed, the invention of manufacturing sea-salt in this way is so ancient, that it cannot be dated. [The small coal used in this manufacture is still, oddly enough, called *wood*.] Grants of salt-pans to abbays were numerous in the thirteenth century. David I. granted a salt-pans to the monks of Holyrood in 1128; and I learn, from the chartularies of Newbottle, that that establishment had salt-pans on the Forth in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mode of manufacturing this article was, however, very rude; but the French retinue of Queen Mary comprised some ingenious persons, who amended the process; and, in the ninth parliament of that princess, they obtained an act, con-

ferring upon them the exclusive privilege of manufacturing this article. By an act of parliament in the reign of Charles II., these and all other salt-works were declared to be free, and deemed public manufactures.

The roads of the country remained long in a bad condition, though in this they were not in any respect singular. The chief roads, anciently, were only those betwixt the different monasteries, and from thence to the metropolis. Under the reign of Alexander III., the term *regia via* is found applied, and hence the phrase, in our times, *king's highway*. There was a *regia via* betwixt Newbottle and Edinburgh. The first statutes with regard to highways are said to have been made under David II., but it was not till so late as 1714, that any turnpike act was applied to the country. For many years even after that period, the necessity of good roads was neither understood nor acted upon; and it may be said that here, as well as elsewhere, a perfect convenience of this kind was unknown till the age immediately past. The roads in the county of Edinburgh are now the best in Scotland, though sustained at a most enormous expense—(I believe £50,000 a-year). They possess the advantage—now by no means uncommon in Scotland—of having footpaths by the edge of the highway. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, in Robertson's Survey, that wheel-carriages were not used for purposes of husbandry in Mid-Lothian till the accession of George I., and this may give an idea of the general condition of Scotland at that recent period. Yet it is a fact no less true, that wheeled carts and waggons, or wains, were used by the monks in husbandry five centuries and a half before the reign of the first George. To reconcile these conflicting statements, it may be presumed that, for a very long period, there was an age of misery in Scotland, during which the troubles occasioned, in the first place by English ambition, and, in the second, by religious contests and other difficulties, prevented the spirit of the nation from cultivating the arts which lead to increased comfort and extended means of supporting a population.—*Chambers's Gazetteer of Scotland*.

THE RUNAWAY.

AN ENGLISH TALE, BY MISS MITTFORD.

ONE of the most retired-looking spots in our thickly-peopled neighbourhood, is the pretty little nook called Sandleford Green; a small, very small patch of green sward formed by a casual receding of the fields at a place where two narrow shady lanes cross each other, leaving just room enough, in one angle, for a clear mirror-like pond, with glorious old thorns dipping into it from the surrounding hedges; whilst a village pond, enclosing a noble oak, occupies another corner; and a third is completely overshadowed by two large horse-chestnut trees, standing like sentinels on either side of a gate, which leads through a short deep lane to the only dwelling within sight or hearing. No spot is, apparently, so entirely out of the way and out of the world as Sandleford Green! And yet the well-beaten footpaths, two or three of which, striking in different directions across the fields, met in this spot as a common centre, intimated that the little Green was a place of some resort—as indeed it actually was—not so much as a thoroughfare, but from its own independent attraction; the one solitary and unostentatious tenement of which it boasted, being famous all through the country for its home-brewed ale: the fine Sandleford beer, most emphatically called strong, holding so high a rank amongst the consumers of that formidable beverage, that people sent for it far and near; and the liveried grooms of two or three neighbouring equires might often be seen galloping on their thoroughbred hunters to seek this only liquor worthy to wash down their master's Siltion, at the same moment that poor Dame Wheeler's little girl was crossing the stile for her sick grandmother's daily half-pint; and half the rustics in the parish pouring in to enjoy, in Joseph Dobson's own taproom, or beneath his honeysucked porch, their own less moderate potations. "First come first served," was Joseph's motto; and although, on the whole, a man of impartiality, it is doubtful whether he had not some pleasure in keeping the lacqueys in attendance, and the grandees whom they served in expectation, whilst he administered to the wants of his humbler and more sociable customers. A chuckling, bustling, merry knave was our landlord, and a freespoken; had a vote for the county, which he regularly bestowed on the opposition candidate, be the ministers whom they might. Joseph thought no honest man could ever vote for the ministry—that was his creed: owed no one a shilling, and was too confident in the power of his ale to have any dread of the magistrates and the licence act:—"Old Sir Thomas can't finish his dinner without a glass of my beer," thought Joseph; "and I may be as saucy and independent as I please."

Whatever might be the merits of the Sandleford ale, there could be no question as to the beauty and picturesqueness of Joseph's habitation. It was a high, narrow, tower-like house, with chimnies like turrets, and every sort of gable-end and inequality of which a building is capable, harmonised and enriched by an old vine, which, after creeping up one side of the house, nearly covered the roof, garlanding the very chimnies, and wreathing its luxuriant abundance of leaf, and fruit, and tendrils, wherever a shoot could find place, until it fairly hung over on the other side—until its

rich festoons nearly met the branchy honeysuckle, (Milton's "twisted eglantine"), which, climbing up, shaded a rude but fanciful and airy porch, such as is often seen in Wouverman's pictures, adding grace and lightness even to them. Nor was the garden, which reached, on one side, to a small meandering brook, the large garden, full of beds of vegetables and berry bushes, almost hidden by wide flower-borders, very nicely kept; or the long strip of beautiful green sward, the meadow, orchard, or pleasure-ground (for it might pass for either of these), with its fine grove of old fruit-trees—pear, plum, cherry, and apple—terminated by its smooth bowling-green and goodly arbour, at all unworthy of the picturesque dwelling to which they were appended. The territory behind, a miniature farm-yard, with stabling for two, cart-room for one, a commodious cow-shed, and pigsties, goose-houses, and hen-houses, out of number, its populous duck-pond, and its abundance of noises—horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, geese gabbling, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, and doves cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, portly, sturdy, and comely, an excellent representative of his own brown stout, with twenty pigeons fluttering about him (for Joseph, amongst other fancies, was a great pigeon-fancier), and two or three pet tumblers or fan-tails perched on his shoulder. In short, every thing about the place, from the two rosy smiling lassies, his daughters, down to the fat yard-dog and sleek tabby cat, seemed emblems of rural plenty and English independence; meet appendages to the sign of the Foaming Tankard, which swung in creaking magnificence from a post in front of the dwelling.

By far the most interesting inmate of this small village hostelry, was one, whose whole appearance formed the strongest possible contrast to the rest of that flourishing establishment. Mary Walker, the only child of the good landlord's only sister, was a tall thin young woman, with a pale, mild, serious countenance, great simplicity of dress and manner, and a general delicacy both of look and demeanour, belonging partly, perhaps, to ill health, but so much connected with a natural elegance of mind, that it hushed even her boisterous uncle and his boisterous customers into something like gentleness; just as the presence of a born gentlewoman might have done, if it were possible to fancy a born gentlewoman seated in the taproom of the Foaming Tankard.

To say truth, the taproom was a place that Mary seldom visited. The noise, the talking, the singing, the smell of tobacco, or even the odour of the famous Sandleford beer, would have kept her from that well-frequented resort of the thirsty souls of the village, even if the dread of encountering some of her many lovers had not been sufficient to hinder her from putting her foot across the threshold.

The cause of Mary Walker's many conquests might be found, perhaps (at least *she* certainly thought so), in the circumstance of her being a rustic heiress, having just so many hundreds of pounds as made her a great match in her own degree; the cause of her being, at two-and-twenty, unwedded, and unlikely to wed, will take rather more telling, although the story be short enough, and common enough too.

Joseph Dobson had had a son, called William, as unlike his father as possible; a gay, lively, mercurial spirit, too quick, or, as his poor mother used to say, too clever to learn—too ready at many trades to stick steadily to one; and so full of varying schemes and changeable resources, that every body, except that doating mother, felt convinced, that, in spite of William's acknowledged talent, his destiny would prove unpropitious.

The only chance for its being otherwise, lay in his strong affection for his fair cousin, Mary Walker. Her influence over him, especially after the death of his fond but misjudging mother, who had fostered his wild and expensive habits by supplying him with money for their indulgence, formed the only counteraction to his natural and acquired unsteadiness of character. Even his father, although knowing him best and fearing him most, looked forward, with some degree of hope, to the period when he should be quietly married to Mary; and she herself—(how strange it is, that the mildest and most reflective woman should be so often carried off her feet by the giddiest wild-goose of a man!)—she herself idolised him; overturned all the disinterested objections of her uncle and guardian, to risking her money and her happiness with so flighty a swain; and even laid aside much of her own timidity, to hasten, as far as her natural modesty would permit, the proposed union.

On the very evening before the intended marriage, William, who, amongst his other caprices, was frequently subject to the fury of jealousy, was seized with a violent fit of that amiable passion, the object being no other than George Bailey, my lord's game-keeper, as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, and a constant visitor at the sign of the Foaming Tankard. He had brought two tame pheasants, a cock and a hen, as a present to Mary, who was known to be fond of pet poultry; "a wedding present," as he had whispered at parting, and Mary, unluckily, had admired the beauty of the birds.

"You like the birds for the sake of the giver, Mary," said William, chafed at the warmth with which George had shaken hands with her in the moment of departure, and the mingled blush and smile with which she had received his whispered farewell;

"you are thinking of the master's good looks, of his gay plumage, and not of the birds."

"The master thinks little of me, or I of him. You are quite mistaken as to both of us," replied Mary.

"You admire the beauty of the donor," pursued William, pertinaciously; "you talk of the pheasants, but you are thinking of him."

"Not I indeed!" exclaimed Mary.

"But you are, I say, madam," resumed William, with increasing violence. "George Bailey is the beau of the parish, as you are the belle. We all know that; and for my poor part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If you think so, William," said poor Mary, and then, unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, madam, if I think so!"

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you, in this wide world."

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then," said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly, madam, we had better part; I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house, without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughters fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper-time, or, at latest, by peep of dawn, William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for a temper "which carried anger as the flint doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunshiny, especially after one of these sudden storms; so that Mary, after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people. Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforter whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passed away—the night—the next morning, that which would have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding day!—and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone on board ship—he had had such a fancy in his boyhood, engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumours of shipwreck, at first doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as month after month, and year after year, glided by, without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive. Surely if he had been alive, he would have written, was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect, and things had returned to their ordinary course, with little reference to the life or death of the young man. His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope, or fear, or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten, indeed, he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a turtle dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true; as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jem Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides at least a score more of rejected suitors, could testify—George Bailey being nearly the only young man in the parish who had never made Mary Walker an offer, having, within three months of the present present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so, in the shape of an exceeding pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have done wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgetting William Dobson; but, as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile, time rolled on, and it was now some years since any thing had been heard of him. Mary was drawing towards its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring flowers with the summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty; and Sandleford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflected in the clear bright pond, the horse-chestnuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossom, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the air, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandleford was the sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky, and the green grass, and the flowery fruit-trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy, when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm-yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary, and Bessy, and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house," added he; "make haste, lasses! make haste!"

Mary, catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to dispatch some messenger for medical assistance; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the taproom followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead; and mine host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering (for he seemed incapable either of speaking or swallowing), their various remedies.

"Who can he be, father?" said Kate; "what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor ragged famished wretch, as you see, who, I suppose, could crawl no farther. But I think he'll live! He's looking about him, and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling-bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so, good folks! Why, even Neptune has crept up to him, and is half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, ragged creature, writhed on his straw, and groaned, and gasped as if for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls! See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands? Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him! "William! gracious God! 'tis William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided, as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught in the tap. Poor William looked from one to the other—

"Are ye married?" said he, with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "no," said Mary; both in a breath.

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be! Nobody would, but Mary. Welcome home, my boy! We'll soon set thee up again. Welcome, my own dear boy!"

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them. "Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes!" said George smiling.

"But not to me, William!—not to me, dear William!" said Mary; and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones (Neptune fondling them all the time), and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure; and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four years' absence, were all forgotten in that moment of bliss!—*Literary Souvenir*, 1832.

EMIGRATION.

THE editor has been favoured with the perusal of a letter, written by a young Edinburgh lawyer, from the United States of America, whither he had gone to prosecute his professional pursuits. The following extract will, doubtless, be esteemed of value by many readers of the Journal:—

"Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.

"Before I proceed with my promised observations, I must give you some information about my own proceedings since I came to Rochester. Since I came hither I have been in three different offices, and have now as good prospects as any young man of my profession in the place. You are, perhaps, aware that seven years is the period of clerkship necessary to be gone through before being admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of this state, but that four years' classical studies are received in lieu of legal education. The term of clerkship is fixed by one of the judges of the Supreme Court. I had to produce all the certificates from the different professors, and the length of the terms of the universities of Scotland. The Chief Justice before whom my case came, at the term of the court of Albany in July last, stated that he could allow nothing whatever for the period of my clerkship or legal studies in Scotland, and that even an admission in the Supreme Court there, or any other foreign court, would avail me nothing. He stretched the rule of court, however, as far as possible, and fixed my period of probation, or clerkship, at three years, after which, on examination, I can be admitted to practise as attorney and counsellor in any Court of Common Pleas in any county in this state, and as attorney in the Supreme Court. The Courts of Common Pleas are, in themselves, as important as the Supreme Court, only their jurisdiction is confined to a particular county, and an appeal lies from their decision to the Supreme Court. I am quite satisfied with the period of clerkship assigned to me by the court; for, during my probation, I am, of course, strengthening my interest here, and preparing myself for the great arena of legal disputation on which I shall ultimately appear, and where I shall have to cope with very different men from the county writers of Scotland. I have, besides, much to study; for really my legal education in Scotland will be of exceedingly little value here. You will understand that the English common law is in full force in this and most other states in the Union, unless where altered by special statute; and the courts of judicature in this state, although greatly improved in comparison with the English, are still essentially English in their operation. Now, there is scarcely a single step of the legal proceedings here that bears the least degree of similarity to the Scotch practice; every step, even to the backing of a paper, is entirely different. It has, accordingly, cost me, since I came to this place, some pretty hard study to

comprehend the practice of the courts. I am now, however, fast acquiring such a knowledge, and I expect that, in a short time, I shall be as good a practitioner as my brethren. Perseverance will surmount all difficulties. What a noble field English jurisprudence opens to the mind! I feel every day more attached to the study. We read in it, not a collection of dry maxims and wise sayings, but a great system, every part of which is linked inseparably together, and the whole founded and interwoven with the great principles of civil liberty. Well may Britons claim it as their birthright, and well has Lord Coke described it as the perfection of human reason.

This place is well adapted for making good lawyers. The justices' courts here form an excellent preparatory school for young men. The justices are elected by the people for four years, and have jurisdiction in personal property to the extent of 50 dollars (nearly £2 sterling). Young law students are almost always employed by the litigants. The proceedings are conducted on the same model as the other courts, and with nearly the same solemnity. A jury is empanelled, if either party desires it; the case is opened by the counsel of the plaintiff; witnesses are then examined on each side; the counsel on each side address the jury, or the justice, after the case is closed, with all the eloquence and force of argument they are master of. The judge charges the jury; the jury retire, deliberate, and return their verdict; in short, the proceedings are exactly the same in these inferior tribunals as you see in the Jury Court in Edinburgh, and that although the sum in dispute be comparatively small. I have already been engaged in several of these suits, and have had the honour of addressing an American jury in a speech of half an hour's length in a justice court: I have also been complimented on my success. The fees which the young lawyers get for conducting a case of this kind, are about 10s. or 15s. sterling if in town, and about £1 if in the country. My remuneration at present, from my employer, goes to pay all my expenses. In a future letter I shall tell you something about the courts in this state, and the character and talent of our lawyers here; at present I may only say, that I have a high opinion of them generally."

IRON BRIDGES.

THE credit of having first suggested the practicability of constructing bridges of iron, has been claimed for Thomas Paine, who is said to have conceived the idea from contemplating the fabrication of a spider's web in America. Whatever may be thought of this assertion, it is certain that, in 1787, Paine presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris the model of a bridge which he had invented; and it is equally a fact, that during the greater part of the year following, he resided at Rotherham in Yorkshire, where a bridge, chiefly of wrought iron, was constructed under his direction by the Messrs Walker. Whatever may have been the precise principle of this pattern bridge, it was taken to London, exhibited there for a time, returned again to Rotherham, and there broken up. Pieces of this fabric were not long since to be seen on the premises of Messrs Walker; some of which pieces were occasionally carried away as curiosities, by persons preferring a fragment of the handiwork to a relic of the osseous system of the famous author of the "Rights of Man!" It appears, however, from designs now or lately in the possession of Mr White of Devonshire Place, that Mr Pritchard, an architect, of Eytton Turret, Shropshire, so early as the year 1773, suggested the practicability of constructing wide iron arches, capable of admitting the passage of the water of such a river as the Severn; and, in fact, the first practical exhibition of the plan, on a large scale, was the construction of the bridge at Colebrook Dale, chiefly in accordance with Mr Pritchard's plans.

In 1790, Rowland Burdon conceived the idea of throwing an arch of cast iron over the river Wear, at Sunderland: for which, two years afterwards, and after surmounting some opposition, he obtained an act of Parliament. The use of iron had previously been introduced in the construction of the arch at Colebrook Dale, and in the bridges built by Paine. Mr Burdon's plan consisted in retaining, together with the metallic material, the usual form and principles of the stone arch, by the subdivision of the iron into blocks, answering to the key-stones of a common arch. These blocks were of cast iron, five feet in depth and four in thickness, connected together by bars and cottars of wrought iron. The entire structure consists of six ribs, each containing 105 of these blocks, abutting on each other, like the voussoirs of a stone arch. The ribs are six feet distance from each other, braced together by hollow tubes and bridles of cast iron. The whole weight of the iron is 260 tons; 46 malleable, and 214 cast. The arch is the segment of a large circle, of which the chord or span is 236 feet. This magnificent structure, which was executed at the foundry of the Messrs Walker of Rotherham, was completed within three years; Mr Thomas Wilson, of Bishop Wearmouth, being the architect. This bridge was, at the time of its erection, considered to be the largest arch in the world; and being placed, too, at a considerable elevation above the river, it forms a remarkably picturesque object. The whole expense of the undertaking was £26,000, of which sum £22,000 was subscribed by Mr Burdon, the original projector. This famous bridge was, in October 1816, disposed of by lottery, consisting of 6000

tickets, and 150 prizes, of the value of from £100 to £500, to the total amount of £30,000.

In 1827, Mr Deebie, a metropolitan engineer, obtained a patent for an ingenious method of casting metal blocks for the purpose of forming caissons, jetties, piers, quays, embankments, lighthouses, foundations, walls, or other such erections. These blocks, which are hollow cases, so cast as to fit into each other by grooves and dovetails, and other contrivances, would form masses of exceeding strength in combination. There is, however, one fatal objection to their adoption in situations where they might be most useful: the sea water, by some unexplained process, so alters the nature of cast iron, that its cohesion appears to be quite destroyed. Cannon which have been fished up after lying long in the sea, have been found converted through their substance into something resembling plumbago, and admitting of being cut with a knife.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

THIS was the son of a poor Galloway shepherd, who finally died professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Edinburgh, and author of various works in the science of language, which the world has declared to be more profoundly learned than almost any other that exist. The narrative which follows was written by himself, to satisfy the curiosity of a friend; and as an account of the triumph of genius over difficulties, I can only compare it to that of Ferguson the astronomer.

"I was born on Sunday, the 22d of October 1775, and baptised a fortnight after, on Tuesday, 7th November—stated in the register of baptisms to be the 27th, but the old style is understood (in the register). The place where my father then lived is called Duncitterick, or commonly Kitterick; in Earse, Duncatharaich—the *know* of the cattle. It is on the burn of Palneur, on the south side about a quarter of a mile from the burn, and on a rivulet that flows from the high hills above on the south. The hills of Craignelder, Milfore, and others, quite overshadow the spot, and hide it from the sun for three of the winter and spring months. The cottage has been in ruins for more than twenty years, as the farm is herded from the house of Tenotrie, the tenant of which holds both Tenotrie and Kitterick. This place, now laid open by a road, was, when my father lived there, in a completely wild glen, which was traversed by no strangers but smugglers. Patrick Heron's family, in Craigdews, were our next neighbours; and the black rocks of Craigdews were constantly in our sight. My father, Robert Murray, had been a shepherd all his days. He was born in autumn 1706, and remembered the time of the battle of Sheriffmuir. Our clan were, as he said, originally from the Highlands. My great grandfather, Alexander Murray, had been a tenant, I believe, of Barnkiln, near the present site of Newton Stewart, but he had retired into Minigaff village before his death. He had several sons. John, my grandfather, was all his life a shepherd. He married, when he was young, a woman named Helen McCaa. His children were—Patrick, father of old John Murray in Blackcraig, my father (Robert, born in Garlag), William, John, and Grisel. My grandfather herded almost all his married lifetime the farm of Craigenallie, rented by old Patrick Heron, Esq., of Heron. My father married, about 1730, a woman of the name of Margaret McDowal, and had by her many children—Agnes, John, William, Robert, James, some of these are still alive—very old people. All the boys became shepherds. My father lived chiefly in a place called Garrarie, on the river Dee, opposite to Craigenallie, and in the parish of Kells. His wife died, I think, about 1770. In December 1774, or rather in January 1775, he married my mother, whose name is Mary Cochrane. She was the daughter of a shepherd also, who came originally from the parish of Balmaghie, and whose forefathers had been small tenants on the estate of Woodhall. She was born August 13, 1739, and was more than thirty-five years old at the time of her marriage. My father was then in his sixty-ninth year, which he had completed before I was born. When I became of age to know him, except his very grey, or rather white, hair, I remember no symptoms of the influence of time about his person or in his appearance. He enjoyed *hale* good health till about a year before his death, which took place at Torwood, or Derwood, in the parish of Kells, in August 1797.

He had been taught to read English in a good style for his time; he wrote not badly, but exactly like the old men of the seventeenth century. He had a considerable share of acuteness or natural sagacity, a quality possessed by most of his clan. His temper was rather irritable, but not passionate. His moral character was habitually good; and I know, from his way of talking in private about the thefts and rogueries of other persons, that he actually detested these vices. He was very religious in private; but in company he was merry, fond of old stories, and of singing. Patrick Heron, your elder, if alive, will give you a better account of him than I can. He was no fanatic in religious matters, and always respected the established clergy, whose servants he never, like many other people, criticised, at least in my hearing. My brother James, his youngest son by the first marriage, died of a fever in 1781 or 1782. His death, which hap-

pened at some distance from home, was reported to my father early on a Sunday morning, and I, then a child, could not conceive why my father wept and prayed all that day.

Some time in autumn 1781, he bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old *wool-card*, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became *writer* as well as *reader*. I wrote with the *board* and *brand* continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, *used every night* in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away in piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not show them openly; and as I read constantly, and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have *forgot* too much of my biblical *knowledge*; but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four mairland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr Alexander Laidlaw in Clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and *no money*. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent *herd-boy*. The fact was, I was always a weakly child, not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know, and which was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading, and a *great memory*, was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my *genius*, as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it; the idea of school wages frightened them from employing it. I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May 1784, and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school, then taught by Mr William Gordon: he read English well, and had many scholars. Mr Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born in 1775 or 1776, was then reading the rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence; and before the vacation in August, I often stood *dux* of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink. But I both wrote and printed, that is, imitated printed letters when out of school. My morals did not equally improve. My grandfather was an old man, and could not superintend my proceedings. I learned, therefore, to swear, lie, and to do bad tricks, all which practices I have ever since detested. I was fourteen days, or thereby, at this school after the vacation had terminated. But in the beginning of November 1784, I was seized with a bad eruption on the skin, and an illness, which obliged me to leave school, which I saw no more for four years.

In spring 1785, my health grew a little better. I was put to assist as a shepherd boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of Chevy Chase at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Greanoch, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. Those ballads that I liked most were Chevy Chase, Sir James the Rose (by Michael Bruce), Jamie and Nancy, and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather

studied daily, Sir David Lindsay, Sir William Wallace, the Cloud of Witnesses, the Hind let Loose, and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading, and a memory, was loud, and several said I was 'a living miracle.' I puzzled the honest elders of the church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788, I borrowed from John Kellie, then in Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's Geographical Grammar, and L'Estrange's version of Josephus. I got immense benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost every thing it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the scale. In 1788, or early in 1789, Basil, Lord Daer, came to attend a committee of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places, according to my own fancy.

As I could read and write, I was engaged by the head of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M^r William, a boy of my own age, and a brother teacher. I returned home in March 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the History of the Twelve Cæsars, translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June 1788, I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cartwright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's Weekly or Monthly Magazine during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the Four Monarchies, of the Popes, the Kings of England, &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Pal-kill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barneuchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's Arithmetic. But I was not in stout health; and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days; I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the Spectator, World, &c., brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I, therefore, cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on, I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas 1789, I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children. I bought Mair's Book-keeping, having sent to Edinburgh for it by a man who rode as post between Wigton and Edinburgh. The families, one of which belonged to my eldest brother, resided at great distances one from another. My brother lived in the Backhill of Garrarie; another family lived in Buchan, on Loch Trool; a third on the Dee, near Garrarie. I migrated about, remaining six weeks in each family. Among these mountains I found several books—Walker's Arithmetic; a History of England; a volume of Langhorne's Plutarch, having the Lives of Eumenes, Pompey, Scipio, &c.—and Burns's Poems, all which I read with perpetual and close attention. I was fond of verse of all kinds. In 1787, before leaving Kitterick, I made a *soffing ballad* on a neighbour shepherd and girl of my acquaintance. This was my original sin as to verse. In 1789, the whole moorlands of Ayrshire and Galloway were engaged in discussing the doctrines of a book written by Dr Macgill, one of the ministers of Ayr. I entered with much zeal and little knowledge into the feelings of the people, and declaimed against Socinianism and various religious opinions, which I certainly was not of an age to understand.

A little before Whitsunday 1790, I returned home

to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barneuchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th May 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the magazines and Spectator, that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some elders and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman, who lived near, showed me her psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.

I borrowed from one Jack M^r Bride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambaud's Rudiments of French Grammar. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons, and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the Diable Boiteux, a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read in, an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June, Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the 'Rudiments' beside him. I said, 'Dolend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French.' He gave me the book; I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was *mellow*, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and showed the rudiments, 'Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin,' and accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys advanced as far as the precursus in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French that I could read almost any French book, at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and riveted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters, but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation, I returned to it a week or two to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for eighteen-pence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. In his house I found several more books—Ruddiman's Grammar, the most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar and Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves

of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonyms, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocabularies. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was 'Paradise Lost,' of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. It was lent me by Jean Macmillan, at present residing in Minigaff village, then house-keeper in Garlarg, and afterwards married to Robert Murray, my brother's son. I cannot describe to you the ardour or various feelings with which I read, studied, and admired this *first-rate* work. I found it as difficult to understand as Latin, and soon saw that it required to be *parsed* like that language. I had the use of this copy for a year, and replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with Paradise Lost an era in my reading. —Murray's Literary History of Galloway. Second Edition.

(To be continued.)

WOURALI POISON.

Waterton, an intrepid traveller in South America, gives the following interesting account of the method pursued by the Indians in making wourali poison, a species of matter of the most powerful action on animal life, but which destroys life so gently, that the victim appears to be in no pain whatever; and probably, says he, were the truth known, he feels none, saving the momentary smart at the time the arrow enters. A day or two before the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he goes into the forest in quest of the ingredients. A vine grows in these wilds which is called wourali, and it is from this that the poison takes its name, and it is the principal ingredient. When he has procured enough of this, he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together, and then looks about for two kinds of bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. He fills a little vessel, which he carries on his back, with the stalks of these, and lastly, ranges up and down till he finds two species of ants: one of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever. It is most commonly to be met with on the ground. The other is a little red ant, which stings like a nettle, and generally has its nest under the leaf of a shrub. After obtaining these, he has no more need to range the forest. A quantity of the strongest Indian pepper is used; but this he has already planted round his hut. The pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, and those of the Connaocouchi, are likewise added. These he commonly has in store; for when he kills a snake, he generally extracts the fangs and keeps them by him. Having thus found the necessary ingredients, he scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snake's fangs, ants, and pepper, are bruised and thrown into it. It is then placed on a slow fire; and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf. It remains on the fire till reduced to a thick scum of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength. If it answer the expectations, it is poured out into a calabash, or little pot of Indian manufacture, which is carefully covered with a couple of leaves, and over them a piece of deer's skin, tied round with a cord. They keep it in the most dry part of the hut, and from time to time suspend it over the fire to counteract the effects of dampness. Among the instances adduced of the extraordinary effects of the wourali poison, Waterton mentions the following:—A large well-fed ox, from nine hundred to a thousand pounds weight, was led to a stake by a rope sufficiently strong to allow him to move to and fro. In order to bring him down, three poisoned arrows were put into him; one was sent into each thigh, just above the hock, in order to avoid wounding a vital part, and a third was shot transversely into the extremity of the nostril. The poison seemed to take effect in four minutes. Conscious as though he would fall, the ox set himself firmly on his legs, and remained quite still in the same place, till about the fourteenth minute, when he smelled the ground, and appeared as if inclined to walk. He advanced a pace or two, staggered and fell, and remained extended on his side, with his head on the ground. His eye, a few minutes ago so bright and lively, now became fixed and dim; and though you put your hand close to it as if to give him a blow there, he never closed his eyelid. His legs were convulsed, and his head from time to time started involuntarily; but he never showed the least desire to raise it from

the ground. He breathed hard, and emitted foam from his mouth. The startings, or subalutis tendinum, now became gradually weaker and weaker; his hinder parts were fixed in death; and in a minute or two more, his head and fore-leg ceased to stir. Nothing now remained to show that life was still within him, except that his heart faintly beat and fluttered at intervals. In five-and-twenty minutes from the time of his being wounded, he was quite dead. His flesh was very sweet and savoury at dinner.

BEAR HUNTING.

We resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, and until it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when, in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog Pajjas giving tongue. I now lost not a moment, but leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces distant. This was in a rather thick part of the forest; and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which, though at some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Pajjas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not at the first moment observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between, and partly formed by, the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprang on to the top of the hillock; and though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not "the most prudent step" a man ever took) with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance of the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this, I stood for a while over the den in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance; for, strange to say, though Pajjas had been in Jann Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognise his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and in consequence, neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them until they heard my shot. My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape, were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them, for the old bear, who, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we therefore almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third, exhibited themselves, all of which I dispatched, either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den.—*Lloyd.*

TURKEY.

After some hours' stay, we proceeded up the Dardanelles, Europe on one side and Asia on the other; and soon Turkey opened on us with its loveliest scenery. I do not know if I can convey a proper idea of it, it is so different from that of Europe. What gives a peculiar beauty to the Turkish towns and villages, is their being so embosomed in trees. You always see these of the liveliest verdure, hanging over and shading the greatest part of the houses. The habitations are rather low, and built generally of wood, with gently sloping roofs; they are either of a red, white, or lead colour, with windows of framework of wood. The neat white minaret of the mosque rises eminent amidst every village. The country was rich in many parts with corn, which had been already cut; and a cool kiosk was seen, shaded with its luxuriance of wood. But all this only whetted my impatience to behold Stamboul, as the Turks call it; and night came down again to augment it. For the last few days the sky had become more beautiful, of a most delicate blue, bounded near the horizon by a ridge of white clouds; and the last day of our voyage was particularly fine, when a gentle breeze brought us towards the capital of the East. The first view rather disappoints you; the surrounding shores are not striking, and you are inclined to ask, where is the magnificence of Constantinople? But when you enter the canal, and turn the point where stands the seraglio, and the site of the city, being built on decli-

vities, rises higher, so that houses appear to range on houses—and Pera and Galata, with the immense dark grove of cypresses on the place of graves that crowns the hill, open to your view—you are struck with admiration. The houses of wood, of which the city is chiefly built, have indeed nothing grand in their appearance; three-fourths of the fronts are taken up with windows. But it is the novel and beautiful blending of trees and verdure with every part; the innumerable minarets, some with gilded tops that glitter in the sun; and the superior mosques, of a nobler appearance, and towering above all other buildings—which impress the mind of a stranger with feelings unknown at the sight of any other European city. Our vessel being bound for Odessa, proceeded up the river to the village of Buyukdere, a few miles distant, celebrated for its beauty. This afforded an excellent opportunity to view the scenery; and few who have once done this can ever forget it. Each side of the river—a noble stream, of a mile, or sometimes half that in width—was thickly covered with habitations. In one part was a mosque of the purest white marble, most richly ornamented and gilded, and the dark cypress around it. On the left, a summer seraglio of the sultan, with its small pleasure-ground, stretched along the shore. The hills on the European side, descending nearly close to the river, and prettily wooded, yet so small that they looked in miniature; and the little Turkish houses standing in the river, or hanging in parapets over it, or thrown back in a retiring wood—put you in mind of what you had imagined of Chinese scenery and dwellings. My view often wandered with delight over the Asiatic side, as the scene of future pleasures. "At last," I said to myself, "my long-cherished hopes are accomplished; it is all Oriental, I see; but my expectations are surpassed."—*Carne's Letters from the East.*

THE VATICAN.

Unlike the sombre aspect generally characterising libraries, museums, and similar resorts of the studious, the Vatican is as a world of exquisite beauty, vast, splendid, filled with the most admired works of art and the most precious marbles. The lengthened vista, the varied perspective changing at each advancing step, the noble architectural proportions still preserved in every new form or dimension of apartment, the lofty iron gates, the beautiful fountains adorning the courts, and cooling the air with the play of their fresh running waters, the white balustrades, the pillars and magnificent columns, composed of gaily antique, and every richest marble, almost produce the idea of enchantment; and the eye wanders around in eager curiosity, with amazement and delight. Light is beautiful; and here it is seen, bright and sparkling, reflected from pure and precious marbles; while from the wide-spreading windows the most delightful views of Rome, rich with her cupolas, spires, and obelisks, in every varied form of architecture, with her sea-green Campagna, bounded by the dark grey mountains fading in the distance, are presented to the eye. It is the noblest national possession in the world, and should ever be sacred. The mind of man is, I trust, now so well informed, that no barbarous conqueror will ever again dare to touch it with a profane hand.—*Bell's Italy.*

TWO USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Fumigating Mixture.—Two ounces of salt dried, two ditto of nitre. Mix and put to them in a stone-basin or plate, a half-ounce of water, and the same quantity of good sulphuric acid. Remove all polished-metal articles from the room, as the vapour would rust them, and close all doors and windows. To procure more advantage, when the process appears to cease, place the basin on hot sand.

Cheep Stew-soup.—Two pounds of beef, four onions, ten turnips, half a pound of rice, a large handful of parsley, thyme, and savoury; some pepper and salt; eight quarts of water. Cut the beef in slices, and after it has boiled some time, cut it still smaller. The whole should boil gently about two hours on a slow fire. If fuel be scarce, it may be stewed all night in an oven, and warmed up next day. You may add oatmeal and potatoes. Grey peas will be a great addition.—*Mrs Hannah More.*

HYMN OF THE BRITISH PEASANT

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-decked land,
For our valleys and rivers, the works of thy hand,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!
For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake and be strong;
For the dew, for the clouds, for the day's varied sight,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the Fountain of Light.
For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
'Neath whose breathings at noontide our banquet is laid:
For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's joyous glow,
We praise thee, who crownest the sweet of our brow.
For evening's calm hour, when our labour is done,
For the fond little crowds, from each cottage that run,
For their greetings of love, when around us they come,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who giv'st us our home.
For our Sabbaths and Churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the old and the young swell the chorus to God;
For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the quickener of prayer.
For the promise of spring, for thy Summer's proud state,
For the glories of harvest, for Autumn's rich weight;
For the wood-fires of winter, so gladdening and clear,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who rulest the year.
For the kind British hearts, ever joying to give,
For the friends of the poor, amid whom we live,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!
—*Albion Newspaper.*

AMERICAN MUSQUITOES.

The mosquitoes seldom annoyed us at mid-day; but when we wished to enjoy the refreshing coolness of a morning or evening's walk, they fastened on us with their infernal stings, against which we had no defence except leather. By smoking, we might indeed keep them at a civil distance from our noses and the parts thereunto adjacent; but this was a preventive which, if constantly practised, would have in a short time reduced our tobacco to a small quantity. The annoyance during our meals was worse. We were obliged to have an iron pot at each end of the table, filled with sawdust or rotten wood; which substance, when ignited, produced a quantity of thick smoke without flame. It effectually drove them away, but it was a desperate remedy; for during the process of mastication we were nearly suffocated from the dense clouds of vapour by which we were enveloped. In the meantime, our tormentors hovered about the doors and windows, watching the gradual dispersion of the smoke; and the moment the atmosphere became sufficiently clear, they charged in from all directions on our heads, necks, ears, faces, and hands, from whence it was impossible to dislodge them, until a fresh supply of sawdust, thrown over the dying embers, put them once more to flight. The horses also suffered severely from these insects and the horse flies. We caused several fires of rotten wood to be made in the prairie in which they were grazing, and round which they instinctively congregated to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the smoke. Those which had short tails and cropped manes suffered more than the others; for with these weapons of nature (of which, in America, at all events, it is cruel to deprive them) they could whisk off great numbers of the enemy; while the cropped horses, having no such defence, often had their hoofs and legs severely burned by standing in the fires to avoid the stings of their assailants. I have often observed the poor animals, when the smoke began to evaporate, gallop up to the fort, and neigh in the most significant manner for a fresh supply of damp fuel; and on perceiving the men appointed for that purpose proceed to the different fires, they followed them, and waited with the most sagacious patience until the smoke began to descend and disperse their tormentors.—*Coz's Columbia River.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

It is known that the solar light, by favouring the assimilation of carbonic acid gas in plants, gives them the faculty of becoming green, and of forming the volatile and aromatic principles. These conditions are necessary to their flowering and fructification, inasmuch that ripe seeds have never been obtained from plants kept in darkness. If, on the contrary, bleached plants are exposed to the sun for three, four, or five hours, they become as intensely green as if they had been reared in the sun. Vegetables reared in the open air become pale, and fade in two or three hours, if they are transported to a dark place; but those which, after growing in the shade, have been exposed for some time to the sun, can no longer support the privation of light; and water, impregnated with camphor or essential oil, which is highly favourable to vegetation in other circumstances, does not prevent them from fading and perishing.

WOLVES.

The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St Petersburg: it occurred in Russia some few years ago. A woman, accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and at last were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.—*Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.*

NUMBER OF STARS.

Of the stars in the British catalogue, there are many only visible through a telescope, nor does the eye ever see more than a thousand at the same time in the clearest heaven; yet the number is probably infinite. From the first to the sixth magnitude, inclusive, the total number of stars is 3128.

Column for the Boys. ARCHERY.—Concluded.

The String.—The part of the string which receives the nock of the arrow is whipped with sewing silk to prevent the string being rubbed and weakened. If the silk should come off the string, it ought to be re-whipped without delay, otherwise it will be in danger of breaking; and this is not the only mischief, for from the breaking of a string oftentimes ensues the snapping of a bow. It is also advisable to whip the noose and eye of the string, although many archers do not trouble themselves to do so. At one end of the bow-string an eye is made; it is left for the archer himself, bows being of different lengths, to make the other; this to a young archer will be found rather difficult; his best plan will be to inspect the mode of making the noose on an old string. The young archer will do well, if any of the threads of his string break, to throw it by and use another. He should never, if possible, permit the string to become twisted or ravelled; should such an occurrence take place, before it is put on again, it ought to be retwisted and waxed. A bow, five feet long when braced, should never have the string more than five inches from its centre. This rule will be a guide to the young archer in stringing his bow; whatever be its length, he will of course adjust the distance in the same proportion, according to the measurement.

The Quiver.—The quiver is for the reception of the arrows, but is never constantly worn, except in roving; it is now usually made of tin, although it is occasionally constructed, as was indeed universally the case formerly, of wood or leather.

The Belt, Pouch, and Grease-box.—The belt is buckled round the waist; the grease-box is suspended from the middle, and the pouch, or bucket, on the right side of it. A composition for greasing the finger of the shooting-glove, and the smooth side of the brace, when occasion may require, is kept in the box; the pouch holds the arrows for immediate use in target-shooting.

The Aschem.—This is a large case, fitted up with the necessary drawers and compartments for the reception of the bow, stock of arrows, strings, and all the necessary accoutrements of the archer.

Butts.—The butt, generally speaking, is rather pyramidal in shape, but it may be fashioned according to the fancy of the archer; for grown up persons, they are seven or eight feet wide, three or four feet thick at the top, and nearly seven feet in height at the middle. Butts are made of long plats of turf, which are to be closely pressed down; a round piece of pasteboard is placed in the centre of the butt for a mark, which must be increased or decreased in size, according to the distance at which the archer shoots; for thirty yards, it should be four inches in diameter; for sixty yards, six inches; and so in proportion for a greater distance. The mark is fixed to the butt by a peg driven through its centre. Shots that take place outside the mark are not reckoned, and he who places most shots in the pasteboard during the play, is accounted the winner. Butts are frequently placed at different distances from each other; a set of butts is four, which are so contrived as not to prevent the players seeing them all at once. What is called a single end is shooting at one mark only; a double end is shooting to a mark, and back again from that mark to the one first shot from.

Targets.—Targets should be proportioned to the size and skill of the juvenile archer, and to the distance at which he stands from them. The facing is usually made of canvass, which is sewed to the bass; the bass is made of straw, worked as a bee-hive. The facing has a gold centre and four circles; namely, the outer white edge with green and black; inner, white and red. Where it is not convenient to keep the targets fixed, it is better to use another kind, made of milled board, these being more portable, although by no means so durable, as targets made of the other materials we have mentioned. If one target only be shot at, a great deal of time is wasted in going to fetch the arrows, and again returning to the spot for shooting from; two targets are, therefore, generally used, and the archers shoot from one to the other. In archery matches, there are generally two prizes—one for the greatest number of arrows shot in the target, the other for the shot nearest the gold centre. Hits in the target are sometimes reckoned all alike; but there is usually a distinction made. The gold centre is the mark, and the circle which approaches nearest to it, being less in size, and consequently more difficult to hit, and nearer the main mark itself, an arrow shot in that circle is deemed of more value, in reckoning for the prize, than if it were to take place in any of those outside of it, and so on in proportion with the others. A celebrated society of archers allows the following numbers for each circle. For the gold, nine; for the red, seven; for the inner white, five; for the black, three; and for the outer white, one. A writer on this subject, however, seems to think that the outer circles are overrated; and if nine be allowed for the centre, only three should be scored for the red; two, for the inner white; and less, in proportion, for the two outer circles. When the sport terminates, the value of the number of hits, and not the hits themselves, should be reckoned; and he whose score is the largest, is of course the victor.

As ink is by no means a convenient thing to carry into the field, and marks made with the black lead pencil are liable to be rubbed out, it is advisable to have a pin suspended from a card, properly divided for each archer's score, and to prick down the hits with it.

Stringing the Bow.—The bow is to be taken in the right hand, by the handle, with the flat part toward the person who is about to string it; his right arm should rest against his side; one lower end of the bow, which has always the shortest bone, should be placed against the inside of the right foot, which should be turned a little inward to prevent the bow from slipping; the left foot should at the same time be brought forward; the centre of the left hand wrist must be placed on the upper limb of the bow below the eye of the string, the fore-

finger knuckle upon one edge of the bow, and the top of the thumb on the other. The bow is now to be pulled vigorously, and the upper limb of it pressed down by the right hand, and the wrist of the left, which should at the same time slide upward until the eye of the bowstring is safely placed on the nock. The middle, the ring, and the little fingers, should all three be stretched out, as they are not wanted in this operation of stringing the bow; moreover, if this be not done, they are liable to be caught between the string and the bow, and thus become severely punished. The young archer should take care that the eye is well placed in the nock before he removes his left hand. He should not become impatient in the action of stringing the bow, but perform it systematically as directed; if he do not succeed, let him lay it by for a few minutes, and when he is cool, make a second attempt. To unstring the bow, the short horn is to be placed on the ground, the palm of the left hand receiving the flat side of the upper limb; the string should be upward: the handle is then to be pressed with the right arm so as to slacken the string; when the latter becomes loose enough, the eye is to be brought out of the nock, by the thumb of the left hand.

Position.—The face is to be turned toward the mark, but no part of the body, which, if the mark be north, should be turned toward the east; the head should be rather inclined; the left hand, with the bow in it in a perpendicular position, is to be held out straight toward the mark; the arrow is to be brought well toward the ear and not the eye, on the left side of the bow and under the string; the fore-finger of the left hand passes over it; by the other hand the nock is placed in the string at the proper place, with the cock feather uppermost; when this is done, the fore-finger of the left hand is removed and placed round the bow. While the left hand is raising the bow, the right should be drawing the string with two or three fingers only, and not the thumb; as soon as it reaches the head, it should be let loose for fear of its breaking.

Great care should be taken to acquire a proper position, for bad attitudes in archery appear extremely ridiculous.

Clout Shooting.—Clout shooting is mostly practised by those who cannot conveniently set up butts or targets near home. The clout, which is quite portable, is made of a round piece of pasteboard, thirty-six inches in circumference, fastened to a stick; or it may be made of white cloth, so contrived as to roll up on a stick that is run through it. In clout shooting, seven is the game, and all arrows tell that fall within three bows' length of the clout.

USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.

Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin; and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object, is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs are themselves insensible. They stand out on each side in the lion, as well as in the common cat; so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood, in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body: they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass, and is not perceived till he is coiled round his prey.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

VEGETABLES.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., not a cabbage, turnip, or other edible root, grew in England. Two or three centuries before, certainly, the monasteries had gardens with a variety of vegetables; but nearly all the gardens of the laity were destroyed in the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. Harrison speaks of wheat bread as being chiefly used by the gentry for their own tables; and adds, that the artificer and labourer are "driven to content themselves with horse-corne, beans, peason, oats, tares, and lentils." There is no doubt that the average duration of human life was at that period not one half as long as at the present day. The constant use of salted meat, with little or no vegetable addition, doubtless contributed to the shortening of life, to say nothing of the large numbers constantly swept away by pestilence and famine. Till lemon juice was used as a remedy for scurvy amongst our seamen, who also are compelled to eat salted meat without green vegetables, the destruction of life in the navy was something incredible. Admiral Hosier buried his ship's companies twice during a West India voyage, in 1726, partly from the unhealthiness of the Spanish coast, but chiefly from the ravages of scurvy. Bad food and want of cleanliness swept away the people of the middle ages, by ravages upon their health that the limited medical skill of those days could never resist. Matthew Paris, a historian of that period, states that there were in his time twenty or thirty hospitals for lepers in Europe.—*Working Man's Companion*, No. XIII.

CHEESE-HOPPERS.

Those who have, from popular associations, been accustomed to look with disgust at the little white larvæ common in cheese, well known under the name of hoppers, will be somewhat surprised to hear the illustrious Swammerdam say, "I can take upon me to affirm that the limbs and other parts of this maggot are so uncommon and elegant, and contrived with so much art and design, that it is impossible not to acknowledge them to be the work of infinite power and wisdom, from which nothing is hid, and to which nothing is impossible." The cheese-fly (*Piophilæ Casei*, Fallen) is very small and black, with whitish wings, warped with black. It was one of those experimented upon by Redi, to prove that insects, in the fabric of which so much art, order, contrivance, and wisdom, appear, could not be the production of chance, or rottenness, but the work of the same omnipotent hand which created the heavens and the earth. This tiny little fly is accordingly furnished with an admirable instrument for depositing its eggs, in an ovipositor, which it can thrust out and extend to a great length, so that it can penetrate to a considerable depth into the cracks of the cheese, where it lays its eggs, 256 in number. Its powers of leaping have been observed by every one. It bends itself into a circle, catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, and after strangely contracting itself from a circular into an oblong form, it throws itself with a jerk into a straight line, and thus makes the leap. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature." Like other destructive insects, the multiplication of the cheese-hopper is checked by some insect whose history is not yet known.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ASTRONOMY AND CELESTIAL MECHANICS.

Astronomy, as a science of observation, is known to have made considerable progress among the ancients; indeed it was the only branch of physical science which could be regarded as having been cultivated by them with any degree of assiduity or real success. The Chaldean and Egyptian records had furnished materials from which the motions of the sun and moon could be calculated with sufficient exactness for the prediction of eclipses; and some remarkable cycles, or periods of years in which the lunar eclipses return in very nearly the same order, had been ascertained by observation. Considering the extreme imperfection of their means of measuring time and space, this was, perhaps, as much as could have been expected at that early period, and it was followed up for a while in a philosophical spirit of just speculation, which, if continued, could hardly have failed to lead to sound and important conclusions. Unfortunately, however, the philosophy of Aristotle laid it down as a principle, that the celestial motions were regulated by laws proper to themselves, and bearing no affinity to those which prevail on earth. By thus drawing a broad and impassable line of separation between celestial and terrestrial mechanics, it placed the former altogether out of the pale of experimental research, while it at the same time impeded the progress of the latter by the assumption of principles respecting natural and unnatural motions, hastily adopted from the most superficial and cursory remarks, underserving even the name of observation. Astronomy, therefore, continued for ages a science of mere record, in which theory had no part, except in so far as it attempted to conciliate the inequalities of the celestial motions with that assumed law of uniform circular revolution, which was alone considered consistent with the perfection of the heavenly mechanism.—*Herschel.*

AMSTERDAM.

This city has been formed since the third century. It derives its name from the river Amstet, on whose banks it is situated, and the enormous dam that opposes the inroads of the sea, on a country snatched from its lawful dominion. The whole town, which is nine miles in circumference, stands on piles driven into the mud. Under the town-house alone are thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five. Well might Erasmus say that he had reached a city whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees! Ninety small islands, united by two hundred and ninety bridges, form the site of the town, which contains a population of about two hundred and five thousand souls, of which one-tenth are Jews. Owing to the number of canals, and the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity, the air would be still more prejudicially affected than it is, were it not for mills which are kept constantly at work to communicate an artificial motion to the water. Several of these are employed likewise to draw up the mud brought down by the Y to its junction with the Amstet, which, but for this precaution, would block up the passage of the river.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

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SCOTLAND IN EARLY TIMES.

If the readers of the Journal have found matter of agreeable and instructive reflection in the account which has already been partly given of the overthrow of Celtic usages in Scotland in the eleventh century, and the establishment of those of an Anglo-Saxon or Gothic race, the following observations on a subject of fully greater importance will probably be perused with not less entertainment and edification.

The history of the Scottish people has usually been divided by antiquaries into a number of *periods*, corresponding with the political supremacy of particular classes of men: as, the Roman period—the Pictish period—the Scottish period—and the Soto-Saxon period; but it seems more convenient for the present purpose to assume only three great eras, corresponding with three important events occurring at the distance of some centuries from each other. The first takes its rise in the overthrow of Druidism, or Paganism, and the introduction of Christianity; the second, in the overthrow of Celtic usages, and the introduction of the great Anglo-Saxon and Norman families, along with the English language; and the third commences with the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, about the middle of the last century. Each of these events, in a greater or less degree, peacefully changed the tone and character of society, and that to a far greater extent than has usually been attendant on the alteration of a ruling dynasty. The introduction of Christianity into Scotland is an event which I am willing to believe cannot be mentioned without exciting sensible feelings of emotion in the mind of every individual whose eye glances over these pages. If that individual have already enlisted himself to fight as a soldier in the ranks of Christian chivalry, he will no doubt ponder with gratitude on a transaction which has powerfully influenced his prospects as to another state of existence; and if, on the other hand, he be an intelligent disbeliever, he will examine with feelings of equal thankfulness, and not a small degree of curiosity, a circumstance which assuredly laid the basis of that degree of civilisation and mental improvement with which, by little exertion on his part, he happens to be endowed.

The religion which we now profess underwent three centuries of adversity, but throve under every species of persecution; and it was not till the year 306, in the reign of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, that it could be said to be openly or officially countenanced in Europe. From the period of its earliest promulgation in what is now an obscure country in Asia, it had, however, been zealously propagated under every kind of tyrannic oppression, by a body of enthusiastic missionaries, the first of whom have been described under the title of *apostles*, while their immediate successors have been generally called *fathers* or *saints*. These active but humble missionaries of Christianity, following the rule prescribed for the regulation of their conduct, carried with them neither purse nor scrip, trusting to the compassion or beneficence of their converts for the necessary supply of food and raiment. Issuing from the already desecrated territory of Judea, or receiving their commission and instructions from persons who themselves had, perhaps, been educated in that distracted region, these intrepid and fearless pioneers of Christianity penetrated through the iron legions of Rome, and the natural fastnesses of Gaul, till at length their voices were heard on the uttermost boundaries of Celtic and Gothic Europe, and were mingled with the murmurs of the ocean on the shores of its most remote islands.

When the sound of Christianity first broke upon the ear of the British savage, the island, like Gaul

from whence it was immediately peopled, owned the religion of the Druids. It was the opinion of a classic, or Grecian writer, called Diogenes Laertius, that the tenets of the Druids might be comprehended under four heads:—to worship God; to abstain from evil; to exert courage; and to believe in the immortality of the soul, for enforcing all these virtues. But if these were the original tenets of the Druids, it is too certain that they latterly degenerated into very gross superstition and abuse. The most horrid of their rites consisted in human sacrifices; yet it is mentioned, that such were offered up only on the most solemn and important occasions. The victim or victims—for there were sometimes several—were enclosed in a large figure resembling a man, formed of osier twigs, like basket work; or, according to some authors, they were simply wrapped round with hay. In this state fire was applied, and they were reduced to ashes. Pliny, a Roman author, who wrote upon Britain, asserts that they considered it as a solemn and unavoidable duty to put men to death; and that to feed upon their dead bodies they esteemed most wholesome. It is generally, and I think correctly, imagined that the Druidic religion of the Celts was brought along with various characteristic usages from Asia, at the period of the dispersion of the human race, for it has been found to bear a resemblance to the religious ceremonial of the Persian Magi, and that of still more barbarous nations in different parts of the Old World. The term *Druid* is of difficult etymology, but is supposed to have been derived from *Dar-gwyz*, signifying a theologian, or one who has knowledge; and hence, probably, the eastern term *Dervise*.

Among the priests of Druidism there appear to have been three orders—the Druids, the Vates, and the Bards, who severally performed their different functions. The bards sang, in heroic verse, the brave actions of eminent men; the Vates studied continually, and explained the productions and laws of nature; while the Druids, who were of a higher order, directed the education of youth, officiated in the affairs of religion, and presided in the administration of justice. Whatever may have been the speculative opinions of the Druids, they assuredly taught the duties of moral virtue, and enforced the precepts of natural religion. They inculcated a strong desire of liberty, with an ardent love of country, which strikingly appeared in the struggle for both, which was made against the Roman armies by the Gauls, by the Britons, and, above all, by the Caledonians. A peculiar principle of the Druids enjoined that no temple or covered building should be erected for public worship; for the sun being the great medium, rather than the object, of their adoration, to have shut out that luminary during their religious services, would have been inconsistent with their professed principles. Neither did the Druids ever erect any image of their Deity, nor did they communicate with the Greeks or Romans in the multiplicity of their local gods, or in the grossness of their general idolatry. The religious services of this remarkable people were invariably performed in the recesses of groves of oak trees, amid circles or ovals of huge upright stones, and on altars, or *cromlechs*, of the same rough cold material. The number and variety of the Druid remains in North Britain are almost endless. The stone enclosures are sometimes formed of a single circle, and often of double and treble concentric circles of upright stones. The principal seat of Druidism, as appears from such testimonials, seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range. Among the vast variety of Druid monuments in North Britain, one of the most interesting is the *rocking-stone*, which seems to

have existed in almost every country in Europe. This extraordinary monument of human ingenuity and cunning was evidently introduced after the sublime truths of Druidism had been contaminated by the grossness of superstition, and the pure adoration of the Deity had degenerated into delusive imposition. These rocking-stones, whether natural or artificial, were thus then brought in either to induce belief or to heighten devotion; and of such huge and lasting materials were they composed, that, even after a lapse of two thousand years, they maintain their pristine substantiality, and can still be moved by the finger of the most delicate lady, as well as they could have been by the hand of the officiating Druidic priest. The Welsh, the Derbyshire, the Yorkshire, the Cornish, the Irish, and the Scottish rocking-stones, are all erected on a similar plan. In the parish of Kirkmichael, in Perthshire (Stat. Acco. V. xv. p. 517), there is (or was lately) a large rocking-stone, which stands on a flat-topped eminence, in the vicinity of a large body of Druidic remains, the stone being placed on the plain surface of a rock level with the ground. It is a very hard, solid whinstone, of a quadrangular shape, approaching to the figure of a rhombus, of which the greater diagonal is seven feet, and the less five feet; its mean thickness is about two and a half feet, and its solid contents must therefore be 51,075 cubic feet; its weight must be about three tons and a half—the calculation being, that a stone of the same quality weighs eight stones three pounds the cubic foot. This mass of stone is nicely poised on one of its corners; and by pressing down either of the outer extremities, a rocking motion is produced, which may be increased so as to make the distance between their lowest depression and highest elevation a full foot. This stone makes twenty-six or more vibrations from one side to the other after the pressure is wholly withdrawn. On a hill in the parish of Kells, stewardry of Kirkcudbright, there is a vast rocking-stone, which, from its size, must be eight or ten tons weight, and it is so nicely balanced, that it can be easily set in motion. This stone, says Grose, is called by the country people the *Loggan Stone*, a name frequently given to such objects in Cornwall. It is not necessary to diverge into a regular examination of the Druidic remains of North Britain, which would be incompatible with a work of the present humble pretensions; but before leaving this branch of the subject, I must inform my readers of a few additional particulars necessary for their understanding some subsequent details on the popular antiquities of Scotland.—*To be continued.*

BRUNTFIELD.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE war carried on in Scotland, by the friends and enemies of Queen Mary, after her departure into England, was productive of an almost complete dissolution of order, and laid the foundation of many feuds, which were kept up by private families and individuals long after all political cause of hostility had ceased. Among the most remarkable quarrels which history or tradition has recorded as arising out of that civil broil, I know of none so deeply cherished or accompanied by so many romantic and peculiar circumstances, as one which took place between two old families of gentry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Stephen Bruntfield, laird of Craighouse, had been a zealous and disinterested partisan of the queen. Robert Moubray of Barnbogle was the friend successively of Murray and Morton, and distinguished himself very highly in their cause. During the year 1572, when Edinburgh Castle was maintained by

Kirkaldy of Grange in behalf of the queen, Stephen Bruntfield held out Craighouse in the same interest, and suffered a siege from a detachment of the forces of the Regent, commanded by the laird of Barnbogle. This latter baron, a man of fierce and brutal nature, entered life as a younger brother, and at an early period chose to cast his fate among the Protestant leaders, with a view of improving his fortunes. The death of his elder brother in rebellion at Langside, enabled the Regent Murray to reward his services with a grant of the patrimonial estate, of which he did not scruple to take possession by the strong hand, to the exclusion of his infant niece, the daughter of the late proprietor. Some incidents which occurred in the course of the war had inspired a mutual hatred of the most intense character into the breasts of Bruntfield and Moubray; and it was therefore with a feeling of strong personal animosity, as well as of political rancour, that the latter undertook the task of watching the motions of Bruntfield at Craighouse. Bruntfield, after holding out for many months, was obliged, along with his friends in Edinburgh Castle, to yield to the party of the Regent. Like Kirkaldy and Maitland of Lethington, he surrendered upon a promise of life and estate; but while his two friends perished, one by the hand of the executioner, the other by his own hand, he fell a victim to the stateless spite of his personal enemy, who, in conducting him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, took fire at some bitter expression on the part of the captive, and smote him dead upon the spot.

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. The lady of Craighouse had been an intimate of the unfortunate Mary, from her early years; was educated with her in France, in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women, as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the sufferings and death of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of her early years, the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years re-appear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world. One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over her mind.—REVENGE—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling, then known, was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned, at eighteen, a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child: but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king a charge of murder against the laird of Barnbogle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary. The intelligence was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber, prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation—"I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!" The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see

discharged. "Roger," she said, "will have the death of his brother, as well as that of his father, to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful."

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in barras with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and dispatched him. "Heaven's will be done!" said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; "but, *gratias Deo!* there still remains another chance."

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining far in the occident, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency was but just dead; Bayard was still alive—Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalled, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and, in many other respects, qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. "My last and dearest," she at length said, "and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary

Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The reverend shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow*, which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings."

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason, but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The laird of Barnbogle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and, instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law of the *per duellum* so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Frith of Forth, near the Castle of Barnbogle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level space, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, (the rabble not being permitted to approach), sat upon a rising ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the laird of Barnbogle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy, in the highest degree unpleasant. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour, might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers, who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and, planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or other. The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his adversary chiefly depended, and, by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray nearly *hors de combat*. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes, without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee, in a half-stupified state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and thrust it up to the hilt beneath the breastplate of his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and, rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him, with the most frantic eagerness, to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sword before her while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or, rather,

Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a feeling as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. She expired in the arms of her son, murmuring "Nunc dimittis, Domine," with her latest breath.

The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them by the kindness of Heaven; and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

The tale of Bruntfield is founded upon facts alluded to in the following extracts:—

(From *Birrell's Diary*.)

"1596, the 22d day of December, Stephin Bruntfield slain upon St Leonard's Craiges, as apieris, be James Carmichael, second son of the Laird of Carmichael [ancestor of the Hyndford family]."

"1597, the 15th of March, the single combat foughten betwixt Adam Bruntfield and James Carmichael; the said Adam challenged James Carmichael for murdering of his umle^d brothir Stephin Bruntfield, captain of Tantallon. The said Adam purchased a licence of his majesty, and fought the said James in Barnbogle Links before about five thousand gentlemen; and the said Adam, although but ane young man, and of mean stature, slew the said James Carmichael, he being as able a lyke man as was living."

(From *Anderson's History of Scotland*, MS. Adv. Lib.)

"Thai met in ane small inche by the sea, near to Barnbogle, my lord duke and sundry othere being their judges." The same work proceeds to state, that Carmichael first struck Bruntfield in "the lisk" (loin), which was returned with a stroke that felled Carmichael to the earth; Bruntfield then leapt upon the body of his adversary, and dispatched him with his dagger. He was then conducted back to the city with acclamations.

(From *Notes of a conversation on Local Antiquities*, with Sir Walter Scott, December 17, 1824.)

"We spoke of Bruntfield Links, an extensive downs in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Sir Walter said, that, in his young days, there was a stone near the upper end of that common, which was pointed out as the scene of a remarkable murder which took place at the end of the sixteenth century. The name of the murderer was Carmichael—of the slain man Bruntfield; and from this latter individual the common was said to have derived its name. According to tradition, the widow of Bruntfield had three sons, all of whom she brought up with the duty of revenging their father's death inculcated upon them, and with the view that each, as he successively reached the years of manhood, should challenge and fight Carmichael. Two did this, and met with their father's fate; but the youngest obtained leave from the king to fight Carmichael in public lists on the island of Cramond, where a vast assemblage of people, from every part of Scotland, met to witness the combat. Carmichael, though a tall and powerful man, compared with his opponent, was killed on the spot."

For notices of the Moubrays of Barnbogle, an honourable family now extinct, see Mr Pitcairn's excellent publication of "Criminal Trials."

THE BEGGAR'S DISH.

BURNS, in his "Jolly Beggars," likens a lady's mouth, rather irreverently, to an "awmos dish;" and perhaps few readers of the poems of that immortal bard are aware of what he means by the expression. The "awmos dish," or "beggar's dish," as it was more frequently called, was a wooden vessel, half platter, half bowl, with which every mendicant was formerly provided, as a regular and proper part of his professional accoutrements. All things are now changed—even the business of begging. The good honest mendicant of the days of our grandfathers, with his "remembered face," is no more; he has given way to a wretched demoralised race, the scum of large towns, the outcasts of nests of profligates, who are a disgrace to the formerly half-respected name of beggar. The awmos dish was a piece of furniture attached to the profession from a very early period. In the time of our Queen Mary, when the Protestants of the Netherlands first began to resist the tyranny of Philip II., the Count de Berlaumont contemptuously told the Princess of Parma, that she had nothing to fear from such a race of beggars—using the French word *gueux*. The Protestants seized upon and rejoiced in the title—*Les Gueux*! At a great dinner, held for the purpose of expressing their sentiments, the Marquis of Utrecht, who acted as president, descended from the chair, and, reappearing with a beggar's wallet upon his back, and a beggar's wooden cup in his hand, drank the general health in that vessel, which was immediately passed round the company, all of whom did the same. When these patriots afterwards, by a strange enthusiasm, assumed the garb of beggars, the wooden dish was part of the *properties*—to use the theatrical phrase—with which they supported the character. The vessel, which thus flourished in the sixteenth century, was generally used by the Scottish mendicants and tinklers till near the close of the eighteenth, when

the old honest system of mendicancy itself came to a close. Perhaps, if it were for nothing but its connection with one of the most heart-stirring tales of modern liberty, this object would deserve commemoration. Some attention, also, is due to it on account of its being the subject of simile of Burns. I shall therefore make no apology for presenting my readers with the following curious account of it, from the pen of a Peeblesshire shepherd, who is old enough to remember its general use. I print the article in the exact phraseology used by my correspondent:—

"The beggar's dish was used by two sets of persons—the itinerant and professed beggars, and the wandering tribes of gipsies. There was no difference in the shape and size of either; but the latter class had theirs often clasped with strong hooks here and there, or perhaps bound round the middle with a neat yellow hoop. As far as I can recollect, it varied in size from a pint and a half to two Scots pints of measure; but in my father's house at Etrick Hall, I remember one that would have holden, I think, between three and four pints, and it generally went by the appellation of "the beggar's dish." I never saw any other plates of their shape or form; they increased gradually in width from the bottom to the middle, and for about two inches more contracted hastily towards the brim, the edge of which was turned very thin, so thin that they often had rents in several places of their upper edge, and these cracks the tinklers held together with clear or yellow tin, or wire hooks, as noticed above. The beggar's dish was used for two purposes, to receive their *awmos*, and to carry broth, milk, porridge, &c. out to the road-side, where the men and beggar's children staid till the return of the wives from the farm-house, with what beverage they could collect either by entreaty or pilfry; and for carrying victuals the beggar's dish was well adapted, for, by its contracting so near the brim, it prevented from spilling what the good housewife had poured into it, and also kept the food warm and comfortable till it reached the principal horde: this case, however, was only applicable to the tinklers. The professional beggar presented himself and his wants all at once. I think I see him, as I have often done, leaning over a long pike stave, as it was called, and saying, 'Gudewife, I maun hae my awmos;' 'What d'ye take?' was then asked. In a hoarse, slow tone, it was then answered, 'Meal, or ony thing ye like.' The meal *rushy* was then sought, when the beggar from below his left arm drew out his beggar's dish, held it out, and into it the gudewife put half a dozen or half a score handfuls of meal; but the quantity was adjusted as the beggar stood high or low in the gudewife's esteem—as he was of good or bad report—as he was known or was a stranger in the place—or as he was known to have much or little need. He then poured it into a small sack, or meal pock, as it was called, which was slung over his right shoulder, and hung on his left side, below his left arm, and in above it thrust his dish, unless the gudewife gave him also *kale* or milk; this was also poured into his dish; then if there were many servants, &c. in the house at the time, the beggar generally went to the door, or went out where he could get a seat till he had eaten up his awmos; when this was done, and his pocks all equally balanced about him, he returned to the kitchen, thanked the gudewife for her kindness, wished all the family well, with peace and plenty among them; then leaning on a long white sturdy kent, well shod with iron on the foot, and which grated among the stones aye as he set it down, slowly retired from the hospitable door. The meal pock was made of sarken cloth, and had always a mealy appearance. The rest which hung about him were woollen, and in many cases were patched up with different pieces almost from all kinds of cloth: in these he carried bread, cheese, flesh, &c. or whatever he could not consume at a time; and it was afterwards good cheer, as he travelled over extensive wilds, or from one glen head to another.

"The meal pock, when well filled, I think, would have holden two stones of meal, and, as ye observe, was made up of all the different meals in the parish, or rather of a whole county. I know not by what appellation it was known among the beggars; but the country people called it *awmos meal*. Whenever they fell in with any that would buy of it, they never missed to sell some, though it had been but a pound at a time; and it was generally bought by the poorer sort of the people. I never noticed the real beggar seek his dish from any other place but his meal pock; but the tinkler wives wore one or two of their upper coats tucked up in the tails around their waist, yet hanging loose about, and this formed a large lap all around them, and out of this they invariably drew their beggar's dish. But in many parts of Scotland the beggar and his dish have altogether disappeared. I hope this is an indication of a national increase in riches and opulence in general, and of the prosperity and independence of the meanest class of the nation's inhabitants; but in days of yore, the well-known beggar, after he had travelled his annual round, was always a welcome guest at the farm-house; modestly, and yet with assurance, he took his seat at the ingle side, and talked—how powerfully he'd talk!—of cold and fertile soils and seasons, of backward springs, late har'sts, and winds and storms, and drifts, and floods, and frosts; and where he was, and how employed, the time they lasted. Next he'd talk of Tweed and all its feeders, as he ca'd them, which swell its current, and augment its stream; name all its haughs and holms, from Tweedhope Head to Berwick Law,

and every tenant's name who farms each fertile spot; and even at the yearly rent he'd guess, so informing and intelligent a person was the beggar.

"In the beggar's rounds now circling a set of young sturdy fellows, of a timorous yet menacing look. They have neither dish nor spoon, and several I have seen have not a shirt on their back. They are often seen in pairs; but how they subsist, or what means use to procure a livelihood, are alike unknown. Instead of the beggar with his honest front and plump rosy face, you now meet a little smart fellow, with a ragged coat, torn shoes, and his face much daubed with filth. He will generally, and with considerable sharpness, ask the time of the day, or the name of a farmstead in view, also the farmer's name, and that is all ye will know about him; he passes you, and the next traveller he meets, as he goes by he puts the same questions; but if ye had accosted the ancient beggar, he directly told (at least, at the smallest hint being given him) he told you of the state of labour through all the districts he had passed, of the forwardness or lateness of the braird, har'st, &c.; so that the beggar of former years was like a farmer's magazine to the country; and every new improvement of the soil or new implement of agriculture was described by him with wonderful precision and exactness."

LORD BROUGHAM.

"BROUGHAM," says Hazlitt, in one of his best papers on "the Spirit of the Age," and in his usual discriminating manner, was born and educated in Edinburgh, and represents that school of politics and political economy in the House.* [This was written before his lordship's accession to the peerage.] He differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details. He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of arguments in old authors—Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the latter in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprised of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull but he has notice of the lading. Our colonial policy—prison discipline—the state of the hulks—agricultural distress—commerce and manufactures—the bullion question—the Catholic question—the Bourbons or the Inquisition—domestic treason—foreign levy—nothing can come amiss to him. He is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs; is not baffled by Scotch law; and can follow the meaning of one of Mr Canning's speeches. With so many resources—with such variety and solidity of information—Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual debater. In so many details (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution), the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention, or the same interest in hearing, that he has in speaking; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field—in so interminable a career. He keeps a ledger, or a debtor and creditor account between the government and the country, posts so much actual crime, corruption, and injustice, against so much contingent advantage or sluggish prejudice, and at the bottom of the page brings in the balance of indignation and contempt where it is due. But people are not to be *calculated into* contempt and indignation on abstract grounds; for, however they may submit to this process where their own interests are concerned, in what regards the public good we believe they must see and feel instinctively, or not at all. There is, it is to be lamented, a good deal of froth as well as strength in the popular spirits, which will not admit of being *decanted*, or served out in formal dribbles; nor will spleen, the soul of opposition, bear to be corked up in square patent bottles, and kept for future use—in a word, Brougham is ticketed and labelled eloquence, registered, and *in numeris*, like the successive parts of a Scotch encyclo-

* The birth and existence of this illustrious orator depended upon a chance circumstance, which will strike every one with wonder. His lordship's father, it is well known, was proprietor of Brougham Hall, and a fine estate in the north of England, which still form the patrimony of the family. He was about to be married to a lady in his own neighbourhood, to whom he was passionately attached, and every preparation had been made for their nuptials, when, to Mr Brougham's great grief, his mistress sickened and died. To beguile himself of his sorrows, he determined on travelling, and came to Edinburgh, where, wandering about on the Castlehill—then a fashionable lounge, but now completely laid waste by "improvements," and deserted—viewing the city, he happened to inquire of a fellow-idler where he could find respectable and convenient lodgings. By this person he was directed—not to the New Town, or to any of the hotels, for at that time no such thing existed in the Scottish capital—but to Mrs Syme, sister of Principal Robertson the historian, widow of the Rev. Mr Syme, minister of Auloe, who then kept the largest and most genteel board and lodging establishment in town, in the second flat of M'Leilan's land (this Edinburgh phrase signifies a house from top to bottom), head of the Cowgate (marked No. 8), the front windows of which look straight up the Candlemaker Row, a tenement which, it may be remarked, forms the north wing of that quiet connecting the Cowgate with the Grassmarket, through which Reuben Syme made his escape from the rioters, and the execution of Captain Porteous, as detailed in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Here Mr Brougham forthwith proceeded to settle himself; and though he did not at first contemplate a permanent residence in this city, he soon found occasion to make that resolution; for, falling in love with Miss Syme, who was a young lady of great merit and beauty, he abandoned his early sorrows, and, espousing her, lived all the rest of his life in Edinburgh. He resided, for some time after his marriage in Mrs Syme's house; subsequently, he removed to St Andrew's Square in the New Town, then only commencing, and there, in a flat of that substantial corner edifice, having North St David Street on the west, and the square on the south, was Henry Brougham born.

pædia: it is clever, knowing, imposing, masterly—an extraordinary display of clearness of head, of quickness and energy of thought, of application and industry—but it is not the eloquence of the imagination of the heart, and will never save a nation or an individual from perdition. Brougham has one considerable advantage in a debate—he is overcome by no false modesty, no deference to others. But then, by a natural consequence or parity of reasoning, he has little sympathy with other people, and is liable to be mistaken in the effect his arguments will have upon them. His perceptions are literal, tenacious, *epileptic*; his understanding voracious of facts, and equally communicative of them, and he proceeds to

—pour out all as plain
As downright Shippin, or as old Montaigne,

without either the virulence of the one or the *bonhomie* of the other. The repeated, smart, unforeseen discharges of the truth, jar those that are next him. He is too improvident for a leader, too petulant for a partisan, and does not sufficiently consult those with whom he is supposed to act in concert. He sometimes leaves them in the lurch, and is sometimes left in the lurch by them. He wants the principle of co-operation. He frequently, in a fit of thoughtless levity, gives an unexpected turn to the political machine, which alarms older and more experienced heads; if he was not himself the first to get out of harm's way, and escape from the danger, it would be well. We hold, indeed, as a general rule, that no man born or bred in Scotland can be a great orator, unless he is a mere quack—or a great statesman, unless he turns plain knave. The national gravity is against the first—the national caution against the last. To a Scotchman, if a thing is, it is; there is an end of the question, with his opinion about it. He is positive and abrupt, and is not in the habit of conciliating the feelings or soothing the fallacies of others. His only way, therefore, to produce a popular effect, is to sail with the stream of prejudice, and to vent common dogmas. On the other hand, if a Scotchman, born or bred, comes to think at all of the feelings of others, it is not as they regard them, but as their opinion re-acts on his own interest and safety. He is therefore either pragmatical and offensive, or, if he tries to please, he becomes cowardly and fawning. His public spirit wants pliancy. He is as impracticable as a popular partisan, as he is mischievous as a tool of government.

Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. Brougham writes almost as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest, he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*; sometimes, indeed, wedging three or four articles into a single number. Such is the activity of his mind, that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to any thing, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and that in a very high degree. He speaks French, and we believe several other modern languages, fluently; is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in the latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundaries of the Rhine. This individual is in fact a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. [How true is the following remark!] There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass "no day without a line," visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. If any one possesses any advantage in a considerable degree, he may make himself master of nearly as many more as he pleases, by employing his spare time, and cultivating the waste faculties of the mind. While one person is determining on the choice of a profession or study, another shall have made a fortune, or gained a merited reputation. While one person is dreaming over the meaning of a word, another will have learned several languages. It is not incapacity, but indolence and indecision that afflict us. While we are walking backward and forward between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and sitting in the same coffeehouse every day, we might make the grand tour of Europe, and visit the Vatican and the Louvre.—[The distinguished statesman who has been the subject of the present sketch, has avoided this indolence of character, and is now reaping the reward of his toils and the cultivation of his genius. Among other means of enlarging his views, he has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions, of the Continent.]

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE NIGER.

THE *Literary Gazette* of February the 18th, has favoured us with the following interesting extract from the forthcoming work of the two brothers Landers, whose discovery of the estuary of the Niger has dis-

tinguished them among a crowd of intrepid African travellers:—

"We made no stop whatever on the river, not even at meal times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon, they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing-place, where we might rest a while, but we could find none; for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious toils we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon in endeavouring to find a landing at some village; and though we saw them distinctly enough from the water, we could not find a passage through the morasses behind which they lay. Therefore we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger. We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river seemed to vary considerably; sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere—we cared not where—and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually; and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously. But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus*; and others danced about, we knew not how. But what was more vexatious than all—after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, and the sounds of the people's voices ceased of a sudden; and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.' We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered, which was firm enough to bear our weight. Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came splashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them; but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew, who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first,

when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it. We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the Gewo Roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning; and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off, like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaourie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe was only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we had no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely; we should have had no occasion to land, except to obtain our provisions; and, having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night. Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in my life. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven p. m. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so strong, the sea washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but, at length, we got near a bank, which in some measure protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and, wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowered with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to blow—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle—still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward, till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe, drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water, to keep her afloat. The water elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but, fortunately, did not touch our canoe. The storm continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads."

EMIGRATION.

"I LEFT York," continues Mr Fergusson, "on Wednesday, May 11, in the stage, for Hamilton, at the head of Burlington Bay, it being my intention to stop at night, and diverge next day into the woods. The roads were yet unprepared for the season, and we travelled in an open waggon, the day fine, and, for the first time, somewhat sultry. It was interesting to observe the sudden transition from the streets of York to the solemn stillness of the forest; as, I think, we could not have proceeded above two or three miles, ere we were immersed in all the wild magnificence of a cedar swamp, and hemmed in by towering pines and hemlocks on every side. A cedar swamp forms an exception to a general rule, as it enjoys pure water, and secures health to its inhabitants, which is also the case where the hemlock, fir, and spruce abound. The land in such situations is not of the richest quality, sometimes sandy and poor; and the absence of fever and ague would seem to be granted, in compensation for diminished returns.

Our route lay through Toronto district; and I had the gratification of observing cultivation in every stage of its progress. There was the rude *shanty*, or log-hut, its owner wielding the axe against the stately vegetable columns around him, or employed in reducing them to ashes, while some were left standing, to blacken with the flames, or doomed to a protracted fate, under the operation of *girdling*, by which the bark is cut round the stem, and life destroyed. A little farther on we passed an older farm—the mansion and offices commodious and neat, rich orchards, loaded with blossom, fine wheat, and pasture and meadow land, healthy-looking children at every door, with pigs and poultry in abundance. As we passed each farmer's open door, we saw groups of old and young seated at their evening meal, neat, clean, and comfortably clad. In general, Canadians and Americans are deficient in what we call *dressing up their doors*; they are in fact so much engaged in heavier and more important work, that the period for training roses and honeysuckles has not yet arrived. We passed, however, one small property this evening, belonging to a Mr Adams, and laid out as a nursery (smile not at a nursery in America), filled with peach, apple, and pear trees, flowering shrubs, &c., and which, by its neat arrangement and excellent order, forms at once a contrast and an example to its neighbours. We encountered some very steep hills and some hazardous

roads, especially ascending and descending the banks of two considerable creeks or rivers, falling into Ontario. Large sums have been expended in levelling, &c., apparently with but indifferent judgment or success. I reached Summer's Tavern, thirty-five miles from York, about eight, and found a most obliging host, with comfortable accommodation."

Next day, Mr Fergusson visited the city of Guelph. "The road thither," he continues, "is through the finest forest scenery I had yet seen, and clearings were going forward in various places, and in every state of progress. I could not but admire the luxuriance and healthy appearance of the wheat and clover. The whole tract is upon limestone, and in some places the road passes over ridges of it absolutely inexhaustible. The cattle and pigs are but very indifferent. The state of the road may be in some measure estimated, from a party which I passed, consisting of three men and six oxen, that had been three days absent from home, which they would only reach that day, drawing a load under which a donkey would have trotted upon any British turnpike; and the whole extent of the journey not exceeding twenty miles. Guelph is situated in the Gore district, about eighty miles from York, and has been laid out upon an extensive scale. A fine stream flows past the town, and a large grist-mill is at work upon it. A good deal of land has been located in the neighbourhood, and the town may ultimately prosper. At present it wears a stagnant appearance, and conveys somewhat the idea of the cart preceding the horse. When farms become numerous, and a mill is erected in a convenient situation, a town soon grows up; but here the town has been hurried forward, in the hope of settling the land. A vast deal of capital has been expended on roads, &c., which must have so far benefited labourers, and tended in some measure to enable them to purchase lots; but at present a very desolate complexion marks Guelph as a city which may be very thankful to maintain its ground, and escape desertion. The price of company land is here about 15s. per acre, of good quality; and, I believe, from the unsteady character of some of the early settlers, good purchases of farms partially cleared are frequently to be had. Guelph stands upon a fine natural platform, with the river flowing round it. A good bridge was nearly finished when I was there, and an extensive line of road is intended to connect this with the Huron settlement at Goderich.

I spent the evening in company with Mr Prior, the acting manager, who has many arduous duties to perform. We conversed, of course, much upon the subject of emigration. His opinion coincides with the general conviction, that no steady industrious man can fail to prosper in Canada, according to his means. The commissioners are now greatly more circumspect in the character of settlers than was the case at first; and it is a leading object to obtain sober, moral, correct men, that a good neighbourhood may be every where secured.

In disposing of lots to settlers, two methods are adopted in Canada, and their respective advantages and disadvantages are warmly discussed. The one adopted by the Canada Company is to *insist* upon an instalment at entry. The other method is to leave payment of any portion optional to the settler, but carrying on an account of interest against him. The advocates of the first plan maintain, that, by paying down a certain sum at first, the settler feels an interest and a degree of independence which he would not otherwise experience, and that the sums advanced enable the landlord to make roads, erect bridges, mills, &c.; and farther, that as the black account is always running on, and a day of settling must arrive, for which the settlers are too often forgetful to provide, it ends in the abandonment of the farm, and in ruin to themselves and families. For the second plan, it is argued that many industrious worthy men have absolutely no capital to begin with, beyond what may be necessary to purchase oxen, ploughs, &c., and to maintain their families until a crop is gathered, and that to exact their pittance in such circumstances, is in fact to stifle their industry in its birth. By allowing time, and regularly balancing the account, taking occasionally what may be forthcoming either in cash, cattle, or grain, a poor man slips into clear possession without feeling any inconvenience. We shall find, that, as in most questions of the kind there is much to be said on both sides, and probably either plan may be followed with advantage in certain particular cases."—*Agricultural Journal*.—To be continued.

STEEL PLATES FOR ENGRAVING.

For several years past, sheet steel has been used in large quantities, instead of copperplates, by the engravers. By this fortunate application of so durable, and it may be added so economical a material, not only has a new field been discovered admirably suited to yield in perfection the richest and finest graphic productions which the ingenuity of modern art can accomplish, but to do so through an amazingly numerous series of impressions without perceptible deterioration. The art of engraving on iron or steel for purposes of ornament, and even for printing, in certain cases, is by no means a discovery of modern times; but the substitution of the latter material for copper, which has invited the superiority of the British burin to achievements hitherto unattempted by our artists, is entirely a modern practice.

In the year 1810, Mr Dyer, an American merchant residing in London, obtained a patent for certain improvements in the construction and method of using plates, and presses, &c., the principles of which were communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. This foreigner was Mr Jacob Perkins, an ingenious artist of New England, and whose name subsequently became so extensively known in this country, in connection with roller-press printing from hardened steel plates. The plates used by Mr Perkins were, on the average, about five-eighths of an inch thick; they were either of steel, so tempered as to admit of the operation of the engraver, or, as was more generally the case, of steel decarbonated, so as to become very pure soft iron, in which case, after they had received the work on the surface, they were case-hardened by cementation.

The decarbonating process was performed by enclosing the plate of cast steel, properly shaped, in a cast iron box or case filled about the plate to the thickness of about an inch, with oxide of iron or rusty iron filings. In this state the box is luted close, and placed on a regular fire, where it is kept at a red heat during from three to twelve days. Generally about nine days is sufficient to decarbonise a plate five eighths of an inch in thickness. When the engraving or etching has been executed, the plate is superficially converted into steel by placing it on a box as before, and surrounding it on all sides by a powder made of equal parts of burned bones and the cinders of burned animal matter, such as old shoes or leather. In this state the box, with its contents, closely luted, must be exposed to a blood-red heat for three hours; after which it is taken out of the fire, and plunged perpendicularly edgewise into cold water, which has been previously boiled, to throw off the air. By this means the plate becomes hardened, without the danger of warping or cracking. It is then tempered, or let down, by brightening the under surface of the plate with a bit of stone; after which it is heated by being placed upon a piece of hot iron, or melted lead, until the rubbed portion acquire a pale straw colour. For this purpose, however, the patentee expressed himself in favour of a bath of oil heated to the temperature of 460 degrees, or thereabouts, of Fahrenheit's scale. The plate being cooled in water, and polished on the surface, was ready for use.

A more material peculiarity in Mr Perkins's invention, and one which does not seem to have been approached by any preceding artist, was the contrivance of what are called *indenting cylinders*. These are rollers of two or three inches in diameter, and made of steel, decarbonised by the process before described, so as to be very soft. In this state they are made to roll backward and forward under a powerful pressure, over the surface of one of the hardened plates until all the figures, letters, or indentations, are communicated with exquisite precision, in sharp relief, upon the cylinder, which being carefully hardened and tempered, becomes by this means fitted to communicate an impression to other plates, by an operation similar to that by which it was originally figured. —*Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

THE CHOLERA—MUSSELBURGH.

Mr D. M. MOIR, surgeon, Musselburgh, well known in the world of *belles lettres*, by his poetic contributions, under the signature of Delta, to Blackwood's Magazine, and to the world of physic, by his recent History of Ancient Medicine, has found time, amidst the multitude of his professional duties, to throw together a few "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera, as that Disease is now exhibiting itself in Scotland." In these observations, the author is the unflinching advocate of the doctrine that cholera is *virulently contagious*, and in no case appears unless where there has been a communication or near contact with the affected. "In the malignant cholera," says he, "no sooner does a case show itself in any particular street or district, than, if entire isolation be not immediately effected, a second and a third follow, and at length the whole neighbourhood is subjected to its influence. Not a single case has occurred where communication with the infected could not be readily traced out; while, on the contrary, where intercourse has been completely cut off, the progress of the disease has been to a certainty arrested. Of the contagious nature of cholera, at least in this climate, I am as thoroughly convinced as of my own existence." Again—"It is quite a mistake to suppose that the disease is either so erratic or whimsical in its wanderings from district to district, as some would lead us to suppose, or that it will suddenly disappear, after having wreaked a desultory violence. This idea is founded on the erroneous supposition of its non-contagious nature, and a number of apparent illustrations have been brought forward in its support. The fact is, that cholera will nowhere abate or pass away while a victim susceptible of its influence remains, provided such be exposed to its contagion; and no doctrine more dangerous or destructive to the safety of society can be promulgated. Until all are made aware of the risk to which they are exposed, adopt every means of prevention, and keep beyond the pale of contagion, the disease will propagate itself, and appear and re-appear with renewed force. The necessity is therefore urgent for continuing every preventive restriction and regulation in full force; to isolate every case that can be managed; and to render the concentration of the pestilential forces

less virulent, by feeding and clothing the poor, as well as attending to the purification and cleanliness of their dwellings." While partly agreeing with Mr Moir that cholera is contagious, it does not seem necessary to believe that such a circumstance should in any way disprove the apparently erratic character of the disease, which may probably be conveyed by a letter, by the transportation of the most minute substance, from an infected to a non-infected district (physicians who have written on cholera seem to avoid mentioning the possibilities of the contagion being carried with goods); but it is equally obvious that, after all, it is taken only by those whose temperament or state of body predisposes them for receiving it.

If a predisposition in individuals be generally necessary for the reception of cholera, it would appear that some towns are more liable to its visitation than others. Musselburgh stands at the distance of five miles east from Edinburgh, on a flat, sandy site, at the mouth of the Esk, on its right bank, while Fisherrow lies on the left, both very little above the level of the sea. The Esk, though a small stream, covers a wide gravelly channel, and is crossed by an ancient and modern stone bridge, and two wooden bridges. The town is intersected by a mill-lead from the river, which is partly covered in. The High Street, which runs from west to east, is spacious, and the houses throughout the town are generally well built. In the outskirts are many isolated houses in the villa style. There are a number of lanes and mean thoroughfares, which have not hitherto been kept in the cleanest manner. Fisherrow is much inferior in appearance to Musselburgh, and presents an excellent field for cholera. It consists of a main and back street, with a number of narrow closes; and the fact is undeniable, that it has hitherto been one of the dirtiest towns in Scotland. The lower classes of both places, as in most of the towns of Mid-Lothian, have also been of intemperate habits, which are well known to be excellent preparatives for cholera.

A ROMAN CITY—POMPEII.

In describing a Roman city, our attention is first drawn to the Forum, the focus of business, the resort of pleasure, the scene of all political and legal contention. In the early ages of Rome, one open space probably served for all the public meetings of the people, whether for the purposes of traffic, for the administration of justice, or for meetings to deliberate upon public affairs. So in Greek, the same word, *agora*—derived from *agerio*, I collect—signifies equally a market, a place of assembly for citizens, and the assembly itself. As wealth and splendour increased, and business became more complicated, it was found to be inconvenient to have so many different occupations carried on together, and two classes of *fora* arose—*Venalia*, mere markets, as the Forum Bonarium, or ox market, Piscarium, fish market, &c.; and *Civilia*, those devoted to the other purposes of a place of assembly, of which, however, until the time of Julius Cæsar, there was but one. He built a second of extraordinary splendour, the area alone of which cost the enormous sum of £800,000, from which we may imagine the expense and splendour of the superstructure; and others were afterwards constructed by the emperors. For the country, however—at all events in small places like Pompeii—a single Forum continued to be sufficient. Some difference existed between the Greek and Roman *fora*, derived from the difference of the uses to which they were to be applied. The Greek were built square, with columns near each other, to give as much shelter as possible. On these was placed a marble architrave, supporting an upper ambulatory, or gallery for walking. This gallery the Romans retained (there appears to have been one at Pompeii); but the area, instead of being square, was oblong, and the pillars set at considerable intervals. These variations seem to have been made to give the greatest possible convenience for viewing shows of gladiators, which, previous to the building of amphitheatres, were exhibited in the Forum. In its simple state, it was merely an open area, surrounded by a colonnade, a sort of exchange; but in the period of Roman splendour, it was usually encompassed by a series of splendid public buildings, on which all the riches of architecture were lavished. Basilicæ, or courts of justice; Curia, or places of assembly for the senate or local magistracy; Tabulæria, where the public records were kept; temples, prisons, public granaries, all things necessary for the public pleasure or convenience, were here collected in immediate neighbourhood to each other. Various trades were exercised under the porticoes; the money-changers had their stalls below; the management of the public revenue was usually carried on in the gallery above. At one end, or in an adjoining basilica, the prætor usually administered justice; within were the rostra from which orators addressed the people. The liveliness and tumult of the scene, where all these employments were carried on, may well be imagined.

We now proceed to describe the Forum of Pompeii. Entering at the gate of Herculaneum, the main street of the town leads the visitor to the north-west corner. Here he gains admittance by a flight of steps leading downwards through an arch in a brick wall, still partially retaining the stucco by which it was covered. Remains of iron gates were found at several of the entrances, from whence it is inferred that they were closed at night. There is a smaller passage to the

right of the arch just mentioned, and between them a public fountain, attached to the wall. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area surrounded by columns and the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public buildings, the particular uses of which can in general only be conjectured. The red masses of brick, divested of their marble casings, the brown and yellow tints of the tufa, the fragments of white stucco attached to the shattered walls of the different edifices, and the pedestals which once supported statues commemorating those who had deserved well of their country, are all that now remain to attest its former beauty and magnificence. Around the west, south, and east sides, there runs a Grecian Doric colonnade, uninterrupted, except on the east, where the porticoes of the surrounding buildings in some instances come flush up to the colonnade, and in some places break the line of the upper gallery, preserving an interrupted communication below. Where this was the case, stairs ran up to the gallery; but probably there was also some communication between these several divisions of it, without descending to the ground. True it is, that as no vestige of this upper story remains, it may seem rash to assert its existence so boldly; but the traces of staircases, combined with the authority of Vitruvius, are sufficient to warrant us in doing so. Probably it was built of wood; this would account for its total disappearance. The diameter of the columns was two feet three and a half inches, their height twelve feet, the interval between them six feet ten inches. On the eastern side, there still remains a portion of an older arcade, which the inhabitants, at the time of the eruption, were in the course of replacing by the Doric portico. The pillars are of three materials—of fine white caserto stone, resembling marble; of ancient yellowish tufa; and of brick plastered. The wall by which we have entered is connected with the back of the building called by some the Temple of Jupiter, by others the Senaculum, or council-chamber. It is prostyle, and of the Corinthian order: the columns are pycnostyle, and the portico is pseudodipteral and hexastyle, or having six columns in the front. A row of columns runs on each side along the interior of the cella, which, as has been observed, leads us to suppose that it was hypæthral. It is probable that there were two ranges of columns within the cella, one above another, as at Pestum, the floor of a gallery resting on the lower tier, since the height of the exterior was such as to require two orders in the interior (where the columns were smaller) to reach the roof, the object of the columns being support, and not mere decoration. A narrow staircase at the back of the temple, concealed behind three small chambers at the end of the cella, the walls of which rise to the height of the first order of columns, confirms the belief that there was formerly a gallery. The clear space of the cell, within these chambers and the colonnade, was about forty-two feet by twenty-eight feet six inches. The interior has been painted; red and black are the predominant colours. Diamond-shaped pieces of marble form the centre division of the pavement, which is enclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. In the centre of the door-sill there are traces of holes for the bolts of folding doors. Upon the pavement, fragments of a colossal statue were discovered. This temple is placed on an elevated basement, or podium, which was ascended by many steps. Those nearest the columns are carried along the whole front of the portico, while the steps near the ground are narrow, and sunk in a low parapet, forming a basement to the upper flight. Greater breadth of effect and grandeur is communicated to the whole edifice by this mass of solid wall beneath the large columns which it seems to support. A magnificent example of this method of construction is to be seen in the portico of the London University. The dye of the basement inclines inwards; it is moulded above and below, and in front formed into pedestals, which are oblong, and adapted to receive equestrian statues. Near one of them a sun-dial was found. Pedestals were also added in front, at the angles of the basement of the portico. On the south-east, a side door in the basement leads to vaults beneath the temple. The whole of the building, constructed as it is of stone and lava, has been covered with a fine white cement made of marble, still retaining great hardness. The workmanship does not appear to be very good or exact. The columns, and the spaces between them, vary, none of them being equidistant. The diameters of the columns are three feet seven inches, and three feet eight inches, making their height, according to the proportions observed, approach to thirty-six feet—about the size of the lower order of St Paul's Cathedral—so that the whole height of the building was, including the basement, about sixty feet. Without the walls, its breadth was forty-three feet, and its length a hundred to the end of the portico. Add twenty feet to the flight of steps, and the total length is one hundred and twenty feet. Adjoining the south-western end of the basement, stand the ruins of an arch built of brick, and cased with slabs of white marble, fastened on the brickwork by iron clamps. This is conjectured to have been triumphal; but from its being connected with the temple of Jupiter by a low wall, reaching to the height of the adjoining basement, it is more probable that it was only the entrance to a court in front of what may have been the public granaries. This wall evidently proves that the whole was constructed, not for show, but use. Had the arch been triumphal, it would have been more solidly built,

isolated, and not disfigured by a small piece of wall attached to one side only, disfiguring also the basement of the most commanding building in the city. It may be presumed, therefore, to have formed the entrance to a court-yard before the granary and prisons, which are here situated at the north-west corner of the Forum; such a convenience being almost necessary to the former, for the unloading the grain apart from the crowd in the Forum; and to the latter, as an outlet where prisoners, it may be supposed, were allowed to take exercise under the eyes of their guards. Conduits of lead were frequently used in Pompeii, to conduct the water to the public fountains and private baths. These, however, the Neapolitan government have caused to be torn up, and sold for their value as old metal.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.

Hardy, in his Travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—"The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loreta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too precious to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend, still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the tintetero him. Availing himself of the cloud by which himself and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

It was in the setting in of the winter (says Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe*), and when the ground was but slightly covered with snow, that Elg and another peasant started in company for a very wild range of country to the southward of Brunberg, in the hopes that they might fall in with and ring the track of a bear; this being, as I have said, the most proper season for that purpose. But their search proved unsuccessful; and after the lapse of four or five days, during which they had either bivouacked on the ground or quartered at Saterwells, their provision being exhausted, they separated for their respective homes. In the afternoon of the same day, and when Elg was alone in a very wild part of the country, covered with much fallen timber and immense fragments of stone, he suddenly came upon the track of a bear; the next minute, and within a short distance from where he stood, he discovered in a cleft of a great mass of rocks, the den of the animal. As he had no confidence, how-

ever, in the lock of his rifle, he did not care to go immediately up to the den; he therefore mounted a pretty high stone, immediately overlooking it, at about fifteen paces distant. From this position he discovered the bear lying fast asleep near the entrance of the den; and as he got sight of her ear, under which is one of the most fatal places, he lost no time in levelling and discharging his rifle. For a moment after he had fired, the bear lay still, and, in consequence, Elg almost imagined she (for it was a female) was killed; had he thought otherwise, he would have had ample time to get out of her way; but presently the bear raised herself up, when, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, and uttering at the same time a terrific growl, she dashed at him (to use his own expression) "with the rapidity of a bullet out of a gun," and was close upon him in almost the twinkling of an eye. Very fortunate for Elg, the stone on which he was standing was situated in a declivity, the after part of it being some five or six feet from the ground; down this, in his hurry to escape, he tumbled all but headlong. It was well he did so, for the bear, followed by two of her cubs, which were more than half as large as herself, almost at the same instant made her spring, and passed clean and far over him. In this situation Elg lay for a short while, frightened, as he said, almost out of his senses; when finding all quiet, and supposing, as was the case, that the bears, from not seeing him, had taken themselves off to another part of the forest, he ventured to get up, and to reconnoitre the den; he then discovered that, besides the three which had made a leaping bar of his person, a fourth had taken an opposite direction. Though all four bears for this time made their escape, yet in the course of eight or ten successive weeks, Elg, with the assistance of several other peasants, managed to kill the whole of them. On taking the skin from the old bear, which he described to have been of a very large size, he found the ball which he had fired at her flattened out, and set fast on the back of her skull. By this it would appear that he had mistaken the position in which she was lying, so that, instead of aiming at the root of her ear, as he imagined was the case, he had fired at her lengthwise. Had his ball, however, been of any moderate size, this would not have been of much consequence; for if his gun was properly loaded, I take it, that, at so short a distance, her head would have been split in pieces.

ALEPPO.

The population of Aleppo (says Fuller, in his interesting *Tour through the Turkish empire*) is considerable, and almost exclusively Mahometan; for the Ensyrian idolaters reside chiefly in the villages, and not more than a hundred Christian families are now to be found at this primitive seat of their religion, all of them Greek schismatics. To one of the principal of these—a young man named Yussuff Saba—I had letters of introduction from Moosy Elias. He received me very kindly, but excused himself from lodging me in his house, which he said was in a state of great confusion. An old steward who had lived for many years in his family was going to be married; and, according to the customs of these countries, where the distinction between master and servant is not so strongly marked as among nations which have made a greater progress in refinement, the marriage was to take place at his master's house; and Yussuff, in order to show his respect for his old domestic, had determined that it should be celebrated with due magnificence. The ceremony was not to take place till two days afterwards, but the visitings and feastings had already commenced, and the bustle of preparation was at its height. Yussuff, therefore, provided me with an apartment at the house of his brother-in-law, another wealthy Christian, where he thought I should be more quiet than in his own. During the greater part of the next day, the rain kept me in-doors, and when evening came, I was glad to seek for amusement in a visit to the wedding party. I found a large assembly, chiefly composed of the Christian inhabitants of the town, but mixed with a few of the neighbouring Ensyrian peasants. In the middle of the room was an emaciated old man, with grey hair and beard, whom I soon discovered to be the family buffoon. The company seemed much amused by his odd sayings and grotesque attitudes; but the most effective part of his wit appeared to consist in the enormous quantity of aqua-vitæ which he drank, and at every draught there was a general peal of laughter. Nor did the other guests appear less disposed to imitate than to applaud old Simone, as a small glass was handed round every quarter of an hour, and I observed very few who ever allowed it to pass. The Christians in the north of Syria are extremely addicted to aqua-vitæ, partly from taste, and partly because their Mahometan neighbours are confined to water only. Drinking they therefore esteem a distinctive mark of their religion, and their zeal and orthodoxy are gauged by the quantity of strong liquors which they are able to swallow. The other amusements of the evening were singing and dancing, in which several of the company took a part. About an hour after midnight, the party broke up, having passed the evening with the greatest harmony, and without riot or excess.

THE CASCADE OF THE RAINBOW.

Stewart, in the course of his visit to the South Seas, describes a cascade which he saw in one of the Sandwich Islands:—"There is one object worthy of notice," says he, "in the vicinity of Byron Bay, which I had not previously an opportunity of visiting—a waterfall

in the river Wairuku. We landed at the mouth of the stream, on the wild rocks forming its precipitous banks. This place has been the favourite resort of our gentlemen; and the untiring feats of the islanders, in throwing themselves from some of the highest of the adjoining cliffs, thirty, forty, and fifty feet, into the basins below, and in gliding down the falls above the watering place, at the seeming hazard of being dashed to death, have daily afforded them great amusement. In many places the bed of the river is deep, apparently unfathomable; and, at such parts especially, the embankments are bold and abrupt, forty, sixty, and a hundred feet high, and generally perpendicular. The principal object of our ramble surpassed in novelty and beauty every anticipation. It is decidedly superior, in the variety of its points of interest, to any other of the kind I have ever seen. The projection of water is one hundred and ten feet in height, and the ascent causing it, in the view had from below, appears a natural bridge, spanning the basin into which the water is poured, in one broad arch, resting on either side upon massive abutments of basaltic rock. The arch, however, instead of being open entirely through, is the entrance of a deep recess or cavern, into the darkness and gloom of which the sight can scarce penetrate. The basin beneath, a perfect circle of some hundred yards diameter, was placid as a lake, except where the stream plunges into it from above, and completely walled in save at a single narrow outlet, by precipices of rock a hundred and fifty feet or more high, richly covered with moss, fern, and shrubbery. An isolated pyramidal peak, at the base of which we stood, rises directly opposite to the cascade; its formation, like that of the arch, being almost precisely that of the Giant's Causeway, possessing the same distinctive characteristics in form and in regularity of arrangement."

SOLDIERS' FUNERALS.

There is a simplicity and a decency in a military funeral, even in its plainest form, far surpassing in solemnity all the pomp and pageantry of the most sumptuous funeral in civil life. There, a number of hirelings, whose bodies only bear the garb of woe, while their countenances, gestures, and manner, betray indifference or a hackneyed observance of form, render the last offices to the deceased; and a hired vehicle, still smelling of its last inmate, bears the body to the grave, from which, perhaps, the bones of some old tenant of the sod are displaced, to make room for the new one, destined in process of time to a similar ejection. Here, the deceased soldier is borne to his last resting-place on the shoulders of his comrades; the flag under which he fought and died is the pall which covers his remains; the sword and other emblems of his profession, which surmount the body, speak more than the most eloquent funeral oration to the heart of the spectator; the martial music, in solemn cadence, disposes the soul to suitable emotions; the fresh grave, open to receive its first offering; the short but affecting ritual is pronounced by the lips of a brother soldier, perhaps in the faltering accents of friendship; and the last volley seems to announce the entrance of the immortal part into the portals of eternity.—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

PLEASURE.

In the common actions and diversions of our lives, the pleasure lies almost entirely in the pursuit and very little in the attainment. He that at whist should have four honours, six trumps, always dealt him, would lose his whole diversion, because he would have nothing to do but throw down his cards and win the game. In bowling, the player takes care to deliver his bowl aright; he runs after it, chides it, encourages it, writhes his body in all manner of contortions, as if to influence its bias, and in this consists his entertainment, for the joy of winning the game is over in a moment; he takes his stake, pockets it, and only thinks where to throw the jack for beginning another cast.—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

IMPERIAL ANECDOTE.

Napoleon, when sailing in a yacht in Holland, entered into conversation with the steersman, and asked him how much his vessel was worth? "My vessel!" said the man; "it is not mine: I should be too happy if it were: it would make my fortune." "Well, then," said the emperor, "I make you a present of it;" a favour for which the man, seemed not particularly grateful. His indifference was imputed to the phlegmatic temperament natural to his countrymen; but this was not the case. "What benefit has he conferred on me?" said he to one of his comrades, who was congratulating him; "he has spoken to me, and that is all: he has given me what was not his own to give—a fine present truly!" In the meantime, Duroc had purchased the vessel of the owner, and the receipt was put into the hands of the steersman, who, no longer doubting the reality of his good fortune, indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.—*Las Cases.*

TO RESTORE FROSTED POTATOES.

This is partially done by steeping potatoes, or any other frosted vegetable, in cold water till thawed. A better and more effectual method has been discovered by a Cumberland gentleman. This remedy is simply to allow the potatoes to remain in the pits after a severe frost, till the mild weather has set in for some weeks, and allow them to recover gradually. If once exposed to the atmospheric air, no art will recover frosted potatoes.

A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

The following account, given by Fuller, of a city labouring under the horrors of plague, cannot be perused without exciting a painful interest on the present occasion:—"We were," says he, in his *Turkish Tour*, "closely confined within the walls of the consulate, and all persons from without were as rigidly excluded. The gate which opened from the court into the street was strictly closed, and the only communication was through a hatch-door cut in it. The key of this was not entrusted even to the servants. Each of the company took charge of it in his turn for a day, and it was his business to see that every thing supposed capable of communicating the contagion was duly purified before it was allowed to pass into the house. These precautions were at any rate useful, as giving a feeling of security; but I have no doubt that the distinction between such objects as are called 'susceptible' (to use the technical phrase) and such as are not, is frequently arbitrary, and that the *index expurgatorius* in this, as in other instances, is tinged by prejudice and caprice. Happily, some of the articles of most frequent use, such as bread, iron, and wood, for example, were allowed to pass without suspicion; but meat and all animal substances, and money of every kind, were thrown with iron tongs or shovels into a large tub, and compelled to pass through the watery ordeal. Letters, books, and papers, on the other hand, are purified by fire, or at least by smoke, being placed on a sort of chafing-dish, and fumigated with a compound of drugs, which is any thing but aromatic; and if it should be necessary to affix a signature to any document, a plate of glass is introduced between the paper and the hand of the writer. The cats, who in their nocturnal rambles are supposed to carry with them the seeds of contagion, are condemned to indiscriminate slaughter whenever they are seen creeping along the walls or on the house tops; and when terror is at its height, even the flies are objects of alarm, and the sports of Domitian are revived."

ATHENS.

"We landed in the Piræus," says the Honourable George Keppel, a recent traveller in the East, "early in the morning, a party of nineteen from the ship. We shortly afterwards entered the gates, which were guarded by regular Turkish troops, and proceeded to visit the Bey, who lived in a house wretched enough, but the best in the town. The first object that met our view in the courtyard was the head of a Greek, hanging up by its long hair. By the appearance of the features, and the slightness of the moustache, it was that of a very young man. We partook of pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, and offered in return that without which we should have been most unwelcome visitors—a hamper containing six bottles of rum. The visit of ceremony performed, we went over the ruins. Ancient Athens has survived its successor; the pillars of majestic temples still stand, while shapeless heaps are nearly the only indications of the modern town. With the exception of the Turkish garrison, a few squalid looking Greeks, who cultivated the fields in the vicinity of the town, were the only population to be seen. After we had visited every thing worthy of notice within the walls, we went outside to see the superb temple of Adrian, walking in perfect ease and security between the Turkish garrison on our right hand, and the Greek army, who were in possession of the heights, at no great distance, on our left."

THE ISRAELITES OF MOUNT LEBANON.

Edward Daniel Clarke, one of the most pleasing of our modern descriptive travellers, and whose lamented death occurred in 1822, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century, he travelled through Russia, Egypt, and Palestine, every where making such observations on the character and manners of these nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar. When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Gennesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given us some new particulars respecting this curious people:—"They are," says Clarke, "the most extraordinary people on earth; singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They only eat what they earn by their own labour, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves; and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from among the women present! The calf is of gold, silver, or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was so incensed in descending from Mount Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf was a Cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses were held. For it is related, that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the earrings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in Scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstitions and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it you as one of the highest antiquities and

most curious relics of remote ages which has yet been found upon earth."

LORD STANHOPE'S CALCULATION ABOUT SNUFF-TAKING.

Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff boxes and handkerchiefs will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time, and that, by proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

HEAT.

One of the chief agents in chemistry, on whose proper application and management the success of a great number of its inquiries depends, and many of whose most important laws are disclosed to us by phenomena of a chemical nature, is *heat*. This word generally implies the sensation which we experience on approaching a fire; but in the sense it carries in physics, it denotes the cause, whatever it be, of that sensation, and of all the other phenomena which arise on the application of fire, or of any other heating cause. The most obvious sources of heat are, the sun, fire, animal life, fermentation, violent chemical actions of all kinds, friction, perception, lightning, or the electric discharge, in whatever manner produced, the sudden condensation of air, and others, so numerous, and so varied, as to show the extensive and important part it has to perform in the economy of nature. The discoveries of chemists, however, have referred most of these to the general head of chemical combination. Thus, fire, or the combustion of inflammable bodies, is nothing more than a violent chemical action attending the combination of their ingredients with the oxygen of the air. Animal heat is, in like manner, referable to a process bearing no remote analogy to a slow combustion, by which a portion of carbon, an inflammable principle existing in the blood, is united with the oxygen of the air in respiration, and thus carried off from the system: fermentation is nothing more than a decomposition of chemical elements loosely united, and their re-union in a more permanent state of combination. The analogy between the sun and terrestrial fire is so natural, as to have been chosen by Newton to exemplify the irresistible force of an inference derived from that principle. But the nature of the sun, and the mode in which its wonderful supply of light and heat is maintained, are involved in a mystery which every discovery that has been made, either in chemistry or optics, so far from elucidating, seems only to render more profound. Friction as a source of heat is well known; we rub our hands to warm them, and we grease the axles of carriage-wheels to prevent their setting fire to the wood—an accident which, in spite of this precaution, does sometimes happen. But the effect of friction, as the means of producing heat with little or no consumption of materials, was not fully understood till made the subject of direct experiment by Count Rumford, whose results appear to have established the extraordinary fact, that an unlimited supply of heat may be derived by friction from the same materials. Condensation, whether of air by pressure, or of metals by percussion, is another powerful source of heat. Thus, iron may be dexterously hammered so as to become red hot, and the rapid condensation of a confined portion of air will set tinder on fire.—*Herschell.*

ORANGES.

Of this cheap luxury, those chiefly used in England, are from Portugal, Malta, the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are from Seville, the export from which equals that of all these other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of 400 chests, and each chest contains 800 oranges; so that the average number exported from Seville is 12,800,000 oranges; of this number about 1-10th part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter is 120 reals a chest, which is 4½d. per dozen, or a farthing and a half each; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and to the grower sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree; the tree blossoms in March, and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then; but in this state they are, of course, unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number are shipped in January; if the fruit shipped so late as this, happens to be detained long on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but if the voyage be short, this is the finest

fruit that comes to the English market.—*Inglist's Spain.*

COMFORTS OF TRANSPORTATION.

The following extract is explanatory of the "comforts" enjoyed by convicts in Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales:—

Comfort 1st.—As soon as he lands, he is packed off sixty or seventy, or one hundred miles, into the interior, or he is placed in the prisoners' barracks—of which it would be only necessary for an hon. member to see the inside to convince him it was no joke—in either of which cases, if he has brought any trifles with him, he is sure to be relieved of them before the following day. If he does not lose his government clothing, he may consider himself fortunate; should he, however, do so, the following morning he may safely calculate upon

Comfort 2d.—In the shape of fifty lashes, or ten days' work on the tread-mill, or in the chain-gang.

Comfort 3d.—If he be assigned to a master in the town, and happens to take a glass of grog after his long voyage, it is a great chance if he lodge not in the watch-house for the night, and take "fifty" before breakfast in the morning, by way of "comfort."

Comfort 4th.—Travelling through a wild forest, without knowing his way, and surrounded, perhaps, by the hostile aborigines, who, so sure as they met, would kill him.

Comfort 5th.—Should he lose his way, and escape starvation in the bush, probably a sound flogging for not having arrived sooner at his master's house.

Comfort 6th.—Perpetual work, and no pay—in many cases hard labour, hard living, hard words, and hard usage.

We have hitherto spoken only of the reception met with by a well-disposed prisoner—one who wishes to reform. If he be in any way refractory, let the good people of England thoroughly understand that he is sure of a most adequate reward. A short answer, when spoken to by his master or overseer, or a common soldier, or even a convict constable, is a crime punishable by flogging; getting tipsy places him in the stocks; missing muster, may get him flogged, or into the chain-gang, where he works in irons on the roads. Should he commit any second offence, Macquarie Harbour, Port Macquarie, Norfolk Island, or Moreton Bay, is his fate, where every rigidity of discipline—nay, sometimes even cruelty—is exercised. The hardest of labour, and but one meal a-day, of the coarsest food, is the lot of the man who goes to a penal settlement. To these places it does not take felony to send a prisoner; many have been removed there for very trivial offences. The gallant colonel who wishes for places of horror and terror as receptacles for criminals, need not go far a-field; we can supply him with such places as would satisfy the most insatiate appetite for torturing and punishing. When men commit murder on purpose to be hanged, in preference to bearing the terrors of these places of secondary exile, it cannot be expected that they are in the enjoyment of much "comfort." This is no exposition tirade; nor is the statement made for our colonial readers; the facts are too well known here to require description. It is a true picture, intended for the eye of our numerous English readers.

DISTILLATION FROM MILK.

The possibility of obtaining ardent spirits from milk has been disputed by many chemists, but the experiments of Oseretshouesky of Petersburg have proved that it is possible. The result of his experiments is, that milk does not undergo the vinous fermentation, if the butter and cheese are taken from it—either must remain; and that whey, although it contains the whole of the sugar of milk, does not enter into the vinous fermentation, even although yeast be added.

FECONDITY OF THE VIPER.

Mr Robineau Desvoidy lately stated at the Academy of Sciences, that, on opening a viper, he found in the uterus more than 3000 little ones, in different states. We do not know what species of viper this was, but we know that on opening one of our own vipers from the island of Arran, we found only twelve young ones in it, which occupied the whole extent of the abdominal cavity.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.

The national precedence between the English and Scotch may be settled by this, that the Scotch are always asserting their superiority over the English, while the English never say a word about their superiority over the Scotch. The first have got together a great number of facts and arguments in their own favour; the last never trouble their heads about the matter, but have taken the point for granted as self-evident.—*Haslitt's "Characteristics."*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo's seal represented three rings enclosed one within the other, as expressive of the union which he had made in his mind of the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Michael Angelo lived to a very great, yet healthy old age. In the beginning of the 18th century, the Senator Buonarroti caused the vault to be opened at Florence in which his body was deposited. It was found perfect; and the dress of green velvet, and even the cap and slippers in which he was buried, were entire. He appeared to have been a small, well-set man, with a countenance of great severity.

COLUMN FOR THE FANCY.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING EXPLOITS.

In 1809, Messrs Austin and Foster shot upon the manor of Fobsey Magnus, in Cornwall, and killed, in the course of the day, 43 brace of birds. In addition to his partridges, Mr Austin killed five hares and a water-rail. Both gentlemen used spectacles.

On the 3d of September, Mr Lacey, of Wimborne-minster, shot upon the manor of Verwood, Dorsetshire, which contains only 2500 acres, thirty brace of partridges, ten brace of hares, and twelve couple of rabbits. He commenced his day's sport with the rising sun, and closed it at four o'clock. He was attended by six servants and four couple of pointers.

Lord Kingston made a considerable bet, to shoot forty brace of partridges on the 1st of September, on the manor of Heydon. He shot forty-one brace and a half.

On the 28th of January 1812, John Moseley, Esq. of Tofts, Norfolk, accompanied by eight friends, within five hours killed 8 partridges, 12 hares, 1 woodcock, 28 rabbits, 275 pheasants, amounting in the whole to 325, notwithstanding that nearly 600 pheasants had before been bagged on the same manor.

In the same year (1812), there were killed upon the manor of Riddlesworth, in Norfolk, 574 hares, 725 partridges, 701 pheasants, 49 snipes, 6 woodcocks, and 3402 rabbits, making in the whole 5548.

In 1811, when Lord Moira (Marquis of Hastings) and several other shots of distinction were on a visit to Mr Coke, in Norfolk, the following were bagged in six days:—264 pheasants, 314 partridges, 29 woodcocks, 46 snipes, 283 hares, 371 rabbits; total bagged, 1307.

In December 1808, at Gipping, near Stowmarket, the seat of Sir John Shelley, 91 hares, 64 pheasants, and 101 rabbits, were killed in one day by seven gentlemen.

The Duke of Rutland, at Cheveley Park, attended by his gamekeeper, killed 109 head of game. On the following day, all the sporting gentlemen and park-keepers went out, and killed as much game as filled four one-horse carts! The whole was dressed on the day of the grand jubilee.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

No man ever sacrificed so much time or so much property on practical or speculative sporting, as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory" ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four-in-hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description: in vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-driving skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bade fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

RUNNING IN A SACK.

In the month of November 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas a-side, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighbourhood of Islington: the one was to run one hundred yards in a sack in less time than the other should go twice the distance in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly afterwards, the man in the sack fell down, and the other, by some accident, tumbled over him, and they both scrambled to get up; the former, though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won the wager by about twenty seconds.

THE EXPEDITIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

In 1796, — Nicks, a noted highwayman, robbed a gentleman at Gad's Hill, in Kent, about four in the morning. Nicks, apprehending that he was known to the person he had robbed, made for Gravesend, where he lost a whole hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; yet, by crossing the country to Huntingdon, and then keeping to the northern road, he reached York, and appeared on the bowling-green in the evening, as he proved upon his trial for this robbery. The jury acquitted him, thinking it impossible he could be at two places so greatly distant between sun and sun.

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.

Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect state of existence.—*Ed.*

DANISH CHARACTER.

The character of the Danes is generally that of a quiet and intelligent people, of rather cold demeanour, and difficult of access, but very sincerely hospitable when the threshold of their door is passed. Their personal appearance resembles very remarkably that of the Lowland Scots. Of the lower orders, almost all have light hair; but it is observed that dark hair predominates among the middle classes, of whom a great proportion are foreign settlers. They are a nation of deep devotion to their country; and blown about as they have been by reverses, it is not unnatural that they should cling to their country with something of a passionate love, and that they should become eloquent in their vituperation of those whom they deem to have injured her. In such strains the songs of their poets commonly flow. There is, perhaps, no people which possess such a mine of patriotic poetry. From them assuredly Campbell must have borrowed the idea of his beautiful "Ode on the Battle of the Baltic," which very closely resembles in its construction the Danish National Hymn, "Kong Christian stod ved høien mast;" ("King Christian by the mainmast stood.")

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA.

"Napoli di Romania," says Keppel, "is the strongest, perhaps nearly the only, stronghold the Greeks possess. The principal works consist in the fortifications of Palmades, which occupy the heights that overhang the town. I was told, that a short time before I came, Count Heyden, in the expectation of a war with England, furnished the fort with guns, with the intention that they should be employed against us, in case of a rupture with our country."

ICELANDIC ADMONITIONS.

A venerable Icelandic writer, who lived at the end of the twelfth century, gives the following excellent advice for self-government, which it may surprise many a one should come from such a country, and from so remote a period:—"Accustom thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by over exertion. Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of soul. Be kind and gay, equitable and changeable [that is, of easy manners, and not stiff.] Avoid evil speaking, and give your counsel to him who will accept it. Seek the company of the best men. Keep thy tongue carefully; it may honour—it may also condemn thee. If thou wast angry, speak little, and that little not vehemently. Men would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power, than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering, and other foolish prate. There are other things to be avoided like the fiend himself—as sensual excesses, gaming, wagers, and other improprieties and vices. These are the roots of many worse evils, and, unless great care be taken, will hand thee over to great shame and sin."

BON MOT.

On one occasion the late Dr Barclay happened to dine in a large party, which was composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine-cup circulated, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and from the excitement of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest individuals present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Sir James Macintosh once told a political opponent, that so far from following his example of using hard words and soft arguments, he would pass, if possible, into the opposite extreme, and use soft words and hard arguments. But our unfledged M.D.'s disregarded the above salutary maxim, and made up in loudness what they wanted in learning. At length, one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *bow-wow-wowed* so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch, "I'm still, ye brute; for I am sure ye ken just as little about it as any o' them." We need hardly add, that this sally was followed by a hearty burst of laughter, in which even the disputants good-naturedly joined.

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THE PASSING CROWD.

THE "Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for a time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by Himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of

an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan, there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

TAM O' THE COWGATE.

THIS ludicrous name was conferred by King James the Sixth, of facetious memory, upon one of the most sagacious and respectable of his councillors, the first Earl of Haddington, who happened to reside in that dingy and now much despised street, the Cowgate of Edinburgh. Thomas Hamilton, who raised himself by his talents from the Scottish bar to the peerage, and became the founder of a great family, was perhaps the most remarkable public man of his age, next to Napier of Merchiston, and possibly one or two others; yet he is hardly known to the present generation. We happen to be able to remedy this defect to a very surprising degree; for circumstances have put us in possession of a number of traditionary and historical anecdotes respecting him, such as may bring him almost alive before the mind of a modern reader, in full connection with all contemporary circumstances. We may indeed be permitted to remark, that rarely can such a minute and faithfully drawn picture, as that which follows, be presented two hundred years after the subject of it is in his grave.

THOMAS HAMILTON, otherwise called TAM O' THE COWGATE, is represented, in Douglas's Peerage, as the son of Hamilton of Priestfield, a branch of the house of Innerwick, which in its turn was a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. Scott of Scotstarvit tells us, in his "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen," a very acrimonious and curious memoir, that his grandfather was a merchant in the West Bow of Edinburgh. If such was the case, it only renders the elevation of him of the Cowgate a little more honourable. The mother of our hero was Elizabeth Heriot, of the family of Trabrown, probably a relation of Agnes Heriot of Trawbrown, the mother of George Buchanan. He was born in the year 1563, received his university and legal education in France, and commenced practice in Edinburgh, as an advocate, in 1587. His talents very soon attracted attention. In 1592, he was raised to the bench, under the title of Lord Drumcarn. In 1595, he secured the office of King's Advocate; and next year he was found in the list of eight persons to whom King James committed the charge of all the state patronage and finances, and who from their number were called *Octavians*. After the departure of James from Scotland, in 1603, Tam o' the Cowgate was one of the Commissioners appointed on the part of Scotland to manage the proposed union with England; a scheme, however, which was not destined to be crowned with success for another century.

As he now enjoyed some very lucrative offices, and was singularly moderate in his expenses, he soon waxed rich. There was at this time a great deal of church

land under a very uncertain sort of proprietary, being only enjoyed by persons who had received grants of it from the Protestant regents in the minority of King James, and liable, it was generally thought, to be revoked, and again applied to ecclesiastical purposes, whenever the crown should be strong enough to carry such a measure into effect. This land came into the market occasionally in large lots, and was sold at low prices proportioned to the likelihood of its revocation. King James, after his translation to England, and subsequently King Charles, were perpetually threatening to restore the church to its former wealthy condition: the proprietors were of course in a state of great alarm during nearly the whole of these reigns. But Tam o' the Cowgate, who was himself a sturdy Presbyterian, appears to have had the shrewdness to see that the sovereign would never be able to effect a purpose so contrary to the genius of the nation; and, accordingly, he bought the lands with as much confidence as the sellers disposed of them with fear. He began his purchases in 1597, and in the course of about thirty years had acquired about twenty large estates, besides all the vast territories and jurisdictions which had once belonged to the Knights of St John, the successors of the Templars. On some of these estates he wrought gold and silver mines. This is not believed to have ever been a very profitable business in Scotland, though certainly the country is not deficient in these precious metals. Tam, however, was one of those persons who can make silk purses out of sows' ears. Having worked a silver mine in Linlithgowshire into something like a good character, he sold it to King James for five thousand pounds; and it is said that the poor monarch never made five shillings more by the concern, the vein being in reality exhausted.

As he increased in wealth, he increased in dignity, and was promoted in office. In 1612, he was appointed Lord Clerk Register, and Secretary of State, two excellent offices, though the salary attached to the latter was only one hundred pounds. In the following year he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Binning and Byres, and in 1616 he succeeded Lord Preston as President of the Court of Session, a seat which it was not then illegal for a peer to hold, though so declared to be in the subsequent reign. "For many years," says Mr Tytler, in his *Life of Sir Thomas Craig*, "he [Lord Binning] conjoined, with apparent ease to himself, and acknowledged advantage to the country, the occupations of these high offices. Nor was this all: he was a friend and patron of learned men; he was deeply read, not only in civil law, but in matters of state policy, and in general history. To those who, ignorant of its proper distribution, complain of the want of time, it may form a useful lesson to regard the multitudinous labours of this remarkable man. According to our modern notions of intellectual labour, the various notes and observations collected by him in the course of his studies, and the marginal references yet seen upon his books, would rather appear the relics of a life wholly devoted to literary labour, than the fruits of those scattered hours which must have been stolen from the duties of the bench, the severer labours of the council-board, or the pleasures and intrigues of a court." As a judge, he was chiefly remarkable for his shrewdness. "In an action for the improbation of a writ," says Forbes, in his *Journal of the Court of Session*, "which the lords were convinced was forged, but puzzled for want of clear proof, the Lord Binning, taking up the writ in his hand, and holding it betwixt him and the light, discovered the forgery by the stamp of the paper, the first paper of such a stamp being posterior to the date of the writ quarrelled." On another

occasion, a Highland witness had come to give evidence for his chief. The feudal ideas of clanship are well known, even in the present day, to be on some occasions opposed to the fair explication of the truth; and, if so now, it was still more the case in the time of Tam o' the Cowgate. Terror, however, and the questions of the President, had overpowered in Donald the love of the clan, and he had been compelled to tell the tale as it happened. On coming out of court, he met a clansman who had arrived on the same errand, and was going in to be examined. "Well, Donald," said he, "how did you come on?" "God knows!" replied his bewildered friend, "my wits are not just settled yet. But I am afraid I have told the truth." "Indeed! how could you do such a thing?" "Oh! to be sure, I began, and was going to tell my own way, when an awful man that sits in the middle broke in upon me with such a multitude of interrogatories, as they call them, that he quite dumfounded me, and then I lay at his mercy, and he whirled the truth out of me as easy as ye would wind the thread off a pin. He's a tall man, with a velvet cap on, and an eye in his head as quick and bright as a partridge. If ye would tell a good tale of the chief, beware of him!"*

In 1619, Tam was created Earl of Melrose, being then in possession of the lands of that abbacy. About eight years after, he procured this title to be changed for that of Haddington, on the plea that it was more honourable to have his *style* from a town than from a "kirk-living." But his descendant, the present earl, has recently regained the interesting title of Melrose, on being raised to the British peerage, which is the last, and not the least deserved honour of the family.

When Mylne wrote his account of Melrose, about 1750, he found a tradition, that the first earl was a somewhat severe landlord, and had thereby provoked the satire of Mr Thomas Forrester, the eccentric and poetical minister of that parish. It is not supposed, however, that there was any farther reason for such an unfavourable report, than that the earl was a good lawyer, and, as such, probably seemed strict in his claims upon his vassals and feuders. Though he was perhaps anxious to turn every thing to the best account, and certainly must have been possessed of great talents for money-making, since he became the richest man of his time in Scotland, he is not remembered as having been what is called *miserly*—a disposition as seldom connected with a degree of ambition like his, as is want of foliage the characteristic of tall trees. On the contrary, to judge by the traditions of his family, he possessed a vivacity of temper not generally enduring of the slow pace of avarice. The old lord was one evening, after a day's hard labour in the public service, solacing himself with a friend, over a flask of wine, in his house in the Cowgate—attired for his better ease in a nightgown, cap, and slippers—when he was suddenly disturbed by a great hubbub, which arose under his window in the open street. This soon turned out to be a *bicker* between the High School youths and those of the College; and it also appeared that the latter, fully victorious, were, notwithstanding a valiant defence, in the act of driving their antagonists before them. The Earl of Haddington's sympathies were instantly and warmly awakened in favour of the retiring party, for he had been brought up at the High School, and going from thence to complete his education at Paris, had no similar reason to affect the College. He therefore sprang up, dashed into the street, sided with and rallied the fugitives, and took a most animated share in the combat that ensued, so that, finally, the High School youths, acquiring fresh strength and valour at seeing themselves befriended by the prime judge and privy-councillor of their country (though only in his nightgown and slippers), succeeded in turning the scale of victory upon the College youths, in spite of their superior individual ages and strength. The earl, who assumed the command of the party, and did not hesitate to excite their spirits by word as well as action, was not content till he had pursued the Collegians through the Grassmarket, and out at the West Port, the gate of which he locked against their return, thus compelling them to spend the whole night in the suburbs and fields. He then returned home in triumph to his castle of comfort in the Cowgate, and resumed, where he had left off, the enjoyment of his friend and flask. We can easily imagine what a rare jest this must have been for "King Jamie."

When this monarch visited Scotland in 1617, he found the old statesman very rich, and was informed that the people believed him to be in possession of the Philosopher's Stone; there being no other feasible mode of accounting for his immense wealth, which rather seemed the effect of supernatural agency than of worldly prudence or talent. King James, quite tickled with the idea of the Philosopher's Stone, and of so enviable a talisman having fallen into the hands of a Scottish judge, was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation, has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king, and the rest of the company present, to come to his house in the Cowgate next day,

when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his castle thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their hearts' content. After dinner, the king remained him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims—"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day—nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute." He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary,

This only is the witchcraft I have used.

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be, like the subject of Hamlet's reading, mere "words;" but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding, that these admirable apophthegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of "TAM O' THE COWGATE'S PHILOSOPHER'S STONE." The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland; for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbyterianism had passed away and been forgotten, *Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone* was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.

A striking and most ludicrous idea may be obtained from the following anecdote, of the estimation in which the wisdom of the Earl of Haddington was held by the king, and at the same time, perhaps, of that singular monarch's usual mode of speech. It must be understood, by way of prefatory illustration, that King James, who was the author of the earl's popular appellation, "*Tam o' the Cowgate*," had a custom of bestowing such ridiculous *sobriquets* on his principal councillors and courtiers. Thus he conferred upon that grave and sagacious statesman, John Earl of Marr, the nickname *Jock o' the Sklates*—probably in allusion to some circumstance which occurred in their young days, when they were the fellow-pupils of Buchanan. On hearing of an alliance between the Haddington and the Marr families, his majesty exclaimed, betwixt jest and earnest, "the Lord haud a grup o' me! if Tam o' the Cowgate's son marry Jock o' the Sklates daughter, what will come o' me?" The good-natured monarch probably apprehended that so close a union betwixt two of his most subtle statesmen might make them too much for their master—as hounds are most dangerous when they hunt in couples.

The Earl of Haddington died in 1637, full of years and honours. At Tynningham,† the seat of his descendant, the present earl, there are two portraits of his lordship, one a half length, the other a head. Both have the same costume, namely, the gown of the keeper of the Privy Seal, of black satin, twisted with gold, a ruff, &c. The face represents a man of sixty-four and upwards, with a very short crop of hair, which, originally light-coloured or reddish, has become grey through age. His features are thin and sharp, expressive of peculiar acuteness; the forehead narrow, tall, and wrinkled; while the dark hazel hue of his "partridge-eye" quite justifies the Highlander's expression. At Tynningham is also preserved his state dress; and it is a circumstance too characteristic to be overlooked, that in the crimson velvet breeches there are no fewer than *nine pockets*! Among many of the earl's papers which remain in Tynningham House, one contains a memorandum, conveying a curious idea of the way in which public and political affairs were then managed in Scotland. The paper contains the heads of a petition in his own hand writing to the Privy Council; and at the end is a note "to gar the Chancellor" do something else in his behalf.

The cynical Scotstarvit, who could find throughout the continued sunshine of the earl's prosperity, scarcely a single shade whereon to exercise his malicious pencil, records with his usual satisfaction, that, if his lordship was fortunate till the day of his death, at least his children were involved in disasters and poverty. This seems to have been fully as much, however, the result of accident and the troubles of the civil war, as of any degeneracy in point of personal talent or virtue. The second earl (Thomas) joined the Covenanters, and was made colonel of one of their regiments. In 1640, when stationed at Duglass Castle, in East-Lothian, in order to watch the motions of the garrison of Berwick, he met his death in the following singular manner.—His lordship had for his page an English boy, named Edward Paris, whose temper he had the misfortune to exasperate one day, by telling him jestingly before company that his countrymen were a pack of cowards, for having suffered themselves to be beaten, and run away, at Newburn. The boy resolved upon revenging this insult in the most decisive manner, and

that not only upon the author of it, but also upon those who had witnessed and partaken in it. Sir James Balfour says, that Paris was entrusted with the key of the powder vault, and that Lord Haddington reposed so much confidence in the youth, that he considered no other individual of his company so worthy of this important charge. He paid dearly for his jest, and for this misplaced confidence. On Sunday the 30th of August, at noon, as the earl and many of his officers and vassals were standing in the courtyard of the castle, the page went down to the vault, and, with the utmost deliberation, thrust a hot iron into one of the powder barrels, which instantly exploding, blew the principal building of the castle into the air, with all the people in it, and threw down the side-walls of the court upon the unfortunate Earl and his attendants. Lord Haddington, with his brother and other kinsmen, all the tenants, it is said, of the estate of Tynningham, about thirty gentlemen, a great number of soldiers, and not fewer than fifty-four male and female servants, perished in this dreadful calamity, together with the wretched page himself, of whose body no part was ever found, except an arm, the hand of which still grasped the iron spoon with which it had kindled the barrel! While the surviving children of Tam o' the Cowgate shared in the misfortunes of the time, or dilapidated their patrimonies by what Sir John Scott calls their riotous style of living, the line of the family was carried on by a series of luckless representatives, in whose hands the immense estates acquired by their sagacious ancestor rapidly disappeared. The eldest son of the second earl died before he came of age, after having made an imprudent match with a beautiful and accomplished, but profligate Frenchwoman, who in little more than six months of married life involved his estates in such debts as were not fully paid by his successors in twice as many years.* Other minorities succeeded, and were attended in those disastrous times with effects the very reverse of those which are now so favourable to infantine heirs. The languishing talent and impaired wealth of the family were, however, at length revived by an alliance with that of the celebrated Chancellor, the Duke of Rothes; from which proceeded two successive generations of poets, and other *ignes minores*,† whose spirited characters reflected back credit on the name of their distinguished ancestor. It is needless to remind the reader that another century has not seen this second flame exhibit symptoms of decay.

To all that has been said respecting the philosopher of the Cowgate, we may add, that, though his land-buying propensities were such and so well known that every body who wished to reduce their "dirty acres" to the pleasant form of cash, thought of applying to nobody but him, yet he does not seem to have ever felt a desire of living in a house of his own property. What makes the circumstance of his continuing to *rent* the house in the Cowgate the more remarkable, is, that the son of his landlord, Macgill, was "in a *selling way*" long before the decease of the Earl of Haddington. We can only account for this seeming inconsistency, by supposing that the earl had got an exceedingly long and exceedingly cheap lease of the house when he first inhabited it, and found the rent which he paid for it to be less than the interest or yearly value of its purchase money. That the rent was very moderate, is proved by a circumstance still remembered in the family, namely, that he also rented a tenement on the opposite side of the Cowgate, which he occupied as a coach-house and stables, and the rent of which, though perhaps little enough, caused him to complain, not without some show of reason, that he paid more for his stables than for his house!

THE FRENCH VILLAGE,

AN AMERICAN DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

On the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village, which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp, which, during the summer heats, was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypresses, whose interwoven branches and close foliage excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenanted—and there were seasons when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the parroquets, that chattered among the

* This lady (Henrietta de Coligny, great granddaughter of the celebrated Admiral Coligny) afterwards married a Huguenot Count, from whom she speedily got herself separated; and as she turned Catholic immediately after, Christina, Queen of Sweden, took occasion to say that her apostasy was owing to her hatred to her husband, for she had desired never again to meet him either in this world or the next.

† One of these was a *tuken magnum*, the late Lord Hailes, whose mother was the sister of the amiable, witty, and unfortunate Lord Binning.

* The story is thus told in a somewhat amplified manner by Mr Tytler, from the original anecdote in Forbes's *Scotsman*.

† The earl rented, from Macgill of Rankellor, that fine old house, or rather palace, which latterly went under the name of Merchants' Court, and has recently been removed to make way for one of the new bridges giving access to the Old Town.

† The old earl had a watch-tower at the top of his house, where he used to sit whole days (when not better employed) making observations of the proceedings of his labourers and work people out of doors.

boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight, as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of mosquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum; and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of mosquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted, the gaiety of this happy people. When the mosquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up not only a brisk fire, but a dense smoke against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet—the fiddler flourished his bow—and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, and fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and of prey.

Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with numerous flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety than here and there a huge mound—the venerable monument of departed ages—or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bold peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slyly retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasturage. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude by any lady or gentleman who chose to take the trouble.

This little colony was composed partly of emigrants from France, and partly of natives—not Indians, but *bona fide* French, born in America, but preserving their language, their manners, and their agility in dancing, although several generations had passed away since their first settlement. Here they lived perfectly happy; and well they might; for they enjoyed, to the full extent, those three blessings on which our declaration of independence has laid so much stress—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

If this village had no other recommendation, it is endeared to my recollection as the birth-place and residence of Monsieur Baptiste Menou, who was one of its principal inhabitants when I first visited it. He was a bachelor of forty, a tall, lank, hard-featured personage, as straight as a ramrod, and almost as thin, with stiff black hair, sunken cheeks, and a complexion a tinge darker than that of the aborigines. His person was remarkably erect, his countenance grave, his gait deliberate; and when to all this he added an enormous pair of sable whiskers, it will be admitted that Monsieur Baptiste was no insignificant person. He had many estimable qualities of mind and body, which endeared him to his friends, whose respect was increased by the fact of his having been a soldier and a traveller.

Across the street, immediately opposite to Mons. Baptiste, lived Mademoiselle Jeanette Duval, a lady who resembled him in some respects, but, in many others, was his very antipode. Like him, she was cheerful and happy, and single; but, unlike him, she was brisk, and fat, and plump. Monsieur was the very pink of gravity; Mademoiselle was blessed with a goodly portion thereof—but her's was specific gravity. Her hair was dark, but her heart was light; and her eyes, though black, were as brilliant a pair of orbs as ever beamed upon the dreary solitude of a bachelor's heart. Jeanette's heels were as light as her heart, and her tongue as active as her heels: so that, notwithstanding her rotundity, she was as brisk a Frenchwoman as ever frisked through the mazes of a cotillion. To sum up her perfections, her complexion was of a darker olive than the genial sun of France confers on her brunettes; and her skin was as smooth and shining as polished mahogany. Her whole household consisted of herself and a female negro servant. A spacious garden, which surrounded her house, a pony, and a herd of cattle, constituted, in addition to her personal charms, all the wealth of this amiable spinster. But with these she was rich, as they supplied her table, without adding much to her cares.

Baptiste and Jeanette were the best of neighbours. He always rose at the dawn, and after lighting his pipe, sallied forth into the open air, where Jeanette usually made her appearance at the same time; for there was an emulation, of long standing, between them, which should be the earliest riser.

"Bon jour! Mam'selle Jeanette," was his daily salutation.

"Ah! bon jour! bon jour! Monsieur Menou," was her daily reply.

Then, as he gradually approximated the little paling which surrounded her door, he hoped Mam'selle was well this morning, and she reiterated the kind inquiry, but with increased emphasis. Then Monsieur in-

quired after Mam'selle's pony, and Mam'selle's cow, and her garden, and every thing appertaining to her, real, personal, and mixed; and she displayed a corresponding interest in all concerns of her kind neighbour. These discussions were mutually beneficial. If Mam'selle's cattle ailed, or if her pony was guilty of any impropriety, who so able to advise her as Mons. Baptiste?—and if his plants drooped or his poultry died, who so skilful in such matters, as Mam'selle Jeanette? Sometimes Baptiste forgot his pipe, in the superior interest of the *tête-à-tête*, and must needs step in to light it at Jeanette's fire, which caused the gossips of the village to say that he purposely let his pipe go out, in order that he might himself go in. But he denied this: and indeed, before offering to enter the dwelling of Mam'selle on such occasions, he usually solicited permission to light his pipe at Jeanette's sparkling eyes—a compliment at which, although it had been repeated some scores of times, Mam'selle never failed to laugh and curtsy, with great good humour and good breeding.

It cannot be supposed that a bachelor of so much discernment could long remain insensible to the galaxy of charms which centred in the person of Mam'selle Jeanette; and, accordingly, it was currently reported that a courtship of some ten years' standing had been slyly conducted on his part, and as cunningly eluded on hers. It was not averred that Baptiste had actually gone the fearful length of offering his hand, or that Jeanette had been so imprudent as to discourage, far less reject, a lover of such respectable pretensions. But there was thought to exist a strong hankering on the part of the gentleman, which the lady managed so skilfully as to keep his mind in a kind of equilibrium, like that of the patient animal between the two bundles of hay; so that he would sometimes halt in the street, midway between the two cottages, and cast furtive glances, first at the one and then at the other, as if weighing the balance of comfort; while the increased volume of smoke which issued from his mouth seemed to argue that the fire of his love had other fuel than tobacco, and was literally consuming the inward man.

Such was the situation of affairs when I first visited this village, about the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The news of that event had just reached this sequestered spot, and was but indifferently relished. Independently of the national attachment which all men feel, and the French so justly, the inhabitants of this region had reason to prefer to all others the government which had afforded them protection, without constraining their freedom, or subjecting them to any burdens; and with the kindest feelings towards the Americans, they would willingly have dispensed with any nearer connection than that which already existed. They, however, said little on the subject; and that little was expressive of their cheerful acquiescence in the honour done them by the American people in buying the country, which the emperor had done them the honour to sell.

I remained several weeks at this hospitable village. Few evenings passed without a dance, at which all were assembled, young and old; the mothers vying in agility with their daughters, and the old men setting examples of gallantry to the young. I accompanied their young men to the Indian towns, and was hospitably entertained. I followed them to the chase, and witnessed the fall of many a noble buck. In their light canoes, I glided over the turbid waters of the Mississippi, or through the labyrinths of the morass, in pursuit of water-fowl. I visited the mounds where the bones of thousands of warriors were mouldering, overgrown with prairie violets, and thousands of nameless flowers. I saw the moccasin snake basking in the sun, the elk feeding on the prairie; and returned to mingle in the amusements of a circle, where, if there was not Parisian elegance, there was more than Parisian cordiality.

Several years passed away before I again visited this country. The jurisdiction of the American government was now extended over this immense region, and its beneficial effects were beginning to be widely disseminated. The roads were crowded with the teams and herds and families of emigrants hastening to the land of promise. Steam-boats navigated every stream, the axe was heard in every forest, and the plough broke the sod whose verdure had covered the prairie for ages.

It was sunset when I reached the margin of the prairie on which the village is situated. My horse, wearied with a long day's travel, sprang forward with new vigour when his hoof struck the smooth firm road which led across the plain. It was a narrow path, winding among the tall grass, now tinged with the mellow hues of autumn. I gazed with delight over the beautiful surface. The mounds and the solitary trees were there, just as I had left them, and they were familiar to my eye as the objects of yesterday. It was eight miles across the prairie, and I had not passed half the distance when night set in. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the village, but two large mounds and a clump of trees which intervened defeated my purpose. I thought of Gabrielle, and Jeanette, and Baptiste, and the priest—the fiddlers, dances, and French ponies; and fancied every minute an hour, and every foot a mile, which separated me from scenes and persons so deeply impressed on my imagination.

At length I passed the mounds, and beheld the lights twinkling in the village, now about two miles off, like

a brilliant constellation in the horizon. The lights seemed very numerous—I thought they moved; and at last discovered that they were rapidly passing about. "What can be going on in the village?" thought I—then a strain of music met my ear. "They are going to dance," said I, striking my spurs into my jaded nag, "and I shall see all my friends together." But as I drew near, a volume of sounds burst upon me, such as defied all conjecture. Fiddles, flutes, and tambourines, drums, cow-horns, tin trumpets, and kettles, mingled their discordant notes with a strange accompaniment of laughter, shouts, and singing. This singular concert proceeded from a mob of men and boys, who paraded through the streets preceded by one who blew an immense tin horn, and ever and anon they shouted, to which the mob responded. I now recollected to have heard of a custom which prevails among the American French, of serenading at marriages; and I rode towards the crowd, who had halted before a well-known door, to ascertain who were the happy parties, and soon learned that they were Monsieur Baptiste Menou and Mam'selle Jeanette Duval, of whom I have already spoken.

The door of the little cabin, whose hospitable threshold I had so often crossed, now opened, and Baptiste made his appearance—the identical, sallow, erect personage with whom I had parted several years before, with the same pipe in his mouth. His visage was as long and as melancholy as ever, except that there was a slight tinge of triumph in its expression, and a bashful casting down of the eye; reminding one of a conqueror proud but modest in his glory. He gazed with an embarrassed air at the serenaders, bowing repeatedly, as if conscious that he was the hero of the night.

I retired to my former quarters, at the house of an old settler—a little, shrivelled, facetious Frenchman, whom I found in his red flannel nightcap, smoking his pipe, and seated, like Jupiter, in the midst of clouds of his own creating, talking of merry doings in the village.

Upon after inquiry, I found that many causes of discontent had combined to embitter the lot of my simple-hearted friends. Their ancient allies, the Indians, had sold their hunting grounds, and their removal deprived the village of its only branch of commerce. Surveyors were busily employed in measuring off the whole country, with the avowed intention on the part of the government of converting into private property those beautiful regions which had heretofore been free to all who trod the soil, or breathed the air. Portions of it were already thus occupied. Farms and villages were spreading over the country with alarming rapidity, deforming the face of nature, and scaring the elk and the buffalo from their long frequented ranges. Yankees and Kentuckians were pouring in, bringing with them the selfish distinctions and destructive spirit of society. Settlements were planted in the immediate vicinity of the village, and the ancient heritage of the ponies was invaded by the ignoble beasts of the interlopers.

From that time the village began to depopulate. Some of its inhabitants followed the footsteps of the Indians, and continue to this day to trade between them and the whites, forming a kind of link between civilised and savage men. A larger portion, headed by the priest, floated down the Mississippi, to seek congenial society among the sugar plantations of their countrymen in the south. They found a pleasant spot on the margin of a large bayou, whose placid stream was enlivened by droves of alligators, sporting their innocent gambols on its surface. Swamps, extending in every direction, protected them from farther intrusion. Here a new village arose, and a young generation of French was born, as happy and as careless as that which is passing away.

Baptiste alone adhered to the soil of his fathers, and Jeanette, in obedience to her marriage vow, cleaved to Baptiste. He sometimes talked of following his clan; but when the hour came, he could never summon fortitude to pull up his stakes. He had passed so many happy years of single blessedness in his own cabin, and had been so long accustomed to view that of Jeanette with a wistful eye, that they had become necessary to his happiness. Like other idle bachelors, he had had his day-dreams, pointing to future enjoyment. He had been for years planning the junction of his domains with those of his fair neighbour; had arranged how the fences were to intersect, the fields to be enlarged, and the whole to be managed by the thrifty economy of his partner. All these plans were now about to be realised; and he wisely concluded that he could smoke his pipe and talk to Jeanette as comfortably here as elsewhere; and as he had not danced for many years, and Jeanette was growing rather too corpulent for that exercise, he reasoned that even the deprivation of the fiddlers and king-balls could be borne. Jeanette loved comfort too; but having besides a sharp eye for the main chance, was governed by a deeper policy. By a prudent appropriation of her own savings and those of her husband, she purchased from the emigrants many of the fairest acres in the village, and thus secured an ample property.

A large log-house has since been erected in the space between the cottages of Baptiste and Jeanette, which form wings to the main building, and are carefully preserved in remembrance of old times. All the neighbouring houses have fallen down, and a few heaps of rubbish, surrounded by corn fields, show

where they stood. All is changed, except the two proprietors, who live here in ease and plenty, exhibiting, in their old age, the same amiable character which in early life won for them the respect and love of their neighbours, and of each other.

POLAND IN 1830.

THE following statistical notices of that most unfortunate country, Poland, as drawn up by Dr B. Zaydler, a Polish writer, and which appeared in a recent Italian journal, cannot fail to be perused with interest at the present time:—

“The kingdom of Poland is divided into the following palatinates—Masovia, Cracow, Sandomer, Kalisz, Lublin, Plotsk, and Augustowa. The population, according to the last census in 1829, was (exclusive of the army) 4,088,290, which may be thus classed:—

<i>By their several races—</i>	
The real Poles,	3,000,000
Rusini, or Rusnicks, from the eastern parts of ancient Poland,	100,000
Lithuanians,	200,000
Germans,	300,000
Jews,	400,000
	4,000,000
<i>By their religion—</i>	
Roman Catholics,	3,400,000
Greek Church,	100,000
Lutherans,	150,000
Calvinists,	5,000
Jews,	400,000
Other sects,	5,000
	4,060,000

The population of the towns is to that of the country as one to five.

Employed in agriculture, there are householders,	1,871,259
Their families and servants,	2,221,183
Manufacturers,	140,377
Their families,	358,035
Tradesmen,	49,983
Their families,	131,331
Landed proprietors,	4,205
Copyholders,	1,886
Freeholders in towns,	41,654
Persons employed under government,	8,414
Patients in 602 public hospitals,	5,376
Prisoners in the 76 prisons,	7,926

The proportion between the nobles and the plebeians is as one to thirteen. According to a verification made by the senate in 1824, there were in the kingdom twelve princes, seventy-four counts, and twenty barons, besides the inferior or untitled nobility.

The city of Warsaw reckoned, in 1815, only 80,000 inhabitants; it now amounts to 140,000, besides the garrison. The provincial towns are, Lublin, having 13,400; Kalisz, 12,100; Plotsk, 9200, &c. The population of the kingdom has been increasing since 1815, at the rate of 100,000 individuals every year. It appears from Dr Rodecki's statistical tables, published at Warsaw in 1830, that there are Jews in almost every town in the kingdom of Poland; that in fourteen of these their number is equal to that of the Christians, while in one hundred and fourteen it is greater; in three the inhabitants are either all Jews, or almost entirely so. In Warsaw alone they muster 30,000. Their number is fast increasing. They monopolise almost all trade, to the exclusion of the Christian population. The government has endeavoured to check this evil, but with little success; and with this view Professor Chiarini has been employed in translating the Talmud, and in laying down a plan of reform for this singular people. The Catholic religion being that of the great majority of the kingdom, is under the special protection of the government, without infringing, however, on the public freedom of other forms of worship, and on the equality of individuals of every communion in the enjoyment of civil rights. The Catholic hierarchy consists of the archbishop of Warsaw, primate of the kingdom, and eight bishops, one for each palatinate. There are 1633 parish churches, one hundred and seventeen auxiliary ones, six colleges, eleven seminaries, one hundred and fifty-one male convents, and twenty-nine female. In 1819, Pope Pius VII. suppressed, by a bull, thirty-one male convents, and thirteen female. The number of the clergy of the Latin Catholic church is 2740. The Greek Catholics have a bishop at Chelm, 287 parish churches, one seminary, and five male convents. Their priests amount to 354. There are besides six churches of the Russo-Greek communion, under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Minsk, twenty-nine Lutheran, and nine Calvinist churches, having their respective consistories, two of the sect of Philipines, 274 synagogues, and two Mahomedan mosques, with their imams.

The university of Warsaw was founded in 1816, in lieu of that of Cracow, and it consists of five faculties, having 48 professors, and about 750 students. There are, besides, at Warsaw four lyceums, besides other schools, Sunday schools for mechanics, and girls' schools. In the provinces are 11 palatine schools, and 14 district ones. In all the kingdom there are 1756 professors, or teachers, nearly 30,000 students, and about 11,000 female pupils. In all chief towns of palatinates, there are civil and criminal courts, besides commissioners of the peace in every district. The two courts of appeal and the supreme court assemble at Warsaw. The senate takes cognisance of offences against the state. There are also a court of commerce and a territorial court.

The army consisted, in 1830, of eight regiments of infantry of the line, besides the guards; four regiments of light infantry; eight regiments of cavalry, besides the yagers of the guard; two brigades of foot artillery,

and two ditto of horse; a corps of engineers, &c.; in all, 36,000 men. The arsenal and foundry are at Warsaw. There are two fortresses in the kingdom, Zamosk and Modlin. Every individual from 20 to 30 years of age is subject to military service, except in cases of exemption provided by the law. The two new military schools, formed in 1825, near Warsaw, have educated already nearly 7000 pupils.

In 1827, the national receipt was 71,988,102 florins, and the expenditure was 69,016,030 florins; the Polish florin is about 6d. sterling.

There are in the kingdom, especially about Keilce, mines of iron, zinc, coals, and also copper and lead. Of 451 towns in the kingdom, 353 consist more than half of wooden houses; 83 are entirely of wood; 6 have half their houses made of brick; and 9 consist of more brick than wooden houses. Warsaw contains 1540 brick, and 1421 wooden houses. Besides the towns—of which 214 are national property, and 237 belong to private families—there are in the kingdom 22,365 villages, 5373 of which are national property, and 16,992 private property. The communications have been extensively improved since 1815. Two fine substantial roads cross the whole kingdom, one from Kalisz to Brzesk Litewski, another from Cracow to the Niemen, both passing through Warsaw. Diligences have been established; inns and post-houses erected; 523 bridges have been constructed or repaired. Embankments, in great part of stone, have been raised to restrain the waters of the Vistula. The other rivers have been cleansed, and a canal has been cut to join the Narva to the Niemen.

The city of Warsaw has wonderfully improved since the peace. New streets, squares, palaces, gardens, private and public buildings, have been constructed either by government or by individuals, assisted, in many instances, by the public treasury. The streets are well lighted; several of them have been macadamised. The management of prisons has been ameliorated, and convicts are employed in the public works; mendicity is suppressed. A society of beneficence has been formed at Warsaw, as well as a society of the friends of science. A new exchange, a new theatre, the new church of St Alexander, new barracks and a monument to Copernicus, by Thorwaldsen, have been raised.

The exports of the kingdom consist chiefly in corn and cattle, besides honey, wax, timber, wool, hides, and tallow. The imports are wines, tobacco, colonial produce, and articles of luxury and fashion. The manufactures of woollen cloth, linen, carpets, and leather, have thriven since the peace. While in 1815 there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there are now above six thousand, which now supply the whole kingdom, including the army. More than ten thousand families of foreign workmen, chiefly German and Swiss, have expatriated to Poland, where they have built new towns, and peopled districts formerly deserted. There are numerous distilleries of spirits, and the brewing trade is very extensive; they brew porter and ale equal to those of England. By the former laws of Poland, commerce was depressed, and no noble, however poor, could, without degradation, resort to it, whilst he often served in a menial capacity a richer nobleman.

Agriculture, which is still the principal occupation of the population, suffers under a depression of prices. In 1827, they reaped 4,439,399 *korsees* (a *korsee* is nearly two hundredweight) of rye, 3,183,023 of oats, 1,506,062 of barley, and 751,076 of wheat, besides 4,288,185 *korsees* of potatoes and hay, flax, hemp, and honey. The cattle are improving both in quantity and quality.

In 1827, there were in the kingdom 694,728 cows, 475,946 oxen, 259,990 calves, 703,207 pigs, about two millions and a half sheep, 192,841 horses, 8771 stallions, 167,901 mares. About one-half the extent of the territory of the kingdom may be reckoned to be cultivated, one-fourth of the remainder is occupied by forests, and the rest by marshes and uncultivated lands. Since the establishment of the grand duchy of Warsaw, the peasantry of that part of Poland have been emancipated; they live on the estates of the great landlords, each family having a cabin and thirteen acres of ground, on condition of working for the owner three days in a week. They may remove themselves by giving up their tenements. Several proprietors have adopted the system of free labour and wages.”

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is extracted from a Belgian journal:—“An individual at Antwerp lately gave a supper to forty poor hunchbacks! He awarded a premium of sixty florins to him whose hunch was the most prominent, and who was also proclaimed king of the feast. Carriages were sent to bring the guests from their residences, and to take them back again when the festivities were concluded. They enjoyed the dance till a late hour in the night, and returned home highly gratified with the kindness and generosity of their landlord.”

LADY STAIR'S FUN.

Graham of Claverhouse (commonly pronounced Clavers) was appointed sheriff of Wigtownshire in 1682. On one occasion, when this violent persecutor had been inveighing in Lady Stair's presence against our illustrious reformer, she said, “Why are you so severe on the character of John Knox? You are both reformers; he gained his point by *clavers*; you attempt to gain yours by *knocks*!”

JAMAICA—SLAVES.

JAMAICA is the most considerable, as well as by far the most valuable, of the British West India islands. It is situated among the group of islands called the Greater Antilles; extends 140 miles in length by 50 in breadth, at its widest part; has the island of St Domingo on the east, and from which it is separated by a channel; Cuba on the north; the Bay of Honduras on the west; and South America on the south. It lies in 18° 12' of north latitude. The climate is temperate, the medium heat at Kingston, throughout the year, being 80°, and the least 70°, which is much about the same as the hottest summers in Scotland. The air, however, is much colder in the high grounds. The island is crossed longitudinally by an elevated ridge, called the Blue Mountains, and one of the peaks rises to a height of 7431 feet above the level of the sea. Jamaica is one of the most beautiful and fruitful countries in the world, and may be styled the Emerald of the Ocean. Though discovered by Columbus in the year 1494, and settled by the Spaniards in 1509, since which period it has been gradually undergoing improvements, especially since it was conquered by the English, in 1655, it still exhibits all the wild luxuriance and natural character of a forest. Its extensive woods of mahogany, and other large trees, cover a vast portion of its territory, and are interspersed with beautiful verdant glades, or savannahs, while the trees and shrubbery spread to the very peaks of the mountains. On the north of the island, at a small distance from the sea, the land rises in small round topped hills, which are covered with spontaneous groves of pimento; under the shade of these is a beautiful and rich turf. This side of the island is also well watered, every valley having its rivulet, many of which tumble from overhanging cliffs into the sea. The back ground in this prospect, consisting of a vast amphitheatre of forests, melting gradually into the distant Blue Mountains, is very striking. On the south coast, the face of the country is different; it is more sublime, but not so pleasing. The mountains here approach the sea in immense ridges; but there are even here cultivated spots on the sides of the hills, and in many parts vast savannahs covered with sugar-canes, stretching from the sea to the foot of the mountains. The soil of the island of Jamaica is in many places deep and fertile. The island has upwards of a hundred rivers, but from the rapidity of their current, and the roughness of their channel, they are navigable only by canoes. Besides the staple exports of Jamaica, consisting of sugar, indigo, coffee, and cotton, the cultivated vegetables are maize, Guinea corn, and nutritious vegetables of different kinds, for the food of the negroes. The chief indigenous fruit is the plantain cocoa-nut. Jamaica is divided into three counties—Middlesex, Surrey, and Cornwall. The county of Middlesex is divided into eight parishes, Surrey into seven, and Cornwall into five. In Middlesex is situated St Iago or Spanish Town, the capital of the island. Port Town is a considerable town and seaport, situated in Surrey. The other chief towns in the island are Port Antonio and Montego Bay Town. There are a great number of villages and inferior seaports. The cultivation of the land in Jamaica is carried on by means of negro slaves, male and female, the greater part of whom are natives of the island, or the immediate descendants of slaves imported from Africa. [An exact account of the number and character of the population will be given in a subsequent paper.] It has been generally acknowledged by intelligent travellers that the slave population of Jamaica has been under a more mild species of treatment than in some other Indian possessions. Indeed, if we could divest our minds of the natural repugnance we feel with regard to every thing like the slavery of human beings, or look coolly on slavery as it exists, instead of reasoning upon it on abstract principles, we would at once arrive at the conclusion that the slaves of Jamaica have for some time been in the enjoyment of far greater physical comforts than are to be found among the peasantry of England and Ireland. From the evidence of every writer on the subject, and from the best living testimony, it appears that the cottage of a West Indian slave is beyond measure superior to an Irish or Scottish cabin among the poorer classes. Leaving my readers, however, to form their own judgment on this momentous question, upon which it is unnecessary for me to express an opinion, I may for their amusement present the following short description of a slave's hut in Jamaica, as afforded by a recent traveller:—

“The house is about forty feet long, and almost eighteen wide; built of boards, and covered with fan palms; divided into five apartments, of which the principal is eighteen feet square. This is the hall; the other apartments lead from it, three serving for sleeping rooms, and the fourth for a sort of pantry. There is a door at each end of this hall through which the smoke escapes when it is necessary to boil the pot; at no other time is there occasion for fire. When I entered, I saw a negro woman squatting on the floor, attending the cookery of her husband's dinner, which was simmering in an iron pot, and consisted of ochro and cocoas, picked crabs, and salt fish, with a bit of salt pork. The lady was peeling a few plantains to roast, and the lord of the mansion was inhaling the fumes of tobacco from a short junks pipe, as he lolled at his ease in his hammock, suspended from one of the rafters to within two feet of the floor.

There was a substantial deal table in the hall, with four rush-bottomed chairs, and a wooden bench, over which hung a bunch of corn, and a matchet or cutlass; above these was a shelf with a range of white plates and a few glasses, and above these hung several pieces of salt fish, and a good bunch of plantains. There was a basket of yams near the table, as if just brought in, and on it a cocoa-nut shell with a handle, to ladle water or soup. Several tin pans hung from one of the beams, and among them a large net full of coconuts. There was an oil jar in one corner to hold water, and a hoe and billhook in another, besides a large gourd with a hole in it, which serves as a musical instrument, and is called a drum. There was likewise a gombay, and a bonja, which is much like a guitar, and several calabashes were ranged along the beams, containing sugar and coffee. I must not forget to mention three young children, fat and sleek as moles, that were playing about the house and garden, which contained plantain suckers, an alligator pear-tree, mangos, two or three cocoa-nut trees, orange trees, a few coffee bushes, and many other fruits and vegetables, and a pine-apple fence separated it from the adjoining garden. There was a pigstye in one corner, occupied by a sow and her family. This is a portrait of one of the inferior cottages, some of the best having piazzas, with terrace floors. Every garden has a pigstye, and the poultry roost at a little distance from the house."

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

It is seldom the case that foreigners who travel or reside but a short time in Great Britain, arrive at a just comprehension of the intricate, ill-defined, conventional arrangements of society in this country; and, in perusing the explanations which they offer in their published works on many of our institutions, we at once perceive and pity the errors into which, in nearly all cases, they can hardly prevent themselves from falling. The only foreigner in recent times who seems to have spoken accurately on our civil arrangements, was the late Baron de Staël, son of the baroness of that title. This young gentleman's "Letters on England" is one of the most interesting works of the kind ever written; and to show the style and conception of the author, the following candid article on Public Meetings may be presented:—

"A man of wit said, 'The language of despotism is, Mind your own concerns; that of liberty is, Attend to things that don't concern you.' In this pithy form he announced a grand truth. In a free country nothing that affects any class of citizens can be foreign to the rest of the community. There is not an Englishman, however humble the rank in which he was born, who is not justly entitled to think that his opinion is of some weight in the affairs of his country; and, reciprocally, there is no individual so exalted, as, for his daily conduct, to be exempt from the examination and judgment of the public.

With us, on the Continent, publicity is considered as an extreme resource, to which we have recourse only in desperate cases, and after having exhausted all other means of attaining our object. If persons engage in an undertaking of public or private concern, they always found their hopes of success on the disposition of men in power; business is conducted in the closet of the minister, or in the drawing-room of some man of weight. While there is any chance of succeeding through favour, it would appear rude or indiscreet to speak out, and call on the public to judge of our griefs or projects. In England, publicity is a matter of common right; men address themselves to the opinion of the public at once; this is the first power, the support of which they solicit; and even men desirous of treating with government would begin by seeking popularity, well knowing it would be for the interest of their ambition.

Is an abuse to be reformed—an improvement to be introduced—a right to be claimed—a new institution to be founded?—whether it concern religion, morality, liberty, or the public wealth, the first indispensable step is to enlighten public opinion on the point in question. The attempt to fix the public attention is begun by writing pamphlets, or paragraphs in the newspapers. Then a few people of note form a committee, and prepare a string of resolutions, which are submitted to general discussion. When agreed so far, a meeting is called, either in the open air, or in one of the large rooms adapted to the purpose, which are to be found in almost every large town in England. A chairman, called on by the public voice, presides over the meeting; the resolutions are discussed, and put to the vote; and, amid the most stormy debates, a certain familiarity with the forms of deliberation, common to all classes of the people, maintains order, and protects the rights of the minority.

Frequently, at these meetings, orators, before unknown, appear in public for the first time, and display talents that perhaps pave the way for their future admission to the senate. The next day their speeches are printed in all the newspapers, and resound throughout all England. The first meeting gives rise to others, men's minds are enlightened and warmed, and the public opinion acquires a degree of force, any resistance to which would be useless.

It is not without reason, therefore, that the English set so high a value on the right to assemble for the discussion of public affairs, and place it in the first rank of their constitutional prerogatives. The right

of petitioning, as they conceive it, is nothing but the right of meeting to deliberate on the requests or complaints expressed in the petition; for the houses of Parliament are not expected to decide, like judges, on every requisition addressed to it. Particular cognisance is taken of a petition, only when it is made the subject of a motion by some one of the members. The right of introducing a subject is not given indiscriminately to the public at large, which would be a confusion of power leading to anarchy. But what is justly required is, that the public opinion should enjoy the utmost latitude in forming and expressing itself.

In a country where every thing is treated publicly—where every thing is subjected to discussion, from the most important questions of legislation, to the slightest of local affairs—the talent of speaking must naturally be an object of universal ambition. At school, and even in their play, children exercise themselves in this species of eloquence. At Eton and Westminster, they frequently form a little House of Commons, subjected to regulations similar to those of the Parliament. When at the university, the young men unite in debating societies, where questions of history, philosophy, legislation, and political economy, are discussed in form. At these are frequently developed the germs of the greatest talents; and an orator, whose eloquence will some day be the pride of England, may have felt the first spark of his genius elicited by the applauses of his fellow-students.

The debating societies, however, are merely supplementary, and not essential parts of the system; but all the institutions that constitute the basis of the social order—as juries, managing committees, municipal councils, parochial and county meetings, and elections, presume habits of speaking, and a knowledge of the forms of deliberation. We scarcely find a man that has received any education, who does not know how to preside at a meeting, direct its debates, and put questions to the vote in due order. There are indispensable notions in respect to this, which are so familiar to the people of England, that no one would think of making them an object of study; while with us, they who have grown old in our deliberative assemblies still remain ignorant of them.

Written speeches, prohibited in Parliament by its rules, are equally so by custom in every other assembly. To speak in public, and to speak extempore, are synonymous terms; and the idea of carrying, ready drawn up in the pocket, the expression of sentiments that might arise from circumstances yet to come, or of an opinion that ought to be formed from a discussion not yet begun, would appear the extreme of ridiculousness. No one supposes a person can find it difficult to relate what he knows, or say what he thinks; whoever expresses himself with simplicity and modesty, obtains a favourable hearing, and the severity or the indulgence of the public is apportioned with remarkable justice to what it has a right to expect from the talents or condition of the individual.

Public dinners are one of the most common occasions of the exercise of oratory. The object of these dinners is to keep up the spirit of an association, or to encourage the study of some science, by bringing together persons who otherwise would have no opportunity of freely communicating to each other their ideas; or to keep alive political opinions, by celebrating the anniversary of an important event, the birth of a great man, or the election of a member of the House of Commons dear to his country. Nothing is more original than these political dinners. Many times I have seen nearly three hundred persons seated at the same table, and electrified by the same sentiment, without the vivacity of their emotions preventing them from observing with the most methodical regularity all the usages established on such occasions.

A chairman is seated at the head of the table. No meeting takes place without this formality, which seems indispensable for securing order and regularity in every kind of discussion. The English of all classes have a remarkable tact in this respect; and if a speaker deviate ever so little from the established rules of decorum, a cry of *Chair! Chair!* resounds on all sides. This is a kind of appeal to the abstract idea of a president, informing him who executes the functions of one, that he is expected to maintain order, or restore the due state of the question. At the other end of the table sits the *deputy-chairman*, whose business is to preside when the chairman himself is called upon to take part in the debate; for there are two invariable axioms—one, that the meeting must never be without a head; the other, that the person who is officiating as president cannot act as a party in the debate at the same time.

At the dessert, when the cloth is removed, according to the custom yet pretty general in England, a master of the ceremonies, standing behind the president's chair, with a glass in his hand, informs the company that the toasts are going to commence. It is usual to begin with the King—then the Duke of York and the army—then the Duke of Clarence and the navy—either with plaudits or in silence, according to the occasion or sentiments of the meeting. Then come the toasts appropriate to the occasion of the meeting, as the health of the member whose election is celebrated. 'Gentlemen, fill your glasses,' cries the master of the ceremonies; after which he gives three times three huzzas. These are repeated in a low voice by all the company; and it is only at

the ninth that the enthusiasm, even if it be at its height, allows itself to break out in shouts and plaudits. He whose health has been drunk then rises, stands up on his chair, or on the table itself, amid the plates and glasses, and there, after having returned thanks to the assembly, with an expression of humility sometimes much greater than is necessary, gives an account of his conduct, traces the history of his political life, or repeats, in a gayer and more striking form, the opinions he has delivered in Parliament."

Such are the judicious and accurately-formed opinions of this ingenious and lamented young foreigner, whose work has been rather overlooked, and which I can safely recommend to the perusal of my readers.

EMIGRATION.

"FRIDAY, 14th," continues Mr Fergusson, "my landlord at Guelph, having agreed to drive me in his waggon to Mr Dickson's, at Galt, a gentleman who purchased from government a whole township, and to whom I had particular introductions, we started about 11 o'clock, and reached our destination about four. The road was certainly superior to what I had travelled yesterday, though mud holes were occasionally to be met with. Limestone was to be seen on every hand in great abundance, and I observed at one place a kiln hewn out and erected in the very stratum itself. Wherever a clearing occurred, the wheat looked beautiful. We passed through the township of Waterloo, settled mostly by Dutch. The soil appeared to be a good, useful, sandy loam, well watered by streams and springs. I was delighted with the cultivation, especially upon the farms of Schneider and Warnex. Each farm might be from 200 to 300 acres, laid out into regular fields, and *not a stump to be seen*. The ploughing was capital, the crops most luxuriant, and the cattle, horses, &c., of a superior stamp, with handsome houses, barns, &c., and orchards promising a rich return. Waterloo satisfied me, above all that I had yet seen, of the capability of Canada to become a fruitful and fine country.

The forest around consists of heavy timber, and the township does not enjoy the advantage of a direct water-carriage; yet have these Dutchmen, within a period of 20 years, produced farms which, in general aspect, very nearly resemble well-cultivated land in Britain. The farmers are primitive and simple-minded, attending to little beyond their own affairs, and so indifferent in regard to politics, that Mr Dickson doubted much if some of them were yet aware of the death of George III. A great deal of capital flowed into this settlement during the large expenditure at Guelph by the Canada Company—the Dutchmen supplying teams, provisions, &c. My travelling companion valued some of the farms at 25 dollars, about £6, per acre.

Chopping or clearing land ready for sowing, will cost sometimes 12 dollars, or £3 per acre; the first return will be 15 or 20 bushels of wheat, worth at present 5s. per bushel. The usual mode of clearing timbered land is to cut down and burn all the wood of one foot diameter, and under that; the larger trees are only girdled. Clearing in this way costs about eight dollars, or 40s. per acre. When this is done, a crop of wheat can be harvested in, to be followed by two or three years of pasture or hay, when the plough may be used, and during which time the girdled trees are either cut into fencing stuff or burnt. No lime has been used, as yet, upon this land, and I was told of two instances where farmers had absolutely built new stables and barns, to escape from an accumulation of despoiled manure.

The settlement of Mr Dickson is one of much interest, being conducted by himself, on his own resources, in the same way as that of Colonel Talbot on the banks of Lake Erie. Mr Dickson began operations in 1815-16, by the purchase from government of this township, extending to 96,000 acres, and to which he gave the name of Dumfries. He selected a convenient spot, with good water-power, to commence a town, and formed a connection with an enterprising American, who speedily established very extensive mills. Mr Dickson built a commodious residence for himself, in a romantic situation overhanging the river, and communicating by a bridge with the mills and town. His plan of dealing with settlers is extremely liberal, as he does not insist upon any instalment being paid down, and even in some cases advances the means of purchasing oxen, &c. In this way the poorest emigrant, if steady and industrious, must get forward.

A regular account is opened with each individual, and partial payments, either in money or produce, accepted by Mr Dickson from time to time. The price of land is four dollars, or 20s. per acre. Farms have been occasionally abandoned by unsteady or impatient individuals; but some progress in clearing has always been made, and, of course, the farm has, in so far, been rendered more valuable. A very considerable extent of land has been disposed of on both sides of the river, and hundreds of acres of fine wheat may be seen contiguous to each other.

An attempt has been made last spring to convey produce down the river to the Welland Canal, by which Mr Shade, the owner of the mills, informed me a saving of two-thirds would be effected upon the transport of flour. This voyage was performed by a son of Mr Dickson, accompanied by Mr Shade; and being a navigation of about 100 miles, attended with some hazards, as a first attempt it created a good deal of sensation at the time of my visit, and much satis-

faction among the farmers by its success. Mr Dickson has about 2500 souls upon his estate, and draws a very handsome income from the interest of sales. I visited the mills with Mr Shade, who took much trouble in explaining to me the various machinery. The establishment comprises flour-mills, saw-mills, cooperage, &c., and appeared to me equally extensive and well-arranged. I have been every where struck with the havoc and destruction of the woods, and had a remarkable opportunity in this place of contrasting the value of a tree in Upper Canada with what it would have fetched at home. An uncommonly large and beautiful pine was lying at the mill, which I could not estimate at less than L.3 in Britain. Mr Shade, upon my putting the question, told me it had just cost him a *York shilling, or sevenpence sterling.*—*Agricultural Journal.*—To be continued.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, NEW EDITION.

AMONG the articles in the early volumes of the present work, there is one of a remarkably valuable character, on the subject of "Army," which is understood to be from the pen of James Browne, Esq. advocate, LL.D., author of a series of most profound and original articles on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, in the Edinburgh Review. The following appears to be one of the most interesting passages in this article, and relates, in brief terms, the strength of the French republican and imperial armies:—

"At the end of 1791, the French infantry consisted of 105 regiments, of two battalions each, 14 battalions of light troops, and 170 battalions of national volunteers; or 394 battalions in all. By the decree of May 5, 1792, the number of the volunteer battalions was raised to 200, and the strength of each was increased from 226 to 800 men. The cavalry was composed of two regiments of carabineers, consisting of four squadrons each; 24 regiments of heavy cavalry, of three squadrons each; 18 regiments of dragoons, of three squadrons each; 12 regiments of chasseurs, of four squadrons each; and 6 regiments of hussars, of three squadrons each; in all, 206 squadrons: so that the total strength of the French army at this period did not exceed 160,000 infantry, 35,000 cavalry, and 10,000 artillery; while 20,000 men were still wanting to bring the different regiments to their full complements. But this deficit was soon supplied by the multitude of volunteers who flocked to the national standards, when the Duke of Brunswick invaded France at the head of the Prussian army. The revolution, however, had not yet developed its energies, nor had the world as yet any suspicion of the prodigies which the system of terror, afterwards organised, was destined to achieve. In 1795, France presented the formidable aspect of a vast camp. The decrees of the 23d August and the 5th September 1794, had hurried the whole youth to the frontiers. Nearly 1,200,000 men were in the pay of the republic; and after deducting those employed in accessory services, and in the navy, the number of combatants in the field cannot have amounted to less than about 700,000. The official state of the force of the French armies, as at the 5th of April 1794, presents an aggregate of 794,334 men, including garrisons, but exclusive of the army of the interior, whose head-quarters were at Paris; which, allowing one-fifth for those in the depôts and for the sick, would give an effective force, present under arms, of at least 650,000 men; the most formidable which Europe had ever seen assembled in the field. Nor did the 'prodigy' stop here. In the month of March 1795, France had ten armies in the field, the active force of which amounted to 449,930 combatants, besides 120,850 in garrisons, and 338,450 sick, prisoners, or detached; in all, 959,190 soldiers. But the active force, or number present under arms, did not form the half of the effective, and scarcely a third of the complete military strength of France at that period; for, as 200,000 men were still wanting to bring the effective force up to the full establishment, and as the most active measures were in progress to make up the deficit, the total number of Frenchmen under arms in 1795 cannot have fallen much short of 1,100,000 men.

But this state of exertion was too violent to be of long continuance, and neither the population of the country, nor its exhausted resources, were sufficient to maintain so enormous a force in the field. Accordingly, in the succeeding years of the republic, the aggregate of the different armies seldom exceeded 480,000 effective men, and generally fell short of this number. But when Napoleon had mounted the throne, and had organised the system of conscription, he obtained an unlimited command over the whole of that part of the population capable of bearing arms; and as he acted upon the principle first recommended by Cato, of making the war support itself, he was not only able to repair the losses sustained in his various campaigns, but on most occasions to take the field with a predominating superiority of numbers. The establishment of the French army in 1805, amounted to 341,412 infantry of the line, 100,130 light infantry, 77,488 cavalry, 46,489 artillery, and 5445 engineers; making a total of 650,964 men, or a force equal to that organised by the terrorists in 1794 and 1795. But this establishment was afterwards greatly increased; and it is calculated that, at the time of the Russian campaign, there were in the depôts, in the hospital, and in the field, not less than 1,200,000 men, of whom about 350,000 might be considered as effective. Hence, we

are enabled to account for the extraordinary phenomenon of Napoleon's appearance in Germany at the head of a new and formidable army, within a few months after the annihilation of his veteran masses amidst the steppes, snows, and frosts of Russia, and making head for more than a year afterwards against the utmost efforts of the allied powers."

SOUTH AMERICAN PEASANTRY.

After doubling Cape Horn, or the southern extremity of the continent of America, and touching at Valparaiso, the Guerriere, says Stewart, proceeded to Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru. Of those scenes which the author met in the ride between those two places, the following is a specimen:—"Such touches of the true grotesque as were occasionally presented, I have seldom before seen. Fancy to yourself a hundred mean-looking mules and donkeys in a single drove, as shaggy and as unsymmetrical in their whole outline as the ugliest you ever saw, bundled up and encased by all manner of things to a bulk twice the bigness of themselves, and then surmounted by objects in the human shape, old and young, male and female, black and white, Spaniards and Indians, in a variety of figure and garb, to which the pencil of a Cruikshank could scarcely do justice. The load of one of these animals, scarce three feet high, was not less than ten sheep, killed and dressed from the shambles. Six were tied two and two together by the hind legs, and then thrown across the back of the donkey from the shoulder-blade to the tail; one on either side, so as to balance each other, as their trunkless heads dangled almost on the ground; upon these the rest were lashed horizontally, forming a platform of the dead over the living beast, on which various other smaller articles of poultry were fastened, while on the top of the whole, at a very honourable elevation, on a dirty cushion, sat, *à la Turque*, a most villainous-looking old man, in a ragged poucho, with a slouched and greasy hat, and bare arms and legs. Beside him, on a similar Rosinante, rode his *cara sposa*, an equally interesting object both in figure and garb, seated in the same attitude on the top of pannier after pannier, and basket upon basket, of potatoes and beans, cabbages and onions, oranges, bananas, melons, tomatoes, &c., as if bearing to her customers specimens of the growth of a whole plantation. Entire families, in two or three instances, were seen on a single beast, seated from the neck to the tail, according to their ages, the younger children and females forward, and the men on the extremity of the back. In two instances I counted five persons thus mounted; two of whom in one case seemed each as well able to carry the donkey, as he the weight of either of them."

A FAITHFUL MESSENGER.

In the month of February of the very severe winter 1795, as Mr Bolstead's son, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, was looking after his father's sheep on Great Salkeld common, not far from Penrith, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then three miles from home, and no person within call, and evening very fast approaching. Under the impulse arising from the desperate circumstances of his situation, he folded up one of his gloves in his handkerchief, tied this about the neck of his dog, and ordered him home. Dogs which are trained to an attendance on flocks are known to be under admirable subjection to their masters, and execute their orders with an intelligence scarcely to be conceived. The animal set off, and arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents were alarmed at his appearance, and concluding, upon taking off and unfolding the handkerchief, that some accident had undoubtedly befallen their son, they instantly set off in search of him. The dog needed no solicitation. Apparently sensible that the chief part of his duty was still to be performed, he led the way, and conducted the anxious parents directly to the spot where their son had fallen. The young man was taken home, and the necessary aid being procured, he was soon in a fair way of recovery; nor was he ever afterwards more pleasantly employed than when reciting this anecdote, so illustrative of the sagacity and fidelity of his constant companion.

WASHINGTON.

It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled, and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman venerable for his age and information, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of *sang froid*. At the time that our troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head-quarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencontre. Some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and, among the rest, was General Green, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal! bring my wig!" General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Green. "Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir." At which Green, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.—*New York paper.*

WINDHAM'S DISTASTE FOR MUSIC.

Though his taste for the fine arts was peculiarly pure and discriminating, he had no relish for music; but he acknowledged that a simple ballad, as Miss Alderson (afterwards Mrs Opie) sang it, he could endure with a degree of acquiescence almost amounting to pleasure. Yet, upon another occasion, when an interesting young lady was singing the old song of "Barbara Allan," and making a considerable pause between the stanzas, I observed Windham more than half asleep. His excuse was, that it was too long, and reminded him "of one of Mr Drake's speeches in the house, who made you believe twenty times that he was going to finish, but still went on." I have heard him observe, that the four greatest men he had ever known had no pleasure in music—Mr Burke, Charles Fox, Dr Johnson, and Mr Pitt. Sir James Mackintosh has the same apathy to music. He has been frequently dragged to the Italian Opera, and a more woful figure in the pit of that theatre was never seen. Richard Sharp proposed, as a thesis for the physiological schools of Edinburgh—What was the precise effect of music on the sensorium of Mac-Intosh?—*New Monthly Magazine.*

PLANTS IN BEDROOMS.

Persons who are fond of odiferous plants and flowers, should never permit them to be placed in their bed-chamber, as many of them are so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants that are not in flower, and have no smell, yet injure the air during the night, and in absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas; although in the daylight they rather improve the atmosphere by yielding oxygen gas.

GOOD-NATURED PASSIONATE PEOPLE.

It is a very common expression, that such an one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter. But I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence of any. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which I think is no recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say, in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemies of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress in this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible, and ready to flame upon every thing that he touches, life is as uneasy to himself as all about him. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable: all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog—they are tame no longer than they are not offended.—*Addison.*

ABORIGINAL CHARACTER.

As an Indian was straying through a village on the Kennebec, he passed a gentleman standing at his store door, and begged a piece of tobacco. The person stepped back, and selected a generous piece, for which he received a gruff "thank you," and thought no more of the affair. Three or four months afterwards, he was surprised at an Indian coming into the store, and presenting him with a beautiful miniature birch canoe, painted, and furnished with paddles to correspond. On asking the meaning of it, he was told, "Indian no forget; you give me tobacco—me make this for you." This man's gratitude for a trifling favour had led him to bestow more labour on his present than would have purchased him many pounds of his favourite fumigatory.—*Boston paper.*

JAPAN.

It is well known that the Japanese will not hold any intercourse with Europeans, whom they treat like persons infected with the plague. Indeed, it is as much as their lives are worth to approach a foreigner. They are content and happy under the present order of things, and consider a jealous avoidance of all contact with strangers as the surest means to preserve their present state. When Captain Kotzebue visited the island, on his first voyage with Krusenstern, a seven months' residence justified him in asserting, that to know the Japanese was to esteem them—so high was the degree of rational civilisation to which they had attained; and this entirely by their own resources, uninfluenced and unaided by foreign example. He admits that the insulated position in which the island is kept may also be a consequence of the jealousy entertained by a despotic government, who may feel alarmed at the spread of ideas inimical to its durability.—*Athenaeum.*

SPANISH CHARACTER.

In the Spanish colonies, or in places occupied by the descendants of Spaniards, the treatment of servants of every kind is milder than in most other parts of the world. We must look for an explanation of this fact in the genuine goodness of the Spanish character, which, though overlaid and crushed down by a series of political and moral degradations, is still essentially excellent, and worthy of a far better destiny.—*Captain Basil Hall's Voyages.*

COTTAGE AND WORKHOUSE GARDENS.

"It gives us much pleasure," says our gifted and industrious countryman, Mr Loudon, in his *Gardener's Magazine* for February 1832, "to observe that the great benefits which arise from adding gardens to labourers' cottages are every year more and more felt all over the country. We had many proofs of this in our late tour, both in England and in Scotland; and most sincerely do we wish that government would pass a law to oblige all builders of cottages inalienably to attach a certain quantity of land to each as a garden. We have already strongly recommended workhouse gardens for the aged and infirm poor; and we had the pleasure of seeing, at Coventry (May 6, 1831), our ideas in great part carried into effect. The three parishes which compose the town of Coventry are under one system of management, as far as it respects the poor; and an old monastery, and its extensive garden, have been turned into a lodging and working-place. The garden is cultivated entirely by the inmates, and chiefly by the old men, as the women are supplied with in-door work; and there is a schoolmaster for teaching the children to read, write, and count. It was observed to us by Mrs Mercer, the highly respectable matron, who has the entire management of the establishment, under the direction of a committee, that all the old men who are able to work, however little, took great pleasure in being employed in the garden; and she only regretted that there was not more ground. Mrs Mercer is very fond of horticulture, and directs the cultivation of the garden under her care most judiciously. It was in the very best of order, and without a single weed. She has a border devoted to flowers; and as it does not contain many sorts, we venture to call on our friends in her neighbourhood, Mr Brown, Mr Knox, and Mr Oliver, to send her a few plants and seeds, and a few cuttings and suckers of shrubs and roses. We are persuaded that it would be a great improvement in the management of the workhouse poor of London, and of other large towns, to have workhouses in the country in the midst of a large garden, for their aged and infirm inmates, who might be usefully and agreeably employed in the gardens, in raising part of their own food. The idea of so many aged persons spending their last days in the workhouses is indeed deplorable, but it seems to be inseparable from the wretched state of society in this country. In the great Mary-le-bone workhouse, which has a front that, for length, and the size and number of the windows, might be compared to a Russian palace (and, indeed, it closely resembles that of General Apraxin at Moscow), there are constantly from eighty to a hundred and twenty old men and women, who are led or carried out, one by one, every morning, and set down on a bench under a shed, or, when the weather is fine, in the sun, where they remain almost in a state of torpor, being unable to help themselves, and having no one to attend them till they are led or carried, one by one, back again, at the time appointed for their next meal. What a picture of human desolation! If, instead of being placed upon benches, with nothing to gaze at but a brick wall, these persons were led into a garden, where they could see numbers of their fellow inmates at work, breathe the fresh air, see and smell the flowers, and hear birds and other rural sounds, the miserable lot would have some little alleviation. A number of them could perhaps assist in some of the lighter garden operations; the most infirm could scare away birds, or prepare gooseberries, and shell legumes for the kitchen. This might enable them to measure their time as it passes, and would afford some kind of amusement to divert their minds from incessantly dwelling on their own forlorn and helpless situation. Is it too much to say that something would be gained for the happiness of the human kind, if all men were agreed, that, wherever there was a habitation, whether for an individual family, or for a number of persons strangers to each other, such as hospitals, workhouses, prisons, asylums, infirmaries, and even barracks, there should be a garden? In our opinion, a dwelling without a garden ought not to exist."

THE TWO BLOWS.

Cardinal Mazarin was dictating one day a letter to his secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion, he turned towards his secretary, saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The cardinal was very partial to that secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear; the secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said, coolly, "Now, sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."—*The Parrot.*

FEEDING SHEEP IN WINTER.

The winter season being the period in which sheep occupy the turnip ground, it is essential to their comfort, at that inclement season, to study the clearing of the ground, so that, though they may be exposed to boisterous weather while eating on the break, they may have a place of shelter to flee to in case of a storm. This arrangement may not be difficult of accomplishment, when they have the choice of all the cleared ground, as they advance in the consumption of the crop. In the event of a heavy fall of snow,

when the turnips will be out of their reach (a slight fall they soon trample down), the snow should be cast off the turnips on the cleared part of the ground. Turnips are preserved in a fresh state under snow. In individual cases, the hoofs may grow so irregularly on the soft ground as to cause lameness. It is a safe precaution to examine the hoofs of the flock at short intervals of time, and pare away all excrescences. I have no doubt that, were this precaution regularly attended to, the foot-rot would not be so frequently exhibited among flocks in the low country.—*Stephens.*

STANDARD OF THE JANISSARIES.

Odd as it may seem, a *soup-kettle* is the standard of the Janissaries, an emblem rather more appropriate for a court of aldermen. Dr Walsh says that he saw in the streets of Constantinople an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow, dressed in a leathern jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thongs; he was followed by women, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This he found, on inquiry, was the soup-kettle of a corps of Janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so distinguishing a characteristic of this body is their *soup*, that their colonel is called *Techorbadge*, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is in fact their standard; and whenever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprise, and in a short time twenty thousand men have been known to rally round their old insignia of war.

DUCKS.

Water, to swim in, is necessary to the old, and *injurious* to the very young. They never should be suffered to swim (if water be near) till more than a month old. The old duck will lay in the year, if well kept, ten dozen of eggs; and that is her best employment; for common hens are the best mothers. It is not good to let young ducks out in the morning to eat *slugs* and *worms*; for though they like them, these things kill them if they eat a great quantity. Grass, corn, white cabbages, and lettuces, and especially buck-wheat, cut when half ripe, and flung down in the haulm, make fine ducks. Ducks will feed on garbage, and all sorts of filthy things, but their flesh is *strong* and bad in proportion. They are, in Long Island, fattened upon a coarse sort of *crab*, called a horse-foot fish, prodigious quantities of which are cast on the shores. The young ducks grow very fast upon this, and very fat; but woe to him that has to *smell* them when they come from the spit; and as for *eating* them, a man must have a stomach indeed to do that! When young, they should be fed upon barley meal, or *curds*, and kept in a warm place in the night time, and not let out *early* in the morning. They should, if possible, be kept from water to *swim* in. It always does them harm; and if intended to be sold to be killed *young*, they should never go near ponds, ditches, or streams.—*Cobbett's Cottage Economy.*

EAST INDIA CUSTOMS.

In India, we have no stage coaches (thank me for the information); we must travel on horseback in the morning and evening, and I can give you no conception of the mobs of cattle and men which follow a British officer. At Holapore and Barada, I had one head servant, one second or valet, one goravalla or groom, one grass-cutter, one washerman, six baggage carriers, two camels, four ponies, and one charger, besides the orderlies or soldiers allowed by government, and the palankeen bearers (*doliwallas*), who, when not employed to carry the sick, are at the service of the surgeon. At Barada, I had, moreover, one *beal*, or, in common language, a thief or robber. This interesting gentleman is paid ten rupees a month, and his duty is to engage that none of his caste shall plunder your tent. He is armed with a sword and shield; but that is a farce, because your property is sacred if he snored all night, or was even absent. If you refuse to pay this *black mail*, you will assuredly be robbed. The *meum* and *tuum* has never been a consideration with this class of men, whose profession is to plunder. They are polished in their manners, and are intelligent; and if you fall among them, will treat you with hospitality. I slept a whole night in one of their villages without knowing it. I had nothing but a guide and my horse, for I had sent my baggage and servants forward to the next halt. I was in an open *durum solee*, or *shed* for travellers. In the morning, they brought me milk and fruit, fed my horse, made their salaam, and told me they were *beals*! I could scarcely obtain a glass of water in England without paying for it; blush, ye civilised men! the *beals* refused whatever I offered them! There is no accounting for the vagaries of the human mind; these gentlemen robbers will sometimes commit the most atrocious crimes with perfect indifference. They would not kill a cow for the world, but they will stab you to the heart without remorse.—*Letter from India.*

OBSERVANCE OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

There is not a single branch of science which does not require some labour and attention; there is not even a mechanical art to which some apprenticeship is not necessary. No naturalist would visit the Alps with a view to examine the structure of the globe, unless he had devoted some time and study to every object which could mature his judgment, and give validity to his opinions. Yet persons who have passed

their lives with books, who have seen human nature in print, or who have not seen it at all, go to distant nations, and describe as universal truths what they perceive there, under impressions arising from inexperience and astonishment. The usual feeling upon first visiting a foreign country is surprise, the natural attendant upon novelty; and the sentiment is shared not only by the vulgar, but by the enlightened. It is accompanied by pain or pleasure, as the objects seen are in discord or in harmony with the disposition of the observer; but in either case it is generally exaggerated. Every day diminishes the impression, till at length the customs which astonished inexperience are looked upon with as little wonder as those which were left at home. But no condition of mind is more hostile to calm observation than a state of emotion which magnifies and disfigures truth. On the other hand, again, when habit, which has the power of destroying sensibility to peculiar customs, has diminished the perception of things worthy of attention, much which, when new, excited astonishment, no longer attracts observation.—*Chenevix's Essay on National Character.*

ENGLISH SINBAD.

Purchas's Pilgrims comprehends "the admirable and strange adventures of Master Anthony Knyvet, who went with Master Cavendish in his second voyage," which, for marvels, if not for invention and imagination, may rival the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. Knyvet wandered from the ship on the coast of Brazil, and was for many years among the "cannibals." Many is the wonderful escape from death which he makes. In Magellan's Straits, pulling off his stockings one night, all his toes came with them; but this is not so bad as the fortune of one Harris, who blowing his nose with his fingers, throws it into the fire, and never recovers it again, as Knyvet seems to have done his toes, by the good offices of a surgeon whom Cavendish employed, and who cured with muttering words. In the Straits he saw both giants and pigmies. The footmarks of the giants at Port Desire were four times the length of an Englishman's foot. In the Straits, their stature was fifteen and sixteen spans long; and at Port Famine, or San Felipe, the desolate station of the Spanish colony, four or five thousand pigmies, with mouths reaching from ear to ear, were seen at one time whose height was from four to five spans. Some of Knyvet's marvels relate to the singular subject of demoniac possession and satanic influence among the tribes with whom he sojourned. These accounts, and others of the elder voyagers, are not materially different from those which we receive of the South Sea islanders at the present time, and which, we are assured by Ellis, some of the early missionaries were disposed to believe. On his return to England, Master Knyvet told Purchas that he once heard an Indian conferring with the spirit which possessed him, and threatening that, if it did not use him better, he would turn Christian; the spirit took the hint and left him.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

USEFUL FAMILY RECEPT.

To destroy moths, or drive them from cloth, hairy tippets, muffs, &c., the seed of the hibiscus *abelmoschus* (the vegetable musk seed) should be thinly distributed over the articles, and between the folds of cloth. These seeds are highly esteemed by the French perfumers for their peculiar delicate fragrance. To destroy the vitality of the eggs, which produce the moths deposited in woollen cloth, hairy tippets, muffs, &c., a weak solution of the oxy muriate of mercury in the spirit of rosemary (about half a drachm to a pint), or weak solution of the arseniate of potass in the same spirit (about fifteen grains to a pint), is employed by those who prepare the skins of birds and animals for stuffing.

THE BANK OF NORWAY.

There is no establishment of the kind in Europe which is better organised than the National Bank of Norway. It is divided into three departments, comprising the *Loan Bank*, the *Cashier's Department*, and the *Deposit and Pledge Bank*. It was instituted in the year 1816, and opened with a capital of two millions of species dollars in coin (about £400,000), which were subscribed by the affluent classes throughout the kingdom. The Central Bank is kept at Trondheim (commonly spelt *Drontheim*), and branch banks are established in other principal places. Its affairs are conducted by a board of directors, who are nominated by the Storting or Norwegian Diet. The current coins of the country consist of silver pieces of the value of one species dollar (circa 4s.), half a sp. dollar, and a fifth part of a sp. dollar; besides eight-shilling pieces, and other smaller silver currency, all of which have been struck at the rate of nine and a half species dollars to the mark of fine silver. Norway, likewise, possesses a paper currency, which consists of bank notes of 100, 50, 10, 5, and even 1 sp. dollar each; and an excellent index to their respective values has been devised, for the purpose of obviating mistakes; they are severally printed on red, green, yellow, blue, and white paper. Had this precedent been adopted in England, the crime of changing notes from a lower to a higher value would have been happily unknown to our courts of law. Some idea may be formed of the degree of credit which the National Bank enjoys in Norway, from the single fact that, in the year 1830, no larger a sum than 3040 dollars (£600) was required for paying its notes in silver! The Proprietary received in that year a dividend of seven per cent.

LIST OF MEDICINES FOR DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

Some rely entirely on purgatives; others bleeding and physicking; others on emetics; some put tar upon the nose; others a pitch plaster; and some cauterise the nasals; some inject vinegar into the nose, others hellebore, and others a solution of camphor; some cut off the tail, others the ears; some give tobacco and olive oil, others the golden sulphure of antimony; the keeper gives the curpeth's mineral; the more scientific of these gentry will knock down the disease, and the dog too, with arsenic. The gentleman will give compound tincture of benjamin, the farmer common salt; the medical man sulphuric ether, or emetics and saltpur, or emetics and jalap, or emetics and scammony.—From a very able Lecture of Mr Youatt on Distempers.

PUBLIC LANDS, UNITED STATES.

The public, or, as we should call them, the crown lands, of the United States of America, consist almost wholly of territory wrested from the Indians, for seven-eighths of it come under this description. Up to the year 1826, the quantity of land purchased was officially reported as amounting to 261,695,427 acres, of which 7,707,085 had been appropriated to the endowment of schools and colleges, and 40,396,382 had been sold for a sum of £10,088,720 sterling, or at the rate of a minute fraction less than five shillings average per acre. The number of acres acquired from the Indians in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, the Michigan and Arkansas territories, and included in the foregoing statement, was 209,219,865.—*Athenæum*.

THE SUBTLE JACK.

The wood-cutters and hunters in their out-door and sylvan life became familiar with all the living creatures of these prolific regions, and gave them English names, significant of their habits. They adopted the superstition of the Spaniards against killing the carrion crows which were found so useful in clearing the country of the putrid carcasses of animals. Trains of these birds gathered from all quarters about the hunters, and regularly followed them into the savannahs for their own share of the prey. A bird which they named the *Subtle Jack* was about as big as the pigeons of the Bay of Campeachy. It suspended its nest from the boughs of lofty trees, choosing such as up to a considerable height were without limbs. The branches selected were those that spread widest, and of these the very extremity was chosen. The nests hung down two or three feet from the twigs to which they were fastened, and looked like "cabbage-nets stuffed with hay." The thread by which it is suspended, like the nest itself, is made of long grass ingeniously twisted and interwoven, small at the twig, but thickening as it approaches the nest. On trees that grow singly and apart, the birds build all round; but where the trees stand in proximity to others, the *Subtle Jack* chooses only those that border upon a savannah, pool, or creek; and of these the limbs that stretch over the water or the grass, avoiding such as may be easily approached from neighbouring trees. The nest has a hole at the side for the bird to enter. "Tis pretty," says Dampier, "to see twenty or thirty of them hanging round a tree."—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.

POWERS OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

From the date of the introduction of the art of printing into France, up to the year 1814, the press of that kingdom had attained the power of producing 42,675,039 sheets annually: such was the immense production to which this glorious invention gradually rose in about three centuries and a half! And yet, between 1814 and 1826, which is scarcely more than a *thirtieth part* of the former interval, the increase had become above two-fold; for in those twelve years no fewer than 98,836,055 sheets were, on the average, annually printed.

THE POET CRABBE.

The late Rev. George Crabbe died in the 88th year of his age. He was a native of Aldeburgh, where his father held a situation in the customs. Bred up to the profession of physic, he for some time practised as a surgeon in his native town; but disliking his profession, he quitted Aldeburgh, and repaired to the metropolis, where he arrived without having formed any particular plan, but where he hoped that the exertion of his talents might enable him to succeed. Whilst in London, he obtained an introduction to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, who, struck with the talents he displayed, introduced him to some of the first characters of the age, and among others to the late Duke of Rutland, Lord Thurlow, Dr Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Owing to the substantial favour of the former nobleman, he was induced to take orders in 1781. In 1789, after the death of his noble patron, he was presented by Lord Thurlow, on the recommendation of the Duchess Dowager, to the rectories of Muston, in Leicestershire, and of West Allington, in Lincolnshire. In 1814, on the presentation of the present Duke of Rutland, he was instituted to the valuable rectory of Trowbridge. During his first acquaintance with Mr Burke, and under his immediate auspices, he published his poem, "The Village." After an interval of twenty-two years, he again appeared before the public as the author of the "Parish Register." In 1810, he published "The Borough;" in 1812, "Tales in Verse;" in 1819, "Tales of the Hall;"—works of which the highest excellence is their truth to nature, but nature in her homely garb. In

private life, Mr Crabbe was modest, retired, and unassuming; feelingly alive to the miseries of his fellow-creatures, he devoted no small portion of his time to their alleviation; and in doing this, united to his ministerial his medical character, and thus rendered himself beloved and useful in a two-fold capacity. Mr Crabbe was married in 1783 to Miss Elmy, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of the late — Tovell, Esq., of Parham, by whom he has left children.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

During Lord Exmouth's attack on the batteries of Algiers, in 1816, the Algerines used a great number of red-hot shot, particularly in the early part of the action. On board his majesty's bomb *Infernal*, one of these comfortable articles came in, through Wallis the purser's cabin, in the after cockpit; and having bundled a shelf full of books on the top of the assistant surgeon, Jones, who was lying in the purser's cot, given over with the Gibraltar fever, it rolled across into the opposite cabin, and was there got into a bucket of water, by the gunner and some others stationed near the spot. This interesting amusement was but just concluded, when the men in the magazine, the door to which was close by, heard a desperate smash among the powder barrels, and were almost covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder, which was thrown all over them. Knowing the business which employed the gunner in the cockpit, but just the moment before, they naturally enough, in the confusion of the moment, called out to him, "A red-hot shot in the magazine!" and were rushing out of it to circulate wider the same cry, should their new red-hot acquaintance permit them. The ill consequences of this may be easily conceived; the only chance for any one on such an occasion being to jump at once overboard. The gunner in an instant saw that if the cry was false, it was folly to spread it, and, if true, it was useless. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, and turned the key on them, and stood there, with his hand on the lock, till he knew all danger must be past; rather a queerish situation, gentle reader! The chaps were afterwards a little laughed at; for, strange to say, we could not find this intruder on their equanimity of temper any where: and many doubted at last if any shot had come into it at all. To be sure there were the broken barrels and the spilled powder in favour of the narrators of the story; but this seemed still not fully to convince; for even the worst of dangers generally get laughed at when they are over, by our happy-go-lucky sons of Neptune. When, however, she came to return her powder into store, after arriving in the Thames, the mystery was solved; it was then found that the said shot had gone through four barrels of powder, and lodged itself very comfortably in the middle of a fifth. The gunner's name was Coombs; and the last time I saw this man, who had shown such an unexampled presence of mind, was in 1824; he was then mending shoes in a solitary room in the back lanes of Deptford, to help out a precarious existence.—*United Service Journal*.

SPORTS OF INSECTS.

It is not generally known that some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements, after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with many human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics of insects are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says he observed a small species of ants, which, in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says, that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. It was amongst the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings, which he has described with his usual minuteness. "I approached," he says, "one day, to the fornicary of wood ants, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in the state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity, while they patted, with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures, which resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antennæ, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack. They fastened upon each other's shoulders, or bellies, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observe in their real quarrels."

PECULIARITIES OF THE PRESS.

The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke—a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course "the devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a straw-bonnet maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the indignity of having her veil gently thrown back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course "the deed was perpetrated" either by a "wretch," or "a monster in the human form." Is somebody *acquitted* by the Lord Mayor upon a charge of swindling?—of course he is a person of very "interesting appearance." Is somebody convicted upon a similar charge?—of course "he is a suspicious-looking character." Does a gentleman fail to recover at the hands of a magistrate a wife who has run away from him fifteen times?—of course "his feelings may be more easily conceived than described." Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time on this side of the antipodes?—of course it is discovered that "their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years." Are people married now-a-days?—no; they are always led to the "hymeneal altar." Are they hanged?—by no means; they are "launched into eternity." Do rich landowners give their famished tenantry a dinner at Christmas?—it is hailed as a noble specimen of "genuine English hospitality."—*Monthly Magazine*.

GODS OF WAR.

The three colossal cannon which the French captured from the Prussians in the year 1806, have been brought to Paris from Metz. They are three of twelve of the same dimensions, which were called "the Apostles," and were cast in Brandenburg in 1665. Independently of the Brandenburg arms, they bear the effigy of the elector on foot, and in complete armour. They are to be placed in charge of the *Invulnables*, in conjunction with the far-famed cannon, "Ehrenbreitstein," which was cast at Treves in 1529.

SCOTTISH DOOMSTERS.

The name of this officer of the High Court of Justiciary, as noticed by the Author of Waverley, was equivalent to the pronouncer of doom or sentence. In this comprehensive sense, the Judges of the Isle of Man were called Dempsters. But in Scotland the word was long restricted to the designation of an official person whose duty it was to recite the sentence after it had been pronounced by the court and recorded by the clerk; on which occasion the Dempster legalised it by the words of form, "And this I pronounce for doom." For a length of years, the office, as mentioned in the text, was held *in commendam* with that of the executioner; for when this odious but necessary officer of justice received his appointment, he petitioned the Court of Justiciary to be received as their Dempster, which was granted, as a matter of course.

The production of the executioner in open court, and in presence of the wretched criminal, had something in it hideous and disgusting to the more refined feelings of later times. But if an old tradition of the Parliament House of Edinburgh may be trusted, it was the following circumstance which occasioned the disuse of the Dempster's office:—

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as Dempster; and considering the party who generally held the office, it is not wonderful that a *locum tenens* was hard to be found. At length one Hume, who had been sentenced to transportation for an attempt to burn his own house, was induced to consent that he would pronounce the doom on this occasion. But when brought forth to officiate, instead of repeating the doom to the criminal, Mr Hume addressed himself to their lordships in a bitter complaint of the injustice of his own sentence. It was in vain that he was interrupted and reminded of the purpose for which he had come hither. "I ken what ye want of me weel enough," said the fellow; "ye want me to be your Dempster; but I am come to be none of your Dempster; I am come to summon you, Lord T—, and you, Lord E—, to answer at the bar of another world for the injustice you have done me in this." In short, Hume had only made a pretext of complying with the proposal, in order to have an opportunity of reviling the judges to their faces, or giving them, in the phrase of his country, "a sloan." He was hurried off amid the laughter of the audience; but the indecorous scene which had taken place contributed to the abolition of the office of Dempster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of the court, and the formality of pronouncing doom altogether omitted.

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DISCOVERY AND PUNISHMENT OF MURDER BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE trials of different malefactors before our higher criminal courts, in recent times, on charges of murder, in which nothing beyond the testimony of what is called *presumptive evidence* could be brought forward, may well induce a more close examination of the law of Scotland on this delicate point. As the preferable evidence of two witnesses, or even one witness, can seldom be obtained in these painful cases, the law allows, as the next best, evidence founded on circumstances, when such circumstances are capable of producing the same, or nearly the same, conviction on the mind as would be produced by direct testimony. In judging by circumstantial evidence, it is the united effect of the whole that is to be taken into view, and which produces conviction on the mind. Many circumstances, which, when taken separately, appear trifling and inconclusive, operate strongly when combined with others; and this combination gives to an apparently minute circumstance an importance which is decisive. Yet, with all this species of reasoning, it is undeniable, that, in many instances, innocent persons have been executed entirely through the force of this concatenation of circumstances, while, doubtless, thousands of actual transgressors have been justly punished on no other grounds of evidence.

As one or two instances are worth a thousand dissertations, I shall present two strong cases, in one of which the real murderer, and, in the other, the supposed murderer, were brought to the gallows. The first case, for which only I have room in this number, is that of William Richardson, who was tried at Dumfries in the spring of 1787—a case remarkably striking in all its circumstances, and particularly so in the way in which the discovery of the prisoner's guilt was made.

In autumn 1786, a young woman, who lived with her parents in a remote district in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was one day left alone in the cottage, her parents having gone out to their harvest field. On their return home, a little after mid-day, they found their daughter murdered, with her throat cut in a most shocking manner. The circumstances in which she was found, the character of the deceased, and the appearances of the wound, all concurred in excluding any presumption of suicide; while the surgeons who examined the wound were satisfied that it had been inflicted by a sharp instrument, and by a person who must have held the instrument in his left hand. On examining the ground about the cottage, there were discovered the footsteps seemingly of a person who had been running hastily from the cottage, and by an indirect road, through a quagmire or bog, in which there were stepping-stones.

It appeared, however, that the person, in his haste and confusion, had slipped his foot and stepped into the mire, by which he must have been wet nearly to the middle of the leg. The prints of the footsteps were accurately measured, and an exact impression taken of them; and it appeared they were those of a person who must have worn shoes, the soles of which had been newly mended; and which, as is usual in that part of the country, had iron knobs, or nails, in them. There were discovered also along the track of the footsteps, and at certain intervals, drops of blood; and on a stile, or small gateway, near the cottage, and in the line of the footsteps, some marks resembling those of a hand which had been bloody. Not the slightest suspicion at this time attached to any particular person as the murderer; nor was it even suspected who might be the father of the child, of which the girl was found to be pregnant.

At the funeral, a number of persons of both sexes attended, and the steward-depute thought it the fittest

opportunity of endeavouring, if possible, to discover the murderer, conceiving rightly, that, to avoid suspicion, whoever he was, he would not on that occasion be absent. With this view he called together, after the interment, the whole of the men who were present, being about sixty in number. He caused the shoes of each of them to be taken off and measured; and one of the shoes was found to resemble pretty nearly the impression of the footsteps hard by the cottage. The wearer of this shoe was the *schoolmaster* of the parish, which led immediately to a suspicion that he must have been the father of the child, and had been guilty of the murder to save his character. On a closer examination, however, of the shoe, it was discovered that it was pointed at the toes, whereas the impression of the footstep was rounded at that place. The measurement of the rest went on, and, after going through nearly the whole number, one at length was discovered which corresponded exactly to the impression, in dimensions, shape of the foot, form of the sole, apparently newly mended, and the number and position of the knobs. The young man to whom the shoe belonged, on being asked where he was the day the deceased was murdered, replied, seemingly without embarrassment, that he had been all that day employed at his master's work—a statement which his master and fellow-servants confirmed. This going so far to remove suspicion, a warrant of commitment was not then granted; but some circumstances occurring a few days thereafter, having a tendency to excite it anew, the young man was apprehended and lodged in jail. On his examination, he acknowledged he was *left-handed*; and some scratches being observed on his cheek, he said he had got them when pulling nuts in a wood a few days before. He still adhered to what he had said, of his having been, on the day of the murder, employed constantly at his master's work, at some distance from the place where the deceased resided. But in the course of the *precognition* it turned out that he had been absent from his work about half an hour (the time being distinctly ascertained) in the course of the forenoon of that day—that he had called at a smith's shop, under pretence of wanting something which it did not appear he had any occasion for—that this smith's shop was on the way to the cottage of the deceased. A young girl, who was some hundred yards from the cottage, said, about the time the murder was committed (and which corresponded to the time that Richardson was absent from his fellow-servants), she saw a person exactly with Richardson's dress, in appearance, running hastily towards the cottage, but did not see him return, though he might have gone round by a small eminence, which would intercept him from her view, and which was the very track where the footsteps had been traced. His fellow-servants now recollected, that, on the forenoon of that day, they were employed with Richardson in driving their master's carts; and in passing by a wood, which they named, Richardson said that he must run to the smith's shop, and would be back in a short time. He then left his cart under their charge, and they having waited for him about half an hour, which one of the servants ascertained by having at the time looked at his watch, they remarked on his return that he had been much longer absent than he had said he would; to which he replied, that he had stopped in the wood to gather some nuts. They observed at this time one of his stockings wet and soiled, as if he had stepped into a puddle, on which they asked him where he had been. He said he had stepped into a marsh, the name of which he mentioned; on which his fellow-servants remarked, that he must have been either drunk or mad if he had stepped into that marsh, as there was a footpath which went along

the side of it. It then appeared, by comparing the time he was absent with the distance of the cottage from the place where he had left his fellow-servants, that he might have gone there, committed the murder, and returned to them. A search was then made for the stockings he had worn on that day. They were found concealed in the thatch of the apartment where he slept, appeared to be much soiled, and to have some drops of blood on them. The last he accounted for by saying, first, that his nose had been bleeding some days before; but it being observed that he had worn other stockings on that day, he next said that he had assisted at bleeding a horse when he wore these stockings; but it was proved he had not assisted, but had stood on that occasion at such a distance that none of the blood could have reached him.

On examining the mud or sand upon the stockings, it appeared to correspond precisely with that of the mire or puddle adjoining to the cottage, and which was of a very particular kind, none other of the same kind being found in that neighbourhood. The shoemaker was then discovered who had mended his shoes a short time before, and he spoke distinctly to the shoes of the prisoner, which were exhibited to him, as having been those he had mended. It then came out that Richardson had been acquainted with the deceased, who was considered in the county as of weak intellect, and had, on one occasion, been seen with her in a wood, in circumstances that led to a suspicion that he had had criminal conversation with her; and on being glibed with having such connection with one in her situation, he seemed much ashamed, and greatly hurt. It was proved, farther, by the person who sat next to him when the shoes were measuring, that he trembled much, and seemed a good deal agitated; and that, in the interval between that time and his being apprehended, he had been advised to fly, but his answer was, "Where can I fly to?" On the other hand, evidence was brought to show, that, about the time of the murder, a boat's crew from Ireland had landed on that part of the coast, near to the dwelling of the deceased; and it was said some of that crew might have committed the murder, though their motive for doing so it was difficult to explain, it not being alleged that robbery was their purpose, or that any thing was missed from the cottages in the neighbourhood. The jury, by a great plurality of voices, found him *guilty*.

Before his execution, he confessed he was the murderer, and said it was to hide his shame in having paid attentions to a woman of weak intellect, that he committed the deed. He mentioned also to the clergyman who attended him, where the knife could be found with which he had perpetrated the murder. It was found, accordingly, in the place he described, under a stone in a wall, with marks of blood upon it.

Having thus offered a striking instance of the value of circumstantial evidence, in a subsequent number I shall present one showing the very reverse; after which it may be of use to give some general advice to jurymen on so momentous a subject.

A TALE OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

NEVER, perhaps, did any city, upon the approach of a foreign enemy, betray such symptoms of consternation and disorder, as did Edinburgh on the 16th of September 1745, when it was understood that Prince Charles Edward, with his army of Highlanders, had reached a village three miles to the westward, unresisted by the civic corps in which the hapless city had placed its last hopes of defence. A regiment of dragoons, which had retreated on the previous day from Stirling, and another which happened to be encamped near Edinburgh, having joined their strengths to that of the town-guard and volunteers, had that forenoon marched boldly out of town, with the determined pur-

pose of opposing the rebels, and saving the town; but after standing very bravely for a few hours at Corstorphine, the spectacle of a single Highlander, who rode up towards them and fired off his pistol, caused the whole of these gallant cavaliers to turn and fly; nor did they stop till they had left Edinburgh itself twenty miles behind. The precipitate flight of regular troops was the worst possible example for a body of raw undisciplined citizens, who were too much accustomed to the secure comforts of their firesides, to have any relish for the horrors of an out-of-doors war with the unscrupulous mountaineers. The consequence was, that all retreated in confusion back to the city, where their pusillanimity was the subject of triumphant ridicule to the Jacobite party, and of shame and fear to the rest of the inhabitants.

In their dilemma, as band after band poured through the West Port, and filled the ample area of the Grassmarket, the magistrates assembled in their council chamber, for the purpose of "wondering what was to be done." The result of their deliberations was, that a full meeting of the inhabitants should be held, in order that they might be enabled to shape their course according to the general opinion. Orders were immediately given to this effect, and in the course of an hour they found a respectable assemblage of citizens, prepared, in one of the churches of St Giles's, to consider the important question of the defensibility of the town.

The appearance of the city, on this dreadful afternoon, was very remarkable, and such as we hope it will never again exhibit. All the streets to the west of St Giles's were crowded with citizen volunteers, apparently irresolute whether to lay down their arms or to retain them, and whose anxious and crestfallen looks communicated only despair to the trembling citizens. The sound of hammers was heard at the opening of every lane, and at the bottoms of all important turnpike stairs, where workmen were busied in mounting strong doors, studded thickly with nails, moving on immense linges, and bearing bolts and bars of no ordinary strength—the well-known rapacious character of the Highlanders, not less than their present hostile purpose, having suggested this feeble attempt at security. The principal street was encumbered with the large, tall, pavilion-roofed family carriages of people of distinction, judges, and officers of the crown, which, after being hastily crammed with their proper burdens of live stock, and laden a-top with as much baggage as they could carry, one after another wheeled off down the High Street, through the Netherbow, and so out of town. A few scattered groups of women, children, and inferior citizens, stood near that old-accustomed meeting place, the Cross, round the tall form of which they seemed to gather, like a Catholic population clinging to a sacred fabric, which they suppose to be endowed with some protecting virtue.

At the ordinary dinner hour, when the streets were, as usual, in a great measure deserted, and while the assemblage of citizens were still deliberating in the New Church aisle, the people of the High Street were thrown into a state of dreadful agitation, by a circumstance which they witnessed from their windows. The accustomed silence of "the hollow hungry hour" was suddenly broken by the clatter of a horse's feet upon the pavement; and, on running to their windows, they were prodigiously alarmed at the sight of one of their anticipated foes riding boldly up the street. Yet this alarm subsided considerably, when they observed that his purpose seemed pacific, and that he was not followed by any companions. The horseman was a youth, apparently about twenty years of age, with a remarkably handsome figure and gallant carriage, which did not fail in their effect upon at least the female part of the beholders. The most robust Highland health was indicated in his fair countenance and athletic form: and, in addition to this, his appearance expressed just enough of polish not to destroy the romantic effect produced by his wild habiliments and striking situation. The tight tartan trews showed well upon a limb, of which the symmetry was never equalled by David Allan, the national painter, so remarkable for his handsome Highland limbs, and of which the effect, instead of being impaired by the clumsy boot, was improved by the neat brogue, fastened as it was to the foot by sparkling silver buckles. He wore a smart round bonnet, adorned with his family cognisance—a bunch of ivy—and from beneath which a profusion of light brown tresses, tied with dark ribbons, flowed, according to the fashion of the time, about half way down his back. He carried a small white flag in his hand, and bore about his person the full set of Highland arms—broadsword, dirk, and two silver-mounted pistols. Many a warm Jacobite heart, male and female, palpitated at sight of his graceful figure, and a considerable crowd of idle admirers, or wonderers, followed him up the broad noble expanse of the High Street.

By this crowd, who soon discovered that his purpose was the delivery of a letter from the Chevalier to the magistrates, he was ushered forward to the opening of a narrow passage, which in those days led through a pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, towards the door of Haddo's Hole Church, a passage called in the old Scottish language a stile, which, moreover, was traversed in 1628 by King Charles the First, when he went to open the Scottish Parliament in the High Tolbooth. Here the Highlander dismounted, and after throwing his bridle over

the hook at a saddler's door, close to the corner of the stile, was led forward into the lobby of the church, from which the hum of active discussion was heard to proceed. On requesting to be introduced to the magistrates, he was informed by an official wearing their livery, that the church was so very much crowded, that "there would be nae possibility of either getting him in to see the magistrates, or the magistrates out to see him," but that his letter might be handed into them over the heads of the crowd. To this expedient the messenger consented, and accordingly it was immediately put in execution. In a few moments after it had left the keeper's hands, a dead silence seemed to fall upon the company, and after a renewed tumult and a second silence, those who stood in the lobby heard a voice reading a few words aloud, apparently those of the letter. The voice was, however, interrupted in a few seconds by the clamour of the whole assembled people, who presently rose in confusion, and made a tumultuous rush towards the door. On hearing and observing these alarming symptoms, the city officer, with inconsiderate rashness, thought it his duty to seize the author of so much supposed mischief, and accordingly made a dash at the stranger's collar, calling upon the town guardsmen present to close in upon him and intercept his retreat. But the prompt and energetic Highlander was not to be so betrayed. With a bound like the first movement of the startled deer, he cleared the lobby, and made for his horse. Two dragoons standing without, and who, observing the rush from the door, threw themselves in the stranger's way, were in the same instant felled to the ground; and before any other person could lay hands upon him, the maltreated messenger threw himself upon his horse, drew his sword, and in a transport of rage shouted defiance to all around. Whirling his weapon round his head, he stopped a few seconds amidst the terrified crowd; and then, striking spurs into his horse's sides, rode along the street, still vociferating loud defiance to all the detached military parties which he met. No attempt, however, was made to prevent his escape, or to offer him further violence. One symptom of offensive warfare alone occurred, and that originated in an accident; for an old guardsman, who was overturned on the causeway by the brush of the passing steed, could not help discharging his redoubted piece; the shot, however, doing no other harm than wounding a golden peacock which overhung the window of a fashionable milliner in the fourth flat of the Luckenbooths. After clearing the narrow defile of the Luckenbooths, and getting into the full open street, the Highland cavalier for once turned round, and, with a voice broken by excess of indignation, uttered a thundering malediction against all Edinburgh for its breach of the articles of war, and a challenge to the prettiest man in it who would meet him upon honourable terms. He then galloped briskly down the High Street, still brandishing his broadsword, the people making way for him on all sides, by running down the numerous alleys leading from the street, and terminated his daring exploit, unscathed and undaunted, by passing out at the Netherbow Port, of which the enormous folding doors, like the turnpikes in John Gilpin, flew open at his approach.

It is irrelevant to our purpose to describe the consternation under which the inhabitants of Edinburgh passed the whole of that evening and night, or the real terror which next morning seized them, when they understood that the insurgents were in possession of the town. Moreover, as it would not be proper to encumber our narrative with well-known historical details, we shall also pass over the circumstances in this remarkable civil war which followed upon the capture of the city, and content ourselves with relating the simple events of a love tale, in which the hero just introduced to the notice of our readers acted a conspicuous part.

About a month after the rebels had entered Edinburgh, and while Prince Charles Edward was still fondly lingering in the palace which had sheltered so many of his ancestors, a young gentlewoman named Helen Lindsay, the daughter of a whig writer to the signet in Edinburgh, was one fine October evening taking a solitary walk in the King's Park. The sun had gone down over the Castle, like the fire-shell dropping into a devoted fortress, and the lofty edifices of the city presented on the eastern side nothing but dark irregular masses of shade. The Park, which a little before had been crowded with idle and well-dressed people, waiting perhaps for a sight of the Prince, was now deserted by all except a few Highland soldiers, hurrying to or from the camp at Duddington, and by the young lady above mentioned, who continued, in spite of the deepening twilight, to saunter about, seeming to await the hour of some assignation. As each single Highland officer or group passed this lady, she contrived to elude their observation by an adroit management of her plaid; and it was not till the gathering darkness rendered her appearance at such a time and place absolutely suspicious, that at length one gallant mountaineer made bold to accost her. "Ah, Helen," he exclaimed, "how delighted am I to find you here!—for I expected you to be waiting at the bottom of the walk—and thus I see you five minutes sooner than I otherwise would have done." "I would rather wait near the Palace than at that fearsome place, at this time of night, William," said the young lady; "for, let me tell you, you have been a great deal later o' comin' than you should have been."

"Pardon me, my angel!" answered the youth; "I have been detained by the Prince till this instant. His Royal Highness has communicated to me no very pleasant intelligence—he is decisive as to our march commencing on the morning after to-morrow, and I am distracted to think of parting with you. How shall I—how can I part with you!" "Oh! never mind that, Willie," cried the lady in a tone quite different from his, which was highly expressive of a lover's misery; "if your enterprise prove successful, and you do not get your head broken, or beauty spoilt, you shall perhaps be made an earl, and marry some grand English countess; and I shall then content myself with young Claver the advocate, who has been already so warmly recommended to me by my father, and who would instate me to-morrow, if I chose, as his wedded wife, in the fine house he has just bought in Forrester's Wynd." "To the devil with that beast!" cried the jealous lover in Gaelic. "Do you think, Helen, that I could ever marry any one but you, even though it were the queen on the throne? But perhaps you are not so very resolute in your love matters, and could transfer your affections from one object to another as easily and as quickly as you could your thoughts, or the glance of your eyes." "Ah, Willie, Willie," said the lady, still in a jocular tone, "I see you are a complete Heilanter—fiery and irritable. I might have kenn'd that the first moment I ever saw ye, when ye bravaeded a' Edinburgh because a silly toon-officer tried to touch ye. Wad ye flee up, man, on your ain true love, when she merely jokes ye a wee?" "Oh, if that be all, Helen," said the youth humbly, "I beg your grace. Yet, methinks, this is no time for merriment, when we are about to part, perhaps for ever. How, dearest Helen, do you contrive to keep up your spirits under such circumstances?" "Because," said the young lady, "I know that there is no necessity for us parting, at least for some time to come; for I am willing to accompany you, if you will take me, to the very world's end. There's sincerity and true love for you!" Surprised and delighted with this frank offer, the lover strained his mistress passionately to his bosom, and swore to protect her as his lawful wife till the latest moment of his existence. "You shall travel," he said, "in my sister Lady Ogilvie's carriage, and be one of the first British ladies to attend the Prince's levee in St James's at Christmas. Our marriage shall be solemnised at the end of the first stage." The project was less than rational; but when was reason any thing to love? Many avowals of mutual attachment passed between the parties, and, after projecting a mode of elopement, they parted—William Douglas taking the road for the camp at Duddington, and Helen Lindsay hastily returning to the town.

The morning of the 1st of November broke drearily upon Edinburgh, showing a dull frosty atmosphere, and the ground covered with a thin layer of snow. It was the morning of the march; and here and there throughout the streets stood a few bagpipers, playing a reveille before the lodgings of the great officers of the clans. One or two chiefs were already marching down the street, preceded by their pipers, and followed by their men, in order to join the army, which was beginning to move from Duddington. The Highland guard, which had been stationed, ever since the Chevalier's arrival, at the Weigh-house, was now leaving its station, and moving down the Lawnmarket to the merry sound of the bagpipe, when a strange circumstance occurred.

Just as the word of command had been given to the Weigh-house guard, the sash of the window in the third floor of an adjacent house was pushed up, and immediately after, a female figure was observed to issue therefrom, and to descend rapidly along a rope towards the pavement below. The commander of the guard no sooner perceived this than he sprang forward to the place where the figure was to alight, as if to receive her in his arms; but he did not reach it before the lady, finding the rope too short by several yards, dropped with a slight scream on the ground, where she lay apparently lifeless. The officer was instantly beside her—and words cannot describe the consternation and sorrow depicted in his face, as he stooped, and with gentle promptitude lifted the unfortunate lady from the ground. She had fainted with the pain of what soon turned out to be a broken limb; and as she lay over the Highlander's arm, her travelling hood falling back from her head, disclosed a face which, though exquisitely beautiful, was as pale and expressionless as death. A slight murmur at length broke from her lips, and a tinge of red returned to her cheeks as she half articulated the word "William." William Douglas, for it was he, hung over her in silent despair for a few moments, and was only recalled to recollection when his men gathered eagerly and officiously around him, each loudly inquiring of the other the meaning of this strange scene. The noise thus occasioned soon had the effect of bringing all to an understanding; for the father of the lady, in a nightcap and morning-gown, was first observed to cast a hurried glance over the still open window above, and was soon after in the midst of the group, calling loudly and distractedly for his daughter, and exclaiming budily against the person in whose arms he found her, for having attempted to rob him of his natural property. Douglas beheld himself for a moment, and calling upon his men to close all round him and the lady, began to move away with his belated burden, while the old gentleman loaded the air with his cries, and struggled

forward with the vain intention of rescuing his daughter. The lover might soon have succeeded in his wishes by ordering the remonstrant to be withheld, and taken home by his men; but he speedily found that to take away his mistress in her present condition, and without the means of immediately relieving her, would be the height of cruelty; and he therefore felt himself reluctantly compelled to resign her to the charge of her parent, even at the risk of losing her for ever. Old Mr Lindsay, overjoyed at this resolution, offered to take his daughter into his own arms, and transport her back to the house; but Douglas, heeding not his proposal, and apparently anxious to retain his mistress as long as he could, saved him this trouble by slowly and mournfully retracing his steps, and carrying her up stairs to her bed-chamber—his company meanwhile remaining below. He there discovered that Helen had been locked up by her father, who had found reason to suspect her intention of eloping, and that this was what occasioned her departure from the mode of escape previously agreed upon. After depositing her still inanimate person carefully on a bed, he turned for a moment towards her father; told him fiercely, that if he exercised any cruelty upon her in consequence of what had taken place, he should dearly rue it; and then, after taking another silent, lingering, farewell look of his mistress, left the house in order to continue his march.

After this, another and longer interval occurs between the incidents of our tale; and this may perhaps be profitably employed in illustrating a few of the circumstances already laid partially before the reader. William Douglas was a younger son of Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, the celebrated antiquary, and had been bred to the profession of a writer, or attorney, under the auspices of a master of good practice in Aberdeen. Being, however, a youth of sanguine temperament and romantic spirit, he did not hesitate a moment, on hearing of the landing of the Chevalier, to break his apprenticeship, just on the point of expiring, and set off to rank himself under the banners of him whom he conceived entitled to the duty and assistance of all true Scotsmen. In consideration of his birth, and his connection with some of the very highest leaders in the enterprise, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Prince, in which capacity he had been employed to communicate with the city in the manner already described. As he rode up the High Street, and, more than that, as he rode down again, he had been seen and admired by Helen Lindsay, who happened to be then in the house of a friend near the scene of his exploit. Soon after the Highland army had taken possession of the city, they had met at the house of a Jacobite aunt of the young lady, and a passion of the tenderest nature then took place between them. To her father, who was her only surviving parent, this was quite unknown till the day before the departure of the Highlanders, when some circumstances having roused his suspicions, he thought it necessary to lock her up in her own room, without, however, securing the window—that part of a house so useful and so interesting above all others to youthful lovers, the chink of Pyramus and Thisbe not excepted. It only remains to be stated, that though the young lady recovered from the effects of her fall in a few weeks, she did not so soon recover from her disappointment, and she was doomed to experience a still greater affliction in the strange look with which she was afterwards regarded by her father and all her own acquaintance.

William Douglas performed an active part in all the scenes of the rebellion, and finally escaped the perils of Culloden almost without a wound. He fled to his father's house, where he was received joyfully, and concealed for upwards of a twelvemonth, till the search of the royal troops was no longer dangerous. His father frequently entreated him to go abroad, but he would not consent to such a measure; and at last, it being understood that government had passed an "act of oblivion" in regard of the surviving rebels, he ventured gradually and cautiously to appear again in society. All this time he had never communicated with Helen Lindsay; but his thoughts had often, in the solitude of his place of hiding, turned anxiously and fondly towards her. At length, to the surprise of his father, he one day expressed his desire of going to Edinburgh, and setting up there as a writer—the profession to which he had been educated, and for which he could easily complete his qualifications. Sir Robert was by no means averse to his commencing business, but expressed his fears for the safety of his son's person in so conspicuous a situation in the capital, where the eyes of justice were constantly wide open, and where he could certainly meet with the most disagreeable recognitions. The lover overruled all these objections, by asking the old gentleman whether he would wish to see his son perish in the West Indies, or become a respectable and pacific member of society in his own country; and it was speedily arranged that both should set out for Edinburgh, in order to put the youth's purpose in execution, so soon as he should procure his indenture from his late master. In this no difficulty was experienced; and in a few weeks the aged baronet set forth, accompanied by his son on horseback, towards the city which contained all the latter held dear on earth.

On arriving at an inn in the Canongate, the first thing Sir Robert did was to send a card to his cousin, the Earl of —, informing his lordship of his arrival, and begging his company that evening at his hotel.

The earl soon made his appearance, heartily welcomed the old gentleman to Edinburgh, and was introduced to young William. His lordship was sorry, however, that he could not stay long with them, as Lady — was to have a ball that evening, where his presence was of course indispensable. He begged, however, to have the pleasure of their company at his house so soon as they could dress, when he would endeavour to entertain them, and, moreover, introduce his young kinsman to the chief beauties of Edinburgh. When he was gone, Sir Robert, alarmed at the idea of his son entering at once into an assemblage where many would remember his face, attempted to dissuade him from attending the ball, and offered to remain all the evening with him in the inn. But William insisted upon going, holding all danger light, and representing to his father, that, even though he were recognised, no one, even an enemy, would think of discovering him, that being generally held as a sin of the deepest dye. The truth was, that the earl's mention of beauties put him in mind of Miss Lindsay, and inspired him with a notion that she would be of the party, and that he might have an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her, which he could not easily procure otherwise. Both, therefore, prepared themselves for the ball, and in a short time set off in two chairs for Gray's Close, in which the earl's house was situated.

That fine old spacious alley was found to be on the present occasion as splendid as it was possible for any close in Auld Reekie to be, under the double advantages of fashion and festivity. Two livery-men stood at the head with torches, and served as a beacon to mark to the gathering company the entrance of the strait into which they had to steer their way. Between the head of the lane and the vestibule of his lordship's house, other servants were planted with torches, so as to form an avenue of lights, along which the guests were ushered. All the guests, as they successively arrived, were announced at the head of the stair by a servant—a custom recently adopted from London, and of little service in Edinburgh, where all people knew each other by sight. It served, however, on the present occasion, to procure for Sir Robert and his son, immediately on their entering the room, a general and instantaneous attention, which they would rather have dispensed with, and upon which they had not calculated. Both gentlemen were personally presented by their kinsman, the earl, to many persons of distinction of both sexes, among whom Sir Robert (though he had been for twenty years estranged in a great measure from society, in the prosecution of his studies, and the management of his gout) soon recognised and entered into conversation with some old friends, while his son set himself to observe if Miss Lindsay was in the room. She was not present; but as company continued still to arrive, he entertained hopes that she would yet make her appearance. Disengaging himself, therefore, from his father, he withdrew to a corner of the room, where he might see, without being easily perceived by any person entering; and there, in silence and abstraction, he awaited her probable arrival. Some minutes had elapsed after the last announcement, and in the idea that all were assembled, the earl had stood up at the head of a long double line of powdered beaux, and ladies with enormous hoops and high head-dresses, in order to lead off the first dance, when William Douglas heard the name of Mr and Miss Lindsay proclaimed at the head of the stair, and presently after saw an old precise-looking gentleman lead into the room the elegant figure of his long-lost mistress. He saw no more for some time; for while his blood rushed upwards to the heart in tumultuous tide, a dimness came over his eyes, and obscured even the brilliant chandeliers that hung over the company. On recovering his powers of observation, the dance was done, and the floor cleared of its revellers, who now sat all round in full view. Some of the ladies were fanning themselves vehemently with their large Indian fans; others were listening, with head awry, to the compliments of their partners; not a few were talking and coquetting with the gentlemen near them, and a great portion were sitting demurely and stiffly in groups, like hedgerow elms, under the awful patronage of their mothers or protectresses: all were companionable and looked happy, except one—a silent and solitary one, who, less attractively dressed than any of the rest, yet more beautiful than them all, sat pensively apart from the throng, apparently taking little interest in what was going on. Douglas needed no one to inform him that this was Helen Lindsay, though she was very different from the vivacious sparkling girl she had been eighteen months before. He was shocked at the change he observed, and hastened to discover the cause, by inquiring of a silly-looking young man near him who she was. "Oh! that is Miss Lindsay," quoth the youth, who was no other than her ancient admirer, Claver, "said to be the prettiest girl in Edinburgh, though Miss Pringle for my money—her you see with a flame-coloured sack, sitting next to the Lord Justice Clerk. To be sure, Miss Lindsay is not what she has been; I was once thought in love with her [here he simpered], but she was one morning found on the tramp with a rebel officer, who is said to have been hanged, and she has never since then held up her head as she used to do; for indeed, let me tell you, some of our great dames here affect to hold up their noses at her adventures; so that, what with a lippit character, and a banged sweetheart, you see she looks somewhat dismal on it."

Douglas durst make no further inquiries, but shrunk back in the seclusion and concealment afforded by a corner of the room, from whence he continued for some time longer to watch his unhappy mistress, his father in the meantime completely taken off his hands by a spectacled old maiden of quality, who had engaged him in a genealogical disquisition. By watching his opportunities, he contrived to place himself almost close beside his mistress, without being observed, and, gradually making still nearer approaches, he had at last the happiness of finding himself upon the very next seat to hers. Whatever change disappointment and woe had wrought in her, it did not amount to a fourth of that which William had achieved in himself by a change of clothes, and taming down, to the expression of domestic life, a visage which had showed somewhat fierce and soldierly in the days of his acquaintance with Miss Lindsay. Instead of his former gallant and robust air, he was now pale and elegant, and though his eye still retained some of its fire, and his lip its wonted curve, the general change was such, and, moreover, the circumstances under which he was now seen were so different from those which surrounded and characterised him, that before any but a lover's eye he might have passed without recognition. As the case was, Miss Lindsay discovered him at the first glance, and with difficulty suppressing a scream, had nearly fainted with excessive emotion. In the words of Scotland's national poet,

She gazed, she reddened like a rose,
Syne pale as any lily.

But she expressed no farther emotion. With presence of mind which was not singular in those times of danger, she instantly recovered her tranquillity, though her eyes could not but express that she half believed herself to be in the presence of a being out of this world. One affectionate look from William sufficed to put her alarm on that score to rest; but she continued to feel the utmost apprehension respecting his safety, as well as a multitude of other confused emotions, which fast awakened in her heart, as from his imaginary grave, where they had long been buried, and thronged tumultuously through her breast. A few words, heard by no ears but hers, stealing under cover of the noise made by the music and the dancers, like the rill under a load of snow, conveyed to her the delightful intelligence that he was still alive and her lover, and that he was come thus late, when the days of peril seemed past, and under happier auspices than before, to claim her affections. When the dancers next arose upon the floor, he respectfully presented his hand, and led her, nothing loth, into the midst of the splendid assemblage, where Lord —, bustling about as master of the ceremonies, assigned them an honourable place, in spite of the surprised looks and reprobatory winks of not a few matrons as well as young ladies. The handsome and well-matched pair acquitted themselves to the admiration of the whole assemblage, except the censorious and the envious; and when they sat down together upon the same seats from which they had risen, the speculation excited among the whole throng by the unexpected appearance of such a pair, was beyond all precedent in the annals of gossip.

Not long after, supper was announced, and the company left the dancing-room in order to go down stairs to the apartment where that meal was laid out. A ludicrous circumstance now occurred, which we shall relate, rather because it formed a part of the story, as told by our informant, than from any connection it has with the main incident.

Sir Robert had all this time been so earnestly engaged in the genealogical discussion alluded to, that, interesting as the word supper always is on such occasions to those not given to dancing alone, he did not hear it. It was not till all were gone that he and the old spectacled lady discovered at what stage of the proceedings they were arrived. Recollecting his old-fashioned politeness, however, in proper time, the venerable antiquary made his *congé*, and offered his hand to the tall, stiff, and rigid-looking dame, in order to escort her, *more majorem*, down stairs. Sir Robert was a man somewhat of the shortest, and, moreover, of the fattest, while a gouty foot, carefully swaddled, gave an infirm and tottering air to his whole person. As they moved along, the two antiques would have reminded one of Sancho Panza leading the distressed old spectacled duenna through the dark labyrinths of the duke's castle. Thus they went along the room, down the earl's narrow spiral stair, and through an ill-lighted passage, he cringing and limping, as gouty men are wont, and she sailing along, erect and dignified after the manner of an old maid of 1750, who had seen good company at the hunters' balls in Holyrood-house. Now, it so happened that a servant, or, as some editions have it, a baker, had set down a small fruit patty, contained in an oval dish, in a dark corner of the passage, intending immediately to return from the supper-room, to which he had carried some other dishes, in order to rescue it from that dangerous situation—to which, indeed, he had been compelled to consign it, on finding that his hands were already over-engaged. Before he returned, as ill luck would have it, Sir Robert's gouty and clumy foot alighted full in the middle of the patty, and stuck in it up to the ankle—perfectly unconscious, however, in its swaddings, of having so shod itself, so that the good baronet walked on with it into the room. What was his surprise, and what the mirth of the company, and what the indignation of the old duenna, on finding

that she shared in the ridicule of her esquire, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that the whole assemblage were so delighted with the amusing incident, that not one face exhibited any thing of gloom during the subsequent part of the evening; and even the young ladies were tempted to forget and forgive the good fortune of Miss Lindsay, in having to all appearance so completely secured a first-rate lover.

Our tale now draws to a conclusion, and may be summed up in a few words. William Douglas soon settled in business as a writer to the signet, and found no obstacle on the part of either his parent or his mistress in uniting himself to that amiable young lady. It was known to a few, and suspected by more, that, under the decent habit he now wore, was concealed the very person who knocked down two of Gardner's dragoons in the Luckenbooths, and braved all Edinburgh to single combat. But he was never molested on this account; and he therefore continued to practise in the Court of Session for upwards of half a century, with the success and with the credit of a respectable citizen.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

HAVING, in the first article on this subject, mentioned that the earliest specimens of printing which have been discovered, consist in the stamped marks on the bricks and tiles used in building the city and tower of Babel, and which may be dated 2200 years before Christ, I now proceed to detail the various stages of improvement in this noble art. Before, however, leaving this early branch of the subject, I may notice, that a number of the stamped clay materials of Babel are still preserved in the repositories of antiquity. It is remarked, that they generally differ in shape and appearance, and that the letters, or words, which are in an ancient character, seem to have been stamped by the hand by moveable blocks. In Trinity College, Cambridge, some curious specimens are preserved, one of which is a round piece of clay, seven inches in height, and three inches in thickness at the ends, resembling a barrel, or a lady's ball of thread in shape, being thickest at the middle. This interesting relic—this Chaldean book—is entirely covered with lines of letters and words running from the one end to the other; from its portable character, it may be called a *pocket volume*, and one which cannot be less than 4000 years old. The greatest possible care is taken of this precious relic of antiquity. It is mounted on a marble pedestal, covered with a glass case secured by an iron bracket, and so contrived that the curious inspector may cause it to revolve on its marble base. It appears to have been printed by two moulds, and at the middle of the circumference a small blank space has been left, in case, as it is supposed, room should be required for a portion of the clay to escape in the action of compression.

Next to these extremely ancient stamped bricks, in point of interest and antiquity, are the specimens now shown of the earliest engraving of letters on stone. It has been signified by various writers, that Cadmus, a Phœnician who lived 1500 years before Christ, at a period contemporary with Moses, and who has been esteemed the builder of the city of Thebes, was the first who taught the Greeks the use of alphabetic symbols, an art he most likely learned from the Hebrews. The most ancient specimen of an engraved inscription now known to be extant, is the Sigeian Inscription, so called from having been disinterred upon a promontory named *Sigium*, situate near the ancient city of Troy in Greece. It is engraved on a pillar of beautifully white marble, nine feet high, two feet broad, and eight inches thick, and which, from the inscription, served as the pedestal for the heathen god Heracles. The letters used in this inscription are the capitals of the Grecian language, though rudely cut, but read from right to left like the Hebrew. This specimen of engraving must be about 3000 years old.

Another not less interesting relic of the earliest stage of printing is found in a Roman signet ring, or stamp, approaching in character to that species of stamp now used by the Post Office on letters. A not very dissimilar stamp in the Greek character is in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

It will be perceived, that, however curious these relics of literature may be, they do not bear any connection with the art of printing books. The origin of this invention seems to be quite independent of a preceding knowledge of impressing by means of stamps. What is, however, worthy of remark, the art of printing books, though on a rude principle, was known and in use among the Chinese at least fourteen hundred years before it was invented in Europe. The printing of the Chinese has never resembled any thing of the kind in this country. From the first, it has been conducted without moveable types. Each page has been, and continues to be, a block or cut stamp, which is thus useful only for one subject, so that every book must have its own blocks. No press is used. The paper being thin, when laid on the block, receives the impression by being smoothed over with a brush. There is reason to infer that the art of printing, as thus practised by the Chinese, may have originated through a knowledge of the still more ancient Chaldean mode of printing by blocks on clay.—*To be continued.*

DAMASCUS.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM, whose enterprising travels in divers eastern countries are well known and esteemed for the valuable and correct information which they afford, both as regards the most interesting relics of antiquity, and the mercantile character and capacities of various half-civilised nations, presents the following view of the trade and other peculiarities of the city of Damascus, in his travels among the Arab tribes, which will be appreciated by intelligent inquirers after facts of this useful nature:—

"The narrowest streets of Damascus are wider than the generality of those at Cairo, and will conveniently admit of a laden camel marching in the centre, with room for a foot passenger to move in safety on each side. The greater number of the streets, indeed, would allow two laden camels to pass each other without incommencing those on foot; and many are as wide as the great street by which we first traversed Damascus, on entering it from the southward, as before described. The bazaars are appropriated each to the sale of its separate class of articles, which is usual, indeed, throughout the Turkish dominions. Those in which the more valuable commodities are vended, are generally roofed in, with apertures left to admit light and air, by which means they are kept warm and dry in winter, and shady and cool in summer—considerations of importance to places so constantly thronged as are these resorts of purchase and sale. The bazaars appeared to us to be all well furnished with the articles of commerce in general requisition here, and the traders seemed to be more wealthy and respectable than the same class of persons in Egypt. The shops are seldom opened before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and rarely continue open longer than two o'clock in the afternoon, making their period of business, therefore, only four hours in the day. The persons who attend in them to serve the customers, under the eye of the master, are well dressed, obliging, and polite, and generally succeed, by their complimentary mode of address and agreeable manners, in inducing their visitors to purchase more of them than they at first intended. On the whole, there is perhaps no part of a modern Turkish or Arabian city where the pictures of the Arabian tales pass so frequently and completely before the view as in a crowded bazaar; and to an observant spectator, it is one of the most agreeable and entertaining rambles that he can take.

In Damascus, all kinds of Indian commodities—but particularly spices, cotton manufactures, coarse and fine muslins, chintzes, and gold stuffs—are in great demand, and considerable quantities of them are sold at high prices. These come from India by the Persian Gulf, Bussora, Bagdad, and Aleppo, and are consequently burdened with all the heavy expenses of land carriage through such a circuitous route. It is here, among other great cities of the Levant, including Constantinople, Smyrna, and the whole of Asia Minor, that a vast field would be found for the consumption of Indian commodities, if they could be brought to their respective markets at a less cost, and rendered available to all classes, instead of being confined, as they now are by their heavy prices, to the opulent only.

The few manufactures of England that have yet found their way into the bazaars of Damascus, are much sought after, and held in very high esteem, particularly light woollen clothes of gay colours, printed cottons and chintzes, and silk and cotton shawls made in imitation of those of Cashmere. As these are not imported direct from England to Syria, but come through the markets of Malta, Smyrna, the Greek Islands, and Alexandria, at each of which places the prices become enhanced by new charges, they sell here at exorbitantly high rates, and would very handsomely repay the adventurer of a small ship freighted with such a cargo, to be landed at some port on the coast. To these, however, might be added a considerable number of other articles, which from the cheap rate at which they could be furnished from England, would only need be known, to be in great demand.

The great supply of wearing apparel for the fashionable persons of both sexes at Damascus, is brought from Constantinople, ready made. These are mostly new, but a large quantity of clothes that have been previously worn are also brought from the Turkish capital for the bazaars of this city, and distributed indeed over the greater part of the empire.

Among other various manufactures to be found in the bazaars of Damascus are very superb caparisons for horses, of which the Turks, and indeed all the eastern nations, are extremely fond. The best of these are considered to be made in Roomeelea, by which the people here generally understand European Turkey; a number of fine bridles, martingales, and silver and embossed breast-pieces, come also from Persia. The fire-arms are chiefly of French and German manufacture, but got up in a more highly ornamented style than would be pleasing to European taste, being expressly prepared for this market. Those who are the most choice, however, in the selection of their arms, prefer to have the barrels of their muskets and pistols made of the old wavy iron found in the ancient sword-blades of the country, with French or German ornaments, but with English locks. The sabre blades are almost all of the old Persian or Damascus manufacture, the art of making them being no longer known or practised in this city.

The silk seen in the bazaars of Damascus is principally of Chinese and Indian manufacture; the furs come from Russia, Georgia, Circassia, and Armenia; the velvet from Italy; copper from Asia Minor; lead, tin, and iron, from England, through Smyrna; and various other articles of an inferior kind from Germany and France. The domestic manufactures of Damascus are very few, and consist chiefly in silk stuffs, plain, coloured, and embroidered with gold; fabrics of plain cotton, and cotton and silk mixed, all for home consumption, and mostly of broad striped or wavy patterns for the caftans of the Turkish dress. They are as well made as they could be of the same materials in any part of Europe—England and France perhaps excepted; and as far as I could learn, the manufacture was neither slow, intricate, nor expensive. They are worn by persons of the highest rank in the city, while their moderate price and great durability render them also in great request among the middle ranks of society. Besides the roofed bazaars, in which the articles enumerated are generally found, there are also open bazaars in which household furniture and wearing apparel, both old and new, are sold by public auction."

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH DRAMA.

THE drama in France, as well as in our own country, seems at present rather at a discount. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, independently of the fact, that for some time past nothing very brilliant or striking in that department has appeared, the real drama of life which has been exhibited there for the last twelve months, so far exceeds, in variety and intensity of interest, any thing which the mimic representations of the stage could offer; its scenes have been so much more striking, its changes so much more unexpected, and its *dénouement* is yet so impenetrable, that reality seems suddenly to have assumed the romance and mystery of the stage, and the stage itself to have become the last representation of the sobriety, and even tenor, which used to be the attributes of common life.

The dramatic talent of the day, such as it is, our readers are probably aware, has latterly taken the direction of illustrating the early history of France. The modern dramatists are busily employed in exploring a mine, which in this country is pretty well worked out, endeavouring to do for their country what Shakspeare has done for the civil wars of England, and Scott for the times of chivalry, though in a spirit abundantly different from either of their prototypes. Shakspeare, conversant with every form of life, and, therefore, tolerant of all opinions, has no theory to favour—no peculiar views of society and polity to enforce or assail. Good and evil, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, are to him necessary fragments of one grand picture; in the darkest scenes of bloodshed and strife, through which he moves, he sees some gleam of humanity enlightening the gloom; in the sunniest spots of life, some lurking and melancholy shadows; while, even amidst the tempest and the whirlwind of warring passions, there are pauses in which, ever and anon, are heard the still, small whispers of serenity and peace. This versatility of mind in Shakspeare, which enables him, like the universal sun, to look placidly on all things, was favoured by the character of the period in which he lived. Those were the days of action, not of thought. The great questions which have since divided and are now agitating the world, slept unheard of in the womb of time. Opinions had not assumed consistency or form, far less arrayed themselves in hostile opposition to each other. The strong prejudices and clashing opinions of later centuries had not taught men to view the past through a distorted or a partial medium, or to seek in the fictitious representations of former days a vehicle by which their opinions on questions of government or morals might be insinuated, or the prevailing views and passions of the day flattered or confirmed.

Those days of indifference, however, are gone by. The great questions which were unheard of in the sixteenth century have since been proposed and discussed with vehemence by divided senates and contending armies. Our great novelist views the past with a kindly feeling, because a reverence for antiquity in all things is one of those principles which he carries into the actual business and duties of life. Thus he spreads a glow over all his pictures of former days, brings forward into sunshine the splendours of the tilt-yard and the banquet, while he hides "the loop-hole grates where captives weep;" and dilates with complacency on individual instances of the bravery, courtesy, loyalty, and constant service of the antique world, while he passes over its too general selfishness, misery, and crime.

The very opposite view, and one at least as exaggerated, is taken, as might be expected, by the modern dramatists of France, who, while they have borrowed from Sir Walter Scott the hint of dressing up for modern purposes their ancient annals, have treated him much in the same way as Caliban does Prospero, after he has bestowed on him the gift of language—they turn his materials against himself, and use them only to degrade that state of society which he has painted in colours so seductive. This, then, is the leading fault of the modern French dramatists, in their sketching from the earlier annals of France—the colour is too uniformly sombre and gloomy.

The editor of the Journal has extracted the above

judicious observations from an able article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for January 1832, a work which may be esteemed as one of the best and least somnolent of the quarterly periodicals. He may be permitted the concluding remark, that the decline of the drama in Britain, where it is more sensibly observed than on the Continent, has doubtless been effected by the almost total want of sympathy which prevails betwixt the minds and actions of the people generally, and those illustrated on the stage, where life is uniformly painted in false or illusive colours, or in a fantastic form. To the exceedingly imperfect admonitions and amusements of the drama have succeeded, it is to be hoped, a more rational mode of instruction in morals, and a more innocent order of entertainments.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR ALEX. MURRAY—concluded.

"ABOUT WHITSUNDAY 1791," continues Dr Murray, "I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Caesar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English not fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Caesar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life in the University of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

I found my school-fellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner, under Mr George Muir, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He showed me many civilities, and gave me the use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then deceased: Luciana, Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis, Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; Homer's Iliad, Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; Buchanan's Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum; and Buchanan's Opera Poetica. The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and Schrevelius' Lexicon. I got the Grammar, but I forget how I obtained the Lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Caesar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Muir was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Crumond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's History by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat Greek Grammar and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease. He was given to law, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading the books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June 1791, we were allowed to read a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the Iliad, which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it, till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon affected me greatly; and no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that 'Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country.' My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence. About that time I formed a sort of axiom, that every language must have a certain number of words, and that in learning a language, the student is not master of it till he have seen all these. I therefore always liked to turn over dictionaries, as well as to read authors.

In July 1791, I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice, by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation were very desirable. I had from you the loan of Longinus—the *Œdipus Tyrannus*—a volume of Cicero's Orations, which I read with great delight—and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to works

in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr Crumond, to whom I showed it, in September 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the points; and, in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old Lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable. It contained, besides the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original. When I came home, some person informed me that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew bible, the property of her brother, Mr William Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland. She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan; I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

I returned to school in summer 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimentary way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiae, which hurt my future appearance at college, and is more or less the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet, had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress; for the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the Rudiments; and every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for beginning me anew in the Rudiments and Grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr Dalzel, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is no doubt a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

In 1792, I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn 1792, my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow University. I could not imitate him, for want of funds. In the winter 1792-3, I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Mill, and taught his children during that season till March 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings, but my object was to get a residence near Newton Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr Nathaniel Martin, in Brigend of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to exercise themselves in reading English poetry, and in spending their hours agreeably. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as The Bee, Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English collections, and so forth. In the Miln, I got Gulliver's Travels and Clarke's Evidences of Christianity. I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other. My companions at the night-school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh; one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobaccoist; John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John McKie, lately merchant in Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Baillie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learned from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect.

In 1791, I had the loan of a stray volume of the Ancient Universal History from my neighbour school-fellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, Abyssinians, and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the Miln, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with Paradise Lost, sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my schoolfellow, George Mure, had lent me, in

1791, an edition of Ossian's Fingal, which is in many passages a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the MS. about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during the winter 1792-3 wrote several thousand of blank verses about his achievements. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790, I had purchased 'The Grave,' a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton Stewart, and other parts. I used to live weeks with James M'Harg, and to write in company with him ridiculous burlesque poems on any subject that struck our fancy. At Newton Stewart, at that time, I read with great interest Tom Paine's works, in which M'Harg and I did not feel ourselves much concerned. We both liked liberty; but I well remember that the death of the king of France, which I read in January 1793, in a newspaper, almost made me cry; and I hated Marat and Robespierre. M'Harg had a practice of preying on the credulity of ignorant people, who were not able to read, but were keen Jacobins. He told them a world of lies about the success of the French, &c., &c., which they, with great and absurd joy, communicated to their neighbours. We both did a little too much in this wicked way, for we thought these people below par in sense. During that summer I destroyed Arthur and his Britons, and began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his *Frater Franciscani*. I made an attempt to obtain Mochnum school, but Mr Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish.

Some time in summer 1793, I formed an acquaintance with William Hume, a young lad who intended to become an Antiburgher clergyman, and who kept a private school in Newton Stewart. About the same time you introduced me to several members of the presbytery of Wigton. My friendship with Mr Hume procured me the loan of several new books. I paid a visit to Mr Doman, in Wigton, an excellent man and scholar. He examined me on Homer, which I read *ad aperitum libri* in a very tolerable though not very correct manner. He gave me Cicero, *de Naturâ Deorum*, which I studied with great ardour, though a speculative treatise. I was enthusiastically fond of Cicero, as my dictionary gave me a most affecting account of the merits and fate of that great man. In 1791, I bought for a trifle a MS. volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburgh, a German professor, on the lives and writings of the Roman authors, from Lilius Andronicus to Quintilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to translate and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793-4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the Spectator, World, Guardian, and Pope's Works, were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture, were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions. In spring 1794, I got a reading of Blair's Lectures. The book was lent by Mr Strang, a relief clergyman, to William Hume, and sub-lent to me. In 1793, I had seen a volume of an Encyclopædia, but found very considerable difficulties in making out the sense of obscure scientific terms, with which those books abound.

Early in 1794, I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the success of a History of the Latin Writers, I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected by myself and friends four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me, that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make publication my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakspeare, and never read any thing, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen his poems before.

During this summer, my friend M'Harg was in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea, &c. He described my situation to James Kinneir, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him, that if I could be brought into town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. I communicated this to you—you countenanced the measure, and, in consequence, I arrived in Edinburgh, beginning of Nov. 1794."

Such is Dr Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, we proceed to state, he was kindly received by Mr Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town, was one from Mr Maitland to Dr Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town, he underwent an examination in presence of Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examiners, he read *ad aperturam libri*, and also explained and analysed accurately a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.—*Murray's Literary History of Galloway, second edition.*

[Dr Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806, he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sank under the fatigues of his first session, and he died universally and deeply lamented, April 15, 1813.]

DR CHALMERS'S PRAYER ON THE PESTILENCE.

"Do thou, O Lord, ward off from us the farther inroads of that desolating plague, which, in its mysterious progress over the face of the earth, has made such fearful ravages among the families of other lands. Hitherto, O God! thou hast dealt mildly and mercifully with the city of our own habitation. Do thou pour out the spirit of grace and supplication upon its inhabitants, and spare them, if it be thy blessed will, the inflictions of that wrath which is so rightfully due to a careless and ungodly generation. We pray, O Lord! in a more especial manner, for those patriotic men whose duty calls them to a personal encounter with this calamity; and who, braving all the hazards of infection, may be said to stand between the living and the dead. Save them from the attacks of disease—save them from the obloquies of misconception and prejudice—and may they have the blessings and acknowledgements of a grateful community to encourage them in their labours. Above all, we pray, O God! that the infidelity which places all its reliance on secondary causes, may never sway either the councils of this city or the councils of this nation. May there, at all times, be the public recognition of a God in the midst of us. And let not the defiance or the levity of irreligious men ever tempt us to forget that mighty unseen Being, who has all the forces of Nature at His command—who sits behind the elements that he has formed—and gives birth, and movement, and continuance, to all things."—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

RULES OF GOOD BREEDING.

A German prince, who has recently published his Tour through Great Britain, informs us that the three following are the greatest offences which any one can commit against English manners:—"To put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly landable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer, who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork, and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared, with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial; but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don't spit. With these rules the young man would get on very well."

SANDY WOOD'S PLAN OF SUPPORTING A WIFE.

The eccentric and well-remembered Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the outset of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S., a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow-citizens bore the most ample testimony,

by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though, before it took place, there was a danger of it being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, proposed himself to Mr Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus:—"Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you; but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family." Mr Wood, putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out his lancet-case, with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this, sir, and a determination to use my best endeavours to succeed in my profession." Mr Chalmers was so struck with this straightforward and honest reply, that he instantly exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

INOCULATING CHEESE.

What will the ingenuity of man not contrive? A method has been discovered of inoculating cheese, or, in other words, of transposing the character of an old cheese into a new one. This rather curious scheme is brought forward as a communication to the Agricultural Journal for March, by John Robinson, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. "If it be required," says he, "to communicate to a new cheese the flavour and appearance of an old one, it may be done by the insertion in the new cheese of portions of the old one containing blue mould. The little scoop which is used in taking samples of cheese is a ready made means of performing the operation, by interchanging ten or a dozen of the rolls which it extracts, and placing them so as to disseminate the germ of the blue mould all over the cheese. A new Stilton cheese treated in this way, and well covered over from the air for a few weeks, becomes thoroughly impregnated with the mould, and generally with a flavour hardly to be distinguished from the old one. I have sometimes treated half a Lancashire cheese in this way, and have left the other half in its natural state; and have been much amused with the remarks of my friends on the striking superiority of the English over the Scotch one." If this ingenious plan be found really successful on repeated trials by others, Mr Robinson will deserve our thanks for bringing it forward. The next invention, I suppose, we shall hear of, will be that of inoculating legs of mutton, and turning them into beef!

ANGEL.

Angel, in its primitive sense, signifies a messenger, and frequently signifies men, when, from the common notion of the term, it is conceived to denote ministering spirits. Angels, as celestial intelligencers, have been the objects of over-curious inquiry and of worship. Paul says, "Let no man beguile you of your reward, in a voluntary humility, and the worshipping of angels, intruding into those things he hath not seen."—*Colossians, ix. 17.*

WHITE-HEADED SEA EAGLE.

Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringas coursing along the sand; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight; and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention—the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in these rencontres, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

BEARS OF THE ANDES.

There are two species of bear in Colombia; one quite black, which appears to be somewhat rare, the other with a white forehead. At a certain height in the central Cordillera, I found, at every step, traces of these bears. It would appear that in the western Cordillera, this bear is much more numerous than in the other. I observed at Bogota a young bear of the white-fronted species, which had been taken soon after birth. At the age of nine months, the spot in the form of the letter Y, which characterises this

species, was only beginning to appear. Up to this age the animal had lived solely upon fruits, roots, and bread, refusing the raw or boiled flesh that was presented to it. One day I threw it a *Vultur papa*, which, having been struck in the air by another bird, had fallen in the town in a state of insensibility, and afterwards died. At first the bear was much frightened, and was nearly two hours before he ventured to go near it. At length he went up and smelled it, seemed disposed to play with it, and carried it off to the most retired corner of a dark room. When I went up, as if to take the bird from him, he drew it away, and uttered an angry cry, which I had never heard from him before, even when most tormented. From this moment he became savage, and I soon learned that it had become necessary to kill him.—*M. Routin, Ann. des Sc. Nat.*

BYRON ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

"Of the immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a paper written towards the termination of his life, "it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also very independent of body—in dreams for instance—incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now, that this should not act separately, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The Stoics, Epicurus, and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state 'a soul which drags a carcass,' a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be individual, or, rather, how far it will resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the body is not so:—but the whole thing is inscrutable."

SHOWERS OF BLOOD.

SHOWERS of liquid matter of a crimson colour, and supposed by the ignorant to be blood, have frequently spread consternation in different countries, and been deemed the presage of direful events, or the omen of the destruction of cities, and the overthrow of empires. These crimson rains have several times occurred in France, and some of my juvenile readers will remember that they form one of the phenomena illustrated by Madame de Genlis in her Tales of the Castle. From the same natural causes which produce showers of blood, there is to be found, in different parts of the earth, snow of a reddish hue, or of the finest pink or rose colour; and specimens of it have been more than once brought to England, as a curiosity for the investigation of naturalists. Coloured ice is also to be found in the polar regions, the hue it possesses being often of a fine orange appearance. To us in Scotland, or in Great Britain, who never saw or scarcely ever heard of snow or ice being any thing but of a pure white aspect, these notices may appear doubtful, yet they are quite reconcilable with facts. The cause of showers of red liquid was discovered in France upwards of two hundred years since. About the beginning of the year 1608, one of these bloody showers fell near the suburbs of Aix, and for many miles around the place; and particularly the walls of a churchyard were spotted with it. This exceedingly strange event very much alarmed the people, and would have been chronicled in history as a superstitious prodigy, had not Aix possessed at this time a philosopher, named Peirece, who, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, fell upon the cause of the shower. It is related in Gassendi's life of this ingenious man, that he was fond of the study of insects, and that, one day finding a large chrysalis of a beautiful appearance, he preserved it in a box. Some time after, hearing a noise in the box, he opened it, and found that the chrysalis had already become a butterfly, and that, in the transformation, it had left upon the bottom a stain of considerable magnitude, and apparently of exactly the same nature with the drops on the stones, popularly supposed to be blood. He now remarked, that there were countless numbers of butterflies flying about, which confirmed him in the belief of his having discovered the true cause; and this was further corroborated by his finding none of the said drops in the heart of the city, where the butterflies were rarely seen. He also remarked, that the drops were never on tiles, and seldom on the upper part of a stone—as they must have been had they fallen from the clouds—but usually appeared in cavities and parts protected by angular projections. What Peirece had thus ascertained, he lost no time in disclosing to many persons of knowledge and curiosity, who had been puzzling themselves to account for the circumstance by far-fetched reasonings, such as a supposed vapour which had carried up a supposed red earth into the air that had tinged the rain; no less wide of truth than the popular superstition which ascribed it to magic, or to the devil himself. Thus the cause of showers of blood was discovered, and any one may convince himself of the fact, by rearing any of the spinous caterpillars, which feed on the nettle, till they are transformed into the butterfly. Red and pink-coloured snow and ice are referable to the same cause. As the showers have never been seen to fall, it is correctly imagined that the infusion takes place when the snow or liquid rests on the ground or the water, or when afterwards warmed by the rays of the sun. Well may we say, How wonderful are the works of Nature!

GARDENING—MARCH.

THE present is, or ought to be, a busy season for the gardener. According to "Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden," one of the best modern works on the subject, he should finish planting all sorts of fruit trees and beeches, and mulch newly planted trees with rotten or half rotten dung, also plant out strawberries. The pruning of fruit trees must be completed as early in this month as possible, if it has not been done already, except the fig, which must be deferred till the next month. Grafting of all sorts of apples, pears, plums, and cherries, must be performed this month. Thin out early grapes in the stove and forcing-house, and continue to force seedling strawberries for successive crops to those of last month. If straw has been used for a covering to the fruit, and has become damp, or contracted any unpleasant smell, it must be removed, and sweet dry straw supplied in its room. In the kitchen garden, force cucumbers and melons in frames, kidney beans in the forcing-house or stove, and Elford rhubarb and sea kale under pots. Sow on a moderate hotbed celery and celeriac, radishes, small saladings, and setragonia expansa. Sow in the open borders and quarters asparagus, beet, cabbages, carrots, celery, curled and Hamburg parsley, leeks, lettuce, Neapolitan kale, onions, parsnips, peas and beans, round spinach, salsify, sea kale, scoronera skirrets, &c. Fork over asparagus beds, and make new ones. Plant out the small onions which have been sown thick last spring, for the purpose of procuring large bulbs; also early potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, chives, garlic, romaine, shallots, rhubarb, and sea kale.

EMIGRATION.

"On Saturday, 15th May," continues Mr Ferguson, "Mr William Dickson having kindly insisted upon conveying and accompanying me to Hamilton, where I was to resume the stage, we started on horseback, after breakfast, and visited various farms upon the township. The road lay along the river, with much fine wood and beautiful scenery. The crops were looking healthy and well coloured. Some farms partly improved and fenced, with houses, were on sale; the price demanded was eight dollars, or 40s. per acre. There seemed to be abundance of water every where, both from springs and brooks falling into the Grand River—a river having no connection with the Utawas, and the substratum was still limestone. Some miles below Galt, there is a valuable gypsum quarry on the banks of the river, and it was curious to observe the line of rich and verdant turf which marked the route of the wagons in their visits to the quarry, from scattering as they went along, strongly evincing the effect as a top-dressing. We called upon a settler from Scotland, newly entered upon a farm of 100 acres, for which he had paid down L.100. The soil was a good rich sandy loam, worth in Britain 35s. per acre at least of rent.

The forest is here thin, probably not having more than forty or fifty old oaks upon an acre, and not requiring these to be destroyed, it being quite possible to guide the plough through the intervals. Walter Smith was busy with his pair of oxen, preparing the land for wheat, of which he expected to have thirty acres sown in autumn, the return from which will probably repay him the price of his farm, and allow him L.50 or L.60 besides for his labour and maintenance, from the first crop alone. There are some delightful situations in this quarter for mansions: the river upon one side, and a lovely sheet of water, called the Blue Lake, upon the other; fine open woods, springs, brooks, and a dry healthy soil. It was a favourite haunt in old times of the Indians, and a little mound close by a copious spring is still celebrated as a place where great councils were held. We stopped to rest our horses at a new village called Paris, belonging to a very active individual of the name of Capron; and having a good water-power and other advantages, it promises to become, ere long, a place of some importance. In the afternoon we reached Brandford, a pretty considerable village belonging to the Indians, a track of land in this quarter having been reserved for their behoof. It is managed by government, who account for rent and sales to the chiefs. There had been a sale of village lots this day, and for the first time I saw the Indians assembled in any number. The lots sold for L.25 one fourth of an acre, which is an immense price in Canada, and argues an expectation of Brandford continuing to prosper. Many of the Indians are now beginning to acquire settled habits, and to cultivate farms, but many more are yet totally abandoned to idleness and debauchery. The country to Hamilton by Ancaster is partly forest, partly settled. The soil is chiefly clay. Ancaster stands high, with some fine farms about it, healthy and well watered. Immediately before reaching Hamilton, we came to the brink of a high limestone ridge, and commanded a magnificent view of the rich flat below, extending to Lake Ontario. At St Catherine's, a small town dependent upon the Welland Canal, we passed that work, and saw some of the wooden locks.

The country through which I travelled next day lies between the great limestone ridge and Lake Ontario. This remarkable ridge extends from the Genesee country, in the state of New York, and, crossing the Niagara river, forms the celebrated falls. It is beautifully diversified with woodland, orchards, and farms, is very productive, and settling with considerable ra-

pidity. On Monday evening I concluded this part of my excursion, by reaching a friend's house at the falls.

This fine province is making wonderful advances, and when the canals and some projected railways are fairly in operation, its progress will become yet more rapid. In 1824, 10,000 bushels of wheat were shipped upon Ontario from Burlington Bay, and in 1830 the export had reached to 150,000 bushels. Five bushels of wheat are allowed to the barrel of flour."—*Agricultural Journal*.—To be continued.

A FEW GRAVE JOKES.

[From "Chambers's Scottish Jests and Anecdotes."]

GRAVEDIGGERS are a peculiar people—differing from the rest of mankind in character and personal appearance. Yet, what is strange, a gravedigger *fit, non nascitur*—the reverse of the poet. The secret of the distinction must consist in this, that it requires to be of a peculiar character, as well as figure, to become a gravedigger. A person may be destined to be, though not born, a gravedigger. He may have in him, from conception, the germs of the qualities of a gravedigger; he comes into the world with them; he hears them about with him during his boyhood, youth, maturity, and middle age; and when he arrives at the full ripeness of *grave-diggerism*, the place falls vacant, and he steps into the dead man's shoes, as naturally as a son succeeds a father to an entailed estate. Though you know that a gravedigger is a mortal like yourself, and may die long before you, it is impossible to help feeling an antipathy to the animal, on the score that he is to handle your precious person with his ignoble hands, when you shall be passive and powerless. One looks upon a gravedigger, especially the gravedigger of one's own parish—supposing you to be a settler—as a sort of executioner. You think you are destined to fall into his hands, and cannot resist the feeling of horror with which one must always contemplate, if not death itself, at least what Bacon calls the adjuncts of death. A gravedigger is not more widely divided from the rest of mankind in character than in interests. Death is death to you, but it is life to him. You are happy in recovering, or in hearing of the recovery of a neighbour, from a desperate illness; but such news is like that of blasted corn, or rising markets, to him. He can have no sympathy with what throws all the rest of the town into anxiety and sorrow—the prevalence of an epidemic disease. The wind of March, which takes away old men's breaths, brings breath and health to him. Cold is warmth to him, and the genial heat of May is the destructive chill of November. As some English divine has emphatically said of the gamester, his business is decidedly unnatural; for he cannot pray for a blessing upon it, without breaking the law which enjoins good will to men. Like Satan, he has said, "Evil, be thou my good!"

Out of curiosity respecting so singular a people, we have collected some anecdotes of various individuals of the species, which may perhaps be found illustrative of their character and manners.

John Prentice, the gravedigger of Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, had a pleasant equivocation, which he constantly used on hearing of the death of any person. "Hech wow!" he would say, "is — dead? I wad rather it had been *ither twa*."

The gravedigger of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was as selfish and mean a wretch as ever handled mattock or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a key-hole, on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country. An acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was standing with him. "Oh, very puirly, sir, very puirly, indeed!" was the answer; "the yard has dune naething aw' for us this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I havena buriet a leevin' soul this sax weeks!"

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manor, in Peeblesshire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people, who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever-ship at sea. Whenever he heard of any person throughout that extensive parish having been seized with anything like mortal illness, he would draw towards the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeat his visits every day, till the event of either death or recovery. If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to the result than he. He tracked disease in all his steps, with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an army, and with the same purpose. A death was a good thing to him, both in *prospectu* and in *esse*. He lived upon it before as well as after its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat meat, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for having the pot on in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, independently of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner-hour, and was endowed with what may be called a natural propensity for pot-luck; but though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that when his official

services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon require his assistance. A single customer procured in this unexpected way was to John as good as other ninety-nine who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying-ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim, after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhill, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs S—, of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shown into a room. Mrs S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John introduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr Walter's illness. "How did she think he was? Was there any chance of his *winnin' through*? What hopes did the doctor gie them?" &c. &c. After half an hour of tiresome commonplace, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question, "But, dear me, Miss S., where do you bury? Have ye ground in Stobo, or do you intend to take up wi' Manor?" Miss S. was confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, and permitted him to depart, without gratifying his inquiries.

Robert Fairgrieve, for many years bedral and gravedigger to the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, was a man of some humour. The minister one day met him coming home sooner than was to be expected from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such strange conduct, since most of his fellow-parishioners would probably stay till midnight, if not till next morning. "Oh, sir," said Robert, "huz that are *office-bearers* (meaning the minister and himself) should be ensamples to the flock."

When this strange person was on his deathbed, the minister visited him for the purpose of administering some ghostly offices to his soul. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humour, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought to do. On the clergyman inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness, "Oh, sir," said Robert, "I was just minding that I have buriet five hundred and ninety-eight folk since I was first made bedral o' Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to make it the sax hundred."

Robert Hannah, who for nearly half a century exercised the trade of gravedigger in the burial-ground attached to the Secession meeting-house at Falkirk, had many of the professional peculiarities of his tribe. For instance, Robin would exert himself in accommodating a good person, or one for whom he entertained sentiments of friendship, and proportionally grudging his labours in behalf of persons comparatively worthless. Somebody one day remarked to him, that the sod upon a particular grave was very fresh and green—"Ay, it's a bonnie turr," he observed, emphatically; "but it's a pity to see it putten down on the tap o' sic a skemp." On another occasion, some one observed him suddenly stop in the newly-begun work of forming a grave, and take his way towards the place where his implements were deposited, from which he selected one, and then returned, with a face lighted by a peculiar expression. On being questioned as to his motive for this proceeding, he answered, "Od, he was sic a fine chiel (meaning the individual for whom he was digging the grave), that I just thought I would howk his grave wi' the new spade."

CONFINING JURORS FROM MEAT AND DRINK.

The Gothic nations were famous of old for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and, under this persuasion, it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his antiquities, plainly affirms that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr Gilbert Stuart very pertinently and ingeniously affirms, in his Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution, p. 238, that, from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

BIBLE SOCIETIES.

It is a singular fact, that the first Bible Society that ever existed was established by some Roman Catholic prelates in France in 1774.

Column for the Bops.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS.—Among other nice things which I promised in my Address to tell you of in the Journal, was the proper plan on which to keep and feed rabbits, should you find convenience for doing so; and I now proceed to give you the result of my own juvenile experience, as well as of different writers on this interesting subject.

In entering upon my explanations, I would beg to offer you two friendly admonitions. In the first place, you must contrive to make this and similar avocations secondary to your ordinary duties or studies; and, in the second place, you ought on no account to forget to feed and regularly attend the animals you keep for your amusement. Poor creatures! they are confined and wholly dependent on you; and it would be the extreme of barbarity to neglect them. If we keep any living creatures in a confined state, we enjoin a duty on ourselves of providing for their wants. Depend upon it, that the boy will rue the day, unless he have decidedly a bad heart, who sits down to a comfortable meal, while his rabbit or his bird—heretofore his idol and his toy, but now, in caprice, neglected—pines in its prison for his appearance with its usual daily food. If he be tired of that, which, when it was a novelty, he took so much delight in, he had better sell, give away, or even humanely kill it, than suffer it to languish its solitary hours in hunger and in thirst. It has a claim on his care, which should be irresistible—it is helpless and imprisoned—is he not cruel in the extreme, if he omit to furnish it with its daily pittance?

Of rabbits there are divers kinds, but it is only the tame common Scottish rabbit that I need here treat of. Wild rabbits will breed eleven times in the year, and bring forth generally eight young ones each time: at this rate, in four years, a couple of rabbits would produce a progeny of almost a million and a half.

Notwithstanding the fecundity of the animal in its wild state, it is much more profitable when domesticated; for although a prudent fancier will not suffer his doe to have young more than five or six times in a year, the produce of the tame animal, on account of the care taken of them, will be greater at the end of the year than that of a wild one, notwithstanding the latter should have double the number of litters; multitudes of the wild rabbits when young, being destroyed by damp, the old bucks, and the numerous four-footed animals which prey on these almost defenceless creatures. The value of live rabbits varies, or is quite uncertain; and they may be bought from twopence to one shilling the pair. One of the chief objects in keeping common rabbits, is that of occasionally furnishing a dish for the table: and, therefore, those persons by whom they are kept, attend as particularly to the sort of rabbits whose flesh is said to be the best, as to their colours or shape.

The short-legged stout rabbits are generally supposed to be the most healthy, and also the best breeders. The large hare-coloured variety is much esteemed by some people; but the white, or white mottled with black or yellow, are more delicate in flesh. The grey and some of the blacks approach nearer to the flavour of the wild rabbit than any others. With respect to the colours of these animals, grey is considered the worst of all colours; black is the next in gradation; fawn and white and gray hold the third place in estimation; pure white, with red eyes, is by some reckoned equal with, and, by others, superior to these; tortoise-shell (a rich brown and white, and brown, grey, and white) and black and white, rank the highest; mouse-colour, though little noticed by fanciers in general, is much admired by a few.

The most important part of the duty of the young rabbit fancier is to erect his rabbit house or hutch on proper principles. Two objects are particularly necessary to be attended to. The house or rabbitry must be kept always dry and well aired; because the rabbit in its natural state prefers a dry and airy habitation. Some boys keep rabbits in hutches made of old tea-chests, and this is very well to begin with; but whether kept in these boxes, or in regularly erected houses, the place must be kept quite dry, as too much humidity will cause the rabbits to rot. Where considerable numbers are kept, fresh air is of great moment; still they should not be exposed to draughts, which may bring on a disease called the snuffles—a dangerous and frequently fatal malady.

Boys who live in large towns, such as Edinburgh, will in general find considerable difficulty in keeping rabbits, as it is seldom they have open grounds behind their houses wherein they might construct their rabbitry. In cases of this nature, rabbits might be kept on a small scale, in wooden hutches, made out of old egg or tea-chests, open in front with spokes like a cage, and having a division to separate the sleeping apartment from the feeding-place, and a small door betwixt the one place and the other. But it will be found, on trial, that rabbits do not do well when put in cages, or confined in this manner. The genuine rabbitry must be a small house constructed on purpose, where the animals will have liberty to feed and amuse themselves. These houses may be built about four feet square, and the same in height, with a sloping roof, covered with thatch, or some other substance that will carry off the rain. This house ought to be paved on the floor, so as to prevent the rabbits from burrowing, and undermining the walls. It should be well laid with nice dry straw or meadow hay, and possess several boxes with the open side downwards,

and holes for the rabbits to go in and out. It would also be as well for these holes to be provided with doors, which you could shut when necessary. To this house there ought to be attached a little open court, also paved, and covered completely with open spokes, so as to give air and light, as well as to afford you an opportunity of seeing the creatures feeding.

William Cobbett, in his valuable little manual called "Cottage Economy," recommends the keeping of rabbits by boys and others. "Three does and a buck," says he, "will give you a rabbit to eat for every three days in the year, which is a much larger quantity of food than any man will get by spending half his time in the pursuit of wild animals. The produce has not long to be waited for; in short, they keep an interest constantly alive in a little chap's mind; and they really cost nothing. The care is all; and the habit of taking care of things is of itself a most valuable possession."

On the subject of feeding rabbits, I cannot do better than offer the following extract from "The Boys' Own Book":—

"If too much food be given at once, the animals will get disgusted with and refuse it, so that a rabbit may be nearly starved by affording it too great a quantity of food. Most persons feed their rabbits twice; but for our own part we feed ours thrice a day. To a full grown doe, without a litter, in the morning, we give a little hay or dry clover, and a few of such vegetables as are in season; in the afternoon, we put two handfuls of good corn into her trough; and at night we give her a boiled potato or two, more vegetables, and, if her hutch be clear of what we gave her in the morning, but by no means otherwise, a little more hay or clover. If you give rabbits more hay than they can eat in a few hours, except it be to a doe just about to litter, they will tread it under foot, and waste it; if you give them but a moderate quantity at a time, they will eat and enjoy it. Generally speaking, rabbits prefer green or moist food to corn; but it is necessary to make them eat a sufficient proportion of solid food, to keep them in health; occasionally, instead of corn, we give our rabbits a few split or whole grey peas. When a doe has a litter by her side, and also for rabbits recently weaned, we soak the peas a few hours previously to putting them in the trough. If a rabbit will not eat a proper quantity of corn, we mix a small quantity of squeezed tea-leaves with her portion, and stint her proportionately in green meat. Tea-leaves, in small quantities, well squeezed, may at all times be given, by way of a treat; but it is highly improper to make them a daily substitute for green meat."

Almost all the vegetables and roots used for the table may be given to rabbits; in preference to all others, we choose celery, parsley, and the roots and tops of carrots; and in this choice the animals themselves heartily agree with us; lettuces, the leaves, and, what are much better, the stumps of cabbages and cauliflowers, they eat with avidity, but they must be given to them with a sparing hand; turnips, parsnips, and even potatoes in a raw state, we occasionally afford our stock, on an emergency, when better roots or good greens are scarce. In the spring time, no soft meat is better for them than tares, so that they be not wet; in fact, no green meat ought to be given to rabbits when there is much moisture on its surface. We have heard of some country persons feeding their rabbits on marshmallows, but we never did so ourselves. Dandelions, milk-thistles, or sow-thistles, we know, by long experience, they take in preference to all other food, except celery, parsley, and carrots; and nothing, we are convinced, as green meat, can be better for them.

It must be remembered that a doe will eat nearly twice as much when suckling as at other times; and when her litter begin to eat, the allowance of food must be gradually increased. In our own rabbitry, we never admit chaff, and grains only in a dearth of green food. If we can obtain neither greens, roots, nor grains, at feeding time, we make it a practice to moisten the corn with water, milk, or, as we before stated, with tea-leaves. Though a rabbit must be restricted from rioting in green or soft meat according to its own appetite, for its own sake, yet it is cruel to afford it only such food as will increase rather than appease its thirst; for this reason, in such a case as we have mentioned, we moisten the grain; and some rabbits will even do well with an occasional tablespoonful of water, beer, or milk; but it is a dangerous experiment to try the effect of a liquid on their stomachs.

If well fed, and kept warm, does will breed all the year; but most fanciers are contented with five litters a year, and let them rest during the winter. It is a disadvantage, rather than otherwise, to have above six produced in a litter, as the young rabbits, when that is the case, are almost invariably weak and puny; and even if they be reduced to a moderate quantity, by removing some of them to another doe, or otherwise, they rarely become remarkable for their size or beauty.

Diseases may in a great measure be prevented by regularity in feeding, good food, and cleanliness. The refuse of vegetables should always be scrupulously rejected. For the liver complaint, to which rabbits are subject, there is no cure; when they are attacked by it, fatten them, if possible, for the table. The snuffles are occasioned by damp or cold. If there be any cure for this disorder, it must be dryness in their hutches

and food. Squeezed tea-leaves generally restore a doe to health, if weak, or otherwise affected after kindling, if the food which we have directed to be given at that time, under the head of breeding, should fail. When old rabbits are attacked by a looseness, dry food will in general restore them; but do what you will, it is very difficult, and in most cases impossible, to save young ones from sinking under it; dry food for them, as well as for the old ones, is the only remedy.

Be careful (continues this author) to keep your rabbit hutches particularly clean; a short hoe, or a trowel, and a hand-brush, will be necessary for this purpose. Do not handle your rabbits, particularly the young ones, too much; when you lift them, take them with one hand by the ears, and place the other under the lower part of their backs."

THE THAMES.

This river, so famed in the commercial world, derives its name from a compound of Thame and Isis, and which, in process of time, came under the familiar denomination of Thames. The junction was formed a little above Oxford; but the Isis now is lost in the compound term, as the river is denominated the Thames, even to its very source. The banks of the Thames have long been famed for their beauty of verdure, and the taste with which they are adorned. They are studded with neat cottages, or elegant villas crown the gentle heights; the lawns come sweeping down like carpets of green velvet to the edge of its soft-flowing waters; and the grace of the scenery improves, until we are borne into the full bosom of its beauty, the village of Richmond, or, as it was anciently called, Sheen. Below London Bridge we have Greenwich, and other beautiful scenery of the county of Kent. The opposite bank on the Essex side is flat, and is famed for nothing but Tilbury Fort, where Elizabeth, when the Spanish Armada threatened this country, reviewed her troops, who were collected to repel the invaders.

THE TOWN OF DELFT.

"In the ride from Rotterdam to the Hague," says Elliot in his *Letters from the North of Europe*, "a distance of twenty-seven miles, we passed through Delft, which is situated half-way between the two. It is a gloomy little town, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants, about one-fourth of the population of Rotterdam. The learned Grotius was born here. A simple monument is erected over his body, which lies in one of the churches. The sculpture represents his head, and by the side of it a child leaning on an urn with an inverted torch. The emblem is perhaps more significant than was intended, adverting not only to the extinction of life, but also the perversion of talent. The same building contains a monument to the memory of William I., Prince of Orange, who was assassinated here in 1584. As a specimen of sculpture, it is perfect. At the feet of the prince, recumbent on a marble sarcophagus, the favourite dog is sleeping, who roused him from slumber when some Spanish murderers entered his tent in the campaign of 1572. After the death of his master, the faithful animal refused nourishment, and died of a broken heart."

LAND-TAX IN ENGLAND.

The first land-tax was in the reign of Ethelred II., with whom the Danes had broken an agreement. The invaders committed horrid cruelties and devastations all over the kingdom, and the timid Ethelred paid them no less than £24,000 for peace. This was levied on land, and was called *dane-gelt*, by which ignominious name the tax, called land-tax, was first known in England. The modern land-tax was first established at the Revolution in 1688, from which period, to the year 1800, it yielded above £227,000,000.

PERFECTIBILITY.

To bring the minds of men to the same level, to bestow upon them all an equal delicacy of perception, or the same accuracy of judgment, would be as chimerical as the wild projects of universal monarchy, or universal fraternity. The storm of passion cannot be allayed by any magic of words; the bitterness of opposing parties cannot be sweetened by any dictates of philosophy. While power is gratifying, while wealth procures enjoyment, while men are ambitious, nations will seek supremacy, and armies will contend. No hope of endless perfectibility, then, is here indulged; neither is it denied that events will continue in future ages, as in times past, to revolve within a certain, though a widening orbit, where empires will shine for a period, to set in glory or in shame.—*Che-nevi's Essay on National Character*.

INTOXICATING ELEPHANTS.

The Indian-Mahomedans take great pleasure in making elephants drunk, "by certain drugs mixed up with the wax from the human ear," and setting them to fight. Tigers and elephants also enter upon the arena in mortal combat, and tigers and buffaloes, or alligators; or in the absence of such lofty excitement, it is deemed an amusing pastime to throw in a tame antelope or stag, and see it torn to pieces by a leopard. Tigers and leopards are frequently tamed and brought into the room after breakfast, as an English gentleman would exhibit a favourite spaniel.—*Athenæum*.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

REMOVALS.

"Three removes are as bad as a fire."
"A rolling stone gathers no fog."

Poor Richard.

THERE is an allegory in the Spectator, called, if I recollect rightly, "The Mountain of Miseries." It narrates how the human race were once summoned by a good Genius to a particular spot, and each permitted to cast down the misery which most afflicted him, taking up some one which had belonged to a fellow-creature, and which he thought he should be more able to endure. Some cast down diseased limbs, some bad wives, and so forth; but the end of the story is, that after the exchange had been made, all felt themselves a great deal more uneasy under their adopted evils than they had ever felt under their natural ones, and, accordingly, had to petition the Genius for permission to take back each his own proper original misery. I have often thought that the practice of removing from one house to another, in the hope of finding better ease and accommodation, was not much unlike this grand general interchange of personal distresses; and often on a Whitsunday in Scotland, when I have seen people flying in all directions with old tables and beds, that would have looked a great deal better in their native homes than on the street, I have mentally compared the scene to that which is so graphically described by Addison.

The English, it seems, are not much of a removing people. When a Southron once settles himself down in a house, he only quits it with the greatest reluctance. No matter for an increasing family—no matter for bettered circumstances—no matter for the ambition of wife or daughters to get into a genteeler neighbourhood. An Englishman has naturally a strong feeling about his house: it is his castle, and he never will abandon the fort so long as he can possibly retain it. Give him but a few years' associations to hallow the dwelling—let him have been married in it, and there spent the years of the youth of his children; and sooner than part from the dear little parlour where he has enjoyed so many delightful evening scenes, with his young spouse and his happy infants around him, he would almost part with life itself. An Englishman gets accommodated to all the inconveniences of his house, however great, as naturally as the fish with its shell, however tortuous. Some strange angularity in his vestibule, which nearly throws you down every time you visit him, may appear to you a most disagreeable crook in his lot, and one that ought to make the house intolerable to him; but, ten to one, he looks upon it as only an amiable eccentricity in the plan of the mansion, and, so far from taking ill with it, would feel like a fish out of water if it were otherwise.

The Scotch, on the contrary, are an eminently migratory people. They never are three months in any house till they wish that the annual term were once more at hand, when they might remove to another. There is no day in the year so important in their eyes as Whitsunday, when almost the whole population of every considerable town is found to be on the move, exchanging houses with each other. This is a curious feature in the people, and seems as if it only could be accounted for by supposing that the nation is totally deficient in the phrenological organ called *inhabitativeness*. It is all to no use that experience is constantly showing how vain are their expectations of better lodging.

Every disappointment seems to give them but a keener relish for a new attempt.

The fact is this: A family always enters upon a new house in a state of high hope as to its accommodations. So long as the recollection of their deserted abode is still fresh, the new house appears a paradise; for, mark, it has been selected on the express account of its not being characterised by any one of the inconveniences alleged against the old. By and bye, however, its own peculiar evils are felt; and, long before Candlemas day, it has been found as disagreeable as the other. Then a new one is selected, which in its turn is declared as bad as any. So far as my observation has extended, the itch for removing more generally prevails among the female than the male department of the population. Husbands, in general, are too little in the house ever to fall out of conceit with it; but the wife, as the more domestic creature, has full opportunity to observe and feel its defects; and she it is who most frequently urges and achieves the removal. There are various things about a house in which the husband can never see any importance, or feel any interest, but which appear to the wife as each the most cardinal of all cardinal points. One of these, for instance, is a back-green. "A back-green!" let the words be pronounced with solemnity befitting their awful import. Often, when a house has seemed to the husband all that could be desired, he has been thrust out of it, whether he would or not, all on account of a thing which was as inexplicable to him as the mysteries of the Chinese faith—a back-green! Perhaps you hear some day that your back-green lies totally out of the sun, or that the right use to it is shared by some disagreeable neighbours, or is naught for some other equally intelligible reason. But you learn no more, and next Whitsunday you find yourself in the horrors and agonies of a removal to some distant part of the town, all on account of a little space of ground, of which you never yet could guess the use or purpose. Very often you are removed from a comfortable and every way excellent house, because it wants a back-green, and taken to one every way inferior, and, indeed, utterly wretched, but which, in the eyes of your sweet spouse, is rendered equal to a palace—because it has a back-green. I would advise all husbands to keep a sharp look-out after the back-greens, as well as several other things, which I shall point out to them.

Let us suppose a case of proposed removal in the middle walks of life. You are, say, the father of a rather numerous family, living very contentedly in a flat in not the least dense part of the town. For a long time there have been grumblings like distant thunder among the mountains; but you have never yet heard any very strong reason urged why you should remove. At length, about the New Year, these mutterings begin to get voice; and your wife, some quiet evening, after all the young people are gone to bed, opens a sudden and most tremendous attack upon you, respecting the necessity of no longer keeping the children pent up in this small dwelling, so far from any play-ground or fresh air. And, really, she does not think it is good for her own health that you should live any longer here. She has plenty of exercise, she acknowledges, but no air. It is so far from public walks, that it makes a toil of a pleasure before they can be reached. And then, no place whatsoever to dry

the clothes. Your own shirts are never properly seen to, being only hung in an open garret, where they are exposed to all the smoke of the town; at least, all that chooses to come in at the skylights. And there is no such thing as a servant's bedroom in this house. The girl, I assure you, has her own complaints as to the hardship of being obliged to sleep in that den above the kitchen door. And as for the stair, is it not a thoroughfare to all the scum of the town? Some of the neighbours, I assure you, are no better than they should be, if all tales be true. There is even an old man in the garret who is supposed to live by *Burking*. The fact is, we would now require an additional bedroom for the boys, &c. &c.

Lectured up to removing point, you consent, unhappy man! to leave your shop some forenoon, in order to take a walk with your wife about the outskirts of the town, in search of a more airy, more spacious, and more genteel abode. You are dragged "by the lug and the horn," as shepherds say, through multitudes of those "delightful small self-contained houses," which offer, "within twenty minutes' walk of the College," all the elegancies of Heriot Row and Great King Street at a tithe of the rent. You find them all as like each other in the interior as if they had been made on the principle of chip-boxes; but yet, to your wife, each seems to have its own peculiar merits. One excels in the matter of a lobby; another has an extra closet; a third affords a superior view from the drawing-room windows; and a fourth—O merit above all merits!—transcends its fellows in the article of a back-green. Every thing, however, is inspected—every thing is taken into the general account; and the result of the whole is, that though the rent is ten pounds higher, and the dining-room a thought less than in your present abode, you *must* remove. The carpets, with a very little eeking and clipping, will all suit. Your sideboard, of which your spouse has a measure in her reticule, will exactly answer the recess devoted to it. The jack in the kitchen answers to a tee; and even the scraper at the door has something about it that is singularly appropriate, as if the builder at the very first had designed to "take the measure of your foot." All things appear, in the showing of your good dame, to be so remarkably answerable and proper, that you half believe it to be a matter of destiny, and, in completing your arrangements, hardly bargain so much with the landlord as with Fate.

During the spring months which elapse before the day of removal, you live in a state of dreamy bliss respecting your new house. Almost every fine morning you rise about seven for a walk, and by a strange chance you invariably take the house of promise in your way, and enjoy a survey of its external excellencies. When you observe, from the closed shutters, that its present occupants, so far from being agog about it like yourself, are snugly snoozing in their beds, you wonder at their indifference. If you were they, you would have been up hours ago, enjoying the air in the back-green, or playing the King of the Vandals in the front-plot. What a pity to see that splendid ruin of a rhododendron drooping in that fashion! What a shame to pay so little attention to the boxwood! At length, the 25th of May arrives. You transfer yourself to the now vacated tenement, pitying with all your heart the stupid people who have left it.

For a time, a kind of honeymoon delirium pervades the household. You certainly do find some pleasure in contemplating from your drawing-room windows the cattle in the neighbouring grass-park, even though sensible all the time that they are only kept there *in petto* by the extorting butcher at the end of "the Row." Your wife, too, reposes upon the joys of her back-green with a gratulation of spirit that seems as if it could never know an end. And while the servant girl rejoices in a chamber to herself, your boys have sport unceasing in pasting over the kitchen door with pictures and excellent new songs. But all this only holds good while summer lasts—summer, during which no house ever appears inconvenient or disadvantageous. By and bye comes the winter of your discontent. The views from the window are no longer fair; the back-green, which already in autumn had begun to lose its character as a play-ground, in consequence of the swarms of creeping things which covered the walls in such a way as if they had a design to form a living entomological museum, and so fairly frightened the children into the house, is now a sink of mud and melting snow; the serving-wench finds that it was better to sleep in "that den above the kitchen door"—in so far as the said den was very "cosey"—than to lie in a chamber under the slates, exposed to the malevolence of the elements in all its shapes. You find, too, that in the short days it is not very agreeable to walk several times to and from town in the dark, through a district which, in the language of house-proprietors, "has the advantage of being out of the bounds of police." The phrase "within twenty minutes' walk of the College" appears to you as only calculated for the faculties of some itinerant prodigy, in as much as it never takes you less than twice the time. The worthy housewife herself, after long suffering in secret, and great reluctance to confess her counsel wrong, has to complain at last of "the distance from the market," which obliges her to buy every thing from small dealers in the neighbourhood, who necessarily must make up for uncertain custom by "two prices." No getting so much as a pennyworth of vegetables without sending for it nearly a mile; and then "that creature Jenny," there is no sending her out, you know, even upon the shortest errand, but she stays an hour. When we want even so much as change for a shilling, there is no getting it nearer than Port Hopetoun, which is half a mile away. Then we are such a distance from the kirk. It is only in fine weather we are able to get that length, and at most only once in the day. I declare, if we stay here much longer, we shall become absolute heathens. Although, to be sure, we pay less taxes in this out-of-the-way place than we did before, have we not lost a washing-tub, from there being no police? And then, is there not a toll-bar betwixt us and the town, at which we must pay one shilling every time we have to go out or come home in a coach? And, above all things, we are cut off here from all our friends and acquaintances. We do not know a soul nearer hand than the Duncans, who live at the back of the Meadows. And there is no dropping in here, in an easy way, upon a forenoon call, but the people, when they reach us, are so much fatigued with the distance, that they must be asked to stay to dinner: and the case ends, perhaps, with the good man being obliged to walk three miles home with a young lady at twelve o'clock at night! Only think of that! No, no; this cold, outlandish, genteel place will never do. Give me a good front door in the New Town, "with all the conveniences," and I'll leave such places as this to them that like them better.

When once a resolution is formed to leave a house, it is amazing how many holes are picked in its character, many of them literal. The wind gets in at a hundred places; we can see daylight through stone walls and double-deafened ceilings. Then there is such a draught up the staircase, and into the best bedroom, that positively there is no enduring it. I think another six months of this house would fairly make an end of me. It's not a house for tender folk. You might sometimes as well sit in the open street as by the fireside. You burn your shins, and all the time your back is freezing. Upon my word, I think we should save all the difference between this and a front door in doctors' bills!!

A front door is then determined upon; and you think you have at length, by a little stretch of your purse, reached the very perfection of comfort. But, alas! "*fronti nulla fides*," which is as much as to say there is no reliance to be placed on a front door. It is true, you escape all the evils of your former habitation, and that nothing can match your back kitchen as a convenience to the servants. But then the family living above you has twice your number of children; and these imps seem to do nothing whatever the whole day long, from six in the morning till seven at night, but run pat, pat, pat, along the floors overhead, till they almost drive you mad, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*. Even the charms of a back-green, or a superior scullery, will not stand against this; and so you determine at last to go to an upper flat in the same neighbourhood, where you may have the pleasure of tormenting some person below with *your* children, without the risk of being at the same time tormented yourself. The last selection is made upon moderate and prudent principles; but yet hope is also even here upon the wing. The house has no pretensions to style or external grandeur, but yet "Edwin was no vulgar boy." The stair is remarkably spacious and well lighted, and has, further, the

advantage of a door at the bottom, which can be opened by any inhabitant, by means of a pulley, without the necessity of descending to the bottom. In fact, it is what I would call a genteel stair. "The Stevensons" live in the first flat. The kitchen door has a nice hole at the lower corner for the cat; and what a delightful place there is by the side of the fire for the lamp, or where we could keep our salt dry in a pig! The request of the Regent Earl of Mar, as inscribed on the front of his house at Stirling,

"I pray all lukaris on this judging
With gentil ee to gif their judging,"

comes powerfully into force in all cases where the tenant is just entering upon his house. As in the other case every fault is exaggerated, and made the subject of congratulatory disgust, so in this, every fault is extenuated. "The ceilings are a little contracted, I see, by the roof." "Oh! a wee thought coomecyed—a very small matter; these rooms are only intended for the children. We have some capital public rooms at the back, looking into the Queen Street gardens, and have a little peep of the sea in the distance." "Upper flats," observes your Malagrowther friend, "are very apt to smoke." "Oh! not at all, I assure you. But I have been assured that Dr Bonnyman cured this house entirely some years ago, and since then there has never been a single puff of smoke." "Your nursery is in the garret; don't you think the children will feel it rather cold?" "Oh, the most comfortable nursery in the world; and see, *only see*, what a nice door there is at the top of the garret stair to prevent the bairns from tumbling down!" "I am sorry, however, to see a green-wife established so close beneath the door, at the bottom of your common stair." "Oh, sir, but consider the convenience of the greens." In fact, there is no peculiarity about the house, however trifling, but, in the eyes of a new tenant, it will seem a beauty, as in those of a departing one it will constitute a disgrace. And this is just the philosophy of the question, and the real cause why there is so much useless tossing and tumbling of old furniture on each 25th of May.

LOCKE'S CONFESSION OF BELIEF.

I HAVE long been of opinion that the foundation of many of the errors into which mankind daily fall, lies in the indefinite unexamined notions which they possess upon almost any given subject. Words, and not ideas, being only what are taught at our scholastic institutions, and the juvenile mind being seldom, except by chance, subjected to cultivation, we find that people, when they arrive at manhood, have in most instances no settled defined opinion on the character and what will be the results of particular lines of conduct, and that the judgment is left entirely to be formed from the lagging experience of years. It has been suggested to me that much of this mischievous want of sober reflection might be obviated by every person, who is capable of reasoning, reducing their opinions (in morals, religion, and politics, for instance) to a formal confession of belief—that is, write down what they actually think on such subjects. Yet it is perhaps vain to expect that persons who are engaged in the multifarious duties of life should thus turn author, as it were, though but for an hour; and, in such a case, the next best is for them to ponder on the confessions of opinion of some of our greatest luminaries in philosophic reasoning.

If I were asked to point out to the juvenile inquirer after truth where he ought to pursue his search, I would say, read, learn, and act upon the philosophy of John Locke. His Essay on the Human Understanding, I need not say, is invaluable; but his loose papers, recently brought to light by Lord King, and appended to the life which he has written of that distinguished man, are also excellent. The latter work, being published in an expensive form, very few can have it in their power to examine it; and I therefore take the liberty of extracting some of the more practically useful articles; in the meanwhile offering the following confessions of belief, which Locke entitles

THUS I THINK.

It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery.

Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind, misery in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it.

I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet; to have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be.

But here I must have a care I mistake not; for if I prefer a short pleasure to a lasting one, it is plain I cross my own happiness.

Let me then see wherein consists the most lasting pleasures of this life, and that, as far as I can observe, is in these things:—

1st, Health—without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish.

2d, Reputation—for that I find every body is pleased with, and the want of it is a constant torment.

3d, Knowledge—for the little knowledge I have, I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure.

4th, Doing good—for I find the well-cooked meat I ate to-day does now no more delight me; nay, I am diseased after a full meal. The perfumes I smelt yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure, but the good turn I did yesterday, a year, seven years since,

continues still to please and delight me as often as I reflect on it.

5th, The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it.

If, then, I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love, but if it endanger my health; I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest.

Hunting, plays, and other innocent diversions, delight me: if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, they preserve my health, restore the vigour of my mind, and increase my pleasure; but if I spend all, or the greatest part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance, and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights, will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive efficacy endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments, and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation, I shall certainly afterwards suffer.

All innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther; and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.

THE KLINKENBERGS.—A TALE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

SOME years before this history begins and ends—for it is as brief as the life of a butterfly—the old King of Bavaria, having taken a particular dislike to his palace of Starenberg, gave the veteran General Klinkenberg permission to inhabit a certain portion of the building. To this quiet retreat the general and his two daughters, Amelia and Caroline, forthwith repaired, and there they resided until the period at which I have the honour of introducing them to the reader.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the ancient warrior, after his active services, than this domicile; and as for the young ladies, they were absolutely charmed with it, from its beauties, and its proximity to Munich.

In this Bavarian Hampton Court, time passed delightfully; the mornings were spent much as mornings are when handsome accomplished women and agreeable well-educated men associate much together; and although Captain Steinfeld and Lieutenant Melfort had not yet ventured to hint at any "*ulterior objects*," the friendship which actually existed between the four happy ones, seemed to require only a declaration on the part of the beaux, to convert it into a sentiment somewhat more tender, and infinitely more delightful—and so things went on.

In the midst of this agreeable intercourse, varied by the visits of the general's friends from Munich, and his neighbours at Starenberg, an event occurred which agitated the whole country, and changed the face of "affairs in general"—the King of Bavaria died!

On every side were grief and desolation—the shops of Munich were closed—the great bells tolled heavily—the flags hung half-staff high—the sorrowing creatures of the monarch's bounty bowed their heads and wept—minute-guns from the batteries boomed upon the ear, and muffled drums announced the ceremony with which, in all the solemn pomp of woe, the mortal remains of the good king were deposited in the stately tomb of his ancestors. And then all was smiles and congratulations—"tipsy dance and revelry"—the shops in Munich were opened, the cannon fired salvoes from the batteries—the bells rang merrily—the flags were hoisted to the very trucks; and the sorrowing creatures of the old king's bounty dried their tears and doffed their sables, and, dressing their faces in smiles, hurried to the palace to beslime its new occupant with their venal adulation.

"What a king we have got now!" cried one, who never would have been a judge of kings if the late monarch had not made him what he was. "What wisdom!" says a second. "What goodness!" cries a third. "What taste!" exclaims a fourth. "How affable!" a fifth. "How unlike the old king!" a sixth. And thus, not content with taking the good "the gods provided," they sought to ingratiate themselves with their new master by instituting comparisons between him and the old one; which, to say nothing of the taste of the system as likely to please his majesty, savoured not a little of that which is sometimes found even in Munich—ingratitude.

The new king, in the bloom of youth, handsome, graceful, gay, and accomplished, mounted his milk-white charger, and, attended by all his court, envied and flattered through the streets—what condescension!—flags and banners were waved on the

parapets, and flowers were scattered from the windows. The next day he perambulated the town, accompanied only by his brown umbrella—what affability! His majesty held levees; the palace was thrown open, and the receptions were innumerable; for his late father had been some time before his death infirm and ill, and had therefore lived principally at Nymphenburg, his favourite residence, which he had splendidly decorated and tastefully improved. To Nymphenburg the new king took a decided aversion; it was closed immediately on his accession, and Count Slaphausen, who had regulated all his father's affairs there, was dismissed. Stiffincroup was named prime minister, and Snyderkins, who had never slept from under the palace roof for twenty years, was sent ambassador to the court of Ashantee.

All that the king did, the people approved. He remodelled the Bavarian code of laws—he corrected abuses in the state—he changed the colour of the pages' pantaloons from pea-green and silver to white and gold—he reversed all his father's decrees—he altered the uniform of the foot soldiers—he granted universal liberty of conscience, and gave a ball once in every week; and, strange to say, great as were the deeds of this illustrious monarch, no act of his royal life is so nearly connected with the subject-matter of this little story as the last-named manifestation of his royal grace and bounty.

To one of those balls were invited General Klinkenberg and his two charming daughters, an event marked with consequences which none of the parties most deeply concerned in the slightest degree anticipated, but which, if we have but a little patience, we shall see eventually proved of the highest importance.

General Klinkenberg was no courtier, and at sixty-five no dancer; but the invitation was a command; and even if he had hesitated as to its acceptance, the young ladies would have overruled all objections, and overcome all obstacles. Amelia, the elder of the two, was celebrated in her circle for her dancing; her eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her hair, which curled profusely over a snowy forehead, was as black as jet—her figure was symmetrical—her grace proverbial. Caroline, the younger sister, was fair, and her soft blue eyes and gentle demeanour often won hearts which would hold out fearlessly against the bolder attacks of her sprightly sparkling sister.

In the ballroom Amelia attracted all attention, and seemed to revel in the sunshine of the gaze she excited. Caroline shunned, or seemed to shun, the looks which were sometimes rivetted on her mild and gentle countenance—but people live not always in ball-rooms, nor establish their characters in crowded assemblies, and Caroline, in her own home, mild, amiable, and affectionate as she was, drew around her the tenderer and deeper feelings of the heart. Caroline had formed the first, the ruling attachment of her life—Melfort had won her! had gained her esteem, her regard, her love; and these sentiments were founded upon a near and constant observation of his mind and manners, character and disposition. She had no disguise in avowing the feeling he had inspired; she spoke of him, felt for him, thought of him as a brother; it was only when he was absent that she could at all appreciate the value she set upon his society; and when the royal command to the ball arrived, it pained her to the very heart—that going without him was inevitable.

Steinfeldt was not invited; but Amelia, although she would have been better pleased if he had been of the party, felt no regret like Caroline's which could for a moment counterbalance the pleasure she anticipated at court—a sphere well suited in her ardent mind for a girl of her birth, appearance, and accomplishments; and she rallied her more sensitive sister upon the regret she expressed, and the sorrow she too evidently felt, at Melfort's absence.

From the moment their going was decided upon, the activity of preparation evinced by Amelia, strongly contrasted as it was by the placid sufferance of Caroline, under the suggestions of the leading *marchand des modes* of Munich, gave strong evidence of her desire for conquest; all the colours of the rainbow were tried, and those in every light, in order to ascertain what "best became her;" friends were appealed to, neighbours called into council; and it was not until the day before the ball that the dress in which she was actually to appear was finally decided upon.

What the police regulations of Munich were upon those occasions, history has not recorded, or whether the instructions of the Bavarian green-cloth for the regulation of carriages merely directed that the company should be set down with their horses' heads opposite to their tails; suffice it to say, that amidst a sort of civil warfare, eminently destructive to the panels, and seriously injurious to the poles, the general and the two Misses Klinkenberg were safely deposited at the palace.

At the foot of the golden and marble staircase, which forms one of the splendid features of this immense building, and which, upon this occasion, was lined by body guards, and plentifully sprinkled over with porters and pages, they were received and ushered up to the great hall, which, together with the hall of antiquities, was most magnificently illuminated; and after passing through a suit of apartments, each vieing with the preceding one in brilliancy of decoration and company, they reached the throne-room, in which the visitors were presented to his majesty previous to proceeding to the ball.

His majesty's reception of the veteran general was

gracious in the extreme; but when the royal eyes fell upon the animated countenance and sylph-like form of Amelia, the king seemed thunder-stricken. His majesty was graciously pleased to express his admiration aloud, and spoke of her beauty in a very audible tone to the Baron Stiffincroup and the Countess of Mugenstein, who were near him. Of Caroline the king said nothing; he merely bestowed upon her one of those gently approving smiles which great personages with white teeth are frequently pleased to confer; but of Amelia he continued to rave—continued to point her out to each new guest with whom he was on familiar terms, until at last, his majesty having gone through the ceremony of opening the ball with her serene highness the Princess Wilhelmina of Stumps Gigenstein, Amelia found herself approached by one of his majesty's chamberlains, who announced to her delighted ears that the sovereign had been graciously pleased to select her for his partner in the next quadrille.

What the Bavarian etiquette upon so striking and singular an occasion actually might be, we do not pretend to understand, but it was by no means difficult to perceive, by the looks and gestures of the five hundred beauties of the court, that the royal attention had created a sensation. Its immediate effect upon Caroline Klinkenberg was astounding; for no sooner did Baron Stiffincroup, prime minister in the Bavarian cabinet, perceive his majesty leading the elder Miss Klinkenberg to the highest place in the dance, than he bustled through the illustrious throng, and solicited the hand of the second Miss Klinkenberg as his partner in the same set.

As for Amelia, from the moment she felt the pressure of the white kid glove of the right hand of the king upon the sympathetic leather on her own left, she saw nothing, understood nothing that she heard, was conscious of nothing in the world but that she was existing in a sort of ecstatic dream, and that she was still actually on her feet swinging about the palace in company with her sovereign, who, as has already been remarked, in addition to his crown and dignity, possessed a person so fine, a face so handsome, and a figure so elegant, that the court resounded with murmurs of admiration—not quite unmixed with envy—at the beautiful performance of their gracious king and his graceful partner.

Baron Stiffincroup, who was tall, solemn, formal, and grey, was not particularly well adapted for waltzing, either by age or station, figure or activity; he went through the motions, and Caroline was as well pleased as the baron, when she found herself re-established at her gallant father's side, whence the premier had drawn her; but Amelia's career was not yet ended; she was destined to be the belle of the evening.

In spite of etiquette, in spite of the various claims which should have engaged the royal attention, the king graciously condescended to place her arm on his, and lead her, "nothing loath," to the room where refreshments were served; here he presented her—he himself—with ice; here offered her a wafer, while she stood the wonder of the gazing company, alone with him, and doing something very like flirting, in the centre of a circle whose sacred verge no subject's foot dare cross.

But even this was not all; in the plenitude of royal grace and condescension, his majesty plucked a half-blown rose from one of the vases which were ranged along the plateau, and, with a speech full of—more than gallantry—sentiment, presented it to his fair partner, from whom it seemed he parted most reluctantly when he surrendered her to the care of her father.

But as the flower blooms which the sun has ripened, even when that sun is set, Amelia, seated by the general's side, attracted crowds of gazers even though the king had left her; and she remained enjoying her triumph, and holding affectionately in her hand the rose which had been conferred upon her by the monarch.

Supper was announced, and trumpets rent the air; and as the folding doors of the banquet gallery were thrown open, music, the most melodious, burst upon the ear. Amelia lingered and looked around—for what?—presumptuous girl!—she felt dissatisfied and disappointed because the young king did not lead her to the table. She forgot that the Grand Duchess of Shuffelhausen would naturally be taken out by his majesty; and that, however much his kind heart and good taste might draw him to her side when etiquette permitted, there were certain things to be done and performed in his kingly capacity, with which neither kindness nor feeling could be permitted to interfere. Certain it is, that from the moment she saw him seated on his chair of state, surrounded by the officers of his household, approached with awe, and served with humility, amounting—or rather descending—almost to prostration, she sighed, and felt as if she were wearied with all that was near her; the banquet was tasteless, the music discordant, the gaiety painful.

Caroline, who had been led to supper by her last partner, enjoyed every thing she saw and heard; the one alloy to her gratification was the absence of Melfort; and although she looked forward to the morning when she should describe to him the events of the evening, as the reward of her present privation, she conquered all selfish feeling so far as to establish her character as a delightful companion in the mind of the young nobleman who had danced with her, and to create in his bosom, as it should seem, an interest not

much inferior to that which it appeared her animated sister had excited in the heart of the king.

Supper over, the company resumed dancing, but the king did not again present himself to the eyes of the fascinated Amelia. Baron Stiffincroup, however, went to General Klinkenberg, and taking him into a window, stated to him that he had it in command from the king to tell him that his majesty intended to confer upon him the order of St Hubert; that he could not imagine how his services and merits had been so long overlooked by his late father; and that he expected to see him at the next morning's levee, in order that he might have the pleasure of investing him with the riband. Klinkenberg felt hot, and cold, and bowed, and smiled, and was very much pleased; for singular as it may appear, the late king, for what reason nobody ever could discover, although frequently solicited, never would give Klinkenberg the order of St Hubert. Why he got it now, having given the reader some idea of Bavarian politics, we leave him to guess.

Seated in the carriage, on their return, what were the feelings of the three Klinkenbergs? Amelia was satisfied that the king was at her feet, and that the favour bestowed upon her father was merely a proof of his majesty's sincerity and devotion to her; but upon a subject so high she dared not trust herself to speak; so she declared herself tired, threw herself back in the coach, and closing her eyes, saw as it were in a vision the throne standing ready for her occupation; and while she (almost tenderly) pressed in her hand the withering flower which the sovereign had presented her, felt the sceptre of Bavaria within her grasp.

Caroline, who was no more tired than her sister, and who had no object in affecting to be so, talked over the whole party gaily and happily, and felt more at ease than at any previous period of the evening; and Klinkenberg, himself in high spirits at the result of his visit to court, chuckled at his attainment from the new king of a decoration which the old one never would bestow on him.

When next morning came, and breakfast was over, and General Klinkenberg on his road to Munich, as usual, came Captain Steinfeldt and Lieutenant Melfort; the latter was received by Caroline as he always was—both her hands were extended to receive his, and a smile, such as thrones cannot purchase nor kingdoms repay, greeted the young suitor (if such he might be considered) on his entrance to the boudoir. Amelia was gracious in her manner to Steinfeldt, and stretched forth her right hand, still seated, while her left most unconsciously rested on a vase in which hung droopingly the royal rose of Bavaria.

Amelia saw that the faded flower had caught the captain's eyes; she longed for him to ask some questions about it, but she was spared a protracted anxiety by Caroline's calling the attention of both the beaux to the "floral emblem" of her sister's triumph.

"Yes," said Amelia, "the king gave it me last night; we had danced together; and while he was handing me some ice, I happened to say I was fond of roses, and he was good enough to present it to me. It therefore becomes quite an historical rose, and I shall preserve it."

"Less productive of feuds, I hope," said Steinfeldt, "than the rival roses of England."

"And," said Melfort, "have you no royal rose to boast of, Caroline?"

"Not I, indeed," replied she: "Amelia was the favoured lady of the night."

"Oh, Caroline," interrupted Amelia, "don't say so! I am sure he was very attentive to the Princess Wilhelmina of Stumps Gigenstein."

"Whom do you mean by *he*, Miss Klinkenberg?" said the captain.

"Why, Captain Steinfeldt," said Amelia, half angry with him, and half ashamed of herself, "I mean—I mean—the king!"

"Oh!" said the captain, bowing, "I only asked. You seem to have made considerable progress in your acquaintance with his majesty."

"Yes," said the young lady; "and, besides, this rose—which is faded, I confess—at this point of her conversation she caressed it, and played with its leaves—'besides this, the king has given papa the order of—what is it, dear Caroline?—St Hubert.'"

"Indeed!" said Steinfeldt, whose thoughts suddenly flew from the order to the abbey of St Hubert, in the Netherlands, which at the moment he did not think at all an unsuitable receptacle either for the king or the general. "Why, you come from court loaded with honours!"

"That Princess Wilhelmina of Stumps Gigenstein is very plain," said Amelia.

"She is to be our queen, I am told," said the captain. Amelia said nothing, but her lip quivered and her cheek flushed. Steinfeldt saw what was passing in her mind.

"Some people have destined the king for an English lady," said Steinfeldt; "but the objection to the match, which is insuperable, is, that she is a subject."

Amelia coloured again, and it was with something like a consciousness, founded, as it would seem, upon what the king had whispered the night before, that she said, "Is that objection insuperable? Our king is very English in his opinions and feelings, and in England kings marry subjects."

"Not now," said Steinfeldt. "Come, Amelia, let us join Caroline and Melfort."

"Oh, I cannot walk to-day," said Amelia; "I am

tired—tired beyond belief; besides, I should not like to leave home until—until —”

She would have said, until “I know the king will be engaged at court at the levee;” for she was full of the idea that he would visit Starenberg. Steinfelt took his chaco, and, humming a tune, walked to the open door of the boudoir, then played with the jasmynes and honeysuckles that twined through the columns of the portico, then stepped down one step, then down another, and finally walked himself off; his pride was hurt, his heart was pained. In one short evening Amelia seemed to have changed her whole character, and, dazzled by the attentions of her sovereign, appeared to have lost the recollection of all that had been passing during the previous half year. Steinfelt made every allowance for the peculiarity of the circumstances, and the nature of the trial to which she had been exposed, but he could not discuss or argue the topic with her; he did not love her less than he did the day before, but the day before he did not know that he loved her so much; the approach of a rival, and such a rival as a king, gave a stimulus to his feelings, and they overcame him; his only safety was in a retreat: like a good tactician, he adopted it.

Amelia saw him depart without concern, without emotion; the first advantage she took of his absence was to cross the room and re-arrange those ringlets of hers, before the looking-glass: the king had praised her ringlets and her eyes: and when she heard footsteps in the antechamber, she hurried back to the sofa with a fluttering heart—perhaps he was come—perhaps a chamberlain, an usher, a page—but no!

When the “benighted” general returned in the evening, Amelia’s inquiries were numerous. The ceremony of investiture occupied about three minutes. The court was crowded, and the king had only spoken a few words to Klinkenberg; but those few words were important, and sounded like the music of sweet bells in Amelia’s ear.

“General,” said his majesty, “I am going very soon to look at Starenberg. I think I should like it for a summer residence.”

These words the general repeated merely as a commonplace expression of the king’s intention. But Amelia read them differently. He had never been to Starenberg—never thought he should like it as a summer residence, until he had seen her—and he was coming *very soon*. It seemed as if her towering hopes were to be realised. Nor could she look at the glittering decoration which sparkled on her father’s breast without believing herself to have been the cause of its appearance there.

Steinfelt was not present when the general returned—he had made some plea for being away from Starenberg for two days, during which period Amelia continued in a state of feverish agitation, which none but ladies who have flown at quarries as high as hers can possibly appreciate; nor did the placid happiness of Caroline and Melfort at all disturb her. The rose was quite dead, but yet its withered stalk was her solace; and hour after hour passed in anxious expectation of the event which, as she reasonably enough believed, was destined to decide her fate.

One evening, the fourth after the ball, the general, Amelia, Melfort, and Caroline, were sitting in the garden pavilion, when a servant was seen hurrying along the walk which led to it, holding in his hand a letter. The very sight of a letter in the existing state of Amelia’s mind threw her into a terrible agitation; but when she heard her father exclaim as he read the superscription, “from the palace,” it was with difficulty she could retain her seat or her senses.

“How did this come?” said the general to his servant.

“By an orderly, general,” replied the servant.

“Where are my spectacles?” said the general.

“I will read it, papa,” said Amelia, “for you.”

“Child,” said the knight of St Hubert, “read it!

—it comes from the king’s secretary, and is marked “private and confidential”—let me see—”

Saying which, the general having placed “his spectacles on nose,” read—first to himself, and secondly aloud—what follows.

“Private.—Dear General, the king proposes, I believe, to visit Starenberg to-morrow about one o’clock. He wishes to avoid all ceremony, but as I thought, *under the peculiar circumstances of his visit*, you might wish to be there, I have written to let you know what I believe to be his majesty’s intention. It may be as well to say to any body that I have apprised you of it.—Ever yours, dear general, C. PENANINK.”

“To-morrow!” murmured Amelia, in a suppressed tone.

“Now, what had we best do?” said Klinkenberg. “I suppose, young ladies, you will take care that a collation is prepared for his majesty?”

“I will take care of that, sir,” said Amelia.

“Why,” said Melfort, “if the reports of royal visits are at all correct, collations form no inconsiderable portion of the performance. A court party in progress takes more feeding than a steam-engine.”

“The king would make this place very gay if he came to live here,” said the general. “It is very odd—I thought by his manner the other day that he meant to come, but —”

“I think,” said Caroline, “gay as the king’s residence may make it, we are much happier in truth without him: living in the confines of a court is like living on a tight rope; it requires a constant effort to

keep oneself balanced, while an attempt to jump is most likely to produce a fall.”

“Figurative as you are, Caroline,” said Melfort, “depend upon it you are right; however, I suspect the palace is not the object of the king’s visit.”

“What then, Melfort?” said the general.

“It is said, sir,” said Melfort, “that Amelia has caught the king’s heart.”

“Psha, psha!” said Klinkenberg; “pray let me hear nothing of the sort. Ridiculous!” and so the conversation ended.

Nobody could adequately describe the hurry and flurry, and bustling and scrambling, in which the evening was passed, nor the renewal of all the efforts in the morning, of the Klinkenberg family, to complete the preparations for the reception of the king. The Gunter of Munich, on the shortest notice, had before noon spread a banquet in the large saloon which opened into the garden, and the old plate of the Klinkenbergs was paraded upon temporary sideboards in the recesses. The choicest fruits, the finest wines, every thing that could gratify the royal palate, were furnished forth; and by one o’clock it was announced that the king might come whenever he pleased.

Early in the morning, however, Caroline and Melfort had a conversation the most interesting of their lives. The orderly who had brought the general’s letter from Count Penanink, the secretary, had also brought orders from the commander-in-chief to Captain Steinfelt and Lieutenant Melfort to join their regiment, with their troop now doing duty as the king’s guard, at Starenberg: they were to march the following day. The nature of this conversation the reader may guess. Melfort made the declaration which Caroline had long expected; and knowing her sentiments with regard to Melfort, there can be little doubt how she received it: suffice it to say that Melfort was the happiest of men.

Steinfelt, who was aware of Melfort’s intentions, although too much piqued and mortified by Amelia’s recent conduct to risk an interview with her on his return, addressed to her a letter, explanatory of his feelings, and requiring an answer to the offer of his attachment, to which a cold reply and refusal was returned.

“Heartless, cruel girl!” said Steinfelt, as he dashed this note upon the table. “She whom I idolised—she who has been all the world to me, and whose faith is as much pledged to me as if we had sworn to love eternally—she whom it would have been my pride to have taken into the bosom of my family—she to whom I looked as the comfort of my life, the —”

“Turn out the guard!” cried the sentry at the gates. Away went Amelia’s letter crumpled into the sabretache; on went the sword and chaco; down stairs ran the captain, and in two minutes, mounted on his pawing charger, he was at the head of his men.

A royal carriage drove into the quadrangle—it was not the king; Count Penanink, Rodantape, the surveyor of the works, and Skafield, the king’s architect, were the inhabitants of the vehicle. The guard turned in: the architect and surveyor proceeded up the great staircase, and Count Penanink went to Klinkenberg’s apartments.

“Do you think, count, that the king is likely to reside here?” said Klinkenberg.

“Upon my word,” said the count, “I cannot venture to surmise at present: there are great attractions here”—Amelia’s heart beat—“and circumstances may occur which would render it a very agreeable residence. The distance from town is so convenient—not that I am at all aware what his majesty’s intentions are—it was quite sudden his majesty’s desire of visiting it—I —”

This was all honey and nectar to Miss Klinkenberg, who was just preparing to question the count, when the saloon door was thrown violently open, and one of the king’s servants ran in unceremoniously, and exclaimed, “Count, count! the king is coming!”

Away went Penanink, away went Klinkenberg, leaving Amelia in a state of dreadful agitation, and Caroline in a dreadful fit of laughing: to see the cold, cautious secretary, who had been measuring out his words with the most precise primness, take a start as if the palace were on fire, and to see her venerable and venerated father regenerated into a racer, by the magical sound of “the king is coming,” were too much for her unsophisticated mind, and it was only after a severe lecture from her majesty elect, that she could summon gravity enough to look out of the windows to see the arrival.

At length the moment arrived: Amelia could hear her own heart beat; her father’s voice sounded in the anteroom; and forthwith the doors were thrown open, and there entered Count Penanink, Captain Spyhausen, and Major Sneakenburg, the equerries, Mr Skafield, the architect, Mr Rodantape, the surveyor-general, and Lieutenant Melfort, of the king’s guard.

Considering these inferiors to be but the leaders of the procession, the head of the column, as her father would have phrased it, Amelia was all smiles and graciousness; but when she heard her father give directions to throw open the room where stood the royal collation, and Count Penanink came up to her and offered her his arm to lead her to table, she felt over-

whelmed with wonder and amazement. Her feelings were too powerful to permit her to be silent.

“Where is the king, sir?” said she to the count, as they passed from one room to the other.

“He is gone,” said the count; “he never eats luncheons.”

“Gone!” said Amelia—“luncheon!”

“Yes,” replied the count, “he is quite delighted with the palace, and means almost immediately to take up his residence here.”

Amelia felt in a trance—a dream—a dreadful dream. “Mr Rodantape!” cried General Klinkenberg, “will you sit next my eldest daughter?”

Poor Amelia! instead of the Bavarian monarch, to have the surveyor-general of the works placed at her left hand!

At this period it became a question with Miss Amelia Klinkenberg whether she would faint or not; but still hoping that the king’s absence was owing to some etiquette of which she was not aware, she resolved to endure what was actually in progress, and devote herself to the count, from whom she hoped to extract some courtly intelligence.

“You are acquainted with Captain Steinfelt?” said the count.

“Yes,” stammered Amelia, rather wavering by the question—“Yes.”

“The king has made him a happy man this morning,” said the count; “he has given him one of the best appointments he could hold.”

“Indeed!” said Amelia.

“And one which will afford him a most delightful opportunity of travelling,” said the count, “for he will go on the special mission which is to be sent to bring home our new queen.”

To this Amelia made no answer, for she could not utter.

“And though,” continued the count, “in consequence of the king’s choosing to live here after his marriage, your father will lose the advantage of these apartments, still —”

At this period the option of fainting or not was no longer left to Miss Amelia Klinkenberg—she fell senseless from her chair, and escaped the contamination of sitting next the surveyor-general of the works, by being carried in a lifeless state to her bedroom.

In three weeks from that day, the king of Bavaria was married; in six weeks from that day, Caroline became the wife of Melfort; in three months from that day, Steinfelt was united to the wealthy Dowager Duchess of Oldanfatt; and twenty years from that day, Miss Amelia Klinkenberg was Miss Amelia Klinkenberg still, and without any prospect of changing her condition for the better.

Proud and poor, the disappointment of hopes which never had any foundation except in her own vanity, and which converted the gracious condescension of a monarch into the devotion of a lover, preyed upon her mind, and induced her prudentially to declare her resolution of never marrying; a resolution which, as the story of her mistake about the king and her misconduct towards Steinfelt got known, nobody ever persuaded her to rescind; and she passes her time now in preaching prudence to her lovely nieces, with a constant exhortation to them never to give up the certainty of happiness for the chance of splendour, but always to recollect the homely English proverb, that “ONE BIRD IN HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.”—Keepsake, 1832.

A FAMILY OF CRUSOES.

It may not be generally known to the people of Scotland, that within the verge of this northern kingdom, there exists (or very lately existed) a family of human beings in an almost desert island, removed out of sight of land, and holding communication with the rest of their species but twice in the twelve months. The name of this desolate isle is Rona, or more correctly North Rona, and is situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of sixteen leagues west from the Butt of Lewis, one of the largest of the Hebridean Isles. This island, which measures about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, where widest, has been rarely visited either by ships or travellers, and has been the subject of a variety of fanciful descriptions. It might have remained much longer in this almost “undiscovered” condition, had it not been a few years ago visited by Dr John Macculloch, who made it the object of one of his mineralogical excursions, and who has presented us with a description of the island and its inhabitants. The Doctor, it seems, found great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the most accessible point being the face of a precipitous cliff, fifty or sixty feet in height. The disembarkation of himself and boat’s crew did not pass unobserved by the chief inhabitant, who, like his prototype Robinson Crusoe, in spying the landing of the savages, took care to keep aloof from the strangers; and who, on their surmounting the cliff, fairly took to his heels. Being, however, brought to by means of a well-directed blast of Gaelic, sent after him by one of the boatmen, and his friendship purchased by a roll of tobacco, the Doctor found himself at liberty to inspect the territory in all its parts, and to extract an account of the mode of living of the single family by which it was tenanted. “The southern cliffs,” says he, “range from thirty to sixty feet in height, running out into flat ledges at the western extremity; but on the north side they reach to five hundred feet, and present a formidable aspect, whitened by the tremendous breach of the

sea as it rolls on from the northward. Here, among other openings, there is an immense cave, with a wide aperture, into which the waves break with the noise of thunder. Over a large space, the whole ground, at an elevation of two hundred feet, is washed away to the bare foundation; large masses of rock being frequently thrown up, and carried high along the level land, as if they were mere pebbles on a sea-beach. Rona can be no peaceful solitude, when the half of it is thus under water, and the solid dash then made against it must cover the whole, in gales of wind, with a continual shower of spray. From the lower western angle, the land rises with a gentle and even swell towards the north and east; but having no inequality of ground to afford the least shelter, it is necessarily swept by every blast. The surface is, nevertheless, green, and every where covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where broken up for cultivation, for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. The highest point is near the north-eastern end; and hence, in clear weather, the lofty hills of Sutherland are visible in the horizon. It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world, which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight, and seldom is land seen from it. A feeling of hope never leaves the vessel while she can float, and while there is a possibility of return to society; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immovable in the dreary and waste ocean. There was at one period, according to doubtful tradition, a chapel in the island dedicated to St Ronan, the patron saint of seals, which was fenced by a stone wall, but of this there are now no remains. Whatever was the number of families once resident, and it is said there were always five, there is now but one. The tenant is a cottar, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seem to have been six or seven acres cultivated in barley, oats, and potatoes, but the grain was now housed. The soil is good, and the produce appeared to have been abundant. The family is permitted to consume as much as they please; and it was stated that the average surplus paid to the tacksman amounted to eight bolls of barley. In addition to that, he is bound to find an annual supply of eight stones of feathers, the produce of the gannets. Besides all this, the island maintains fifty small sheep. The wool of these is of course reserved for the tacksman; but as far as we could discover, the tenant was as unrestricted in the use of mutton as in that of grain and potatoes. Twice in the year, that part of the produce which is reserved is thus taken away, and in this manner is maintained all the communication which North Rona has with the external world. The return for all these services, in addition to his food and that of his family, is the large sum of two pounds a-year. But this is paid in clothes, not in money; and as there were six individuals to clothe, it is easy to apprehend they did not abound in covering. I must add to this, however, the use of a cow, which was brought from Lewis, when in milk, and changed when unserviceable. From the milk of his ewes, the tenant contrives to make cheeses, resembling those for which St Kilda is so celebrated. There is no peat in the island, but its place is well enough supplied by turf. During the long discussions whence all this knowledge was procured, I had not observed that our conference was held on the top of the house; roof it could not be called. It being impossible for walls to resist the winds of this boisterous region, the house is excavated in the earth, as if it were the work of the Greenlanders. What there is of wall, rises for a foot or two above the surrounding irregular surface, and the adjacent stacks of turf help to ward off the violence of the gales. The flat roof is a solid mass of turf and straw, the smoke issuing out of an aperture near the side of the habitation. The very entrances seemed to have been contrived for concealment or defence, and it could not be perceived till pointed out. This is an irregular hole, about four feet high, surrounded by turf; and on entering it, with some precaution, we found a long tortuous passage, somewhat resembling the gallery of a mine, but without a door, which conducted us into the penetralia of the cavern. The interior resembled the prints which we have seen of a Kamtschatka hut. Over the embers of a turf fire sat the ancient grandmother nursing an infant, which was nearly naked. From the rafters hung festoons of dried fish; but scarcely an article of furniture was to be seen, and there was no light but that which came through the smoke-hole. There was a sort of platform, or dais, on which the fire was raised, where the old woman and her charge sat; and one or two niches, excavated laterally in the ground, and laid with ashes, seemed to be the only bed-places. Why these were not furnished with straw, I know not; and of blankets, the provision was as scanty as that of the clothes; possibly, ashes may make a better and softer bed than straw; but it is far more likely that this insular family could not be forced to make themselves more comfortable. This was certainly a variety in human life worth studying. Every thing appeared wretched enough; a smoky subterranean cavern; rain and storm; a deaf octogenarian grandmother; the wife and children half naked; and to add to all this, solitude, and a prison from which there was no escape. Yet the family were well fed, seemed contented, and expressed little concern as to what the rest of the world was doing. To tend the sheep, and house the winter furring; to dig the ground, and reap the harvests in their seasons; to hunt wild-fowl and catch fish; to fetch water from the pools,

keep up the fire, and rock the child to sleep on their knees, seemed occupation enough, and the society of the family itself, society enough. The women and children, indeed, had probably never extended their notions of a world much beyond the precincts of North Rona; the chief himself seemed to have few cares or wishes that did not centre in it; his only desire being to go to Lewis to christen his infant—a wish in another year he could have gratified." Such is an abridgement of the interesting account given by Macculloch of this distant and solitary isle, and the human beings who inhabit it. My readers have here presented to their view the picture of a family, which many may consider as at the lowest and most hapless condition of any in Great Britain or its adjacent islands; yet the moralist will be delighted to discover, that with all the disadvantages of solitude and desertion, there is even a large amount of actual happiness, comfort, and virtue, in this remote and limited territory.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM GIFFORD,

Late Editor of the Quarterly Review.

AMONG narratives which illustrate the power of the love of knowledge in overcoming the opposition of circumstances, there are few more interesting than that which has been given us of his early life, by the late William Gifford. Mr Gifford was born in 1755, at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His father, although the descendant of a respectable and even wealthy family, had early ruined himself by his wildness and prodigality; and even after he was married, had run off to sea, where he remained serving on board a man-of-war for eight or nine years. On his return home, with about a hundred pounds of prize-money, he attempted to obtain a subsistence as a glazier, having before apprenticed himself to that business; but in a few years he died of a broken-down constitution before he was forty, leaving his wife with two children, the youngest only about eight months old, and with no means of support except what she might make by continuing the business, of which she was quite ignorant. In about a twelvemonth she followed her husband to the grave. "I was not quite thirteen," says her son, "when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world."

His brother was now sent to the workhouse, and he was himself taken home to the house of a person named Carlile, who was his godfather, and had seized upon whatever his mother had left, under the pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her. By this person, William, who had before learned reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, was sent again to school, and was beginning to make considerable progress in the last branch of study; but in about three months his patron grew tired of the expense, and took him home, with the view of employing him as a ploughboy. An injury, however, which he had received some years before on his breast, was found to unfit him for this species of labour; and it was next resolved that he should be sent out to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. But upon being presented to the person who had agreed to fit him out, he was declared to be "too small"—and this scheme also had to be abandoned. "My godfather," says he, "had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist anything. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen."

In this vessel he remained for nearly a twelvemonth. "It will be easily conceived," he remarks, "that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only 'a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"

While in this humble situation, however, and seeming to himself almost an outcast from the world, he was not altogether forgotten. He had broken off all connection with Ashburton, and where his godfather lived; but "the women of Brixham," says he, "who travelled to Ashburton twice a-week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers." They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton; and the tale excited so much commiseration in the place, that his godfather at last found himself obliged to send for him home. At this time he wanted some months of fourteen. He proceeds with his own story as follows:—

"After the holidays, I returned to my darling pursuit—arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on these occasions, it raised a thought in me that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this

time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself, that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that, as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so, indeed, he had); he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound, till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

Up to this period his reading had been very limited, the only books he had perused, besides the Bible, with which he was well acquainted, having been a black-letter romance, called *Parismus* and *Parismenes*, a few old magazines, and the *Imitation of Thomas à Kempis*. "As I hated my new profession," he continues, "with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it, and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sank by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign my hope of one day succeeding to Mr Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure. These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired."

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's *Introduction*: this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

No situation, it is obvious, could be more unfavourable for study than this; and yet we see how the eager student succeeded in triumphing over its disadvantages, contriving to write and calculate even without paper, pens, or ink, by the aid of a piece of leather and a blunted awl. Where there is a strong determination to attain an object, it is generally sufficient of itself to create the means; and almost any means are sufficient. We mistake in supposing that there is only one way of doing a thing, namely, that in which it is commonly done. Whenever we have to prove it, we find how rich in resources is Necessity; and how seldom it is that, in the absence of the ordinary instrument, she has not some new invention to supply its place. This is a truth which studious poverty has often had experience of, and been all the better for experiencing; for difficulties so encountered and subdued not only whet ingenuity, but strengthen a man's whole intellectual and moral character, and fit him for struggles and achievements in after-life, from which other spirits less hardly trained turn away in despair.

At last, however, Gifford obtained some alleviation of his extreme penury. "He had scarcely, he tells us, known poetry even by name, when some verses, composed by one of his acquaintances, tempted him to try what he could do in the same style, and he succeeded in producing a few rymes. As successive little incidents inspired his humble muse, he produced several more compositions of a similar description, till he had got together about a dozen of them. "Certainly," says he, "nothing on earth was ever so deplorable;" but such as they were, they procured him not a little fame among his associates, and he began at last to be sometimes invited to repeat them to other circles."

"The repetitions of which I speak," he continues, "were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine: I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with

books of geometry and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits."

But even this resource was soon taken from him. His master, having heard of his verse-making, was so incensed both at what he deemed the idleness of the occupation, and especially at some satirical allusions to himself, or his customers, upon which the young poet had unwisely ventured, that he seized upon and carried away all his books and papers, and even prohibited him in the strictest manner from ever again repeating a line of his compositions. This severe stroke was followed by another, which reduced him to utter despair. The master of the free school, to whom he had never resigned the hope of succeeding, died, and another person was appointed to the situation, not much older than Gifford, and who, he says, was certainly not so well qualified for it as himself.

"I look back," he proceeds, "on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability; by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me."

But his despondency and discontent seem to have gradually given way to the natural buoyancy of his disposition; some evidences of kindly feeling from those around him tended a good deal to mitigate his recklessness; and especially as the term of his apprenticeship drew towards a close, his former aspirations and hopes began to return to him. He had spent, however, nearly six years at his ungenial employment, before any decided prospect of deliverance opened upon him. "In this humble and obscure state," says he, "poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day dreams which perhaps would never have been realised, I was found, in the twentieth year of my age, by Mr William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamented doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author." Mr Cookesley, who was a surgeon, and not rich, having learnt Gifford's history from himself, became so much interested in his favour, that he determined to rescue him from his obscurity. "The plan," says Gifford, "that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome. My handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and, when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon."

The rest of the story may be very compendiously told. The difficulties of the poor scholar were now over, for his patrons were so much pleased with the progress he made during this short period, that, upon its expiration, they renewed their bounty, and maintained him at school for another year. "Such liberality," he remarks, "was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period." In two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master to be fit for the university; and a small office having been obtained for him by Mr Cookesley's exertions at Oxford, he was entered of Exeter College, that gentleman undertaking to provide the additional means necessary to enable him to live till he should take his degree. Mr Gifford's first patron died before his protégé had time to fulfil the good man's fond anticipations of his future celebrity; but he afterwards found, in Lord Grosvenor, another much more able, though it was impossible that any other could have shown more zeal, to advance his interests. A long and prosperous life, during which he acquired a distinguished name in the literary world, was the ample compensation for the humiliation and hardships of his youth. He was the editor, for many years, of the "Quarterly Review," which was placed under his management at its commencement in 1809, and which attained the most distinguished success, in a great degree, through his judicious and careful attention to its conduct. The narrative from which we have extracted the preceding pages, and which is so interestingly written that we have generally preferred retaining the original words in our abridgement, is prefixed to his English version of Juvenal, the first edition of which appeared in 1802. Mr Gifford died in London on the 31st of De-

cember 1826, in the seventy-first year of his age. It is a beautiful circumstance in his history, and one which shows how a generous act sometimes receives even a worldly reward, that he left the bulk of his fortune to the son of his first most kind and disinterested patron, Mr Cookesley.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

AMERICAN PASSENGER PIGEONS.

Of these animals, and the vast multiplicity of their numbers, we have had various accounts by travellers on whose details faith could be placed; but no one seems to have given so thorough an account of the character and numbers of this species of bird as the ingenious Audubon, in his Ornithological Biography, a work of great interest both to the naturalist and general reader. "The body of the passenger pigeon," says he, "is of an elongated oval form, steered by a long well-plumed tail, and propelled by well-set wings, the muscles of which are very large and powerful for the size of the bird. When an individual is seen gliding through the woods and close to the observer, it passes like a thought; and on trying to see it again, the eye searches in vain; the bird is gone. The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who like myself were struck with amazement."

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before; and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that 163 had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw at my leisure immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beechwood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Before sunset, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odour which emanates from the species.

It may not perhaps be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours at the rate mentioned above, of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.

As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles reviewing the country below. During their evolutions on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of

ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labour completely lost. Whilst feeding, their avidity is at times so great, that, in attempting to swallow a large acorn or nut, they are seen gasping for a long while, as if in the agonies of suffocation.

On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees, to enjoy rest and digest their food. On the ground they walk with ease, as well as on the branches, frequently jerking their beautiful tail, and moving the neck backwards and forwards in the most graceful manner. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now, kind reader, inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russellville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place, like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Every thing proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come!' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted every where, one above another, until sold masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided; long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all were that able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves had now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, racoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil. It was then that the authors of all this devastation began their entry amongst the dead, the dying, and the mangled. The pigeons were picked up and piled in heaps, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of, when the hogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.

Persons unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species. But I have satisfied myself,

by long observation, that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forests can accomplish their decrease, as they not unfrequently quadruple their numbers yearly, and always at least double it."

EMIGRATION.

Mr FEROUSSON, having now examined Upper Canada, and remarked its suitability to emigration, crossed the frontiers of the province, though in the paper to which our attention has been directed he does not introduce the manner of his transit, and commenced his observations on the land and tillage in the United States: "In offering a few remarks upon the prospects of emigrants to the States," says he, "so many circumstances occur upon which it would be necessary to touch, that I almost shrink from the attempt. The great and interesting tie which must be severed when we leave our native country, and become the denizens of another, is a point which every man must settle for himself. Should it prove no impediment, he will find numerous and varied fields of agricultural enterprise presenting themselves in every quarter of the Union. He will find perfect security and independence, and, with ordinary good sense and good humour, can have no difficulty in maintaining friendly habits with his neighbours."

Two plans present themselves to the emigrant with capital in fixing his residence in the States. He may either purchase or occupy a farm in the old settled part of the country, or he may establish himself in some of the new or yet unsettled portions of the older States. The choice must be dependent on the means and character of the individual; but in either way the greatest risk of disappointment will always be found in fixing too hastily. I would strongly recommend to every man who may emigrate to Canada or the States, that he should allot some months to looking about him, ere he make a purchase, which it is not again so easy to exchange, should any of those numerous drawbacks present themselves which we are ever too apt to overlook in the excitement of the moment.

The arrangements for managing and disposing of the United States' public lands are very complete, and no difficulty or annoyance is likely to occur, if we except, perhaps, the delay in receiving the formal title or patent, occasioned by a heavy arrear of business in that department. This occasions, however, neither loss nor hazard, as the warrant of possession which every purchaser immediately receives, secures him in all the rights of property.

As it is impossible, within reasonable terms, to discuss *seriatim* the respective fitness of the different States for affording comfortable settlements to British emigrants, I shall detail my own personal observations, made upon the bank of the Hudson, above Albany, and in some parts of the Genesee country, and the information which I was enabled to collect from most respectable settlers in Michigan, as a fair sample of what is generally to be expected in the western country, leaving such inferences to be drawn as the statements deserve.

Various classes of settlers are to be found in the States, from the man of substance and capital to the rough backwoodsman and squatter; but a minute discussion of the several grades does not seem to be here required.

The first farm which I visited was in the immediate vicinity of Albany, forming part of the princely estate of Mr Van Ransaler. It contained 600 acres of fine mellow loam along the banks of the river, divided into fields by rail-fences, which cost here 4s. 6d. per sixteen feet, including boards, nails, and work—four rails, and about five feet high.

The crops chiefly raised are wheat, Indian corn, with pumpkins planted in the intervals or rows, oats, potatoes, and large quantities of timothy for hay. The buildings are of timber, handsome and convenient.

The farm was let some years ago at 2000 dollars, or £450, which in America seems to be a very high rent; but it must be recollected that the situation is particularly favourable from its close contact with the thriving city of Albany. A turnpike road upon Macadam's principle has commenced from Albany to the north, and six miles of it are already completed at an expense of £2000. It runs through the centre of this farm. It is at present the home farm of the eldest son of Mr Van Ransaler, who has imported, at considerable expense, from England, some fine short-horn stock, and which he is very successfully crossing with a judicious selection of native cows.

Although very fine cattle and sheep are to be found in some districts, I am satisfied that more may be done in the department of live-stock than in any other branch of American husbandry.

As the country becomes more populous, manufactures (already far advanced) will continue to increase, and fat stock, with dairy produce, must become objects of greater importance to the farmer than they have hitherto been. I met with a very intelligent cattle-dealer in Pennsylvania, who gave me much information on this subject. He and his partners deal, to a large extent, for the Philadelphia and New York markets. The system appeared to be perfectly organised. They purchase all the fat stock they can procure within a reasonable range of these cities, which are first disposed of to the butchers; and having thus cleared the field, they bring forward their droves from the back settlements or distant states, in such a succession as supplies, without glutting, the market.

Some of their cattle travel above 600 miles, and are two months on the road. He told me that he purchased 400 oxen every year from one Kentucky farmer, and he considers a stock farm to be a very sure and profitable concern. New York takes about 700 oxen a-week, when the demand is brisk. These weigh on an average about 55 stone, 14 lb. to a stone; and the price he receives is from £12 to £13 a-head. I was happy to find his opinion regarding live and dead weight to coincide nearly with my own. When *prime fat*, he reckons on a sink of one-third only on the live weight. He dislikes pumpkin-fed beef, and always insists on the animals which he purchases being fed, at least latterly, on maize. His expenses are high, much of his stock costing him above £2 a-head in road expenses; and he gives his head drivers 4s. 6d. a-day, with food for themselves and horses. His profits this season, he says, have been very handsome, and the trade in general is a good one to a steady man with sufficient capital. Town manure costs about 3d. a waggon load.

Horses, in all parts of the States and Canada, which I visited, and I believe universally, are to be remarked as superior in the qualities of action, strength, and figure. It is rare to pass a farmer's team without noticing horses worthy of being transferred to any gentleman's stud. They are kindly treated, well fed, and remarkably docile, of which I met with repeated instances, which would have not a little astonished our first-rate English coachmen. They are in general about 15 hands, or 15½, and cost from £10 to £25 each.

From Albany I proceeded about thirty miles up the river, where I spent several days with a friend, and in his company examined some farms then on sale in his neighbourhood.

To afford some idea of the expected prices and returns of old farms in this district, I shall subjoin a few notes which I made at the time of my visit.

1st, Captain Davenport's farm on the east bank of the Hudson. It contains 350 acres, 100 of which are in wood, hemlock, or Canada pine (the bark of which is in general use for tanning), maple, beech, &c. The soil is partly clay, partly sandy loam. A large portion is a rich holm, on the river side, and of the finest quality. The price demanded is 30 dollars, £7, 10s., per acre; but it would probably be bought for 25 dollars, or £5, 12s. The return might reasonably be expected to reach £112, 10s. clear of expenses, from the flat land, and £70 from the profit on a sheep stock on the upper portion of the farm: in the whole £182, 10s. The price would be, at £5, 10s., £1875, and an outlay on buildings, fences, and drains, of £1000 more, would still be within £3000, for which you have a return of above £180. In making this rough estimate, I resolved to be moderate in estimating returns, and liberal in calculating outlay, and am perfectly satisfied that an industrious Scotch farmer would easily realise a profit of £200 a-year.

It is to be noticed also, that one-half of the timber might be at once sold off without any detriment to the farm, and that I calculate upon the owner and his family drawing the ordinary articles of subsistence from the land, besides the above return.

2d, Next to this farm was that of Mr Knickerbocker, containing 275 acres. There is a fine holm also on this farm, and the upland seemed fully better than No. 1. This farm was let last year in shares for one year, and the owner received £63. The price asked is £4 per acre, or £1100, and £200 more would be required for houses, fences, &c. There is no more timber than is requisite for the use of the estate. This farm seemed to be in very indifferent order."—*Agricultural Journal*.—To be continued.

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

"I was one day," says Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, "feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and he then without difficulty secured it."

PEEL AND BYRON.

Peel, the orator and statesman ("that was, or is, or is to be"), says Byron, was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were also great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars; and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

A NEW HOLLAND WARRIOR.

Among the attacking party there was one young man, who from his appearance and dignity of demeanour was imagined a chief or leader. Yet this impression was given by something distinct from either height of stature or personal beauty; for the New

Hollander was neither so tall nor well made as some of the others, but "a brisk young man," active and courageous. He was the only one of the group that was painted. A circle drawn by some sort of white pigment surrounded each of his eyes, and a white streak reached from the forehead to the tip of the nose. His breast and part of his arms were also stained, "not for beauty or ornament," it was very rationally concluded, "but that he seemed thereby to design the looking more terrible, his painting adding very much to his natural deformity."—*Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, &c.*

NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The first steam-vessel which sailed on this mighty stream was in 1810, and the enterprise was considered extraordinary. In 1826, the steam navigation of the Mississippi had so improved in respect to facility and quickness, that fifty-one boats, of 28,916 tons, were employed. Since 1826, the amount has been prodigiously increased, and the number of flat-boats and keels is beyond calculation.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In the *Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson*, late President of the United States, recently published, we are presented with the following estimate of the character of General Washington:—"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I had ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity of friendship or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned, but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation; his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors."

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

He comes not; I have watch'd the moon go down;
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel-flowers a poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate. Oh! there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye;
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then; he loved me too; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often stings me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralysing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

COLUMN FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Of the various means by which a young lady may show her taste and even her mental qualifications, so as to attract and probably fix the affections, none come so prominently into notice as an attention to the toilet, or mode of dressing. In the formation and disposition of female attire, there is an endless variety in style, much less governed by fixed rules than that which prescribes the fashions of men; and though always affected by the prevailing taste of the age, yet so indefinite as to leave to each individual great room for the exercise of her ingenuity and judgment as regards her own figure and appearance. It is one of the prevailing errors of the present, and perhaps of the past times, among ladies, to adhere scrupulously to fashion, without consulting whether such may be thus advantageous in their own particular case. I would have all my fair young countrywomen to avoid this blunder in the delicate and important affairs of the toilet. In all cases, they should, if possible, think for themselves on this subject, or be advised by others around them of more matured judgment, always settling upon at last that mode of dressing in which their good taste tells them they are most becoming. As I do not pretend to set up for a regular adviser on the subject of a young lady's toilet, I shall content myself with extracting and condensing an article for the purpose, from an exceedingly beautiful new publication, entitled "The Young Lady's Book."

"Although the toilet," says the author of the work, "should never be suffered to engross so much of the attention as to interfere with the higher duties of life, yet, as a young lady's dress, however simple, is considered a criterion of her taste, it is certainly worthy her attention. Her chief object in this respect should be, to acquire sufficient skill and good taste to do all that is needful with regard to the attire in the least possible period of time, to abbreviate the labours of the toilet, so as not to trench upon hours which should be devoted to the useful avocations of life, or the embellishments of the mind. It will be a laudable ambition in her to curb those excesses of 'each revolving mode' with which she is in some measure forced to comply; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) whenever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreeably contrasting with the other portions of the attire. [This is doubtless one of the most important of the whole of the rules of the toilet.] It is a truth which ever should be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is thus displayed, and a better effect produced, by a total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations."

Fashion demands a discreet but not a servile observance; much judgment may be shown in the time, as well as in the mode chosen, for complying with her caprices. It is injudicious to adopt every new style immediately it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce be worn off; and a lady can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. The wearer must therefore at once relinquish the dress, or submit to the unpleasant result we have mentioned; so that, on the score of economy, as well as good taste, it is advisable not to be too eager in following the modes which whim or ingenuity created in such constant succession. On the other hand, it is unwise to linger so long as to suffer 'fashion's ever-varying flower' to bud, blossom, and nearly 'waste its sweetness' before we gather and wear it: many persons are guilty of this error: they cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, and fall into the opposite fault of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour: they actually disburse as much in dress as those who keep pace with the march of mode, and are always some months behind those who are about them—affording in autumn a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintance of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the further disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have deprived and degraded it from its high and palmy state; they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequently to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular: its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarised as to disgust.

There are many persons who, while they affect to despise fashion, and are ostensibly the most bitter enemies of 'the goddess with the rainbow zone,' are always making secret compacts and compositions with her. Their constant aim is to achieve the effect of every new style of dress, without betraying the most distant imitation of it: they pilfer the ideas of the *modeste*, which they use (to adopt the happy expres-

sion of Sir Fretful) 'as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own.'"
To be continued.

INDIAN SLIPPERS.

A very entertaining work on the manners of the Mussulmans of India has recently appeared, written by Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, an English lady who married a Hindostanee Mahometan, and who has had thus many opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the strange peculiarities of the people of the East, especially of the ladies, their fashions, and mode of life. The following extract will give my fair readers an idea of the style of Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, and the nature of her descriptions:—

"The ladies never wear stockings, and only cover the feet with shoes when pacing across their courtyard, which bounds their view and their walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion and taste about the ladies' shoes, which is productive of much emulation in zeenahnah life; they are splendidly worked in many patterns, with gold and silver spangles, variously coloured small seed beads, and embroidery—the whole one mass of glittering metal; they are made with sharp points curling upwards, some nearly reaching half way to the knees, and always worn down at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least costly for their every-day wear are of gold embroidery on velvet; the less opulent condescend to wear tinsel work; and the meanest servants yellow or red cloth with silver binding. The same style of shoes are worn by the males as by the females: I have seen some young men with green shagreen slippers for the rainy season; these are made with a high heel, and look unseemly."

SPANISH COMBS.

"Throughout Spain, but especially in Madrid, the comb is an indispensable and important part of every woman's dress. A fashionable Spanish comb is not less than a foot long, and eight or nine inches broad; and no woman considers from nine to fifteen dollars (from L. 1 to L. 3) too much to give for this appendage; accordingly, every tenth shop, at least, is a comb shop."
—*Inglish's Spain.*

THE BURYING BEETLE.

A foreign naturalist gives a very interesting account of the industry of this insect. He had often remarked, that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often of twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving any thing particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcase for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half filled with earth and properly secured, and, upon the surface of the earth, two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening, it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcases; viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days.

HUNGARIAN FUNERALS.

It is mentioned by Bright, in his Travels in Lower Hungary, that the peasantry, and people generally, are remarkable for the indulgence of the deepest and most lasting expressions of melancholy on the death of relatives and friends. "While pursuing my journey in one of the roads of the country," says the traveller, "my attention was drawn to a cottage on the

opposite side of the way, at which preparations were made for a funeral. The deceased was a child, and the coffin, covered with a muslin drapery, and adorned with bows of pink riband, was placed before the cottage door; a glass of holy water stood apart, in which a brush was immersed; and as a crowd of women and children, with a few men, collected around, each sprinkled water from the brush upon the coffin, and many placed themselves in attitudes of prayer. Soon after, the priest and clerk arrived, when the latter sang several hymns. The priest then moved slowly on; and a young woman neatly dressed, with a long plait of hair hanging down her back, adorned with blue and red ribands, gently raised the coffin on her head and followed. The rest of the party formed themselves in procession, and repaired to the place of interment."

BAYONET.

The side-arms used by infantry, and called bayonets, are thus denominated, because they were first made at Bayonne, in France.

JERUSALEM.

From Carne's general description of Jerusalem, which is among the best I have seen, I extract the following passage:—"It is difficult to find a place that contains so many inhabitants and dwellings within so small a compass as Jerusalem; they seem to cling with tenacity, and with some of their ancient fondness, to the very brink of the declivities on every side. Certainly, as in former times, the utmost use is made of every inch of ground; and nature has been very niggard in this respect. Ascending from the labyrinth of narrow streets, up a gentle acclivity, we found that the summit commanded a singular view of the interior of the city, amidst which appeared more ruinous and desolate spots than could previously have been imagined. Directly in front was a large reservoir of water, supplied from the ancient cisterns, several miles distant. Steps led down the sides of this reservoir to the water, which forms now, as it did in past times, a chief resource of the surrounding inhabitants during the dry weather, and was no doubt one of those pools so frequently alluded to in Scripture. It was thickly enclosed by dwellings on every side, and shut out from view, except from the immediate vicinity, and was evidently hewn out of the rock. The flat terraced roofs of the city, the domes and minarets of the mosques, blended with the cupolas of the churches, came into view from this ruinous eminence, where the stranger might well sit for hours and muse on the strange and various picture at his feet. There, to the east, stood the palace of Herod, amidst its gardens and palm-trees, the home of the beautiful Mariamne, close to the forsaken spot, where is now a mosque, and that mosque is now built on the ruins of a Christian church. To the left, on the site of the tall and strong tower built by the Crusaders, and now garrisoned by the Turks, stood the palace of the king of Israel. Each solitary place around was once trodden or dwelt in by a prince or a prophet, and alike echoed to the splendid prophecies of future glory or the warnings of unutterable woe."

GAS.

The mode of adapting it to lighting our streets and houses was discovered by a Frenchman, an engineer, named Lebon, about twenty-five years ago, who gives the following particulars of the circumstances which first led to its application. It was about 1663, that Becher, a skilful chemist, discovered that coal, when calcined in close vessels, yielded a kind of oil, resembling tar, and capable of serving for the same uses. Experiments made in 1758, in Alsace, for the extraction of this oil, proved that the calcined coal left in the retort was of excellent quality for melting iron, and for all domestic purposes. In 1768, M. de Limbourg, having employed the same processes at the forges of Theuse, in the principality of Liege, substituted for earthen retorts, which till then had been made use of, retorts of cast iron, which are more durable, and in which an opening may be made, provided with a door, for putting in and taking out the coal. These experiments were repeated with success in England and France. In the prosecution of them, it was found that, besides the solid and liquid products, there was disengaged an inflammable gas, composed of carbon and hydrogen, and which was therefore denominated *carburetted hydrogen*. In 1799, Lebon conceived an idea of adapting this carburetted hydrogen gas to a useful purpose, and realised it the same year at Paris, by exhibiting the interior of his house and garden illuminated with it, issuing from a large reservoir, where it underwent a slight compression, and was conducted to the lamps by small tubes furnished with cocks, that could be opened at pleasure to light the gas, or closed to extinguish it. Lebon set up one of these apparatus, which he called thermo lamps, at the Theatre de Loerovis, where every body had an opportunity of seeing it for several months. It was the very same apparatus now employed in England, but on a much larger scale. The only difference is, that Lebon obtained his gas by the calcination of wood, and the English from coal.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH. In several parts of Scotland such things are to be found as *tales* of the plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that occasionally circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave—many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing as it does to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh, which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, viewed the awful courtyard of Giant Despair; for in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loopholes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within; and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodiless form, leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once it began to appear that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who

created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread in consequence over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was of course to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers, it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention, was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped, and lent a patient ear. She told him, that, on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour who lay upon a lonely deathbed in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous deathbeds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited in that time of desolation but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swoof* down the stairs, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and, looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her, to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becom-

ing more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but, simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who of course could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst the people; and as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, fitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come, in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater promptitude. It was thought—if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty—that the grand destroyer, who in ordinary times is invisible, might perhaps have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They inquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of

his daughter, an only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant: they demanded to have half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the benefit of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend, as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in Cap and Feather Close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an alley to the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd.* This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c., which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly but hastily from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortals themselves—I shall pursue and try. He therefore quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep, but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above mentioned, along which he sup-

posed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till, reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards in advance of him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie's Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when, in a moment, the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditionary story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life; became, it is said, a dounce Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent land near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

THE first of the distinguished family alluded to at the end of the preceding article was Robert Avenel, who under David I. settled in Upper Eskdale. He flourished during the reigns of Malcolm IV. and William, whose charters he witnessed. By thus noticing the signatures as witnesses to the old charters, much is learned of the old Scottish families. Robert Avenel officiated as Justiciary of Lothian for a short period after the accession of William, in 1165. It appears that this Anglo-Saxon baron retired from the turmoils of life into the monastery of Melrose, where he died in 1185, leaving a son to inherit his honours. The Avenels, for several generations, continued among the most powerful families on the Borders; a circumstance which has doubtless suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of commemorating them in the tales of "The Monastery" and "The Abbot." It may also be noticed, that a particular intimacy subsisted between the Avenels and the monks of St Mary's, and it is seen that they were individually buried in the isles of the abbey. Yet amidst this friendship, which the Author of Waverley has so well interwoven with his romance, it is observed, from the family history, that they occasionally had quarrels with the monks relative to their property. In 1135, Gervase Avenel had a serious dispute with them regarding the game on the lands endowed to the use of the monastery, by one of his predecessors. The king at length interfered to quell the disturbance, and "found that the monks were entitled to the soil, but not to the game, which belonged to the Avenels, as lords of the manor." The distinguished family of Avenel merged, like many others, in a female heir, who married Henry, the son of Henry de Graham of Abercorn and Dalkeith, and thereby carried the estates of the Avenels into a family in the Lothians.

We now come to the family of Olifard, or Oliphant. The first of this name was David de Olifard, who, it is said, accompanied David I. in the retreat from Winchester in 1124. David certainly gave the companion of his journey the manors of Smalholm and Crailing, in Roxburghshire. He also enjoyed, for some time, the Justiciarship of Lothian. The Olifards spread into Kincardineshire, Perthshire, and Lanarkshire, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The main line

was elevated to the peerage by James II.; it afterwards merged in a female heir, who, marrying Hugh de Abernethy, founded the noble house of the Viscounts Arbuthnot.

The Giffords were of as noble and ancient a stock, having been relatives of the Norman Conqueror. Two of the race came to Scotland under David I.; and one of these, Hugh Gifford, settling in East Lothian, conveyed his name to a village and parochial division. From this great stem there branched out several families of the name, who also rose to eminence. The Sæys were a family who derived their descent from the same Norman original. The first of the race who came into Scotland was Seiker de Sey, who obtained lands from David I. in East Lothian, and laid the foundation of the noble family of *Saton*, or *Seton*, earls of Winton, which distinguished itself through six centuries of Scottish history, and was attained in 1715. The first of the noble house of *Keith* was a person called Hervei, who attached himself to David, and acquired the estate of Keith in East Lothian, from whence the surname of the family was assumed. One of his descendants in the third generation took the surname of Marischall, from the family possessing the dignity of Knight Marischall of Scotland; and hence the name *Marshall* originated. Before the middle of the twelfth century, a person of Anglo-Norman lineage, named *Male*, settled under David I. on some lands in Mid-Lothian, conferring on his seat the title of *Maleville*, from which appellation the *Melvilles* took their surname. The main line of the Males, in the reign of Robert II. (1371-90), ended in a female heir, Agnes, who married Sir John Ross of Halkhead. The descendant of this marriage acquired the peerage of Lord Ross in 1700. The estate was purchased during last century by David Rennie, whose daughter carried it by marriage to Henry Dundas, created Viscount Melville in 1802. It is generally understood that the *Maules* were of the same lineage as the *Males*. The first of the name in Scotland was Robert Maule, who attached himself to David I., and acquired lands in Mid-Lothian; one of his sons became the progenitor of the *Maules of Panmure*. The *Berkeleys* settled in Scotland in the twelfth century, and were a branch of the great Berkeley family in Gloucestershire. The family has greatly branched out under the surname of *Barclay*. The *Montealts* were another English family which settled in Scotland under David. Their name, which they took from a place in Flintshire, has been softened into *Mowat*. At the same period the *De Lundins* settled in Fife and Forfarshire, and originated families with the appellation of *Lundie*. The family called *Harris* or *Herries* settled in the country also during the reign of David. The first of the race, who was of Anglo-Norman lineage, was named *Heriz*; the family acquired a settlement in Dumfriesshire and Galloway. The noble family of Cunningham, in Ayrshire, traces its (correct) origin from Warnebal, a person who came from the north of England, and settled as a vassal under Hugh Morville, in Cunningham. From him he obtained the manor of Cunningham, which comprehended most of the parish of Kilmaurs, and from this manor the family surname was assumed. The progenitors of the *Lockharts* were Stephen Lockhard and Simon Lockhard, who settled in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire during the twelfth century. Simon, who was the progenitor of the Lockharts of Lee, gave the name of *Symington* to a parish in Clydesdale; and Stephen, in the same manner, conferred the name of *Stevenson* on a parish in the district of Cunningham.

The origin of the distinguished family of *Hay* has been strangely obscured by the fabulous legends of the genealogists. Without impugning the story of the battle of Luncarty, and the feat performed with the oxen yoke, it is an ascertained fact, worthy of belief, that the first person of the name of Hay in Scotland, of whom record preserves any notice, was William de Hay, the descendant of an Anglo-Norman who settled in Lothian at the middle of the twelfth century, and founded the family of the Hays of Lockerwart (Borthwick), Lords of Yester, and Earls and Marquises of Tweeddale, as also the Hays of Spot, Smithfield, Hayston, &c. The second William de Hay received a grant of the lands of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, from King William (1165—1214); the Hays thus branching off into two main lines.

The *Ramsays* were likewise settlers of the twelfth century, bringing with them the name from England, where it was a local appellation. The first of the race in North Britain was Simon de Ramsay, who received lands in Mid-Lothian under David I., and founded the noble family of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, from whence all the other Ramsays throughout Scotland are undoubtedly sprung. The *Falconers*, another old Scottish family, are of the same English extraction. Walter, the first of the family, received lands in the Mearns from David I.; and his son Ralph, being appointed *Falconer* by William the Lion, and called by him *Falconarius noster*, his descendants acquired the surname of *Falconer*, which they still retain. The *Rolls* may next be brought under notice.—To be continued.

REPUBLICAN HEROISM.

At the siege of Crema, 1160, four hundred Milanese had thrown themselves into the town, to partake the combats and dangers of their allies. The emperor, who regarded the besieged only as revolted subjects, sought to terrify them by the spectacle of punishments. Hostages had been sent to him by Milan and

* This miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It receives its name from the circumstance of a brave young man, by name David Halkerston, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Halkerston of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Hertford.

Crema; he ordered several of them to be hung before the walls of the town. Some were children of the most distinguished families; he caused them to be bound to a moving tower, which was brought so close to the attack that the besieged could not repel it without killing or wounding their own children. A cry of despair resounded along the walls of Crema. The wretched parents implored death from their fellow-citizens, to escape witnessing the agony of their children, and at the same time cried out to their children not to fear giving up their lives for their country. The battle, in fact, was not interrupted; and the moving tower was repelled, after nine of the young hostages who covered it with their bodies had been killed. During six entire months did the small town of Crema resist the whole army of the emperor. Famine at length accomplished what force could not; and on the 26th of January 1160, the heroic inhabitants capitulated, abandoning their wealth to pillage, and their houses to the flames. For themselves, wasted by famine and fatigue, they obtained permission to withdraw to Milan.—*Sismondi.*

VICTIMS.

THE industrious classes of the middle rank are, on the one hand, *attracted onwards* to wealth and respectability, by contemplating men, formerly of their own order, who, having, as the saying is, feathered their nests, now lie at ease, a kind of *conscripti patres*; while they are on the other hand *repelled* from the regions of poverty and disgrace by the sight of a great many wretched persons, who, having, under the influence of some unhappy star, permitted their good resolutions of industry and honour to give way, are sunk from their former estate, and now live—if living it can be called—in a state of misery and ignominy almost too painful to be thought of. There may be a use in this—as there is a use for beacons and buoys at sea. But oh, the desolation of such a fate! As different as the condition of a vessel which ever bends its course freely and gallantly over the seas, on some joyous expedition of profit or adventure, compared with one which has been deprived of all the means of locomotion, and chained down upon some reef of rocks, merely to tell its happier companions that it is to be avoided; so different is the condition of a man still engaged in the hopeful pursuits of life, and one who has lost all its prospects.

The progress of men who live by their daily industry, through this world, may be likened to the march of an army through an enemy's country. He who, from fatigue, from disease, from inebriety, from severe wounds, or whatever cause, falls out of the line of march, and lays him down by the wayside, is sure, as a matter of course, to be destroyed by the peasantry; once let the column he belongs to pass on a little way ahead, and death is his sure portion. It is a dreadful thing to fall behind the ever-onward march of the world.

VICTIMS—the word placed at the head of this article—is a designation for those woe-begone mortals who have had the misfortune to drop out of the ranks of society. Every body must know more or less of victims, for every body must have had to pay a smaller or greater number of half-crowns in his time to keep them from starvation. It happens, however, that the present writer has had a *great deal to do with victims*; and he therefore conceives himself qualified to afford his neighbours a little information upon the subject. It is a subject not without its moral; nor, with deference to the feelings of humanity, is it without its humour.

A victim may become so from many causes. Some men are wrong placed in the world by their friends, and ruin themselves. Some are ill married, and lose heart. Others have tastes unsuited to the dull course of a man of business, as for music, social pleasures, the company of men *out of their own order*, and so forth. Other men have natural imperfections of character, and sink down, from pure inability to compete with rivals of more athletic constitution. But the grand cause of declension in life, is inability to accommodate circumstances and conduct.

Suppose a man to have broken credit with the world, and made that treaty of perpetual hostility with it, which, *quasi lucus à non lucendo*, is called a *cessio bonorum*—what is he to do next? One thing is dead clear—he no more appears on Prince's Street or the Bridges. They are to him as a native and once familiar land, from which he is exiled for ever. His migrations from one side of the town to the other are now accomplished by channels such as Leith Wynd and the Cowgate, which, however well known to our ancestors, are in the present day dreamt of by nobody, except, perhaps, the author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*. I once came full upon a victim in Croftangry, a wretched alley near the palace of Holyrood House; he looked the genius of the place! But the ways of victims are in general very occult. Sometimes I have altogether lost sight of one for several years, and given him up for dead. But at length he would reappear at a midnight fire in the High Street, as salmon come from the deepest pools towards the lighted sheaf of the fisherman, or as some old revolutionary names that had disappeared from French history for a quarter of a century, came again above-board on the occasion of the late revolution at Paris. At that said fire in the High Street, I observed several victims, who had long vanished from the open daylight streets,

come out to glare with their bleared eyes upon the awful scene—perhaps unroosted from their dens by the progress of the “devouring element.” But—what is a victim like?

The progress of a victim's gradual deterioration depends very much upon the question, whether he has, according to the old joke, failed with a waistcoat or a full suit. Suppose the latter contingency: he keeps up a decent appearance for some months after the fatal event, perhaps even making several attempts to keep up a few of his old acquaintance. It won't do, however; “the clothes get worn—threadbare—slit—torn—patched—darned, let ink, thread, and judicious arrangement of person, do their best. The hat, the shoes, and the gloves, fail first; he then begins to wear a suspicious deal of whitey-brown linen in the way of cravat. Collars fail. Frills retire. The vest is buttoned to the uppermost button, or even, perhaps, with a supplementary pin (a pin is the most squalid object in nature or art) at top. Still, at this period, he tries to carry a jaunty, genteel air; he has not yet all forgot himself to rags. But, see, the buttons begin to show something like new moons at one side; these moons become *full*; they *change*; and then the button is only a little wisp of thread and rags, deprived of all power of retention over the button-hole. His watch has long been gone to supply the current wants of the day. The vest by and bye retires from business, and the coat is buttoned up to the chin. About this period, he perhaps appears in a pair of nankeen trousers, which, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he tries to sport in an easy, genteel fashion, as if it were his taste. If you meet him at this time, and inquire how he is getting on in the world, he speaks very confidently of some excellent situation he has a prospect of, which will make him better than ever; it is perhaps to superintend a large new blacking manufactory which is to be set up at Portobello, and for which two acres of stone bottles ten feet deep have already been collected from all the lumber-cellars in the country; quite a nice easy business; nothing to do but collect the orders and see them executed; good salary, free house, coal, candle, and *blacking*; save a pound a-year on the article of blacking alone. Or it is some other *concern* equally absurd, but which the disordered mind of the poor unfortunate is evidently rioting over with as much enjoyment as if it were to make him once more what he had been in his better days. At length—but not perhaps till two or three years have elapsed—he becomes that lamentable picture of wretchedness which is his ultimate destiny; a mere pile of clothes without pile—a deplorable—a *victim*.

As a picture of an individual victim, take the following:—My earliest recollections of Mr — refer to his keeping a seedshop in the New Town of Edinburgh. He was a remarkably smart active man, and could tie up little parcels of seeds with an almost magical degree of dispatch. When engaged in that duty, your eye lost sight of his fingers altogether, as you cease to individualise the spokes of a wheel when it is turned with great rapidity. He was the inventor of a curious tall engine, with a peculiar pair of scissors at top, for cutting fruit off trees. This he sent through Prince's Street every day with one of his boys, who was instructed every now and then to draw the string, so as to make the scissors close as sharply as possible. The boy would watch his men—broad-skirted men with top-boots—and, gliding in before them, would make the thing play *clip*. “Boy, boy,” the country gentleman would cry, “what's that?” The boy would explain; the gentleman would be delighted with the idea of cutting down any particular apple he chose out of a thickly laden and unapproachable tree; and, after that, nothing more was required than to give him the card of the shop. Mr —, however, was not a man of correct or temperate conduct. He used to indulge even in forenoon potations. Opposite to his shop there was a tavern, to which he was in the habit of sending a boy every day for a tumbler of spirits and water, which the wretch was carefully enjoined to carry under his apron. One day, the boy forgot the precaution, and carried the infamous crystal quite exposed in his hand across the open and crowded street. Mr — was surveying his progress both in going and returning; and when he observed him coming towards the shop with so damnable a proof of his malpractices holden forth to the gaze of the world, he leaped and danced within his shop window like a supplejack in a glass case. The poor boy came in quite innocently, little wotting of the crime he had committed, or the reception he was to meet with, when, just as he had deposited the glass upon the counter, a blow from the hand of his master stretched him insensibly in a remote corner of the shop, among a parcel of seed-bags. As no qualities will succeed in business unless perfectly good conduct be among the number, and, above all things, an abstinence from tipping, — soon became a victim. After he first took to the *dent*, to use Rob Roy's phrase, I lost sight of him for two or three years. At length I one day met him on a road a little way out of town. He wore a coat buttoned at the chin, and which, being also very long in the breast, according to a fashion which obtained about the year 1813, seemed to enclose his whole trunk from neck to groin. With the usual cataract of cravat, he wore a hat the most woe-begone, the most dejected, the most melancholy I had ever seen. His face was inflamed and agitated; and as he walked, he swung out his arms with a strange emphatic expression, as if he were say-

ing, “I am an ill-used man, but I'll tell it to the world.” Misery had evidently given him a slight craze, as it almost always does when it overtakes a man accustomed in early life to better things. Some time afterwards I saw him a little revived through the influence of a *new second-hand coat*, and he seemed, from a small leathern parcel which he bore under his arm, to be engaged in some small agency. But this was a mere flash before utter expiration. He relapsed to the Cowgate—to rags—to wretchedness—to madness—immediately after. When I next saw him, it was in that street, the time midnight. He lay in the bottom of a stair; more like a heap of mud than a man. A maniac curse, uttered as I stumbled over him, was the means of my recognising it to be —.

The system of life pursued by victims in general, is worthy of being inquired into. Victims hang much about taverns in the outskirts of the town. Perhaps a decent man from Pennycuik, with the honest rustic name of Walter Brown or James Gowns, migrates to the Candlemaker Row or the Grassmarket, and sets up a small public-house. You may know the man by his corduroy spatterdashes, and the latches of his shoes drawn through them by two pye-holes. He is an honest man, believing every body to be as honest as himself. Perhaps he has some antiquated and prescribed right to the stance of a haystack at Pennycuik, and is not without his wishes to try his fortune in the Parliament House. Well, the victims soon scent out his house by the glare of his new sign—the *novitas regni*—and upon him they fall tooth and nail. Partly through simplicity, partly by having his feelings excited regarding the stance of the haystack, he gives these gentlemen some credit. For a while you may observe a flocking of victims towards his doorway, like the gathering of clean and unclean things to Noah's ark. But it is not altogether a case of deception. Victims, somehow or other, occasionally *have* money. True, it is seldom in greater sums than sixpence. But then consider the importance of sixpence to a flock of victims. Such a sum, judiciously managed, may get the whole set meat and drink for a day. At length, when Walter begins to find his barrels run dry, with little return of money wherewithal to replenish them, and when the joint influence of occasional apparitions of sixpence, and the stance of the haystack at Pennycuik, has no longer any effect upon him, why, what is to be done but fly to some other individual, equally able and willing to bleed?

One thing is always very remarkable in victims, namely, their extraordinary frankness and politeness. A victim might have been an absolute bear in his better days; but hunger, it is said, will tame a lion; and it seems to have the same effect in subduing the asperities of a victim. Meet a victim where you will—that is, before he has become altogether deplorable—and you are amazed at the bland, confidential air which he has assumed, so different, perhaps, from what he sported in better days. His manner, in fact, is most insinuating—into your pocket; and if you do not get alarmed at the symptoms, and break off in time, you are brought down for half a crown as sure as you live. Victims keep up a kind of constant *civil* war with shops. They mark those which have been recently opened, and where they see only young men behind the counter. They try to establish a kind of credit of face, by now and then dropping in and asking, in a genteel manner, for a sight of a Directory, or for a bit of twine, or for “the *least* slip of paper,” occasionally even spending a halfpenny or a penny in a candid, honourable way, and with the air of a person wishing to befriend the shop. In the course of these “transactions,” they endeavour to excite a little conversation, beginning with the weather, gradually expanding to a remark upon the state of business, and, perhaps, ending with a sympathising inquiry as to the prospects which the worthy shopkeeper himself may have of succeeding in his present situation. At length, having laid down what painters call a *priming*, they come in some day, in a hurried, fiddle-faddle kind of way, and hastily and confidentially ask across the counter, “Mr — [victims are always particular in saying *Master*], have you got such a thing as fourpence in ha'pence? I just want to pay a porter, and happen to have no change.” The specification of “fourpence in ha'pence,” though in reality nonsense, carries the day; it gives a plausibility and credit-worthiness to the demand that could not otherwise be obtained; and the unfortunate shopkeeper, carried away by the contagious bustle of the victim, plunges his hand, quick as thought, into the till, and before he knows where he is, he is minus a groat, and the victim has vanished from before him—and the whole transaction, reflected upon three minutes afterwards, seems as if it had been a dream.

The existence of a victim is the most precarious thing, perhaps, in the world. He is a man with no continuing dinner-place. He dines, as the poor old Earl of Findlater used to say, at the sign of the Mouth. It is a very strange thing, and what no one could suppose *a priori*, that the necessitous are greatly indebted to the necessitous. People of this sort form a kind of community by themselves, and are more kind to each other mutually than is any other particular branch of the public to them as a class. Thus, the little that any one has is apt to be shared by a great many companions, and all have a mouthful. The necessitous are also very much the dupes of the necessitous; they are all, as it were, creatures of prey, the stronger con-

stantly eating up the weaker. Thus a victim in the last stage preys upon men who are entering the set, and all prey more or less upon poor tradesmen, such as the above Walter Brown or James Gowans, who are only liable to such a spoliation because they are poor and anxious for business. We have known a victim, for instance, who had long passed the condition of being *jail-worthy*, live in a great measure upon a man who had just begun a career of victimization by being thrown into jail. This creature was content to be a kind of voluntary prisoner, for the sake of sharing the victuals and bed of his patron. It would astonish any man, accustomed, day after day, to go home to a spread table at a regular hour, to know the strange shifts which victims have to make in order to satisfy hunger—how much is done by raising small hard-wrung subsidies from former acquaintance—how much by duping—how much by what the Scotch people very expressively call *skeeking*—how much by subdivision of mites among the wretches themselves. Your victim is often witty, can sing one good comic song, has a turn for mimicry, or at least an amusing smack of worldly knowledge; and he is sometimes so lucky as to fall in with patrons little above himself in fortune, but still having something to give, who afford him their protection on account of such qualifications.

By way of illustrating these points, take the following instances of what may be called the *fag-victim*.

Nisbet of —, in Lanarkshire, originally a landed gentleman and an advocate at the Scottish bar, was a blood of the first water in the dissolute decade 1780-90, when, if we are to believe Provost Creech, it was a gentleman's highest ambition, in his street dress and manner of walking, to give an exact personation of the character of Filch in the Beggars' Opera. Nisbet at that period dressed a good deal above Filch, however he might resemble him in gait. He had a coat edged all round with gold lace, wore a gold watch on each side (an extravagant fashion then prevalent), and with his cane, bag-wig, and gold-buckled shoes, was really a fine figure of the pre-revolutionary era. His house was in the Canongate—a good flat in Chessell's Court—garrisoned only by a female servant called Nanny. Nisbet at length squandered away the whole of his estate, and became a victim. All the world fell away from him; but Nanny still remained. From the entailed family flat in Chessell's Court, he had to remove to a den somewhere about the Netherbow; Nanny went with him. Then came the period of wretchedness. Nanny, however, still stuck fast. The unfortunate gentleman could not himself appear in his woe-begone attire upon those streets where he had formerly shone a resplendent sun; neither could he bring his well-born face to solicit his former friends for subsidies. Nanny did all that was necessary. Foul day and fair day, she was to be seen gliding about the streets, either petitioning tradesmen for goods to her master on credit, or collecting food and money from the houses of his acquaintance. If a liquid alms was offered, she had a white tankard, streaked with smoky-looking cracks, for its reception; if the proffered article was a mass of flesh, she had a plate or a towel. There never was such a forager. Nisbet himself used to call her "true and trusty," by way of a compliment to her collective powers; and he finally found so much reason to appreciate her disinterested attachment, that, on reaching the usual fatal period of fifty, he made her his wife! What was the catastrophe of their story I never heard.

The second, and only other instance of the *fag-victim* which can be given here, is of a still more touching character than the above, and seems to make it necessary for the writer of this trifling essay to protest, beforehand, against being thought a scoffer at the misery of his fellow-creatures. He begs it to be understood that, however light be the language in which he speaks, he hopes that he can look with no less than respectful feelings upon human nature, in a suffering, and, more especially, a self-denying form.

Some years ago, there flourished, in one of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh, a fashionable perfumer, the inheritor of an old business, and a man of respectable connections, who, falling into dissolute habits, became, of course, very much embarrassed, and finally "unfortunate." In his shop

"From youth to age a reverend 'prentice grew;"

a man, at the time of his master's failure, advanced to nearly middle life, but who, having never been anywhere else since he was ten or twelve years of age, than behind —'s counter—Sundays and meal-hours alone excepted—was still looked upon by his master as "the boy of the shop," and so styled accordingly. This worthy creature had in the course of time become as a mere piece of furniture in the shop; his soul had *fraternised* (to use a modern French phrase) with his situation. The drawers and shottles, the combs, brushes, and bottles, had entered into and become part of his own existence; he took them all under the wide-spreading boughs of his affections; they were to him, as the infant to the mother, part of himself. He was on the best terms with every thing about the shop; the handles of all things were fitted to his hand; every thing came to him, to use a proverbial expression of Scotland, like the bowl of a pint-stoup. In fact, like a piece of wood placed in a petrifying spring, this man might be said to have been transfigured out of his original flesh and blood altogether, and changed into a creature participating in the existence and qualities of certain essences, per-

fumes, wigs, pomades, drawers, wig-blocks, glass-cases, and counters, forming the *material* of Mr —'s establishment. Such a being was, as may be supposed, a useful servant. He knew all the customers; he knew his master's whole form of practice, all his habits, and every peculiarity of his temper. And then the fidelity of the creature; but that was chiefly shown in the latter evil days of the shop, and during the victimhood of his master. As misfortune came on, the friendship of master and man became more intensely familiar and intimate than it had ever been before. As the proudest man, met by a lion in the desert, makes no scruple to coalesce with his servant in resisting it, so was — induced, by the devouring monster Poverty, to descend to the level, and make a companion, of his faithful "boy." They would at last go to the same tavern together, take the same Sunday walks—were, in reality, boon companions. In all —'s distresses the boy partook; if any thing "occurred about a bill," as Crabbe says, it was the "boy" who had the chief labour of its accommodation; he would scour the North and South Bridges, with his hat off, borrowing small silver *à l'improviste*, as if to make up change to a customer, till he had the necessary sum amassed. The "boy" at length became very much demoralised; he grew vicious towards the world, to be the more splendidly virtuous to his master: one grand redeeming quality, after the manner of Moses' serpent, had eaten up all the rest. It were needless to pursue the history of the shop through all its stages of declension. Through them all the "boy" survived, unshaken in his attachment. The shop might fade, grow dim, and die, but the "boy" never. The goods might be diminished, the Duke of Wellington might be sold for whisky, and his lady companions pawn their wigs for mutton pies; but the "boy" was a fixture. There was no pledging away his devoted, inextinguishable friendship. The master at last went to the Canongate jail—I say went to, in order to inform the sentimental part of mankind that imprisonment is seldom done in the active voice, people generally incarcerating themselves with the most philosophical deliberation, and not the least air of compulsion in the matter. The shop was still kept open, and the "boy" attended it. But every evening did he repair to the dreary mansion, to solace his master with the news of the day, see after his comforts, and yield up the prey which, jackall-like, he had collected during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. This prey, be it remarked, was not raised from the sale of anything in the shop. Every saleable article had by this time been sold. The only furniture was now a pair of scissors and a comb, together with the announcement, "Hair-cutting rooms," in the window. By means of these three things, however, the boy contrived generally to *fleece* the public of a few sixpences in the day; and all these sixpences, with the exception of a small commission for his own meagre subsistence, went to his master at the Canongate jail. Often, in the hour between eight and nine in the evening, have they sat in that small dingy back-room behind the large hall, enjoying a bottle of strong ale, drunk out of stoneware tumblers—talking over all their embarrassments, and speculating how to get clear of them. Other prisoners had their wives or their brothers to see after them; but we question if any one had, even in these relations of kindred, a friend so attached as the "boy." At length, after a certain period, this unfortunate tradesman was one evening permitted to walk away arm-in-arm with his faithful "young man," and the world was all before them where to choose.

For a considerable period all trace of the attached pair is lost. No doubt their course was through many scenes of poignant misery; for at the only part of their career upon which I have happened to obtain any light, the "boy" was wandering through the streets of Carlisle, in the dress and appearance of a very old beggar, and singing the songs wherewith he had formerly delighted the citizens of Edinburgh in Mrs Manson's or Johnnie Dowie's, for the subsistence of his master, who, as ascertained by my informant, was deposited in a state of sickness and wretchedness transcending all description, in a low lodging-house, in a back street. Such is the *fag-victim*, following his master

"To the last gasp with truth and loyalty."

And such, I may add, are the virtues which sometimes adorn the most vicious and degraded walks of life, where, to the eyes of ordinary observers, there appears no redeeming feature whatsoever.

THE GOOD PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The more narrowly we examine the works of nature, the more and more are we convinced that the whole order of the universe is the result of *plan*, or a previous design on the part of a Deity. Perhaps the cause for ordure or putrescent matter having a bad smell, has never occurred to the minds of many individuals; yet that bad smell has been given for the wisest of purposes. It is in order that the objects producing the offensive scent may be carried out of sight and buried; and by being thus deposited under a covering of earth, assume new properties, and be the means of yielding a rich crop of new food. Here, then, it is demonstrated that cleanliness or the removal of every description of nuisances from the doors of cottages, and other places in the vicinity of the dwellings of man, is expressly ordained by God Almighty himself, and that he who is remiss in doing so absolutely resists the beneficent will of the Divinity. —Ed.

JOKES OF THE JACOBITES.

[From Scottish Jest and Anecdotes.]

[THIS celebrated party exhibited, at least so far as Scotland was concerned, all that propensity to wit and sarcasm which generally characterises a depressed faction, who dare not well appear either in arms or in letters. They had indeed a sort of armoury of jests, which they used in defect of better weapons, as a means of annoying the enemy; while many possessed a genuine talent for impromptu repartee. It is hoped that the following specimens of their wit and humour will be esteemed worthy of the space they occupy, if not in all cases for the success of the sally, at least as commemorating the moral peculiarities of a party, formerly important, but now completely extinct.]

NEW WARK AND AULD WARK.

The old Presbyterian general, David Leslie, it is well known, chose at the Restoration to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous loyalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newwark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had perhaps experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the king upon a proceeding which showed so much disrespect for his old friends. "By my soul," said this bold cavalier, "instead o' raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there waud ha' been mair justice if your majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark."

EARL OF R——.

The Earl of R——, eighty years ago, was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail, there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics at Edinburgh. Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this. "Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning, "I got in here, in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined on that account by some of the state officers. On its being imputed to him that he had wished well to the rebels while they remained in Edinburgh—"Me!" he cried, "me wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lifed scoundrels—as I tell'd them they were—that wad never do ony gude in this world, but gang to the next on a widdy." "How!" cried the examiners, "did you really tell them so, my lord?" "That I did," said the earl; "only I loot them be twa mile away first."

NOT OUR LAWFUL SOVEREIGN.

An English regiment stationed at Peterhead, not long after the rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner. Among those selected for invitation, was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked, that that person was only a Scotch bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him. "Oh, never mind that," cried the Englishman; "my father was a bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne." Not satisfied with this, he called upon the bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities, and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses, and at last succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner every thing proceeded well; but on "The King" being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the bishop drinking it with the preliminary addition of the word "rightful," a cornet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, "That is not King George, sir." "I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye, "this young gentleman says King George is not our rightful sovereign!" This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter at the cornet's expense.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known, happening to *hang itself*, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The President, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and perhaps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident; the great burden of his inquiries being, "But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?" Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed,

"It certainly is a strange thing, my lord, that the pair beast should have hanged himself: I'm sure he had naething to do wi' either the revolution or the massacre o' Gencoe!"

CARNAGEY OF BALNAMOON.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was; but if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose—he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig, and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it at random upon his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim through the dripping curls which hung round his face, "Oh, John, man, this is surely no my wig, for it does na fit me ava." "Deil care, Bonnymoon," cried John; "ye maun just be content wi' what ye've got. *There's nae wale o' wigs here*;"—an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.

A QUEEN IN THE TOLBOOTH.

It may be seen from the popular song entitled "The wee wee German Lairdie," with how much contempt the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd but annoying state fiction which asserted their own king to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King George's consort. At the first occurrence of the king's birthday after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dialect, "Phat was to hinder them to drink the queen's health tee?" "Hout, awa man," replied the provost, pulling him back into his seat; "*she's i' the Towbeeth!*"—*To be continued.*

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

In the same paper in which Hazlitt details the characteristics of Brougham, he treats of the peculiarities of Sir Francis Burdett, and in an equally correct manner. "Sir Francis," says he, "in many respects affords a contrast to the foregoing character. He is a plain, unaffected, unsophisticated English gentleman. He is a person of great reading too, and considerable information, but he makes very little display of these, unless it be to quote Shakspeare, which he does often with extreme aptness and felicity. Sir Francis is one of the most pleasing speakers in the house, and is a prodigious favourite of the English people. So he ought to be; for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding, and old English character. All that he pretends to is common sense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the house. We cannot conceive a higher proof of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there; and we have seen him blush and appear ashamed of the truths he has been obliged to utter, like a bashful novice. He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good-tempered, and a very good-looking man. But there was evidently no wish to shine, nor any desire to offend. It was painful to him to hurt the feelings of those who heard him, but it was a higher duty in him not to suppress his sincere and earnest convictions. It is wonderful how much virtue and plain-dealing a man may be guilty of without impunity, if he has no vanity, or ill-nature, or duplicity, to provoke the contempt or resentment of others, and to make them impatient of the superiority he sets up over them. There is no honest cause which he dares not avow—no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood, with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him. His principles are mellowed and improved, without having become less sound, with time; for at one period he sometimes appeared to come charged to the house with the petulance and caustic sententiousness he had imbibed at Wimbledon Common. He is seldom or never violent, or in extremes. There is only one error he seems to labour under (which, we believe, he also borrowed from Mr Horne Tooke or Major Cartwright), the wanting to go back to the early times of our constitution and history in search of the principles of law and liberty—which are modern inventions—the growth of books and printing. A man may be a patriot without being an antiquary. This is the only point on which Sir Francis is at all inclined to a tincture of pedan-

try. His humanity is unconstrained and free. His heart does not ask leave of his head to feel, nor does prudence always keep a guard upon his tongue or his pen. He is the idol of the people of Westminster; few persons have a greater number of friends and wellwishers; and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies, for his integrity and independence have made them so."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES WATT.

ALL the inventions and improvements of recent times, if measured by their effects upon the condition of society, sink into insignificance when compared with the extraordinary results which have followed the employment of steam as a mechanical agent. To one individual, the illustrious Watt, the merit and honour of having first rendered it extensively available for that purpose, are pre-eminently due. The force of steam, now so important an agent in mechanics, was nearly altogether overlooked until within the last two centuries. The ancients were in a small measure acquainted with its expansive powers; its prodigious energies were noticed by a French writer, Solomon de Caus, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century; in the decade of 1660, the Marquis of Worcester similarly remarked the properties of steam; about twenty years later, Sir Samuel Morland projected a method of employing it as a mechanic power; and Denis Papier, a native of France, about the year 1690, contrived an engine acting with steam and the pressure of the atmosphere, for lifting water, but on an exceedingly rude principle. The next who tried such a scheme was Captain Savery, who about the year 1698 began to erect engines for lifting water, somewhat on the principle of the sucking-pump. Not long after Savery had invented his engine, Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Calley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth in Devonshire, began also to direct their attention to the employment of steam as a mechanic power. Their first engine was constructed about the year 1711. This machine still acted on the principle of condensing the steam by means of cold water, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston. It was found of great value in pumping water from deep mines; but the mode of its construction, the great waste of fuel, the continual cooling and heating of the cylinder, and the limited capacities of the atmosphere in impelling the piston downward, all tended to circumscribe its utility. Our knowledge of what might be done by steam was in this state, when the subject at last happily attracted the attention of Mr Watt.

James Watt was born at Greenock, on the 19th of January 1736. His father was a merchant, and also one of the magistrates of that town. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place; but his health being even then extremely delicate, as it continued to be to the end of his life, his attendance at school was not always very regular. He amply made up, however, for what he lost in this way, by the diligence with which he pursued his studies at home, where without any assistance he succeeded at a very early age in making considerable proficiency in various branches of knowledge. Even at this time his favourite study is said to have been mechanical science, to a love of which he was probably in some degree led by the example of his grandfather and his uncle, both of whom had been teachers of the mathematics, and had left a considerable reputation for learning and ability in that department. Young Watt, however, was not indebted to any instructions of theirs for his own acquirements in science, the former having died two years before, and the latter the year after, he was born. At the age of eighteen he was sent to London to be apprentice to a maker of mathematical instruments; but in little more than a year, the state of his health forced him to return to Scotland, and he never received any further instruction in his profession. A year or two after this, however, a visit which he paid to some relations in Glasgow suggested to him the plan of attempting to establish himself in that city, in the line for which he had been educated. In 1757, accordingly, he removed thither, and was immediately appointed mathematical instrument maker to the college. In this situation he remained for some years, during which, notwithstanding almost constant ill health, he continued both to prosecute his profession, and to labour in the general cultivation of his mind, with extraordinary ardour and perseverance. Here, also, he enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of several distinguished persons who were then members of the university, especially of the celebrated Dr Black, the discoverer of the principle of latent heat, and Mr (afterwards Dr) John Robison, so well known by his treatises on mechanical science, who was then a student, and about the same age with himself. Honourable, however, as his present appointment was, and important as were many of the advantages to which it introduced him, he probably did not find it a very lucrative one; and, therefore, in 1763, when about to marry, he removed from his apartments in the university to a house in the city, and entered upon the profession of a general engineer.

For this his genius and scientific attainments admirably qualified him. Accordingly, he soon acquired a high reputation, and was extensively employed in making surveys and estimates for canals, harbours, bridges, and other public works. His advice and assistance indeed were sought for in almost all the im-

portant improvements of this description which were now undertaken or proposed in his native country. But another pursuit, in which he had been for some time privately engaged, was destined ere long to withdraw him from this line of exertion, and to occupy his whole mind with an object still more worthy of its extraordinary powers.

While yet residing in the college, his attention had been directed to the employment of steam as a mechanical agent, by some speculations of his friend Mr Robison, with regard to the practicability of applying it to the movement of wheel-carriages; and he had also himself made some experiments with Papin's digester, with the view of ascertaining its expansive force. He had not prosecuted the inquiry, however, so far as to have arrived at any determinate result, when, in the winter of 1763-4, a small model of Newcomen's engine was sent to him by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to be repaired, and fitted for exhibition in the class. The examination of this model set Watt upon thinking anew, and with more interest than ever, on the powers of steam. Struck with the radical imperfections of the atmospheric engine, he began to turn in his mind the possibility of employing steam in mechanics, in some new manner which should enable it to operate with much more powerful effect. This idea having got possession of him, he engaged in an extensive course of experiments, for the purpose of ascertaining as many facts as possible with regard to the properties of steam; and the pains he took in this investigation were rewarded with several valuable discoveries. The rapidity with which water evaporates, he found, for instance, depended simply upon the quantity of heat that was made to enter it, and this again on the extent of the surface exposed to the fire. He also ascertained the quantity of coals necessary for the evaporation of any given quantity of water, the heat at which water boils under various pressures, and many other particulars of a similar kind, which had never before been accurately determined.

Thus prepared by a complete knowledge of the properties of the agent with which he had to work, he next proceeded to take into consideration, with a view to their amendment, what he deemed the two grand defects of Newcomen's engine. The first of these was the necessity arising from the method employed to concentrate the steam, of cooling the cylinder, before every stroke of the piston, by the water injected into it. On this account, a much more powerful application of heat than would otherwise have been requisite was demanded for the purpose of again heating that vessel when it was to be refilled with steam. In fact, Watt ascertained that there was thus occasioned, in the feeding of the machine, a waste of not less than three-fourths of the whole fuel employed. If the cylinder, instead of being thus cooled for every stroke of the piston, could be kept permanently hot, a fourth part of the heat which had been hitherto applied would be found to be sufficient to produce steam enough to fill it. How, then, was this desideratum to be attained? Savery, the first who really constructed a working engine, and whose arrangements, as we have already remarked, all showed a very superior ingenuity, employed the method of throwing cold water over the outside of the vessel containing the steam—a perfectly manageable process, but at the same time a very wasteful one; inasmuch as, every time it was repeated, it cooled not only the steam, but the vessel also, which, therefore, had again to be heated, by a large expenditure of fuel, before the steam could be reproduced. Newcomen's method of injecting the water into the cylinder was a considerable improvement on this; but it was still objectionable on the same ground, though not to the same degree; it still cooled not only the steam, on which it was desired to produce that effect, but also the cylinder itself, which, as the vessel in which more steam was to be immediately manufactured, it was so important to keep hot. It was also a very serious objection to this last-mentioned plan, that the injected water itself, from the heat of the place into which it was thrown, was very apt to be partly converted into steam; and the more cold water was used, the more considerable did this creation of new steam become. In fact, in the best of Newcomen's engines, the perfection of the vacuum was so greatly impaired from this cause, that the resistance experienced by the piston in its descent was found to amount to about a fourth part of the whole atmospheric pressure by which it was carried down, or, in other words, the working power of the machine was thereby diminished one-fourth.

After reflecting for some time upon all this, it at last occurred to Watt to consider whether it might not be possible, instead of continuing to condense the steam in the cylinder, to contrive a method of drawing it off, to undergo that operation in some other vessel. This fortunate idea having presented itself to his thoughts, it was not very long before his ingenuity also suggested to him the means of realising it. In the course of one or two days, according to his own account, he had all the necessary apparatus arranged in his mind. The plan which he devised, indeed, was an extremely simple one, and on that account the more beautiful. He proposed to establish a communication by an open pipe between the cylinder and another vessel, the opening of which evidently would be, that when the steam was admitted into the former, it would flow into the latter so as to fill it also. If, then, the portion in this latter vessel only should be subjected to a condensing process, by

being brought into contact with cold water or any other convenient means, what would follow? Why, a vacuum would be produced here—into that, as a vent, more steam would immediately rush from the cylinder—that likewise would be condensed; and so the process would go on till all the steam had left the cylinder, and a perfect vacuum had been effected in that vessel, without so much as a drop of cold water having touched or entered it. The separate vessel alone, or the condenser, as Watt called it, would be cooled by the water used to condense the steam; and that, instead of being an evil, manifestly tended to promote and quicken the condensation. When Watt reduced these views to the test of experiment, he found the result to answer his most sanguine expectations. The cylinder, although emptied of its steam for every stroke of the piston as before, was now constantly kept at the same temperature with the steam (or 212° Fahrenheit); and the consequence was, that one-fourth of the fuel formerly required sufficed to feed the engine. But besides this most important saving in the expense of maintaining the engine, its power was greatly increased by the more perfect vacuum produced by the new construction, in which the condensing water, being no longer admitted within the cylinder, could not, as before, create new steam there while displacing the old.

Such, then, was the remedy by which the genius of this great inventor effectually cured the first and most serious defect of the old apparatus. In carrying his ideas into execution, he encountered, as was to be expected, many difficulties, arising principally from the impossibility of realising theoretical perfection of structure with such materials as human art is obliged to work with; but his ingenuity and perseverance overcame every obstacle. One of the things which cost him the greatest trouble was, how to fit the piston so exactly to the cylinder, as, without affecting the freedom of its motion, to prevent the passage of the air between the two. In the old engine this end had been attained by covering the piston with a small quantity of water, the dripping down of which into the space below, where it merely mixed with the steam introduced to effect the condensation, was of little or no consequence. But in the new construction, the superiority of which consisted in keeping this receptacle for the steam always both hot and dry, such an effusion of moisture, although only in very small quantities, would have occasioned material inconvenience. The air alone, besides, which in the old engine followed the piston in its descent, acted with considerable effect in cooling the lower part of the cylinder. His attempts to overcome this difficulty, while they succeeded in that object, conducted Watt also to another improvement, which effected the complete removal of what we have called the second radical imperfection of Newcomen's engine, namely, its non-employment, for a moving power, of the expansive force of the steam. The effectual way, it occurred to him, of preventing any air from escaping into the part of the cylinder below the piston, would be to dispense with the use of that element above the piston, and to substitute there likewise the same contrivance as below, of alternate steam and a vacuum. This was of course to be accomplished by merely opening communications from the upper part of the cylinder to the boiler on the one hand, and the condenser on the other, and forming it at the same time into an air-tight chamber, by means of a cover, with only a hole in it to admit the rod or shank of the piston, which might, besides, without impeding its freedom of action, be padded with hemp, the more completely to exclude the air. It was so contrived, accordingly, by a proper arrangement of the cocks and the machinery connected with them, that while there was a vacuum in one end of the cylinder, there should be an admission of steam into the other; and the steam so admitted now served, not only by its susceptibility of sudden condensation, to create the vacuum, but also, by its expansive force, to impel the piston.

These were the great improvements which Watt introduced in what may be called the principle of the steam-engine, or, in other words, in the manner of using and applying the steam. They constitute, therefore, the grounds of his claim to be regarded as the true author of the conquest that has at last been obtained by man over this powerful element. But original and comprehensive as were the views out of which these fundamental inventions arose, the exquisite and inexhaustible ingenuity which the engine, as finally perfected by him, displays in every part of its subordinate mechanism, is calculated to strike us perhaps with scarcely less admiration. It forms undoubtedly the best exemplification that has ever been afforded of the number and diversity of services which a piece of machinery may be made to render to itself by means solely of the various application of its first moving power, when that has once been called into action. Of these contrivances, however, we can only notice one or two, by way of specimen. Perhaps the most singular is that called the *governor*. This consists of an upright spindle, which is kept constantly turning, by being connected with a certain part of the machinery, and from which two balls are suspended in opposite directions by rods, attached by joints, somewhat in the manner of the legs of a pair of tongs. As long as the motion of the engine is uniform, that of the spindle is so likewise, and the balls continue steadily revolving at the same distance from each other. But as soon as any alteration in the action of the piston takes place, the balls, if it has become more rapid, fly farther apart under the influence of the increased centrifugal force which actuates them, or approach nearer to each other in the opposite circumstances. This alone would have served to indicate the state of matters to the eye; but Watt was not to be so satisfied. He connected the rods with the valve in the tube, by which the steam is admitted to the cylinder from the boiler in such a way, that, as they retreat from each other, they gradually narrow the opening which is so guarded, or enlarge it as they tend to collapse; thus diminishing the supply of steam when the engine is going too fast, and when it is not going fast enough, enabling it to regain its proper speed by allowing it an increase of aliment. Again, the

constant supply of a sufficiency of water to the boiler is secured by an equally simple provision; namely, by a float resting on the surface of the water, which, as soon as it is carried down by the consumption of the water to a certain point, opens a valve and admits more; and so on through all the different parts of the apparatus, the various wonders of which cannot be better summed up than in the forcible and graphic language of a recent writer:—"In the present perfect state of the engine, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, counting or recording them moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work, the briskness of the fire, the supply of water to the boiler, the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts which should be vacuum; and when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell; yet with all these talents and qualities, and even when exerting the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child. Its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible—it consumes none while idle—it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind; it is a water pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c. &c.; and a small engine in the character of a steam pony may be seen dragging after it on a railroad a hundred tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realisation of the geni of Eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man."

In addition to those difficulties which his unrivalled mechanical ingenuity enabled him to surmount, Watt, notwithstanding the merit of his inventions, had to contend for some time with others of a different nature, in his attempts to reduce them to practice. He had no pecuniary resources of his own, and was at first without any friend willing to run the risk of the outlay necessary for an experiment on a sufficiently large scale. At last he applied to Dr Roebuck, an ingenious and spirited speculator, who had just established the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and held also at this time a lease of the extensive coal-works at Kinneal, the property of the Duke of Hamilton. Dr Roebuck agreed to advance the requisite funds, on having two-thirds of the profits made over to him; and upon this Mr Watt took out his first patent in the beginning of the year 1769. An engine, with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter, was soon after erected at Kinneal; and although, as a first experiment, it was necessarily in some respects of defective construction, its working completely demonstrated the great value of Watt's improvements. But Dr Roebuck, whose undertakings were very numerous and various, in no long time after forming this connection found himself involved in such pecuniary difficulties, as to put it out of his power to make any farther advances in prosecution of its object. On this, Watt applied himself for some years almost entirely to the ordinary work of his profession as a civil engineer; but at last, about the year 1774, when all hopes of any farther assistance from Dr Roebuck were at an end, he resolved to close with a proposal which had been made to him through his friend Dr Small of Birmingham, that he should remove to that town, and enter into partnership with the eminent hardware manufacturer, Mr Boulton, whose extensive establishments at Soho had already become famous over Europe, and procured for England an unrivalled reputation for the arts there carried on. Accordingly, an arrangement having been made with Dr Roebuck, by which his share of the patent was transferred to Mr Boulton, the firm of Boulton and Watt commenced the business of making steam-engines in the year 1775.

Mr Watt now obtained from Parliament an extension of his patent for twenty-five years from this date, in consideration of the acknowledged national importance of his inventions. The first thing which he and his partner did was to erect an engine at Soho, which they invited all persons interested in such machines to inspect. They then proposed to erect similar engines wherever required, on the very liberal principle of receiving as payment for each, only one-third of the saving in fuel which it should effect, as compared with one of the old construction.

The draining of mines was one of the many applications of the steam-power now at his command, which Watt contemplated, and in course of time accomplished. During the whole twenty-five years, indeed, over which his renewed patent extended, the perfecting of his invention was his chief occupation; and, notwithstanding a delicate state of health, and the depressing affliction of severe headaches, to which he was extremely subject, he continued throughout this period to persevere with unwearied diligence in adding new improvements to the mechanism of the engine, and devising the means of applying it to new purposes of usefulness. He devoted, in particular, the exertions of many years to the contriving of the best methods of making the action of the piston communicate a rotatory motion in various circumstances, and between the years 1781 and 1785 he took out four different patents for inventions having this object in view.

This invention has already gone far to revolutionise the whole domain of human industry, and almost every year is adding to its power and its conquests. In our manufactures, our arts, our commerce, our social accommodations, it is constantly achieving what, little more than half a century ago, would have been accounted miracles and impossibilities. 'The trunk of an elephant,' it has been finely and truly said, 'that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer

—and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves. And another application of it, which has been made only within the last few months, is perhaps destined to be productive of still greater changes on the condition of society than have resulted from many of its previous achievements. It had been employed some years ago, at some of our collieries, in the propelling of heavily laden carriages over railways; but the great experiment of the Liverpool and Manchester railway has, for the first time, practically demonstrated with what hitherto almost undreamt-of rapidity travelling by land may hereafter be carried on through the aid of steam. Coaches, under the impetus communicated by this, the most potent, and at the same time the most perfectly controllable of all our mechanical agencies, have already been drawn forward at the flying speed of thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. If so much has been done already, it would be rash to conclude that even this is to be our ultimate limit of attainment. In navigation, the resistance of the water, which increases rapidly as the force opposed to it increases, very soon sets bounds to the rate at which even the power of steam can impel a vessel forwards. But, on land, the thin medium of the air presents no such insurmountable obstacle to a force making its way through it; and a rapidity of movement may perhaps be eventually attained here, which is to us even as yet inconceivable. But even when the rate of land travelling already shown to be quite practicable shall have become universal, in what a new state of society shall we find ourselves! When we shall be able to travel a hundred miles in any direction in six or eight hours, into what comparative neighbourhood will the remotest extremes even of a large country be brought, and how little shall we think of what we now call distance! A nation will then be indeed a community; and all the benefits of the highest civilisation, instead of being confined to one central spot, will be diffused equally over the land, like the light of heaven. This improvement, in short, when fully consummated, will confer upon man nearly as much new power and new enjoyment as if he were actually endowed with wings.

It is gratifying to reflect, that even while he was yet alive, Watt received from the voice of the most illustrious of his contemporaries the honours due to his genius. In 1785 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in 1806; and in 1808 he was elected a member of the French Institute. He died on the 25th of August 1819, in the eighty-fourth year of his age."

RAEBURN AND JOHN CLERK.

Among Raeburn's earliest associates was the learned and witty John Clerk—afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord Eldin—a gentleman of rare parts, who to his other acquirements added some skill of hand in the art of painting. The young artist and the young advocate were frequently together; and as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes. "And is this all?" said John. "All!" said the landlady. "All! did I not tell ye, woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?" "The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.—*Lives of British Painters.*

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

The following curious anecdote is related of Mary Countess of Orkney, who died not long since, aged 76:—She was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child—the lady is lately deceased—the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse—who, like all persons of the lower order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies"—raised it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone; not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

THREAD OF THE SPIDER.

The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 400 miles.—*Arnot's Physics.*

COLUMN FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTERS.

MELTON MOWBRAY, a small town in Leicestershire, generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce, the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy, and rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has for many years exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange that one man should under any circumstances need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day—a practice proved to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long-continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is considered that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds, it will not seem surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman. The sum total of expenses attending a stud of twelve hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as can be estimated, £1,000 per annum. In all stables, the outlay for the purchase of horses is great—at least two hundred guineas each hunter; and in some the annual amount of tear and wear of horse flesh is considerable. Melton has been much improved owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who spend not less, on an average, than £50,000 per annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, which latter place is also a favourite resort of sportsmen. The town furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. The style of my Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the provincial chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau-ideal* of his caste. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned breeches and boots—and the generally apparent high-breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic in such points would satisfy himself of the fact at one single inspection.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE HUNT.

To describe a run with foxhounds is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire, in our eye would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. "*Hark in, Hark!*" with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time, the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. "*Oh you beauties!*" exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, thinks the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with "*Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? Get to cover, Rasselas!*" and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. "*No fox here,*" says one. "*Don't be in a hurry,*" cries Mr Cradock; "*they are drawing in beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.*" These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the stems of some more hounds are seen "*flourishing*" above the gorse. "*Have at him there!*" hollas the squire—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. "*Have at him there again, my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!*" reiterates the squire, putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch.

At this interesting period, a Snob, just arrived from a very rural country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: "*Come away, sir!*" hollas the master (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the *Quarterly Reviewers*); "*what mischief are you doing there? Do you think you can catch the fox?*" A breathless silence ensues. At

length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream; it is Flourisher, and the squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another—and another. "*'Tis enough, 'Tallyho!*" cries a countryman in a tree. "*He's gone,*" exclaims Lord Alvanley: and, clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, "*Ware, hounds!*" cries Sir Harry Goodricke. "*Give them time,*" exclaims Mr John Moore. "*That's right,*" says Mr Osbaldeston, "*spoil your own sport as usual.*" "*Go along,*" roars out Mr Holyoak; "*there are three couple of hounds on the scent.*" "*That's your sort,*" says Billy Coke, coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, "*she kicks;* the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure." Bonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack which have been fortunate in getting away with the fox. It is true they possess the speed of a race-horse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going at the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take.

Up to this time "*Snob*" has gone quite in the first flight; the "*Dons*" begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked, "*Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?*" "*Don't know him,*" says Mr Little Gilmour (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by the bye), ganging gallantly up to his hounds. "*He can ride,*" exclaims Lord Rancidiffe. "*A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,*" adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry "*Enough,*" how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground (as a field is termed in Leicestershire), somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough some hundred years since into rather high ridges, with deep-holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonic, "*a stopper;*" nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. "*Now for the timber-jumper,*" cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. "*For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane,*" Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay horse is signed.

The scene now shifts. The fox does his best to escape; he threads hedgerows, tries the out-buildings of a farmhouse, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. "*Out upon this great carcass of mine;* no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country," says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four hundred guinea chestnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. "*Nothurt, I hope,*" exclaims Mr Maxse, to somebody whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickest hedge which is between them, coming neck and crop into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasant sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit hami bos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton, who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff-timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The *Æneid* of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Osbaldeston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is ecstatic with delight. "*Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,*" says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. "*The cream of every thing in the shape of fox-hunting,*" observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. "*Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world.*" "*What superb hounds are these!*" added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. Some of the field now came up who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here, they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.—*Ibid*

ON PRESERVING CORN IN SHEAVES.

The simplest method, it appears to me, for securing the crop after cutting it down, from being damaged by standing long in the stooks on the ground, is that universally practised by the agriculturist in the woody parts of Sweden and Norway, and which never fails in completely protecting at least nine-tenths of the grain from growing in the sheaf, as well as the straw from any serious injury. In those districts, every farmer provides as many corn-stakes (*i. e.* stakes for drying the grain on) as will be necessary for the quantity of his growing crop. They are generally made of the young white pines, eight feet long, about one and a half inch in diameter at the top, and four inches at the bottom. The upper end is pointed, to admit the sheaf passing easily down over it, and the lower end is likewise pointed to facilitate its being fixed in the ground. When a field of grain is ready for the sickle, the stakes are conveyed to the spot, and, as the reapers proceed with their work, the stakes are put up in rows behind them, in the same manner, and at the same distance from each other, as is common in stooking the crop. A man, with the assistance of an iron crow or spit, will set up five hundred of these in a day. The next operation is to put the sheaves on the stakes. This is performed by raising the first sheaf up to the top of the stake, and passing it with the root-ends downwards to the ground, the stake being kept as near as possible in the middle of the sheaf; the sheaf thus stands perpendicular and round the stake. The second sheaf is fixed on the stake in an inclined position with the grain-end sloping a little downwards, the stake passing through the sheaf at the band in a transverse manner, and in that position it is pressed down to the first sheaf, and thus forms a covering to it. All the other sheaves are threaded on the stake in a similar way as the sheaf last put on, keeping them all one above another, with the root-ends facing the south-west, to receive as much of the sunshine as possible, on account of the greater quantity of grassy substance which they contain at the other end. As each sheaf thus acts as a complete covering to the one beneath it, and as there is only one which can touch the ground, rain cannot at any time penetrate through them, and it is very rare that any single heads of grain on a stake are injured. I have witnessed these operations performed with as much expedition as actually attends the common way of setting the crop in the fields in stooks.—*Mr Carmichael of Kipploch, in Agricultural Journal*.

THE INDIAN MUSSULMAUNS' CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR.

The exact period of commencing the Mussulmaun new year is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers who are in the service of most great men in native cities—I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacs as in England; and according to the hour of the day or night when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight, the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus, to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king on his throne sits in state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers, and dependents. "*Mabarakh Nou-Roze!*" (may the new year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c. The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard; some of these are stained in colours resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices, many are ornamented with gilding—every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for "*Nou-Roze.*"—*Mrs Meer Hassan Ali's Observations*.

COBALT.

About the end of the fifteenth century, cobalt appears to have been dug up in great quantity, in the mines on the borders of Saxony and Bohemia. As it was not known at first to what purpose it could be applied, it was thrown aside as a useless mineral. The miners had an aversion to it, not only because it gave them much fruitless labour, but because it often proved prejudicial to their health, by the arsenical particles with which it was combined; and it appears even that the mineralogical name *cobalt* then first took its rise. Frisch derives it from the Bohemian word *kow*, which signifies metal; but the conjecture that it was formed from *coballus*, which was the name of a spirit that, according to the superstitious notions of the times, haunted mines, destroyed the labours of the miners, and often gave them a great deal of unnecessary trouble, is more probable. The miners, perhaps, gave this name to the mineral out of joke, because it thwarted them as much as the supposed spirit, by exciting false hopes, and rendering their labour often fruitless. It was once customary to introduce into the church service a prayer, that God would preserve miners and their works from *Kobolts* and spirits.—*Beckmann*.

PSALMODY.

It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and the other Protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the Reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment, which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music.—*Metropolitan*.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

[FROM A RECENTLY PUBLISHED VOLUME OF POEMS, BY
WILLIAM PENNYCOOK BROWN.]

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild-flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the
beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be."

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!"

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where 'Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE following masterly and instructive sketch of the advantages of the Union of Scotland and England in 1707, is abridged from an article in the *CHAMELEON*, a *melange* of prose and poetical pieces lately published by Messrs Atkinson and Co., Glasgow:—

"In the nature of things, by the constitution of society—in an union for security—in a compact for safety—in a bond for even equal gain, the strongest *must* reap fewest benefits—the richest least of profit—the weakest most of both. And where honour is not sacrificed, nor liberty abridged, he is as little of a patriot as he is of a philosopher, who would oppose such an amicable coalescence with fanciful anticipations and vague generalities of speech. Why, by what means is it that states advance in refinement, and countries in civilisation? By the combination of many small and detached bodies into one compact whole;—by, first, the union of families—next of tribes—of clans—of districts, and of kingdoms—England has had its heptarchy—Ireland its many co-existent monarchs—Scotland its coeval kings. But mankind soon learn the value of union, and of the division of labour; and petty states join to form nations, who would else have wasted their energies in predatory warfare and perpetual heartburnings.

Nature meant that England and Scotland should be one and incorporate; and history will tell us how soon this was discovered, and how often it was attempted to be achieved. Never did a chance of rationally uniting the two kingdoms offer, but it was eagerly seized upon, and judged to be of mutual advantage by the wise of both. And happy would it have been for our country had its Margaret become the wife of England's second Edward, or its fifth James the spouse of Henry's daughter! At length, however, in the person of James the Sixth, such junction, in as far as identity of arbitrary rule could make a union, was effected. But with the departure of Scotland's monarchs, all the advantages of independence fled, while the more solid benefits of incorporation were not received in return.

At length, by the wisdom of Somers, and the ripening of events, was consummated the marriage of the States, and GREAT BRITAIN took its name among nations, unquestionably to the peace of both countries; but it is required to say, whether more to the general advantage of the one than the other, and to which? This I have already done, by reference to first principles; but as it is also a question of fact, by facts shall the question be answered. What, then, was the state and

condition of England—what that of Scotland, immediately antecedent to this event; what their condition subsequent to it—what their aspect now? Need I tell you that England was then in its most 'high and palmy state';—that the effervescence of its glorious revolution had subsided, but that the pure and invigorating principles of it were still in healthful play and circulation through the state; that its intellect was roused, as were its liberties refreshed, from their long slumber; that its revenue was growing; its commerce giving rich promise of its after grandeur; its people contented; and its wealth increased? Or need I remind you that the glories of Blenheim and of Ramilies were then in their first lustre? Why, this was the era of Somers and of Godolphin, of Addison and of Pope, of Swift and Steele, of Peterborough and of Churchill! Well, indeed, might a Scottish lord (Belhaven) exclaim, 'England is a great and glorious nation. Its armies are numerous, powerful, and victorious; its trophies splendid and memorable. She disposes of the fate of kingdoms. Her navy is the terror of Europe. Her trade and commerce encircle the globe, and her capital is the emporium of the universe!' Such then was England—free and happy, rich and powerful England; but 'look on that picture and on this—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers!' Oh my beloved country, pride but half o'erpowers regret when I know what thou art, but must show what thou hast been! It is the same painter that draws the picture of both; and Belhaven uttered but the truth when he then said, 'but we are a poor and obscure people in a remote corner of the world, without name, without alliances, and without fortune.' Then, without a present name, and existing but on the recollection of the past. Indeed, nothing could be more wretched than the condition of the Scottish people. A Revolution following a Restoration had left the minds of men in a feverish and unsettled state, and the tyranny of factious and rival nobles, who sought to perpetuate the worst forms of government, and oligarchical aristocracy, and to revivify the expiring embers of the feudal fire which clanship cherished, was but one remove from the bloody oppressions of Charles's time, and the troubles of his successors' reigns. Atholl might summon to arms, and maintain 10,000 men beneath his private banners, and Hamilton and Queensberry keep the retinues of rival princes; but the body of the people were poverty-stricken; and we have the able Fletcher of Saltoun's high authority for believing that almost every sixth man in Scotland was a public beggar! Indeed, from the accession of James to the English throne, our trade had decayed, and our capital, like our court, had emigrated to securer haunts. Famine overspread the land; agriculture was at a stand, and our trade was too inconsiderable to yield a revenue adequate to the necessities of the state. What little did accrue was the prey of rapacious statesmen, and those, their minions, to whom it had been impropitiously farmed. The flag of Scotland floated above no rich galleons—Dutch vessels it was that entered our harbours, and even fished upon our coasts. We had no peculiar native product for exchanging; nothing that we held not in common with more powerful rivals, save our cattle and our wool—and these England refused to receive; whilst her colonies were as much shut against our citizens as against the French or Dutch; nay, M'Pherson's *Annals of Commerce* show that, from the seventeenth year preceding the Union, the interchange of commodities had fallen off from £124,000 in value annually, to one-seventh part of that sum! It is idle to oppose to this statement the convulsive efforts which our expiring commercial energies made to establish the colony at Darien. These but emphatically confirm their truth; while their history recalls the humiliating remembrance of indignities which we were too weak to resent, and encroachments which we had not power to resist.

Whence was this weakness—this national atrophy? Poverty produced—Misgovernment prolonged it. In this situation of our country—the neighbour of a rich and powerful rival—to become its servant was inevitable, if we refused to be its friend, and to accept the community of interests which it proffered. Anarchy and injustice are the natural concomitants of weakness and misrule; and the Parliament of Scotland, the Council of State, and the Bench of Justice, were then alike corrupt and hideous. The Legislative Assembly was a heterogeneous mass of Peers—a majority of whom could at any time be procured by royal creation—and of pensioned Commoners, Jacobites, and Republicans; of such extremes as Atholl and Fletcher, Marchmont and Queensberry.

But the work of uniting the two nations—a triumph before which all other glories of the reign of Anne fade and grow dim—began on the 16th April, terminated in part of the 23d July 1706, and was finally consummated on the 1st of May in the year following.

To some of its articles it is necessary I should advert, and upon its general consequences that I should enlarge. And, first, I will address myself to the consideration of what it deprived us, before I enter upon the statements of the acquisitions which it made ours. Of what then did it denude us? Of a name—and of a parliament—and of a council. Of a name, I will admit, hallowed to us by a thousand kindling recollections, but not more so than that of England to its sons, which was also merged into the now prouder appellation of this island—Great Britain; of a legislature, whose corruptions made it a curse; of a council, whose tyranny would have become intolerable; while it transferred a portion of the Scottish intellect and hereditary dignity to an arena where the noblest battles of freedom had been fought, and where the proudest triumphs of mind and eloquence had been achieved. But I will be told that this transfer was inadequate and a mockery, and that the rights of Scotland were juggled with and sold. I broadly deny that the transfer was then inadequate, and I assert that, if it diminished the number of our legislators, it enhanced their dignity, by extending the sphere of their influence, and widening the field of their deliberations and exertions.

The activity which distinguishes our national character, and which led us to threaten rebellion when irritated and unemployed, and made us turbulent when prosperous, it instantly turned into useful channels and to better purposes, and soon substituted security for violence, industry for idleness, and wealth for poverty. Security, by, in the very year of its completion, sheltering us from a French invasion, through the protection of what had then become our united, and, even at that period, irresistible naval power and pretensions: Industry, by opening up spheres of employment for the energies of Scotsmen, who, within a year of its date, spread themselves, and, it is our boast, with themselves spread habits of diligence and principles of unbending integrity, over every country and in every clime that owned the British sway, and which had before been shut up and unapproachable to them.

If triumphs were of old allotted to him who spread devastation in a country, and conquered tranquillity by the sword, what ought to be their meed who win such peace, perpetual peace, without shedding one drop of gore; who heal wounds that for centuries had bled, and whose victories are the prevention of wars?"

THE HAGUE.

The Hague is the residence of the Dutch court. It was the birthplace of our William III. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well built town, more in the German than the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Voorhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre, with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle, covered with shells, are assigned to pedestrians. A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the "Palace in the Wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman. The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1640, by Prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt, which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet of Chinese curiosities, the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tesima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their eastern junks. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

CHAIN BRIDGES.

It appears from a description of bridges of suspension, communicated some years since by R. Stevenson, Esq., civil engineer, to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, that the first chain bridge constructed in this country is believed to have been one over the Tees, forming a communication between the counties of Durham and York. It is supposed, on good authority, to have been erected about 1741, and is described in Hutchinson's *Antiquities of Durham*, as "a bridge suspended on iron chains, stretched from rock to rock over a chasm near sixty feet deep, for the passage of travellers, particularly miners. The bridge is seventy feet in length, and a little more than two feet broad, with a hand rail on the one side, and planked in such a manner that the traveller experiences all the tremulous motion of the chain, and sees himself suspended over a roaring gulf, on an agitated and restless gangway, to which few strangers dare trust themselves." In 1816-17, two or three bridges of iron-wire were constructed; the first by Mr Lees, an extensive woollen manufacturer at Galashiels in Scotland. This experiment, although made with slender wires, and necessarily imperfect in its construction, deserves to be noticed as affording a practical example of the tenacity of iron so applied. These wire bridges were suspended not on the catenarian principle so successfully adopted in the larger works subsequently undertaken, but by means of diagonal braces, radiating from their points of suspension on either side towards the centre of the roadway. The unfortunate fabric next mentioned was constructed on this defective principle. Among the earliest practical exhibitions of this novel architecture in the United Kingdom, may be mentioned the uncommonly elegant and light chain bridge which was in 1817, for the convenience of foot passengers, thrown over the Tweed at Dryburgh, by the Earl of Buchan. Its length between the points of suspension was 261 feet, being considered the greatest span of any bridge in the kingdom. This useful structure, the theme of such just applause, and which harmonised so finely with the far-famed scenery of Dryburgh Abbey, was entirely destroyed by a tremendous gale of wind, at the beginning of the year following its erection. This bridge was subsequently restored.—*Lardner.*

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG. "ACQUAINTANCES."

ONE of the most important concerns of young people is the management of themselves in respect of what are called "Acquaintances." To have many friends is desirable, in a world where men are generally thrown so much upon their own resources. But there is a distinction between the friendship of a certain number of respectable persons, who are only ready to exert themselves for us when called upon, and the acquaintance of a circle of contemporaries, who are perpetually forcing themselves upon our company for the mere purpose of mutual amusement. Taking the words in their usual signification, a young man ought to wish for many friends, but few acquaintances. There is something in the countenance of a companion that cheers and supports the frailty of human nature. One can speak and act more boldly with a friend by his side, than when alone. But it is the good fortune of men of strong character, and it ought to be the object of every one, to act well and boldly by himself. One thing young people may be assured of: almost all the great services which enlightened men have done for their race were performed alone. There was but one man, not two, at the discovery of the compass, of the Copernican system, of the logarithms, and of the principle of vaccination. To descend to lesser things, ask any man who has risen in worldly fortune, from small beginnings to great wealth and honour, how he contrived to do so, and you will find that he carved it all out for himself with his own hand. He will in all probability inform you that he has reached the honourable station in society which he now maintains, chiefly by narrowing the circle of his "private acquaintances," and extending that of his "public relations;" most likely adding, that, had he on all occasions "consulted" the persons with whom he happened to be acquainted, as to his designs, he would, by every calculation, have been still in the same obscure insignificant situation he once was. The truth is, it is only when alone that we have the ability to concentrate our minds upon any object; and it is only when things are done with the full force of *one mind* qualified for the purpose, that they are done well. It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to "acquaintances" for encouragement, and make the amusement which "acquaintances" can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence, the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after-life, and which can only be acquired in the vacant days of youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for "acquaintances" are seldom the companions of study, or the auxiliaries of business, but most generally the associates of a debauch, the fellow-flutterers upon the Mall, the companion-hounds in the chase of empty pleasure. It is amazing how much a youth can endure of the company of his principal "acquaintance." Virgil's expression, "*tecum consumere ævo*," is realised in his case; for he veritably appears as if he could spend his whole life in the society of the treasured individual. At the approach of that person, every other matter is cast aside; the most important business seems nothing in contrast with the interchange of a smile or a jest with this duplicate of himself. The injunctions of the most valued relations—even of father and mother—are scattered to the winds, if they are at variance with the counsels or conduct of this precious person, whom, after all, he perhaps met only last week at a club. The power of an "acquaintance"

of this kind, for good or evil, over the mind of his friend, is so very great, that it may well give some concern to those who are really interested in the prospects of youth. But every effort to redeem a victim from the fascination will be in vain, unless his natural or habitual goodness be shocked by the further exposure of the "acquaintance's" character. The only safeguard, therefore, against this mighty evil, is *previously* to accustom youth to depend much upon themselves, and to endeavour to infuse into them a sufficient degree of moral excellence to be a protection to them against the worst vices which "acquaintances" may attempt to impart to them.

There is a possibility, however, that the "acquaintance" may be no worse than his fellow, and yet the two will do that together which they could not do singly. Virtue is, upon the whole, a thing of solitude: vice is a thing of the crowd. The individual will not dare to be wicked, for the responsibility, he knows, must be concentrated upon himself; while the company, feeling that a divided responsibility is hardly any responsibility at all, is under no such constraint. There is much edification to the heart of the thoughtless and wicked in the participation of companions; and even in large associations of honourable men for honourable purposes, there is often wanting that fine tone of feeling which governs the conduct of perhaps each individual in the fraternity. Thus, an excessive indulgence in the company of "acquaintances" is to be avoided, even where these "acquaintances" are not inferior in moral worth to ourselves. There is an easy kind of morality much in vogue among a great body of people, that "what others do we may do," as if higher standards had not been handed down by God himself from heaven, or constructed in the course of time by the wise and pure among men. This morality comes strongly into play among youth in their intercourse with contemporaries; and as it is always on rather a declining than an advancing scale, it soon leads them a great way down the paths of vice.

It will be found, in general, that a considerable degree of abstinence from this indulgence is required, even to secure the most ordinary degree of success in life. But if great things be aimed at, if we wish to surpass our fellows by many degrees, and to render ourselves honourably conspicuous among men, we must abjure "acquaintances" almost entirely. We must, for that purpose, withdraw ourselves from all temptation to idle and futile amusement—we must, in the words of a great poet, "shun delights, and live laborious days."

PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

MR PITCAIRN, in some of the late volumes of his "Criminal Trials," has supplied us with a few occasional extracts from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, which perhaps cast a stronger and steadier light upon the times to which they refer, than any historical documents hitherto published. These accounts, which are to be found in tolerable preservation in the General Register House, form simply a current record of the personal expenses of the king; and we believe they commence so early as the time of Bruce, and do not close till Scotland ceased to have a distinct court. Previous to the publication of Mr Pitcairn's truly valuable work, hardly any extracts from this immense mine of curious detail had ever reached the public; and few even of the "antiquarian trade" had ventured to grapple with the original volumes. Our curiosity having been greatly excited by Mr Pitcairn's extracts, which chiefly refer

to the reign of James IV., we have sought and obtained possession of a still more extensive (manuscript) series of selections relating to that era, from which we hope to supply some amusement and information to our readers.

The first idea which strikes one who dips into these accounts, is the amazing difference between all his preconceived notions of the court of James IV., and what is to be derived from this record. If the inquirer has only read Marmion, and supposes James to have been a purely noble and gallant being, whose fittest office it was to lean over a lady's chair while she sung to her lute, his dream will be effectually broken by a perusal of the treasurer's books. The effect, in short, which these memorabilia have upon the mind, is, as it were, to break down the picture previously painted by history and poetry into its elements, and to show it up as only so much coarse thread, woven into a piece of canvass, and plastered over with a certain quantity of oil and coloured earth. The homely court of poor old Scotland is here shown in its real colours, and every atom of its composition estimated at no more than its exact value in Scots money. My Lord Treasurer was in truth no painter—no searcher after fine and tricky phrases; he tells his story in his own broad vernacular, and, we verily believe, does not cheat either his master or posterity of a single farthing.

The reign of James IV. commenced on the 18th of June 1483, when he was only sixteen years of age, and terminated with his death at Flodden, on the 13th of September 1512. It is needless to enter into any disquisition respecting either his personal history or that of his country, for our object is only to afford such light upon these points as is supplied by the curious record before us.

First, as to the AMUSEMENTS of the king. Previous to the general diffusion of literature, and the commencement of the great division of opinion upon religious and political subjects, which, since the Reformation till the present time, has kept the minds of men constantly upon the *qui vive*, the chief resource for pastime seems to have been in practical sports, in listening to jesters and minstrels, and in attending homely plays and masquerades. In those simple days, men had neither newspapers nor novels; religion was a settled thing, demanding implicit faith and a routine of monotonous observances, but permitting no discussion; neither did the question of liberal or illiberal government divide men into two great debating parties. When not engaged in actual war, the superior classes indulged in its semblances—the tourney or the chase; or they planted the wandering minstrel in the midst of their circle, and held their breath while he recounted the feats of the mighty of old; or they lolled over gaming boards, perhaps fixed in the bottoms of their windows—a specimen of which is still to be seen in Craigmillar Castle; or they "daffed" away the time in less rational indulgences over the social board, where the coarsest jest and the broadest allusion was ever most favourably received. Hence a modern reader is apt to be astonished at the multitudinous expenses of King James on the score of amusements, of which we shall proceed to give some details.

The chief out-of-door sports of the king seem to have been the tournament, hunting the deer, hawking, archery, "the cache," and playing at bowls. His principal in-door sports were playing at "the tables," cards, and dice. On all these subjects the entries in the treasurer's books are very numerous and frequent; we shall only, however, give such as appear to us to be curious, or which refer to practices not

now familiar. "May 10, 1496—to the king, in Strivilin, to play at the cache," six pounds ten shillings. This is a game to which we have seen various allusions in documents of the fifteenth century. It seems to be the same with the ordinary sport of the ball, as now played by boys against a dead wall, and which in Scotland is still called the *cache-ball*. On the day succeeding the above entry, is one of twenty-four shillings, "to the king, to play at the bilis [bowls] at Drummond." On the 7th of June is an entry showing the possibility of very deep play at the *cache*: "To Wat of Lesly, that he wan at the cache fra the king," twenty-three pounds eight shillings! On the single night of Christmas 1496, there are given to the king at Melrose, to spend at cards, "thirty-five unicornis, eleven French crowns, a ducat, a ridare, and a lew"—in all, forty-two pounds. "April 17, 1497—giffen to the king, that he tynt at the buttis in Strivilin, vijs." This refers to archery, the butts being two mounds, at a proper distance from each other, whereupon the marks were set. On the 24th of July 1504, there is an entry of fifty-six shillings, "to George Campbell, gardiner in Strivilin, to big the bow-buttis in Strivilin, furth of the garding beside the stable." April 22, 1497—"two shillings paid for foot-balls to the king;" and, "January 2, 1504—that samyne nycht, in Samuelstone, to the king, to play at the tables with the laird, three French crowns." Throughout the whole of the winter period, there are entries almost every night for sums lost at the cards or the tables; for the king, with true royal feeling, seems to have thought it beneath him ever to win. In the summer, we find as frequent allusions to his hawks and hounds, to his bows and arrows, and his armour and jousting spears.

In the department of miscellaneous amusements, we find matters still more curiously illustrative of the manners of the age. On the 5th of August 1488, within six or seven weeks of the barbarous death of his father, through a rebellion in which he was himself (it is said, innocently) concerned, the king is found giving five pounds at Linlithgow "to Patrick Johnston and the players that play to the king." The same company played a twelvemonth after at the same place for the entertainment of a Spanish embassy, and received eight pounds eight shillings. Wherever he goes, the king seems to have been entertained by "dansaris and gysaris," who were probably connected with the particular place where they exhibited. For instance, January 5, 1504, he gives eight French crowns to "the gysaris of the toune of Edinburgh;" and, August 20, 1488, being at a justice-ayre at Larnark, he gives six-and-thirty shillings "to dansaris and gysaris." On another occasion, he gives a like sum to "the dansaris and gysaris" at Arbroath. The "dansaris" were no doubt morrice-dancers, for, on the 31st December 1506, there is an entry of four pounds twelve shillings to Thomas Boswell, "for xxx. dosane of *bellis* for dansaris." "Gysaris," and "dansaris," and "playaris," appear to have been in some measure synonymous, as on "Sanct Johnnis day, 1491," a sum is given to "gysaris that dansit to the king," in Linlithgow; and on the 13th of August 1503, thirty French crowns are given to the "gysaris that playit the play." Perhaps one of the most curious entries on this score, is one on the 16th of July 1491, "to the Spanyearthis that dansyt before the king on the cawsey of Edinburgh, before the thesauraris lweing, xxx. unicornis," equal to twenty-seven pounds. A relic of this profession has come down to our own day.

Music was another of the king's favourite amusements, as it was also one of his own accomplishments. "Dec. 6, 1497—to John Jamesone for a lute to the king, 6s. 8d." "July 8, 1504—for a lute and a pair of monocords brocht hame to the king be William Brownhill, quhilk cost in Flanders 45s." These and similar entries show his own propensity for music, and the kind of instruments upon which he performed. He retained about his person a vast multitude of "lutaris," "piparis," "fithelaris" (fiddlers), "clarschaaris" (Highland harpers), "tabrounaris," "trumpetaris," "schawmeris," &c., to all of whom occasional entries are made, for ordinary pay and presents. Many of these humble children of Euterpe were natives of other countries; many from Ireland and the Highlands. July 10, 1489, eight pounds eight shillings are paid "to Inglis (English) pyparis that came to the castell and playit to the king." On the 26th of August 1504, four French crowns are given "to Cuddy the Inglis luter, to louse his cheyne of grotis, quhilk he tint at the cartis" (to relieve his chain of grotis, which he lost at cards). The king also had an English jester, styled variously "Jolly Johne, the fule of Englande," and "Gentil Johne, the Englishe fule," to whom numerous sums are given. Of "menstralis," who joined the professions of music and poetry, James entertained no fewer than thirty-one at his own court, while to those who were local to the particular towns he visited, he was invariably generous. Blind Harry, the minstrel, to whom we are indebted for the well-known popular poem of WALLACE, was a regular *attaché* of the court, and appears to have received eighteen shillings every three months, as a pension. On the 27th of April 1490, one of these sums is entered for Blind Harry; and as five shillings are given on the same day to "the cobill man of Cambuskenneth quhen the king past owre" (the Forth), we are entitled to assume that the guerdon in this particular instance was extended almost on the very

scene of Wallace's chief victory, the battle of Stirling Bridge. James is also very bountiful to bards of higher standing; for instance, Dunbar is found in the constant receipt of £20 a-year. It is assumed by the modern poet Beattie, upon the credit, we believe, of Percy, that "the north cuntries" was the proper nativity of minstrels; but how does this consort with the repeated mention in these accounts of "menstralis" from England and the southern states of Europe! "November 21, 1504—to one of the four *Italiene* menstralis, to by him ane hat, by the king's command, xliijs." "1512-13, February 15—Item, to Guileame, organer, Frenchman, and his five complices, French menstralis, xxvi, vs." Another of James's minstrels is called Dominico, which looks amazingly little like a hyperborean name. There seems to have been a great confusion in the duties of minstrels. The character was nearly allied to buffoonery and mere story-telling; and hence we are the less to wonder at the apparently barbarous edicts of those days, which denounce the profession of poesy as rank vagrancy. Jesters, minstrels, and dancers, are all classed in one servile enumeration, and all occasionally receive the same allowances for *livery*.

In the department of "singing," we have a curious entry, which appears to have taken place on the festival still observed in Scotland under the name of Handsel Monday. "1491—on Monunda the ij. of Januar, to Sir Thomas Galbreth, Jok Goldsmyt, and Crafurde, for the singyn of a ballat to the king in the morning, iij. unicornis," equal to two pounds fourteen shillings. Two years before, there is an entry of ten pounds "to Wilyeam Sangster of Lithquo, for a sang-buke he brocht to the king;" and almost at the same time we find given "to Cunnyngame the singar, at the kingis commande, a demy," i. e. fourteen shillings. "1496, May 23—Item, that saym nicht to ij. women that sang to the king in Strivilin, xliijs." And such entries are frequent. In the department of jesting and story-telling, we have, "April 5, 1491—to Wallace that tells the geistis," eighteen shillings; "January 22, 1507-8—Item, to ane jester, be the kingis comand," five shillings. It is a circumstance not unworthy, perhaps, of being noted, that an ancestor of the biographer of Samuel Johnson—the prince of modern literary gossips—was a conspicuous figure in the train devoted to the amusement of the Scottish monarch. Thomas Boswell, a cadet of the old house of Balmonto, and who was finally rewarded for his services by a grant of the estate of Auchinleck, is entered on one occasion, already touched upon, for the receipt of money to purchase bells to thirty dancers. On another occasion, he receives a sum to purchase dancing attire for himself. We suspect that he held an office in the court of King James, not very different from that held by his descendant in the court of King Samuel. On the 2d of August 1504, is an entry of twenty-eight shillings, given to "James Hog, the tale-teller, to fee two hors in Eskdale, with the kingis harness." Perhaps we have here another instance of collusive character and profession in remote relations.

James IV. was infected with the absurdities of alchemy. Accordingly, on the 11th day of February 1503-4, we find twenty shillings of sound money given away "to the man suld mak *aurum potable*, be the kingis commands." But the good monarch had a still stranger craze than this: he was an amateur surgeon, and seems, in that character, to have been a somewhat formidable person among his courtiers. "April 10, 1510—Item, to the blind wyf that hed her eyne schorne [i. e. we suppose, couched for the cataract], xlijs." The phrase, as Mr Pitcairn remarks, is most ominous of "evil success." It would almost appear that the king was willing to pay poor people for liberty to operate upon them. "1511-12, February 9—Item, to ane fallow becaus the king pulit furth his tooth, xlijs." "February 25—Item, to Kynnard, the barbour, for two teith drawin furth of his heid be the king, xlijs." On another occasion, his foreign minstrel Dominico receives eighteen shillings, "to gyf the king leve to lat him bluid." We may suppose that when the king puts a bounty upon the toothache, the malady will be apt to become popular.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE LAW OF SCOTLAND.

THE foundation upon which the superstructure of our law is reared, is a very ancient work entitled the "*Regiam Majestatem*." Almost no point in history has been so warmly canvassed as the authorship of this production; one party asserting it to be a compilation dictated by David I. of Scotland, and another, with equal feasibility, declaring it to be a work digested by order of Edward I. of England, and introduced by him into this country for the purpose of assimilating the Scotch with the English law. Leaving this to be cleared up by the researches of historians, it may be mentioned, that whether Edward was the patron of the *Regiam* or not, it is at least very certain, that, on conquering the northern part of the island, he was anxious to engraft upon it the institutions of his own kingdom. While he and his successor were in Scotland, the Court of King's Bench sat at Roxburgh, where cases were determined on equal terms from all parts of Britain.

This remarkable compilation of laws was the only written law of the kingdom, until James I. attempted to superadd the enactments of Parliament, and intro-

duce the civilised usages of the English government. The acts of the Scottish Parliament were for several ages of little force in a country so turbulent as Scotland; but at length, as the people became more civilised, they came into complete operation. Though these statutes were ultimately the cause of dispossessing the *Regiam*, that work was not neglected. The new laws were constituted on the model therein presented; and thus the principles of the Roman, and the other legal usages of a foreign character, have formed the basis on which almost all our municipal laws are founded.

Before proceeding farther, it may be of use to say a few words in reference to the Roman law, as developed in the Justinian code. "The emperor Justinian, who flourished in the year 533, having (says Bankton, a Scottish lawyer) by his great victories restored to the Roman empire the several vast provinces which had been dismembered from it in the times of his predecessors, by the Goths, Vandals, and other foreign nations, and enjoying perfect tranquillity, undertook the noble but difficult enterprise of reducing their laws to order, which, by their immense bulk, had fallen into great confusion; and, in the first place, he caused compile the code, consisting of the constitutions of the emperors from Adrian's time till his own, collected out of the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian codes. Next, he caused digest what was proper to have the sanction of laws of the writings of the Roman lawyers, that flourished either in times of the commonwealth, or under the emperors till the emperor Gordian, under whom Modestinus, the last of those illustrious lawyers, lived. These consisted of no less than two thousand volumes, all which were perused by the learned persons commissioned for that purpose, who excerpted such portions as they thought fit for the design, and composed them into fifty books, called the *Pandects* and *Digests*, which the emperor authorised for laws, and advised the same to be published. And the very same year he advised the Institutions, as the elements of the civil law, to be composed; these are contained in four books, to which he likewise gave the imperial sanction. He afterwards added new laws or Novels; and the whole being joined together, the greatest magazine of knowledge was thus formed that ever the world was favoured with.

These *Pandects* or written laws were lost for many centuries after the overthrow of the empire by the barbarians, and they were not discovered till the year 1137, before which time the whole of the nations of Europe were lying in the lowest pitch of degradation. A copy which had escaped the general destruction of Roman literature, it is said, was discovered accidentally in the town of Amalfi in Italy; and no sooner was the fact promulgated, than the Romish ecclesiastics addressed themselves warmly to the task of disseminating its contents throughout the different states in which they happened to be. The original copy of the *Pandects* was deposited at Florence, 1411, where, says Brenckman, an enthusiastic Dutch lawyer, who undertook a pilgrimage to study one of the manuscripts, has left a learned work on the subject; it is esteemed as the most valuable literary curiosity in existence, being preserved in purple velvet in a rich casket, and shown to travellers by the monks and magistrates bareheaded, and with lighted tapers. Modern tourists are silent respecting the present condition of the *Pandects*, but we believe they are lodged among other rare books and manuscripts in the Florentine library of Magliabechina. The lawyers of Holland have written many ponderous volumes of commentaries on the Roman law, and to these monuments of learning and industry Scottish advocates frequently find occasion to refer in their papers and pleadings. There have been several splendid editions of the *Pandects*; that commonly used is from the Dutch press, and resembles a thick octavo Bible closely printed in double columns. The word *Pandect* signifies all the words, or all the sayings.

Our lawyers now divide the common law into two departments—the written law, or that part of our jurisprudence derived from Scottish and British statutes; and the unwritten or consuetudinary law, founded on customs and usages of great antiquity, and only known by the writings of modern authors. To these there might be added a third or minor branch, composed of acts of sederunt of the Court of Session, a judicature possessing very extensive powers in the interpretation of old statutes, in the regulation of its own forms, and in the enactment of a species of by-laws, not infringing on British acts of Parliament, but calculated to supply what may have been left unprovided for in the written or unwritten law. In the exercise of a discretionary power of this description, the Court of Session generally acts with very commendable prudence; and it is fortunate for the liberties of the subject that such is the case. The old written law, or acts of the Scottish Estates, are often very tyrannical, and at least vexatious; and as there is no precise summary of abrogated and unabrogated enactments, it becomes thence the prerogative of the supreme judicatures to apply them as appears most consonant with justice and humanity.

Much of the indistinctness of the civil and criminal jurisprudence of Scotland, arising from the circumstance above quoted, has been obviated by compilations of legal institutes. The works of Mackenzie, Erskine, Stair, Hume, Bell, and other writers on the principles and forms of law, with the decisions of the courts on all kinds of cases, have considerably simplified the judicial code, and, in defiance of the apocryphal acts,

have rendered it more explicit and intelligible than that of England. Except as regards cases bearing principally on mercantile law, which is only beginning to be forced on the attention of Scottish lawyers, it apparently suits every purpose required, to the complete satisfaction of the nation. Sometimes it is severe, but more ordinarily it is temperate, and generally mild and equitable. Considering the vicissitudes through which it has come, and the prejudices of many of its constructors, it is in reality a matter of surprise how it should be so steady, efficient, and humane. Now when modified and improved by British statutes, it requires only to be administered by active and prudent judges, to be every way worthy of permanent support. Beneficial as the progressive introduction of English institutions may be, any molestation of the common law, the *lex loci*, in favour of parallel usages from England (until these usages have been primarily purified), would be a serious error in international government. Should the legislature ever contemplate the abrogation of such an important national institution, it is desirable that, in the first place, our jurisprudence be patiently studied; and if a reciprocity of laws be ultimately found expedient, that the Scotch may at least have the gratification of contributing their due proportion to the imperial code.

AN IRISH STORY.

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

THE faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. In this view the following story is written:—

The Irish plague called typhus fever raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief in different ways. Money was subscribed; wholesome food was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who standing between the old man's knees cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it. "I wish Mr Evans was in the place," cogitated Michael Carroll; but another fortnight elapsed, and Michael's hope proved vain. Mr Evans was still in London. Though a regular resident on his small Irish estate since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michael overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard steward." He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michael. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sallow looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stooped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure: but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michael saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that?" he said to himself; "only here's the old father an' her pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *ashore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have better food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to

beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room, "Don't be a-crying to-night, father—you and the child there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, my boy; a-then an' where 'ill id come from?" "A body promised it to me, father." "*Avich!* Michael; an' sure its fun you're making of us now at any rate. Bud, the good night, an' my blessin' on your head, Michael; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin' too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michael had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had indeed walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name—"the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore," continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michael; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, snivelling like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out cautiously; peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michael, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quattering the animal he had stolen from Mr Evans's field. The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear if not a dislike of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson. About an hour afterwards, Michael came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for rising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what are you about?" "Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear." "An' who's the good Christin 'ill give id to us, Michael?" "Oh, you'll know that soon, father: now, a good bye;" he hurried to the door. "A good bye, then, Michael; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michael, changing colour as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id; what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw. "Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong, or any thing to make you look so quare, an' 'spake so strange to your father, this mornin' in'; only I'll ax you, Michael, over again, who has took such a sudden likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast? an' answer me straight, Michael—what is id to be, that you call it so good?")

"The good mate, father;" he was again passing the threshold. "Stop!" cried his father, "stop, an' turn forment me. Mate?—the good mate? What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michael? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?" "Why, as I said afore, father, a body that —"

"A body that thieved id, Michael Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michael. I am old, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind,

an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say outright that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's receiver at this hour o' your life, an' after growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michael, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' gettin' comfort for the old father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone!—don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michael, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*; I won't; nothin' to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean id; only this *avourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the earth, will be sweeter to us, Michael; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow stronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we fasted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our fast."

"Well, thin, I won't, either, father, I won't; an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"But you know, Michael, there would be danger in quittin' the place widout hiding well every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michael; "what's in the place to tell on us?" "Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michael; but —"

"But what, father?" "Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn. "Out there! Where? What—what do you mean at all now, father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it." "Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so —" "*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michael, "this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night, or any other night—let me alone, I bid you, father." "Come back again, Michael," commanded old Carroll, as his son once more hurried to the door; and his words were instantly obeyed. Michael, after a glance abroad, and a start which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice, "Hushth now, father—it's time."

"No, Michael, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michael, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michael, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, this mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michael made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded—"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly; "ay and at your work in id, too." "What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice. "Enough—to hang his son," whispered Michael to his father, as Mr Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michael, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or other of his visitors. When Michael was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said smiling miserably, "God be wid you, father dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michael; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said, "I ax pardon o' you, *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot him, *avourneen*."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michael, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to trouble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' —" The many strong

and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michael could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By this imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michael. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that, if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michael, in the eyes of a jury. "Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very strange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michael for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward, "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding intercourse with Michael.

The assizes soon came on. Michael was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailor's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll." "Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailor led him by a side-door out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd. The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailor, and by many other commiserating hands near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest. Though emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, poor man," said the judge. "Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said, "My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge this day;—amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers.)

"Do you know Michael, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michael Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time how it came about that night—an' you, my lord—an' ye, gentlemen—an' all good Christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gentlemen, ye ought to

think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, indeed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another baby; an' I'd had himself down a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?" "The Lord pity him and me—I did, sir." "Doing what?" "The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"Och, musha, musha, sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands.

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs. "Michael, avich! Michael, a-corra-ma-chree!" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod.

"My father does what is right," answered Michael, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. "We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task. The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

"Gentlemen of the jury—That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigour of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him ignorant of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michael Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.—*Friendship's Offering*, 1831.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

THE Editor has been favoured with the following additional anecdote by the Rev. William Strang, minister of one of the Relief congregations, Edinburgh, illustrative of the early destitute condition of the late Dr Alexander Murray, whose life was some weeks ago presented in the Journal. Mr Strang places the circumstance to which he alludes two years later than that recorded in the autobiography; but which is the more correct, is left to the judgment of those acquainted with Murray in his juvenile days. How the incident should have been omitted in the "Life of Murray," written by himself, it is impossible to conjecture.

"Some time, I think," says Mr Strang, "in the summer of 1796, I was taking a forenoon's ride for two or three miles beyond the village of Minigaff. In ascending a hilly part of the road, I dismounted, and leading my horse, the day being warm, my attention

was attracted by a ragged boy sitting upon the heath, reading. Being in no hurry, and impelled by curiosity, I drew near, and spoke to him. Observing a number of books lying around him, I lifted one, and, opening it, found it to be Virgil. I desired him to read the first Eclogue, and he did so, *ad aperturam libri*. I asked if he knew me; he said he did. I asked if he knew where I lived; he replied, Yes. I requested him to call on Friday night at six o'clock to tea. He came; but judge Mrs Strang's astonishment when Murray appeared, and announced his invitation. Having intentionally concealed the circumstance of our interview, she was horrified at the idea of my folly in requesting a beggar boy, barefooted, clothed in rags, of whom she had never heard, to drink tea. However, after a little explanation, she was satisfied, and he was entertained with a hearty welcome. When he tasted the tea, he said it was the first he had ever drank, and thought it smelt like new-mown hay. Having expressed a wish to see Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric, I told him I had lent it to a Mr Hume, but the moment he was done with it, it should be at his service. He put a manuscript into my hands, saying it contained poems he had written in the moors; and begged of me to procure a subscription for printing them, in order to purchase clothes. I desired him to leave them with me for two or three weeks; that if I found they were good, and fit for meeting the public eye, I should comply with his request; but if not, I should take care he should soon exhibit a more respectable appearance. For obvious reasons, the idea of publishing the poems was dropped; but Murray on his return was furnished with the means of appearing in a garb more suited to his future prospects. A few days after, accidentally meeting with the Rev. Garlies Matland, minister of the parish of Minigaff, and mentioning the circumstance of Murray's acquirements in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he sent for him to his house, examined him, and recommended him to Principal Baird, by whose instrumentality, as I was informed, he procured an university education."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

BELZONI.

In the following sketch of the life of Belzoni, one of the most ingenious eastern travellers in recent times, the juvenile reader is presented with the instance of a man of good family, and naturally fine feelings, reduced by misfortunes to a state of destitution, and who, under these distressing circumstances, engaged in the meanest occupation for support, rather than forego his ambitious designs, or be a burden to those on whom he might probably have relied. An instance of this species of self-denial and humiliation, especially when occurring in the life of a person who afterwards emerged from obscurity, and raised himself to distinction, is the more valuable from its rarity, and should not pass unobserved either by the moralist, or by those who aspire to gain the esteem and respect of their fellow-creatures. It shows the absolute necessity for the youthful entrant into the world being ever ready and willing to accommodate himself to the most humble employment for subsistence, provided it be an honest one, rather than lean upon his, perhaps, already poor enough parents, or those friends and acquaintances, who, though wishing him well, have in all likelihood a sufficiency of distresses of their own; or what would be fully more criminal, gather the miserable means of personal gratification, by incurring debts they know well can never honourably be discharged. Throughout the toils of Belzoni, in adding to the stores of knowledge, by his researches amidst the ruins of empires in the East, he laboured under continual difficulties; but we ever find in him the same uprightness of disposition which characterised his outset in life. I give the memoir, as abridged by James Augustus St John, in his *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*, recently published by Messrs Colburn and Bentley, in their "National Library."

"This able and interesting traveller, descended from a respectable Roman family, was born at Padua, whither his relations had many years previously removed. Being designed by his parents for some monastic order, he was at a very early age sent to Rome, the original abode of his ancestors, where he received his education, and spent the greater part of his youth. Here the sciences would appear to have obtained a decided preference in his mind, over every other branch of study; particularly hydraulics, to which he owed the reputation which he afterwards acquired in the world, and a success which was by no means equal to his deserts. The invasion of Italy, and the capture of Rome by the French, disturbed the peaceful but insignificant plan of life which he had traced out for himself. Instead of a monk he became a traveller. Departing from Rome in the year 1800, he for some time wandered about the Continent, deriving his subsistence, as he himself observes, from his own knowledge and industry, and occasional remittances from his family, who, though by no means wealthy, seem to have been generously disposed to afford him a support, which he, in a short time, no less generously refused to accept. In the year 1803, he arrived in England, where he not long afterwards married. In this country he supported himself, as is well known, by performing, in public, feats of prodigious strength, and by scientific exhibitions; still, with a manly independence, preferring the gaining of a precarious subsistence by these means to the idea of draining the slender resources of his family, or of resorting to those more easy but less reputable sources of gain which too frequently employ the talents of foreigners in England. Having remained nine years in Great Britain, Belzoni conceived the desire of visiting the south of Europe; and, taking his wife along with him, travelled through Portugal, Spain and Malta. It seems to have been during this part of his travels that he learned, from what he considered unexceptionable authority, that his scientific knowledge might

be turned to good account in Egypt, where an hydraulic machine would be of the greatest utility in irrigating the fields, which want water only to make them produce at any season of the year.

He accordingly took his passage on board of some ship bound for Egypt, and arrived in the harbour of Alexandria on the 9th of June 1815. The plague, he was informed, was now in the city, but gradually decreasing in malignity. Though antiquities, as he observes, were not at that time his object, he could not refrain from visiting the Pyramids. He accordingly accompanied an English gentleman to the spot, where they passed the night, and long before dawn had ascended the summit of the highest pile, to behold the sun rise over the land of Egypt.

'The scene here,' says he, 'is majestic and grand, far beyond description; a mist over the plains of Egypt formed a veil, which ascended and vanished gradually as the sun rose, and unveiled to the view that beautiful land, once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids on the south marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn, endless spectacle of the Desert, on the west, inspired us with reverence for the all-powerful Creator. The fertile lands on the north, with the serpentine course of the Nile, descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo, and its minarets, at the foot of the Mokatum mountain, on the east; the beautiful plain which extends from the Pyramids to that city; the Nile, which flows magnificently through the centre of the sacred valley; and the thick groves of palm-trees under our eyes, altogether formed a scene of which a very imperfect idea can be given by the most elaborate description.'

Belzoni found, upon calculation, that his finances would still enable him to ascend the Nile as far as Assouan, and was about to proceed up the country, when Burckhardt and Mr Sak, who had previously discussed the point together, determined upon the removal of the colossal head of young Memnon to England, for the purpose of being presented to the British Museum; and requested our traveller, as one of the fittest persons that could be thought of, to undertake the task.

In a letter addressed to the African Association, dated Cairo, February 20, 1817, he says, 'You will be pleased to hear that the colossal head from Thebes has at last, after many difficulties, safely arrived at Alexandria. Mr Belzoni, who offered himself to undertake this commission, has executed it with great spirit, intelligence, and perseverance. The head is now waiting at Alexandria for a proper conveyance to Malta. Mr Salt and myself have borne the expenses jointly; and the trouble of the undertaking has devolved upon Mr Belzoni, whose name I wish to be mentioned, if ever ours shall, on this occasion, because he was actuated by public spirit fully as much as ourselves.'

Few things are more interesting in themselves, or less captivating in description, than a search after antiquities. Belzoni, after visiting Hermonthis and Dendera, arrived at Thebes, which, from the time of Germanicus to the present moment, has excited the wonder and admiration of every traveller who has beheld it. 'It is absolutely impossible,' says Belzoni, 'to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proof of their existence.'

After a brief examination of these mighty ruins, he crossed to the western bank of the Nile, where, amid the vast remains of the Memnonium, was the colossal head which he was to remove. He found it, he says, near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling on him at the thought of being taken to England. The implements which he had brought from Cairo were sufficiently simple: fourteen poles, each of which was employed in making a sort of car to lay the bust on, four ropes of palm-leaves, and four rollers, without tackle of any sort. Their boat lying too far off to be used as a lodging every night, they established themselves in the Memnonium, where, as the traveller remarks, they were handsomely lodged in a small hut formed of stones. Mrs Belzoni seems in fact to have been as enterprising and romantic as her husband, and made no difficulty about the rudeness of their accommodation. Into a detail of his laborious exertions, or those of the Arabs, in conveying the head to the Nile, I do not think it necessary to enter; it will be sufficient to state that, after incredible toil and perseverance, it was at length brought to the edge of the stream on the 12th of August 1816.

This object being effected, he made an excursion to the sepulchral excavations in the mountain of Gornou, celebrated for the quantity of mummies which they contain. Into this vast labyrinth he entered with two Arabs and his interpreter; they were in search of a sarcophagus which was said to have been discovered by Drovetti—but, in roaming about amid the dreary passages, lost their way, which, without extraordinary good fortune, might have been the first step to losing their lives. In labouring to find a passage out, they came to a small aperture, through which the interpreter and one of the Arabs passed easily, but Belzoni, who was a very large man, found it too small. 'One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter, and it was then agreed,' says he, 'that I and the other Arab should wait till their return. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, 'O mon Dieu! O mon Dieu! je suis perdu!' after which a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab whether he had ever been in that place; he replied 'Never.' I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly,

I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer. I watched a long time, but no one returned, and my situation was no very pleasant one.'

At length, however, by dint of laborious perseverance, they issued into upper air; and as the sarcophagus which they had discovered could not at that moment be removed, our traveller conceived the design of making a small excursion into Nubia. Accordingly, he proceeded up the river to Assouan, where, after much altercation, he procured a fresh boat to carry him to the second cataract. He admired, in passing, the beautiful island of Phile, rich in the ruins of antiquity. On the next day, several natives, armed with spears and shields of crocodile skins, came in boats to attack them on the river; but observing them, Mrs Belzoni and all, to be armed with pistols, they very prudently retired. At Deir, the capital of Lower Nubia, our traveller purchased with a small looking-glass permission to continue his voyage. Previous to this, many of the people of the country had never enjoyed the gratification of contemplating the reflection of their own countenances, unless, like Polyphemus, they made a mirror of the glassy stream. On arriving at Ipsambul, he saw with amazement the great rock-temple discovered by Burckhardt. He immediately conceived the design of clearing away the sand which obstructed the entrance into the temple, and made the proposal to the villagers, promising, in order to excite them to the task, a present in money; but soon found that he had at length arrived in a region where money had ceased to be omnipotent. The people stared at his piasters as they would have stared at a letter in an unknown language, and inquired who would give them any thing for such small bits of metal as those. However, he by degrees succeeded in convincing them that money possessed over civilised men, and all who came within their influence, a mysterious power which they could not resist, and thus awakened in their souls the 'accursed thirst of gold.' This seemed at first to produce a good effect; but the love of money once excited, they knew not where to stop; and their avarice, which he had reckoned his best ally, soon exhausted his means, so that before he had half completed his undertaking, he was compelled to desist, and continue his voyage up the Nile to Ibrim and the first cataract.

Having gratified his curiosity with a glance at these celebrated spots, Belzoni returned to Assouan, and from thence proceeded to Thebes, where he immediately put in train the measures necessary for conveying down the river the Memnon's head, and various other antiquities. The obstacles which were thrown in his way by the obstinacy of the natives, and the intrigues of Drovetti, and other collectors of antiquities, were numerous, and highly disgraceful to their originators. Nevertheless, on the 17th of November 1816, he succeeded in placing the head on board of a boat, in which he set sail on the 21st for Cairo, where he arrived on the 15th of December, after a voyage of twenty-four days.

From Cairo, Belzoni proceeded with the bust down the Nile to Rosetta and Alexandria; from whence, after having placed his charge in the pasha's warehouses, he quickly returned, for the purpose of proceeding on a second voyage up the Nile. At Eraromoun, near Ashmounet, Belzoni obtained intelligence that two agents of M. Drovetti were hurrying on towards Thebes, in the hope of forestalling him in the purchase of antiquities, upon which he hired two asses, and, leaving Mr Beechey to come up slowly with the boat, hurried off by night. On reaching the ruins, after an incredibly fatiguing journey of five days, he found that, although the agents had not arrived, Mr Salt's neglect, in not paying the way with a handsome present, had so completely irritated the bey, that he had appropriated to the French ex-consul the very ground upon which Belzoni had commenced his excavations during his first journey.

The most interesting transaction, perhaps, in which our traveller was any where engaged, was his visit to the Necropolis of Thebes, in the mountain of Gornou. This is a track of about two miles in length at the foot of the Libyan ridge. Every part of these rocks is scooped out into a sepulchre, which, however close it may be to other sepulchral chambers, has rarely any interior communication with them. It is impossible, as Belzoni observes, to convey by description an adequate idea of these subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. No other sepulchres in the world resemble them; there are no excavations or mines that can be compared with those astonishing places, which, when once seen, for ever after haunt the imagination, like a glimpse of the regions beyond the grave. Few travellers see more of these catacombs than the exterior chambers, from which the dead have been removed. In the interior sepulchres the air is suffocating, and frequently causes fainting. The dust of decayed mummies, which is so fine that it quickly penetrates in vast quantities to the lungs, and causes a difficulty of respiration; the strong effluvia of decomposed bodies; the dark, dismal, lonesome nature of the place—every thing tends to discourage the intruder. Belzoni was not, however, to be deterred. In describing the difficulties which he here encountered, he observes, 'In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls; the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air; the different objects that surrounded me seeming to converse with each other; and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting; till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and

though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not move from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that the body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not help being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies, piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, and in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelope the mummy.'

Belzoni continued indefatigably making new researches both at Gornou and Carnae, but was at length put to flight by the machinations of the French, who had succeeded in gaining over to their party the bey of the province. Having completed his laborious occupations, our traveller returned to his old station at Thebes, where he continued his researches in the valley of Bebanel Malook. Here, among other remarkable antiquities, he discovered one relic of the ancient world, which certainly appears to rank among the most beautiful that have ever been exhumed. 'It is,' says he, 'a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches, and it is transparent when a light is placed inside it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, united with several emblems, &c. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared to it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces.'

Of the tomb in which this extraordinary monument was found, a model was many years afterwards exhibited in London, and so exceedingly well executed was the representation, that, had it not been for the crowds of visitors, one might easily have imagined oneself in the sepulchres of the Egyptian kings. Belzoni wanted but one thing to render him one of the greatest antiquarian collectors in the world: this one thing was money. But for the lack of this many of his most arduous and well-planned enterprises came to nothing.

From Thebes, with which he was now as familiar as he was with London, he some time after this proceeded to Cairo. He had by this time acquired quite a passion for excavations, tomb-opening, and all those other pursuits by which travellers aim at diving into the mysteries of Egyptian manners and arts; and reflecting upon the success of Captain Caviglia in descending into the well of the Great Pyramid, the project of attempting the opening of the second occurred to him. It were beside my purpose to describe the difficulties which he encountered and overcame in the execution of this design. His labours were incessant; his expenses considerable; but, at length, after success had frequently appeared hopeless, the entrance to the interior chambers was found. 'After thirty days' exertion,' says he, 'I had the pleasure of finding myself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two great Pyramids of Egypt, which have long been the admiration of beholders!'

Having made some other discoveries, he again returned to the valley of the Nile, where he was for some time occupied in the removal of various antiquities. He then descended to the seacoast, and on the 20th of April 1819, set out from Rosetta, on an excursion to the district of Fayoum, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. After roaming about the shores of Lake Moeris for some time, for he had no leisure for making researches, he visited the ruins of Aronde, consisting of a few granite columns, and fragments, and mounds, and burnt bricks. He then prepared to cross the Desert to the Oasis, which was an affair of some difficulty. Nevertheless, he at length succeeded in completing his preparations, and commenced his journey, accompanied by a Bedouin guide, and three or four other persons. Even here, in the Desert, ruins of Egyptian edifices, beautifully sculptured with hieroglyphics, were found. The scene at first lay among low rocks, sandy hills, and barren valleys, which were gradually exchanged for a plain of sand, as level as the sea, and thickly strewed with brown and black pebbles. They continued during five days their journey over this dreary waste, at the end of which time they perceived the rocks of the Oasis, and beheld two crows coming as it were to meet them. In the afternoon they entered the valley, which is surrounded by high rocks, and forms in the midst a spacious plain, about twelve or fourteen miles long, and about six in breadth. 'There is only a very small portion of the valley cultivated on the opposite side to that which we reached, and it can only be distinguished by the woods of palm-trees which cover it. The rest of the valley is wholly covered with tracks of sand, but it is evidently seen it has once been cultivated every where. Many tracks of land are of a clayey substance, which could be brought into use even now. There are several small hills scattered about, some with a natural spring at the top, and covered with rushes and small

plants. We advanced towards a forest of date-trees, and before evening we reached within a mile of a village named Zaboo, all of us exceedingly thirsty: here we observed some cultivation, several beds of rice, and some sunt trees, &c. Before the camels arrived, they scented the water at a distance; and as they had not drank since they left Rejan, they set off at full gallop, and did not stop till they reached a rivulet, which was quite sweet, although the soil was almost impregnated with salt. I observed here a great many birds, particularly wild ducks, in greater abundance than any other.

The first man who perceived them after their entrance into the valley evinced a disposition to shoot Belzoni; but, upon the explanation of the Bedouin guide, consented to conduct them to the village. 'We advanced,' says our traveller, 'and entered a lane between these plants; and as we penetrated farther, we entered a most beautiful place, full of dates, intermixed with other trees, some in blossom and others in fruit: these were apricots, figs, almonds, plums, and some grapes. The apricots were in greater abundance than the rest, and the figs were very fine. The soil was covered with verdure of grass and rice, and the whole formed a most pleasing recess, particularly after the barren scenes of the desert.'

His reception at this village was equivocal, there being several sheikhs, each of whom made pretensions to authority. Some were disposed to treat him kindly, while others, more morose, kept at a distance; but a few cups of coffee, judiciously distributed, and followed by a sheep boiled in rice, reconciled the whole; although they next morning, when they were again hungry, relapsed into their former rude manners. Like all other ignorant people, they supposed that he must necessarily be in search of treasure, and for some time refused to conduct him to the ruins of which he was in search; but upon being assured that whatever treasures might be discovered should fall to their share, while all he stipulated for was a few stones, they consented to accompany him. The ruins, which with much probability he concluded to be those of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, now served, he found, as a basement for nearly a whole village, in the vicinity of which he discovered the famous 'Fountain of the Sun,' which is warm at midnight and cold at noon. This is a well of sixty feet deep by eight square, which, overflowing in a considerable rivulet, serves to irrigate some cultivated lands. All around is a grove of palm and other trees. The temperature of the water, however, continues at all times the same; all its apparent changes being accounted for by the greater or lesser degree of heat in the atmosphere.

From this excursion Belzoni returned to Egypt, from whence he embarked for Europe about the middle of September 1819. After an absence of twenty years he returned to his family; whence he departed for England, where he completed and published his travels. A few years afterwards, this enterprising and able traveller fell in an attempt to penetrate into the interior of Africa."

THE NIGER.

THE Brothers Landers, whose unpublished travels have been already noticed in the Journal, having descended the Cubbie, a stream which falls into the Niger, soon entered the latter, of which we have the following description:—"On all the borders of the numerous branches of the river, as well as on its small islands, vast quantities of corn were growing; and it being near the time of harvest, it was nearly ripe, and waved over the water's edge very prettily. Platforms were every where erected to the height of or rather above the corn, which grows as high as ten or twelve feet. People were stationed on these to scare away the numerous flights of small birds, which do great mischief, and would, without this precaution, destroy the hopes of the cultivator. A boy or girl, and in many cases a woman with a child at her breast, and even a whole family together, we observed on the platforms, amusing themselves in this manner, without the slightest shade or covering of any kind to shelter them from the fierceness of the sunbeams. Standing erect and motionless, many of them looked like statues of black marble rather than living human beings; but others, particularly the women, disregarding their duty, were industriously employed in plaiting straw, supplying the wants of their children, manufacturing mats, dressing provisions, &c. In order the more effectually to frighten away the birds, several of the watchers were furnished with slings and stones, in the use of which they seem to be very skilful; besides these, lines of rope were fastened from the platform to a tree at some distance, to which large calabashes were suspended, with holes in them, through which sticks were passed, so that when the line is pulled away, they make a loud clattering noise. The calabashes are sometimes fastened whole to the rope, containing about a handful of stones, which answer the purpose of making a noise when put in motion, as well as the sticks. To this is often added the hallooing and screaming of the watchers, which is dismal enough to frighten an evil spirit, and it rarely fails to produce the desired effect. The inhabitants of many of the numerous walled towns and open villages on the banks of the Niger, and also of the islands, we find are for the most part Cumbric people—a poor, despised, and abused, but industrious

and hard-working race. They are but too often oppressed and persecuted by their more fortunate and powerful neighbours, who affirm that they are fitted by nature only for slaves, and are therefore invariably treated by them as such.

Tuesday, Oct. 5th.—Before sunrise this morning, our luggage was removed to the beach, and between six and seven o'clock we were once more upon the water. Just below the town of Bajiebo, the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches, of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river."

EMIGRATION.

THE next farm which Mr Fergusson visited was that of Mr Chesney, and which he marks No. 3 in the list. "This farm," says he, "measures 106 acres, with wood sufficient for the use of the property—about forty acres of very fine holm, capable of yielding, I was assured, 40 or 45 bushels of oats, or other grain in proportion. This farm could be had for L.530, and would certainly return L.45 or L.50 clear. It was in very fair order.

4th, Mr Vely's farm, 118 acres, 40 acres of most superior holm; the upland good, with a stream running through it. The houses appeared to be new. This farm could be had for L.400, and the return could not be less than L.35 or L.40.

5th, A farm of 300 acres, occupied by Colonel Grant, at a rent of 300 dollars, L.67, 10s. The soil is good loam; nine parts of it are clay. A new dwelling-house and a good barn, with a valuable wood lot. It might be bought for L.1500.

The whole of these properties were evidently susceptible of great improvement, though in foul and bad condition. The local situation was good; the Champlain Canal passing within half a mile, but separated by the river. The roads are either already turnpike, or becoming such, though certainly not of a description to pass through the ordeal of Mr Macadam. Nos. 3 and 4 are contiguous, and might be advantageously thrown into one estate.

The American farmers live comfortably, and at a very moderate expense. Candles and soap are generally manufactured from kitchen refuse. A good housewife assured me that the butcher's meat for her family, fifteen in number, did not exceed in whole 1s. per day (three meals), except when she allowed them turkeys and other poultry, when she reckoned the expense at 2s. 6d. The flour consumed did not exceed 4s. 6d. per week. They have fruit, both fresh and preserved, in the utmost profusion; and the cider barrel is always ready broached. A good many articles of clothing are spun or woven at home; and the geese are subjected to periodical contributions towards the bedding of the household, or the feathers sold at a good price.

At a later period in my tour, I passed through a considerable portion of the Genessee country, celebrated for its great fertility, and the superior quality of its produce. Upon entering this part of New York state from Canada, I was immediately struck by the superior quality of the cattle. On many farms I observed a variety of these in shape and size greatly resembling the heavy class of our West Highlanders. They were chiefly of a dark brindled colour, and many of them really handsome. I did not see one portion of the Genessee district, which is said to be uncommonly rich; but what came under my view, in a journey of between three and four hundred miles in this part of the country, was certainly very fine. The surface is finely undulated—rivers, brooks, lakes, farms, villages, and forest scenery, all presenting themselves in succession. The soil is sometimes rather light, but generally a good, and often a rich, black loam.

The crops of wheat, clover, rye, peas, and Indian corn, all looked well, and the orchards of peach, plum, apple, &c. were richly laden with blossom. The houses and buildings I found generally very good. Where land is let for a money rent, it is commonly 4s. 6d. per acre. Old farms sell at from L.4, 10s. to L.9 per acre, including houses, orchards, &c.

I found every where in this quarter noble single trees, elm, oak, &c. judiciously left in the fields, affording both ornament and shelter, and the total absence of which, in many cultivated portions of Canada and the States, gives an appearance of nakedness even in situations where wood is treated as a nuisance. I would remark, also, that a great improvement, in shelter and beauty, would be effected by frequently substituting hedges for rail-fences. An English farmer near Geneva, I was informed, has miles of fine hawthorn hedges, four feet high, and completely belying the assertion that thorns will not succeed in America. His practice is to plant in a trench, not upon a ridge or bank, as the great risk of failure is from the summer drought. Before reaching Albany, I travelled the greatest part of one day through the valley of the Mohawk, and upon which lie the rich German flats. It is a noble country, and the land of the first quality, but farmed too often in a slovenly manner. The country of Michigan, which I have selected as a sample of new settlement in the west, has in a great degree supplanted Ohio, Illinois, &c. It lies between 41° 31' and 45° 40' N. Lat., and 5° 12' and 10° West Long., to the westward of Lake Erie, and including an immense extent of country capable of improvement, with fine water privileges. Detroit, an old French town, is its capital. By a reference to the map, it will be seen that Michigan can readily avail itself of New York, New Orleans, or Montreal, as markets, and must of course derive from such facilities of intercourse considerable advantage. The climate is temperate and healthy. Winter sets in generally about the middle of November, and continues till about the middle of March. At Detroit, in 1818, the mean heat of January was 24°; and in 1820, the mean heat of July was 69°; of December 27°. The soil is in general a good fertile loam, upon limestone; and in some places a calcareous earth is turned up, mixed with the common soil, which is extremely productive. Clay is also prevalent in some parts. This territory is better watered than any other in the United States. There is an abundance of game, deer, bears, hares, ducks, turkeys, quails, &c., and it is finely diversified with lakes and brooks, rising in most parts from copious springs.

Michigan is not yet admitted into the Union as a state. Intelligent settlers consider this to be no disadvantage. The expense of their public works, as roads, bridges, jails, court-houses, &c., is defrayed by the general government, in place of being assessed upon themselves; and although they cannot boast of one or two members of Congress, their interests are sufficiently watched by a delegate, who resides at Washington for that purpose. Mr Stackhouse describes the scenery as in many places highly romantic. The timber consists of black walnut, elm, beech, oak, hickory, sugar maple, &c. The produce of the land runs from 25 to 50 bushels after one bushel sown of wheat, Indian corn, &c. Turnips are likely to succeed well, also beet and mangel wurzel. Prices of stock, &c. seem to be much the same as in Canada. Horses cost from L.18 to L.22, 10s.; oxen from L.15 to L.18 a pair. Mechanics are establishing themselves wherever demand for their labour is found. The lakes and rivers abound with fish, as trout, white fish, bass, &c., and game is plentiful. The Indians are found in the more remote parts of the country, but they are perfectly harmless, and seldom come near the settlers. I may add, that the journey from Michigan to New York is easily accomplished in six days.

In 1820, a government expedition was sent into the western country, for the purpose of ascertaining the natural advantages and productions. The report is highly favourable to the fertility and capabilities of Michigan. An extensive range of country upon the River and Bay of Saginaw, on Lake Huron, is spoken of, in terms of high admiration, for the richness of the soil, and natural beauty of the scenery, and also as presenting uncommon inducements to enterprising and industrious farmers and mechanics, from its central and advantageous position for business. Saginaw Bay is about 60 miles in length, and 30 miles wide, with numerous fine islands. It is 180 miles west of Detroit. Game is mentioned to be very abundant, consisting of deer, bear, brown rabbit, or hare, weighing about 6lb., partridge or grouse, pigeons, ducks, &c. Fox River is also specially noticed as highly desirable for settlers, in regard to quality of soil, beauty and local advantages. It runs into the west end of Lake Michigan."—*Agricultural Journal*.—To be continued.

COLUMN FOR THE STUDIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

PROGRESSIVE CONDITION OF MAN.

WHILE the inferior races of animals seem to have changed as little in any respect since the beginning of human records, as the trees and herbs of the thickets which give many of them shelter, the condition of man himself has fluctuated, and, on the whole, progressed, in a very remarkable manner. The inferior animals were formed by their Creator such, that, within one life or generation, they should attain all the perfection of which their nature was susceptible. Their wants were either immediately provided for—as instanced in the clothing of feathers to birds, and of furs to quadrupeds; or were so few and simple, that the supply was easy to very limited powers—except in a few cases where considerable art was required, as by the bee in making its honey-cell, or by the bird in constructing its beautiful nest, and there, a peculiar aptitude or instinct was bestowed. Thus, a crocodile which issues from its egg in the warm sand, and never sees its parent, becomes as perfect and knowing as any crocodile that has lived before or that will appear after it. But how different from this is the story of man! He comes into the world the most helpless of living beings, long to continue so; and if deserted by parents at an early age, so that he can learn only what the experience of one life may teach him—as to a few individuals has happened who yet have attained maturity in woods and deserts—he grows up in some respects inferior to the nobler brutes. Now, as regards many regions of the earth, history exhibits the early human inhabitants in states of ignorance and barbarism, not far removed from this lowest possible grade, which civilised men may shudder to contemplate. But these countries, occupied formerly by straggling hordes of miserable savages, who could scarcely defend themselves against the wild beasts that shared the woods with them, and the inclemencies of the weather, and the consequences of want and fatigue, and who to each other were often more dangerous than any wild beasts, unceasingly warring among themselves, and destroying each other with every species of savage, and even cannibal, cruelty—countries so occupied formerly, are now become the abodes of myriads of peaceful, civilised, and friendly men, where the desert and impenetrable forest are changed into cultivated fields, rich gardens, and magnificent cities. It is the strong intellect of man, operating with the faculty of language as a means, which has gradually worked this wonderful change. By language fathers have communicated their gathered experience and reflections to their children, and these to succeeding children, with new accumulation: and when, after many generations, the precious store had grown until simple memory could retain no more, the arts of writing, and then of printing, arose, making language visible and permanent, and enlarging illimitably the repositories of knowledge. Language, thus, at the present moment of the world's existence, may be said to bind the whole human race of uncounted millions into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginnings of written records, and retains imperishably the important events that have occurred; whose judgment, analysing the treasures of memory, has discovered many of the sublime and unchanging laws of nature, and has built on them all the arts of life, and through them, piercing far into futurity, sees clearly many of the events that are to come; and whose eyes and ears and observant mind at this moment, in every corner of the earth, are watching and recording new phenomena, for the purpose of still better comprehending the magnificence and beautiful order of creation, and of more worthily adoring its beneficent author. But there is a change going on in the world, connected closely with the progress of science, yet distinct from it, and more important than half of the scientific discoveries—it is the *diffusion of existing knowledge* among the mass of mankind. Formerly knowledge was shut up in convents and universities, and in books written in the dead languages—or in books which, if in the living languages, were so abstruse and artificial, that only a few persons had access to their meaning; and thus, considering the human race as one great intellectual creature, a small fraction only of its intellect was allowed to come into contact with science, and therefore into activity; which fraction, moreover, was often only half exerted, because sufficient motive was wanting. The progress of science in those times was correspondingly slow, and the evils of general ignorance prevailed. Now, however, the strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth; old establishments are adapting themselves to the spirit of the age; new establishments are arising; the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction; and good books are rendering every man's fireside a school. From all these causes there is growing up an *enlightened public opinion*, which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is now rapidly becoming the governing influence in all the affairs of man.—*Arnott's Physics*.

DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS

The perfection of astronomical instruments has afforded the prospect of being able to determine the Annual Parallax, and, consequently, the distance of the fixed stars; but the quantity of deviation is so small as to have hitherto eluded the closest observation. It cannot amount to a single second in the most conspicuous and probably the nearest of the stars. These luminous bodies must therefore be more distant at least two hundred thousand times than the measure of the diameter of the earth. The light emitted from such neighbouring suns, though it flies with enormous rapidity, must yet travel more than six thousand years before it approaches the confines of our system. But scattered over the immensity of space, there may exist bodies which, by their magnitude and predominant attraction, retain or recall the rays of light, and are lost in solitude and darkness. Had the celerity of the luminous particles not exceeded four hundred miles in a second, we should never have enjoyed the cheering beams

of the sun. They would have been arrested in their journey, and drawn back to their source, before they reached the orbit of Mercury. But a star similar to our sun, and having a diameter 63 times greater, would entirely overpower the impetus of light.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

FAHRENHEIT.

The first who succeeded in constructing thermometers with adequate skill was Fahrenheit. This ingenious man had been a merchant at Dantzic, and through misfortune failed in business; but having a good taste for mechanics, he removed into Holland, and settled as a philosophical instrument maker at Amsterdam. He began with spirit of wine thermometers, which he formed much smaller and neater than had been attempted before. But he soon preferred quicksilver, and having found it to expand from freezing water to blood heat, about 60 parts in 10,000, he assumed the number 64, and obtained the degrees by repeated bisections. In this practice he was confirmed, on observing what he considered as extreme cold, to descend just through half that space, or 32 degrees. From a mixture of water, ice, and sal ammoniac, the scale commenced; 32 degrees were allotted for the interval to ice-water, and 64 more for the ascent to blood heat. But he afterwards enlarged the range, and assumed another point from the limit of boiling water, which he placed at the 212th degree in the mean state of the atmosphere, though liable to some variation from the change of barometric pressure. Such was now his confidence in the delicacy of the construction, that he proposed the thermometer as an instrument for ascertaining the heights of mountains from the depressed temperature of boiling water; a very simple method, which has been lately revived by the reverend Mr Wollaston.—*Ibid.*

EXPERIMENTS ON THE CHANGES OF WIND.

Dr Forster of Boreham has found, by a long series of experiments made with small air balloons, that the upper currents of air, which cross each other in various directions in more elevated regions of the atmosphere, usually come down, and blow next to the surface of the earth and the waters, in the same order of succession in which they have previously blown aloft. He thinks, likewise, that the currents of wind which he has encountered in his numerous journeys over mountains, in the pursuit of meteorological phenomena, have been explained on similar principles to those which blow over the sea; and that the Alpine gales which cross the mountain-tops in the Swiss and Savoyard Alps, descend and sweep the valleys within the space of thirty hours. These experiments were begun so long ago as the year 1811; and after fifty or more experiments with small balloons, and nearly double that number with large kites, tied one above another, so as to ascend to great heights, he has deduced the result, not only that upper currents descend to the earth, but also that gales of wind are usually circumvolvent, like whirlwinds of great extent, and do not, as has been hitherto supposed, blow in straight lines. Dr Forster has likewise made the important remark, that during his last aerial voyage in a very large balloon, filled with inflammable air, he moved in a circuitous or gyrating course, the periphery of which diminished, or, in other words, the curvature increased as the balloon ascended; and that, in proportion as the spiral approached its vertex, at the elevation of above six thousand feet, the motion was slower. This circumstance is exceedingly curious, being the reverse of the mechanical law, according to which equal areas are described in equal times by revolving bodies; and it tends, therefore, to prove that the causes of wind are not mechanical, but electrical.

POLARISATION OF LIGHT.

Some remarkable facts accompanying the double refraction produced by Iceland spar, which Bartolin, Huyghens, and Newton, had observed, led the latter to conceive the singular idea that a ray of light, after its emergence from such a crystal, acquires *sides*, that is to say, distinct relations to surrounding space, which it carries with it through its whole subsequent course, and which give rise to all those curious and complicated phenomena which are now known under the name of the *polarisation of light*. These results, however, appeared so extraordinary, and offered so little handle for further inquiry, that their examination dropped, as if by common consent; Newton himself resting content with urging strongly the apparent incompatibility of these properties with the Huyghenian doctrine, but without making any attempt to explain them by his own. From the period of Newton's optical discoveries to the commencement of the present century, no great accession to our knowledge of the nature of light was made, if we except one, which, from its invaluable practical application, must ever hold a prominent place in the annals both of art and science; we mean the discovery of the principle of the achromatic telescope, which originated in a discussion between the celebrated geometer Euler, Klingenshierna, an eminent Swedish philosopher, and our own countryman, the admirable optician Dollond. After a long torpor, the knowledge of the properties of light began to make fresh progress about the end of the last century, advancing with an accelerated rapidity, which has continued unabated to the present time. The example was set by our late admirable and lamented countryman, Dr Wollaston, who re-examined and verified the laws of double refraction in Iceland spar announced by Huyghens. Attention being thus drawn to the subject, the geometry of Laplace soon found a means of explaining at least one portion of the mystery of this singular phenomenon, by the Newtonian theory of light, applied under certain supposed conditions; and the reasoning which led him to the result (at that time quite unexpected) may justly be regarded as one of his happiest efforts. The prosecution of the subject, which had now acquired a high degree of interest, was encouraged by the offer of a prize on the part of the French Academy of Sciences; and it was in a memoir which received this honourable reward on that occasion in 1810, that Malus, a retired officer of engineers in the French army, announced the great discovery of the *polarisation of light* by ordinary reflection at the surface of a transparent body. Malus found that when a beam of light is

reflected from the surface of such a body at a certain angle, it acquires precisely the same singular property which is impressed upon it in the act of double refraction, and which Newton had before expressed by saying that it possessed *sides*. This was the first circumstance which pointed out a connection between that hitherto mysterious phenomenon and any of the ordinary modifications of light; and it proved ultimately the means of bringing the whole within the limits, if not of a complete explanation, at least of a highly plausible theoretical representation. So true is, in science, the remark of Bacon, that no natural phenomenon can be adequately studied in itself alone, but, to be understood, must be considered as it stands connected with all nature.—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy*.

INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.

The valuable invention of the compass is equally involved in mystery, and its real discoverer is unknown. Lafiteau, in his history of the Portuguese Discovery in the New World, says, that Vasco di Gama brought it to Lisbon from the coast of Africa, on his return from Meliada, where the Arabs then used it, and he believed the Portuguese to have been until then ignorant of it. Some attribute it to Flavia Gioja of Amalphi, about the year 1302; while others again are of opinion that the invention is due to the Chinese, and that one of their emperors, a celebrated astrologer, was acquainted with it 1120 years before the Christian era; nor have others again been wanting, who have supported the opinion that it was known in the time of Solomon. The ancient Greeks and Romans are also supposed by some to have used it, but the silence of Pliny on this subject, says Senor Navarete, "renders this doubtful."—*Nautical Magazine*.

MARINE POPULATION.

The ocean teems with life—the class of polyps alone are conjectured by Lamarck to be as strong individuals as insects. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals, budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echini, and testacea, while almost every tide-washed rock is carpeted with fuci and studded corallines, actiniae, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones, which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalists; and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus, as to the Balæna, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial (the temperature of the sea being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the ocean those of the terrestrial), yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land. Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, as we before stated, that exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organic life.—*Lyell's Geology*.

SONNETS BY WORDSWORTH.

ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful place of retreat, in the country of the lakes.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
—The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply: with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the abode—foremost to sigh,
As many do, repining while they enjoy;
Intruders who would tear from nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the poor,
Thou roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched would melt, and melt away.

GRANDŒUR OF NATURE.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand:
The sun is peopled; and with spirits blest,
Say, can the gentle moon be unpossessed?
Huge ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fort, erected at her sage command.
Is this a vernal thought? Even so—the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no part.

COMMERCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

It appears from a document laid before Parliament, relative to the exports and imports of this country for the year ending the 5th of January 1829, that the total of our exports to France was only £546,000, being less, by above £130,000, than our exports to Prussia, whilst our imports from France exceeded £2,600,000. Our imports from Russia amounted to above £4,000,000, and our exports to above £2,500,000—but the balance of trade with that country has hitherto been in our favour. From Germany and the Netherlands we imported to the value of a little more than £3,000,000, and we exported to these countries to the amount of above £14,000,000. The imports from Gibraltar were small, but our exports exceeded £2,000,000. With Spain and the Canaries the imports exceeded the exports by about £1,500,000. With Turkey the exports amounted that year to above £1,200,000, and the imports to about £600,000. With Portugal, the exports exceeded the imports by about £2,000,000. Such was the relative state of our European imports and exports. The exports to and imports from Barbary, Egypt, and the western coast of Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and the Isle of Bourbon, nearly balanced each other, and did not exceed £1,000,000. Asia afforded a larger sum both in imports and exports. To the East Indies and China we exported to the value of £6,300,000, and imported nearly £8,000,000. From the British North American colonies and the West Indies we imported above £8,700,000, and we exported above £6,200,000. With the United States there was a difference of about £6,000,000 only between our exports and imports: the former being £3,600,000, and the latter £7,997,000. To the Brazils we exported above £3,822,000, and imported £1,382,000. To the South American republics our exports exceeded our imports by about £2,200,000. The gross amount of our exports in the above year was £62,716,702, and of our imports, £45,168,488.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

(Concluded.)

IN 1503, James formed that alliance with the Princess Margaret of England, which, one hundred years after, united the sovereignty of the two countries, and paved the way for a more intimate and beneficial connection. His preparations for this solemn ceremony were upon a most magnificent scale: the entries extend through forty leaves of the record. No less a sum than L.1045, 5s. 9d., Flemish money, is spent in the purchase of silver plate in Flanders. July 16, 1503, there was given "to Matho Auchleik, goldsmith, that wantit of the kingis crowne, v. ridaris [a denomination of weight], twa Scottish crownis, half ane angell, weyand ane unce," equal to seven pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. Many other entries occur relative to the repairing of the regalia, and a new crown to the queen. Amongst an immense variety of household furnishings, including the state bed, dresses, &c., occurs the following:—"Item, bocht fra James Hommil ane pece of Hercules, ane pece of Marcus Cori[ol]anus, twa peces of Susanna sewit togidder, ane cover for ane bed of Susanna, ane pece of Salamone, contening in the hale ten score elne, and bocht all for" one hundred and sixty pounds. Two "hary nobles" [reader, be not alarmed, coins are meant*] are given "to gilt the kingis cepture." On the day of the marriage, the following entry is made:—"The 8 day of August, the king was spousit, and gifin to him, quhilk he laid on the buke, vi. demyis and v. shillings quhyt silver." "Item, to put in his caudill, and the quenis caudill, ij. French crownis." But the most curious remains:—"Item, the 9 day of August, efter the marriage, for xv. elne claith of gold to the Comites [Countess] of Surrey of Ingland, quhen sche and her dochter Lady Gray *clippit the kingis berde*, ilk elne xxiiij., three hundred and thirty pounds. This somewhat expensive frolic acquires a melancholy interest from the reflection, that only ten years after, the husband of the fair barber (who in fact conducted the queen into Scotland) met and slew the King of Scots at Flodden! August 10, the sum of fourteen shillings was paid "to Maistr. James Henri-sonnis man, of bridill silver of ane hors giften for the quene, for hir hors were brynt in Dalkeyth." Dalkeyth was the last stage of the queen's journey before she arrived at Edinburgh; and this, we should suppose, refers to some accident which had befallen her stable at that town. We learn that the "carturis of Leith," a class of men still existing in an associated capacity, received six pounds twelve shillings for the use of twenty-two carts (six shillings each) to bring "the quenis gere [luggage] to Edinburghe fra Dalkeyth." Numerous sums were disbursed to persons of the queen's train. Twelve pounds is paid for a present of "Hollande claith giften to the Archbischep of Zork." The "trumpitis of Ingland" got forty French crownis; "the English spelair (climber) that playt the supersalt" is honoured with five; and the "eight Inglis menstralis" (of whom four remain with the queen) got forty. The "bere ledair of Ingland" receives eight crownis; "the portair" eight, "to by him ane hors;" and "the coffair" gets eighty "Scotch ridaris," which were equal to ninety-two pounds. The "coffair" must have been an official connected with "the Inglice coffir," for which four shillings are paid on the 12th August, to six men that carried it "fra the Abbey to the Castell of Edinburghe." Probably the coffir contained the first instalment of the queen's

dowry, which altogether consisted of thirty thousand gold angels, payable in three equal portions.

The marriage, as related by our historians, was celebrated with many of those chivalric exercises of which the king was so fond. Accordingly, we find innumerable entries on this score. "August 21—payit to Johnne Mayne, bowar, for sixty justing speris at the marriage, ilk pece iij.s., nine pounds. "Item, for sex score speris for turnaying," eighteen pounds. "Item, ane blak burdowne spere," five shillings. "Item, to Robert Cutelar, for 24 swordis, 41 lang, and 12 short swordis, for turnaying, ilk pece 10 shillings," forty pounds. Sums are paid for "spere hedis," and for "viraies and diemandis for speris." "September 19—to ane man to pas to Strivilin (Stirling) for bataille axes and swordis, and to cum agane that nycht," nine shillings. "October 24—to the heraldis for their composicioun of the eschet of the barres quhen Christofere Tailyour faught," six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. "November 22—to Moncur, armorar, for ane pair of cuschingis, brases, and mending of the kingis harness, at the turnaying," five French crownis. It is certainly curious to see the glitter of a tournament thus traced to the workshop, and expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is equally curious to trace, in the succeeding year, the whole paraphernalia, pomp, and circumstance of a judiciary expedition to the Borders for the repression of the thieves and broken men. This affair, styled the Raid of Eskdale, commenced in July 1504, and every item of the expense is regularly entered by the Lord Treasurer. It is a strikingly characteristic circumstance, or seems to be so, that the first expense is for horses to carry two of the king's minstrels into Eskdale, as if it had been necessary that provision should be made beforehand for entertaining his majesty with music whenever he should arrive at the scene of operations. Then there are expenses for new "leg-splentis" [greaves] to the king, for "twa dosane arrowes" and as many bow-strings, and for new jacks to several of his attendants, among whom is Thomas Boswell, the founder of the family of Auchinleck. James Hog, the tale-teller, gets eight-and-twenty shillings in part payment of "twa horse" to take the king's harness or armour into Eskdale. Twelve pounds are paid for four cross-bows and a hundred bolts; and five pounds and tenpence for "five pair spuris to the king, two pair steraip irlis, twelve riding-girths," &c. The king's *lect de camp*, or portable bed, is mended at an expense of four shillings, and carried forward to Eskdale for a further sum. There are some entries of a rather suspicious character, for two ladies respectively designated "Besse Haig" and "Besse Bertrame." For instance, August 2, 1504—"to Andro Aytoun, for Besse Haigis expense ilk day, xij. d.;" "the 10 day of August in Bigar to Besse Bertrame, be the kingis command," twenty-eight shillings. But, without further evidence, we do not consider ourselves entitled to draw any inference from these delicate premises.

The king appears to have gone first to Dumfries, passing through Biggar. August 13, forty-two shillings are disbursed at Dumfries, "to menstralis, to fe thair hors to Eskdale, and syne againe to Dumfries." "August 14—to the piparis of Dumfries, xliij.s." The next entry under our notice occurs on the 17th, when fourteen shillings are paid "to the man that hangit the thieves at the Hullirbuss," besides eightpence "for ane raip to hang thaim in"—all pretty men, no doubt, and well lamented by the ladies of Langholm. Four days after, fourteen shilling are paid "to the man that hangit the thieves in Canonby." On the same evening,

"the king was regaled with singing by two English women in his pallioun," at an expense of four-and-twenty shillings. Fifty-six shillings are given under the same date to "ane Ingliseman that gair ane bow and arrowes to the king." About this time, nine shillings are paid to "ane gyde to pas with Sir Thomas Alane to Edinburghe, for wyne to the king in Eskdale." On the 23d of August, the king is at Lochmaben, in company with the English warden, Lord Dacre, to whom he loses several sums at cards. He is again at Dumfries on the 7th, when he buys "ane Portuguese skin to be halk hudis," for which fourteen shillings are paid by the treasurer. Next day a curious entry occurs—"Be the kingis command, to William Spicehouse, in contentacioun of ane ring quhilk the king take fra him," fourteen shillings. On the 9th, five shillings are paid to "ane wif quhair the king baitet at the halking." The king, in this expedition, not only had his minstrels to cheer his hours of relaxation, but also musical instruments, and those not the most portable. "September 11—to Johnne Goldsmythe, for tursing [packing and carrying] of the *oganis* in Eskdale," forty-two shillings. An entry, exhibiting the king's sense of justice and generosity, takes place at this time:—"September 14—in Lochmaben, to ane puir man that all the court tak his lay fra him," ten shillings. Various other entries to the same effect are scattered throughout the accounts. For instance, on the very same day, he gives a unicorn, or eight-and-twenty shillings, to "ane Ingliseman that was ship-broken." In his journeys he frequently gives small sums (generally sixteenpence) to "puir wyffis be the gait." In September 1488, when just beginning his reign, he gives two pounds fourteen shillings "to puir wyffis of Ballinrefe that had thare gudis takin away be Johnne Stewart;" and on the same day eighteen shillings "till oore twa puir wyffis that the king spilt [spoiled] there corn."

At Lochmaben, on the 17th, being then on his return to the capital, he orders fourteen shillings to be given "to the crukit vicar of Dumfries, that sang to the king." Between the 17th and 19th, he seems to have been at Peebles:—"Item, in Peblis, to ane man of the lard of Dawikis, that brocht twa fair hounds to the king," fourteen shillings. This country gentleman had brought him a present of five herons at his marriage; and we now find a man feed with nine shillings and sixpence "to bere quik herounis to Dunfermlyne fra Peblis," probably a second present from Dawick. His return to the capital is marked by his giving twelve pence on the 19th "to ane puir wif on the mure of Edinburghe."

It is well known that James suffered considerably from remorse on account of the concern which he had, however innocently, in his father's death. Beneath all his gaieties there lurked a rankling care; and though his exterior was that of a gallant and insouciant knight, he wore next his skin a heavy penitential chain, to which a link was added every year. As another method of making his peace with heaven, he used to undertake pilgrimages to the remote shrine of St Duthoc at Tain, which was then held in particular sanctity. The accounts upon one of these journeys afford a curious jumble of gay and solemn things; for it is to be observed that there was no penitence by the way. The whole train of minstrels, and other officials necessary to the king's pleasure, are carried with him; and he indulges as much as usual in sports and games. "October 14, 1508—in Brechin, to the king, to the cartis [cards] ix. Fr. cr., and tynt xiiijl." "October 15—in Dunnottir, to the chield that playit on the monocordis," eighteen shillings. "October 16—to

* Nobles of the coinage of Henry VII., the contemporary English king.

the piparis of Aberdene, be the kingis command," eighteen shillings; "Item, that nycht to the falconaris in Inverowry, the king being in Fintree, to their expense," eight shillings. "October 19—to the madinis of Forres that dantis to the king, ix. s.;" "Item, to the madinis that dantis at Elgyn sickle, ix. s. vi. d.;" "Item, to the madinis that dantis at Dornway, xiijs.;" "October 20—in the Chanonry of Ross [Fortrose], to John Goldsmith for tursing of the organis to Tayne, and hame again," four pounds; "Item, to the freiris of Ardoiseir, xiijs.;" "Item, to Robert Merroune, to pass owre the water with the goshaik, x. s.;" "Item, to the man that beris Sanct Duthois bell, iij. s.;" "Item, to the Lord of Balnagownis harper, be command," fourteen shillings. A like train of expenses takes place on the return of the king, with one of a peculiar nature:—"November 6—to James Dog, quihle he laid doune for claithe to be wippes to John Balfouris *sair leg, quihle the king helit*," six shillings and eightpence. This James Dog was the keeper of the royal wardrobe, and is alluded to in the poems of Dunbar, who, punning upon his name, asserts that he was "ane surly dog." We find that the king, not satisfied with a visit to the shrine of St Duthoc, at Tain, must have obtained a loan of his relique; for there is an entry on the 17th of November, of five shillings, for a man who carried that sacred object back from Dunfermline to its proper place.

The whole of the preceding details tend to show society in a very simple state, and great childishness and absence of the intellectual in the very highest man of the country. This is the more striking when we reflect that the name of James IV. has been sent down to us with a character not in the least silly, but rather above the average of ability and firmness. When a king devoted himself, as a matter of course, to seeing dancers and mummers, to hearing syrens in his chambers, to listening to tale-tellers and minstrels, and a thousand other amusements equally remote from rational, what must have been the intellectual habits of the uninstructed poor? It is a curious circumstance, that, amidst all the disbursements which have fallen under our eye, we have found only on two occasions any money given for what are called stationery articles. On one occasion a pen-horn and an ink-horn are purchased at ninepence; on another, several years after, the same articles are bought at twelpence. Thus, the king, throughout many years of his reign, is only observed to have spent one shilling and ninepence, Scots money, upon the means of communicating his ideas on paper; while his expenses for pleasures merely ministrant to the senses are bewildering from their number. It must be said, however, in justice to this sovereign, that, though he does not seem to have been addicted to writing, he occasionally indulged in books. Here and there we find such entries as "1507, December 22—for iij. prentit bukes to the king tane fra Andro Millaris' wyff," fifty shillings; "1502, April 6—to Walter Wodis' wyff for ane buke to the queen's grace," eleven pounds. To James IV., also, is due the honour of having first introduced printing into Scotland. In 1507 or 1508, he procured the materials of typography for Walter Chapman and Andro Millar, the first of whom, at least, was previously his personal servant; and in the latter of these years were produced several small pamphlets, containing a few of those long chivalrous tales which the king was in the habit of hearing from the mouths of the minstrels. The art was afterwards lost, probably on account of the troubles of the kingdom; and we hear no more of printing till 1541, when the public mind was beginning to feel the impulse of the Reformation.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE DISCOVERY—GUTTENBERG.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the preceding article on this subject, it was mentioned, that although the art of stamping words or sentences, by means of small blocks or signets, was known and practised in very early times, especially by the Chinese, yet such a modification of the craft of printing had no connection with the modern invention, which is now to be noticed. The discovery of the art of printing with moveable types, which took place in the fifteenth century in Germany, was considerably aided by a fashion, which had been some time prevalent, of cutting blocks of wood into pictures, or representations of scenes illustrative of Scriptural history, and printing them on paper, simply by the pressure of the hand, a brush, or a cushion behind. One of the very earliest of these woodcuts is still extant, and represents the creation of man, as detailed in the Book of Genesis. In the centre of the picture stands a figure, intended for the Divinity, having the appearance of an old man with flowing garments, a venerable beard, and rays proceeding from his head; on the ground before him lies a human being, intended for Adam, fast asleep; and from an opening in his side is seen proceeding the slender figure of a female, meaning Eve, who is taken by the hand of God, and is apparently receiving his blessing. The execution of this, and other cuts of a similar nature, is of the rudest description, and is a striking testimony of the low scale of art at the time. Pictures of this nature, which were bound up into books, nevertheless, were the immediate forerunners of the great invention itself. Books of prints, it will naturally be imagined, would soon be found imperfect, for want of descriptive text; this, therefore, urged on the discovery. The manufacturers of the books at

first cut single sentences, or words, and had them stamped below the pictures; but this not conveying a sufficient idea of the story represented, an anxiety arose to give a lengthened description on the opposite pages. This, it seems, was at length accomplished; still the sentences were all cut in a piece, and the notion of having separate letters so as to form words, was still in abeyance.

The person on whom history correctly places the honour of being the earliest discoverer of the art of printing by means of moveable letters, or types, was John Guttenberg, a citizen of Mayence, or Mentz, who flourished from the year 1436 to 1466, in the reign of Frederick III. of Germany. The ingenious Guttenberg is supposed to have been born at Mayence in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have settled at Strasburg about the year 1424, or perhaps rather earlier. In 1435, he entered into partnership with Andrew Drozhennis (or Dritzehen), John Riff, and Andrew Heelman, citizens of Strasburg, binding himself thereby to disclose to them some important secrets, by which they should make their fortunes. The workshop was in the house of Andrew Dritzehen, who dying, Guttenberg immediately sent his servant, Lawrence Beildich, to Nicholas, the brother of the deceased, and requested that no person might be admitted into the workshop, lest the secret should be discovered, and the forms (or fastened-together types) stolen. But they had already disappeared; and this fraud, as well as the claims of Nicholas Dritzehen to succeed to his brother's share, produced a lawsuit among the surviving partners. Five witnesses were examined; and from the evidence of Beildich, Guttenberg's servant, it was incontrovertibly proved that Guttenberg was the first who practised the art of printing with moveable types; and that, on the death of Andrew Dritzehen, he had expressly ordered the forms to be broken up, and the characters dispersed, lest any one should discover his secret. The words given in his order, which were established by documentary evidence, were these—"Go, take the component parts of the press, and pull them to pieces; then no one will understand what they mean." In the same document, mention is made of four forms, kept together by two screws, or press spindles, and of letters and pages being cut up and destroyed. The result of this lawsuit, which occurred in 1439, was a dissolution of partnership; and Guttenberg, after having exhausted his means in the effort, proceeded in 1445-6 to his native city of Mentz, where he resumed his typographic labours. Being ambitious of making his extraordinary invention known, and of value to himself, but being at the same time deficient in the means, he opened his mind to a wealthy goldsmith and worker in precious metals, named John Fust, or Faust, and prevailed on him to advance large sums of money in order to make further and more complete trials of the art. Guttenberg being thus associated with Fust, the first regular printing establishment was begun, and the business of printing carried on in a style corresponding to the infancy of the art. After many smaller essays in trying the capabilities of a press and moveable types, Guttenberg had the hardihood to attempt an edition of the Bible, which he succeeded in printing complete, between the years 1450 and 1455. This celebrated Bible, which was the first important specimen of the art of printing, and which, judging from what it has led to, we should certainly esteem as the most extraordinary and praiseworthy of human productions, was executed with cut-metal types, on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves; and from a copy still in existence in the Royal Library of Berlin, some of them appear to have been printed on vellum. The work was printed in the Latin language.

The execution of this—the first printed Bible—which has justly conferred undying honours on the illustrious Guttenberg, was, most unfortunately, the immediate cause of his ruin. The expenses incident to carrying on a fatiguing and elaborate process of workmanship, for a period of five years, being much more considerable than what were originally contemplated by Fust, he instituted a suit against poor Guttenberg, who, in consequence of the decision against him, was obliged to pay interest, and also a part of the capital that had been advanced. This suit was followed by a dissolution of partnership; and the whole of Guttenberg's apparatus fell into the hands of John Fust, who, from being the ostensible agent in the business of printing, and from the wonder expressed by the vulgar in seeing printed sheets, soon acquired the name of a magician, or one in compact with the devil; and, under this character, with the appellation of Dr Faustus, he has for ages enjoyed an evil notoriety.

Besides the above-mentioned Bible, some other specimens of the work of Guttenberg have been discovered to be in existence. One in particular, which is worthy of notice, was found some years ago among a bundle of old papers in the archives of Mayence. It is an almanack for the year 1457, which served as wrapper for a register of accounts of that year. This, says Hansard, would most likely be printed towards the close of 1456, and may consequently be deemed the most ancient specimen of typographic printing extant with a certain date. Antiquaries and Bibliomaniacs have found considerable difficulty in ascertaining by what process Guttenberg manufactured his types; but it seems the prevalent opinion that those which he first used were individually cut by the hand; and being all made as near a height and thickness as possible, they

were thus put together in the forms. It appears, however, that this skillful man soon discovered the mode of casting his types by means of moulds; for without this great accessory to the art of printing, he would perceive it was next to impossible to carry on his trade. The art of founding metal characters is therefore given to John Guttenberg, as well as that of printing, although it is but justice to state, that the plan of striking the moulds with punches was a subsequent invention of his successor, Peter Schoeffer. That Guttenberg was a person of refined taste in the execution of his works, is sufficiently obvious. Adopting a very ancient custom, common in the written copies of the Scriptures and the missals of the church, he used a large ornamental letter at the commencement of books and chapters, finely embellished and surrounded with a variety of figures, as in a frame. The initial letter of the first psalm thus forms a beautiful specimen of the art of printing in its early progress. It is richly ornamented with foliage, flowers, a bird, and a greyhound, and is still more beautiful from being printed in a pale blue colour, while the embellishments are red, and of a transparent appearance. What became of Guttenberg immediately after the unsuccessful termination of his lawsuit with Fust, is not well known. Like the illustrious discoverer of the Great Western Continent, he seems to have retired almost broken-hearted from the service of an ungrateful world, and to have spent most of the remainder of his days in obscurity. It is ascertained that in 1465 he received an annual pension from the Elector Adolphus, but that he only enjoyed this small compensation for his extraordinary invention a period of three years, and died in the month of February 1468.

A TALE OF VENICE,

By Charles Mac Farlane.

THE sun was sinking behind the dark blue hills of Priuli, and lengthening the shadows of Venice across the rippling waves of the Adriatic, when two senators, who were taking their evening promenade on one of the murazzi or outer terraces which the industry of man had gained and secured from a formidable element, perceived a trim galley on the purple line of the horizon, pressing forward towards the city.

"That should be a vessel of the state," said one of the signiors; "from whence may she be?"

"Why not from Constantinople?" replied his companion; "it is time that some of that conquering expedition should be returned to the 'winged lion.'"

"Saint Mark grant that it prove as you say! But she keeps a gallant course, and will soon be here to speak for herself."

The two senators, who, though both advanced in years, still glowed with that patriotic spirit which was destined to raise the low sunk islets of Venice to such unprecedented glory, leaned against a parapet wall that ran along the edge of the murazzo, fixing their earnest gaze upon the vessel, which, rapidly advancing, grew in magnitude to their eyes at every minute. As she neared, the last gleams of day showed the proud banner of the republic floating on her lofty stern.

"The galley is the 'Corriere' of the great Dandolo, the swiftest vessel of our fleets, and she comes the harbinger of happiness to thousands. The rest will not be far behind."

"Viva San Marco! Viva la Santi Chiesa! and the republic of Venice, that has placed the keys of Saint Peter within the boasted gates of Constantinople!" exclaimed the other senator.

Their aged voices had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when a loud continuous shout—a shout of transporting joy and triumph—rose from the deck and the rigging of the galley, and made itself heard, despite of distance and the lash and roar of the waves that broke in foam at the feet of the two senators. The next instant that soul-stirring acclamation was answered by another shout, that absolutely smothered, while it lasted, the sounds of wind and wave; and turning round, the senators saw on the edges of other terraces, and on the scattered islets that afforded the best points of observation, the mass of the population of Venice gazing like themselves on the returning galley. In an instant numerous barks were seen to glide from the canals, and, dancing in fantastic groups over the heaving sea, to pull with strenuous oars towards the ship; the patriotism or the more private affections of many not brooking the delay of a few minutes which would see her at anchor within Venice. As she came on, with the breeze that still freshened singing through her shrouds, a simultaneous display of countless blue lights was launched from her deck high into the heavens, where the crescent moon with "a single star at her side" seemed to smile at these testimonials of joy, and to welcome the wanderers back again.

The two senators quitted the parapet, and repaired with hasty steps to the galley-quay, where they found many of their order, with most of the leading citizens, already assembled, and anxiously awaiting to speak with the gallant commander of the "Corriere." Soon the welcome vessel stood with her prow a few spans length from the shore; and anon, with rapid manœuvre, she swung round, and lay with her broadside against the edge of the quay. Another shout and cry of triumph, and the captain leaped on shore, and, bowing before the senators and citizens, com-

municated the intelligence that the fleet approached, after having accomplished a victorious expedition. "Let this fair breeze," he continued, "blow till mid-night, and we shall see the vessels at rising of to-morrow's sun."

This news spread with the swiftness of lightning through the multitude, and thence through the whole city; and the reverend senator had predicted aright when he said "that for some there would be great joy in Venice on this night." There was indeed too much joy—and alas! in many instances too much assured sorrow, or harrowing apprehension, to permit of sleep. The affectionate wife with tears in her eyes kissed the little slumberer in his cradle, or assured the half-forgotten prattler on her knee that to-morrow he should see his father; or with provident care she turned over the humble treasures of her coffers, to select fitting raiment for her long absent spouse, or with diligent hands she prepared the restoring condiments, so welcome after the privations of a tedious sea-voyage, or she sought the draughts for the winecup which "maketh glad the heart of man." The fond mother, whose son had gone to the East, with the red-cross on his breast, rested not on her pillow, but gazing on the flickering lamp, asked a thousand times, "Oh! will the light of to-morrow's sun show me my boy in his strength and his beauty, or assure me that the light of life has for ever quitted his eyes!" The betrothed maiden, or she who had cherished a fond passion, paced her chamber floor with hurried steps, or, gazing out of her casement on the sea-waves, sighed to the strong winds that agitated them as love her young bosom—"And will he come with the morrow?—and will he love me as when he went?"

That short summer night seemed of interminable length at Venice; but the morrow came at last, and in the grey horizon, at the very point where the "Corriere" had first appeared on the preceding evening, a broad white sail was seen. A sail, and another, and another, rose to the eye from that sober but brightening line, until the whole fleet was in view, and advanced, the orb of day rising in the rear, like a vast flock of wild swans, glancing their long white necks and buoyant white wings in the golden beams of morning. In the city the matin summons to prayer sounded cheerfully on the ear, and in each Christian temple a song of thanksgiving succeeded the words of supplication. Our story is laid in very remote times; but it was not until these religious duties were performed, that the people of Venice began their preparations for the triumphal reception of their home-wending heroes, or hastened to meet the objects of their hearts' warm affections. But when, in their weakness and insufficiency, they had paid their due to heaven, they entered on the business of life with zeal, and the city was agitated from one end to the other. Carpenters and other artisans were employed in laying stages for the warriors to tread upon, in their descent from the victorious galleys, or in erecting platforms whence the Venetian fair might wave their kerchiefs to the brave, or galleries whence the musicians might hail the return of those who had prevailed in the good fight, with the Lion and Saint Mark for their aid! Women and children ran to gather the scanty supply of verdure and of flowers that the sea-girt city afforded; but others were dispatched to the mainland, to draw the laurel and the rose from the banks of the Brenta. Inanimate nature seemed to partake in the joy and triumph of man; and a bright exhilarating sun, a gay blue sky, a sea serene, and a breeze as gentle as the sigh of happy love, were propitious to Venice and her day of rejoicing.

Meanwhile the fleet came on, spread out into the figure of a crescent. Every ship was distinctly visible through that fine transparent atmosphere; and as they glided over the placid waters towards their place of rest, the appropriate banner of each was clearly seen, and the impatient citizens on shore could tell the particular galley in which had sailed a son, a brother, or a friend.

The fleet was now so near that the sounds of their warlike music were heard, and every detail, to use the language of the painter, was distinctly made out. The bright and painted shields of the returning knights and squires were arranged on either side of the galleys; the warriors stood on the deck in their armour of mail, with the silver-inlaid morion on their heads, and the burnished arms in their hands—the broad lance, the battle-axe, and the steel-tipped mace, threw back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness; the "winged lion," the standard of the republic, flew over their heads; the bannerets of the patrician families of Venice floated on the elevated stern-quarter of the war ships; whilst the principal galley, which had borne the "blind old Dandolo" to the scene of his glory, was distinguished by a vast white banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, the new, the proud, "the singular but accurate title" of "lord of three-eighths of the Roman empire," assumed by the conquering doge, and afterwards retained by the Venetian republic.

The instruments of the musicians waxed louder and louder, until they burst on the ear with an overpowering peal. Then there rose to heaven a shout from those on shore that made Venice to ring through her hundred islets, and the cymbal and the harp, "the shrill trumpet, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," gave back a response to the galleys, that,

"gilded by the sun, and reflected by the waters," now fast approached land.

On shore, as on the sea, the spectacle was imposing. Venice, indeed, was not yet the splendid city that claimed the world's admiration; she could not yet boast that accumulation of ancient and modern art which was afterwards to attract the stranger from many a distant land. It might be said, perhaps, that at the epoch of our tale, Venice was about equi-distant from when she was at her humble origin—a collection of low huts scattered on the sea-lashed sand-banks and rocks, whose poor inhabitants, Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodorice, compared to "water-fowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves"—and what she became after the sixteenth century, when the wealth of the East had been poured in her lap, and the genius of Palladio and others had filled her with beauty.

But the moral picture offered to contemplation by Venice at that period, was perhaps far more interesting and worthy of admiration. In Venice, "the art and spirit of commercial industry" had revived, and was then extending its Briarean arms to every shore of the Mediterranean. On the perilous career of conquest she had entered with great éclat, and, considering her origin and position, the influence she exercised on the politics of the south and east of Europe was astonishing.

The Piazzetta, which is situated by the side of the church of St Mark, then contained the principal edifices of the republic; and it was here the knights and the captains of the galleys, that had now come to anchor close to the quay, descended by stairs and platforms prepared for them, and covered with laurels and flowers, banners and silks of Tyrian dye; and it was here their anxious feet again touched their native soil, and their relatives and friends received them to their passionate embrace. As one by one they stepped on shore, the people rent the air with their acclamations: the signiors of the republic, in an open balcony, bowed to them, as a herald repeated their distinguished names; whilst the bands of music pealed the notes of triumph, and the fair daughters of Venice "looked and smiled a welcome." The general picture of joy and grief—and grief there was in the midst of all these rejoicings, for many returned not to bless the eyes of affection, but remained in the country they had conquered, and many had sped to those regions whence there is no return—this general picture would be far too vast even to be sketched here, and thus we will attach ourselves to the fortunes and feelings of one who figured in this day's pageantry.

Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani, and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the East, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty as he for his valour. Yet, on the threshold of the hymeneal temple, he did not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the doge's exploits were achieved, he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, lay the laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered—Constantinople had witnessed his valour—and now, returned, the Piazzetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embrace of his aged father without alarm at his tears—for over-wrought joy will weep even as sorrow does; he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relatives and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But what meant the omission? Bianca was not among them—Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd answered, "Bianca is no more!—she sleeps with her father in the church of Saint Theodore."

"No more!" moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as the monumental marble, and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there—where she must have been had life and love animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, where now in his youth and his glory he could have wished to see a grave open for himself. His old father fell on his neck, and wept aloud.

For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. "Is it even as they say?" cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend. Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocated voice, "Alas! and alas! it is even so—Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on her road to the sepulchre!"

Such irremediable woe where so much bliss was expected—such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious or stormy waves—such a return—such a welcome—such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes, was not to be supported.

With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy—the most animated where all were animated—was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

It was long ere he returned to life and reason, and, oh! how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun—he would have shut out its rays for ever! He was deaf to the assiduous advice and consolation of his friends who thronged about him—he was mute too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or disease of his bride. Was it not enough to know that she was for ever torn from him—dead!—what mattered the mode or the circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted signior, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was his duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company. When, in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him, he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room—he drew the curtains—the sight was a cruel one! There was the *talamo* or splendid nuptial bed his friends had prepared and decorated for his return—there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered rose-wreaths mixed with the laurel crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of the name of his Bianca. And hungry death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of woe—in his ear a sound of despair! He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and, burying his burning face in his hands, gave vent for the first time to a copious flood of tears.

As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph, and shouted the names of their gallant warriors and the captains of their galleys. It could not be that *his* should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he? And as a crowd passed in front of his paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed, "Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of St Mark!" The sounds struck his ears, but now they could elicit only a bitter smile.

The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft bridegroom; but as the shades of night descended, a wild idea, an uncontrollable impulse, invaded him. "And shall my fond eyes obtain not a last glance of that being of love and beauty? Shall my Bianca," reasoned the passionate youth (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason)—"my betrothed, be consumed by vile worms, and I not see the loveliness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday—she must still be beautiful! Yes! I will see her once again! I will once again press those lips, though they be cold—cold!"

At a late hour he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church—alas! he was to have been married there! A handful of gold gained over the *sacristano*, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there, dimly, before the effigies of the Virgin Mother and of the most conspicuous saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows; but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover. The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind with indescribable emotion; the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings too—and nothing is more imaginative or creative of ideal horrors than a certain stage of grief—contributed to delude the senses; and as the cressets trembled, and the moonlight, strangely coloured by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that—he saw, or fancied the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hands, as if warning him against a sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead. Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the *sacristano* had left ajar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night-breeze, that, moaning among the columns and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice, but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad or guilt-burdened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenseness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon, however, came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the cappella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of the bride's family. Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre by a lamp that flickered on the altar of the cappella. Hurried,

breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it—it receded; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and cold sweat on his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave: yet he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin who saw his woe, and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps through a short dark passage, and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death. A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof of the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on that cold white marble. He grasped at once the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been effectually deterred from completing his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her “decent limbs composed” beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight, and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand. When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin; and as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illumined the face of his lovely bride.

“And could this be death? Why, even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins!—even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her innocent bosom the same as erst—and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eyelids, with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream. “No, this cannot be death!” cried Gherardo, deliriously; “she sleeps! Oh wake!—in pity, wake, my Bianca—my love, my wife! He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moon-lit countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate abjuration. “Bianca!” continued he, “my own Bianca!—why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the warm kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give thee thee!”—and throwing himself across the marble coffin, he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again—if it was a delusion, it continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings, seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus—he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt—that heart palpitate beneath his hand. Another moment, and her eyes opened, whilst a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues, in the moonlight, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both, had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

The chronicler's tale is told. The ignorance of the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed almost at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her hymeneals; and her bridal coronet of white roses was supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral.”

THE ORIGINAL OF LAWRIE TOD.

WHILE Mr Fergusson was on his visit to New York in 1831, he mentions in his “Notes” that he frequently visited the seed-store of Mr Thorburn, a character of some celebrity, and of great originality, being, as he informed him at the first interview, the “very identical *Laurie Tod*,” and that so far as the first volume of that entertaining work goes, Mr Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures. Besides other sources of enjoyment (continues Mr Fergusson), Mr Thorburn is distinguished for a lively and unflinching reliance upon a special overruling Providence—not a blind fatalism, but a conviction that, in all the crosses of life, a blessing will be found by those who faithfully seek it. He detailed many singular illustrations of this doctrine in his own history, and altogether gratified me much by his acquaintance. His original profession was that of a nail-maker at Dalkeith, and by that alone he looked for a livelihood in the New World. Soon after his arrival, however, this handicraft was annihilated by the introduction of machinery, and poor Thorburn was driven to open a small grocery store for subsistence to *Phemie* and himself. It was his practice to visit the butcher-market at a late hour,

that he might pick up a cheap morsel; and observing a man offering plants for sale in pots, and seemingly, like himself, rather low in the world, Thorburn accosted him; he proved to be a countryman—an industrious but rather unsuccessful market-gardener, of the name of Inglis, from Kirkcaldy; and, from a sort of commiseration, Thorburn bought a rose geranium, intending to ornament his shop. At this time he scarce knew a geranium from a cabbage. Pleased with his purchase, when he got home he painted his pot a gay green, and placed it in his window. “And now,” says he, when he told me this story, with his eyes twinkling, “mark the kindness of Providence. The day after my geranium appeared in its new pot, a lady happening to drive past, remarked its beauty, and not only bought it at a handsome price, but gave me such orders as enabled me to open a busy trade with poor Inglis. My shop soon became more celebrated for plants than for tea and tobacco; and many inquiries having been made for garden-seeds, I procured an assortment, and gradually extended my concern, until I reached the possession of the handsome premises and flourishing trade which I now enjoy.” Some of his details, regarding the devastations occasioned by the yellow fever, were extremely interesting. He has a very beautiful seed-shop, aviary, and green-house, &c. in the centre of the city, formerly a Quakers’ meeting-house and school, where he seems to have a thriving trade. The ladies of New York are fond of flowers, and use them much in dress. Camellias are in great request, and sometimes sell so high as three dollars a-head—the ordinary price being one—and large orders are given for every party. I learned also, from a Scotchman in Mr Thorburn’s employment, whose family had suffered heavily from sickness last winter, that camellias and parties by no means engross the whole attention of the ladies of New York. He assured me, that within his own observation, it was quite wonderful what they contrive to do, in visiting, clothing, and attending to the poor.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF AN EDINBURGH BOY.

THE following facts respecting John Oswald, who may almost be termed a second Paul Jones, are here related for the first time, and may be depended upon as quite authentic. He was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, and is believed to have been brought up to the same business. Through the impulse of an unsettled disposition, he enlisted in the 18th or Royal Irish regiment. Here his good education soon caused him to be elevated to a serjeantcy. When quartered at Deal, he married a native of the place, with whom he got a sum of money sufficient to purchase his discharge, as well as the commission of an ensign in the 42d, then in America, which regiment, however, he never joined. In 1780, when the 2d battalion was raised, he obtained a lieutenancy in it, and went out to India. On the passage out in 1781, when Commodore Johnston’s squadron lay at anchor in Praga Bay, he fought a duel with the officer commanding the two companies in the transport, in which he was not the aggressor; they fired two rounds at each other, luckily without bloodshed. His finances not permitting him to join the mess on board the transport, he lived upon the same rations that were served out to the soldiers. He devoted the most of his time to the study of the Latin and Greek languages, particularly the latter, in the course of which he became enamoured of the republican form of government. He sold out in 1782, before the regiment had become engaged in actual service. During his short stay in India, he imitated the Gentoos, by abstaining from animal food, regularly performing the prescribed ablutions, and anointing his body with oil. He returned home overland, and took up his residence in London, where he chiefly supported himself, it is believed, by his pen. He wrote both in verse and prose. In one of his productions styled “*Rana Evangelica*, or the Frogs turned Methodists,” he expressed himself in language which could only have been used by a perfect infidel. His religious notions, indeed, had always been loose; and it is also to be remarked, that, though a devoted admirer of liberty and equality in the abstract, he was himself inclined to be arbitrary and tyrannical, of which he gave a convincing proof when at one time doing the duty of an adjutant—his treatment of the men had almost excited a mutiny. When the French revolution broke out, he repaired to France, and entering keenly into the spirit of the time, obtained the command of a regiment in the service of the Convention, at the head of which, either in the Chouan or Vendean war, he was killed along with two of his sons, who, in the true spirit of liberty and equality, were drummers in the corps which their father commanded. Oswald’s appearance in the French service had excited some attention in his own country, and it is a somewhat curious fact that an attempt was made to prove his identity with Bonaparte. The well-known Dr William Thomson, a Scotchman driving the trade of an author in London, and who completed the life of Philip of Spain, left unfinished by Dr Watson of St Andrew’s, had prepared a work in which he seriously attempted to prove that the First Consul’s real name was John Oswald, and that he was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh. Oswald, he argued, was a man of enterprise and courage, and a great admirer of Ossian’s Poems, as was also, he said, Bonaparte. Upon this slender foundation, the doctor had contrived to rear a great superstructure of argument and conjec-

ture, which might have made an impression where Bonaparte’s early history was not known. He was prevented, however, from publishing his theory, in consequence of a discovery made by the person who communicates this information. Our informant happened to dine with General Paoli on the very day after he had heard Dr Thomson read his manuscript; when the general mentioned that he not only knew Bonaparte’s early history perfectly well, but had actually held him up at the baptismal font. He was much amused, however, at hearing the arguments employed to prove his identity with the Edinburgh goldsmith’s son.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

EDINBURGH JESTS AND ANECDOTES.

EDINBURGH LAWYERS.

The Edinburgh lawyers of the last age were a race very much addicted to hard drinking. Drinking indeed intruded itself into every scene of their lives; and as much of their business was necessarily performed in taverns, on account of the wretched accommodations of their own houses in the Old Town, the ink-glass and the claret-stoup were alike dear to them; and they could scarcely attempt to take a supply from the one, but the pen was in danger of being immersed in the other. These habits clung to them till a very recent period, as some anecdotes of men still alive will testify.

A gentleman now retired from public life, but who will be long remembered for his talent of saying good things, was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous boose, which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to meet next morning. The two cronies had little more than time to dress themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader, in the Parliament House. Mr C—, it appears, had in the hurry of his toilet thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown; and thus, as he was about to open the pleadings, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty-two witnesses of his last night’s debauch, which fell scattered within the bar. “Mr C—,” said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, “before you begin, I think ye had better tak up your hand.”

An equally wet and witty barrister one Saturday encountered an equally Bacchanalian senatorial friend in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good jigot of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home; and they accordingly dined together *secundum morem solitum*. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two friends were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time, till next day, as it happened, about a quarter before eleven o’clock. The judge then rising to depart, Mr — walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, by way of showing him out. “Tak care, my lord, tak care,” cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring churchwards; “tak care; there’s twa steps.”

The taverns to which Edinburgh lawyers of those days resorted were generally very obscure and mean—at least such they would now appear; and many of them were so peculiarly situated in the profound recesses of the old town as to have no light from the sun, so that the inmates had to use candles continually. A small party of legal gentlemen happened one day to drop into one of these dens; and as they sat a good while drinking, they at last forgot the time of day. Taking their impressions from the candles, they just supposed that they were enjoying an ordinary evening debauch. “Sirs,” said one of them at last, “it’s time to rise: ye ken I’m a married man, and should be early at hame.” And so they all rose, and prepared to stagger home through the lamp-lighted streets; when, lo and behold! on their emerging from the tavern, they suddenly found themselves projected into the blaze of a summer afternoon, and, at the same time, under the gaze of a thousand curious eyes, which were directed with surprise to their tipsy and negligent figures. How they got home, under such circumstances, through a crowd of sober and unsympathising spectators, is left to the imagination of the reader.

PLAGIARISM.

One legal gentleman of Edinburgh, having showed another a quantity of poems which he had written, and of which he wished to have the opinion of his friend, the referee glanced over the manuscript, but was quickly struck with the extensive and wholesale plagiarisms which he saw had been committed upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome. Pointing out this to his friend, “Oh,” said the poet, “I am something of Fielding’s opinion, as expressed in *Tom Jones*, that the ancients are a common property, where every modern poet is entitled to pasture his Pegasus.” “Ay, man,” responded the critic, with a happiness of thought which, unfortunately, none but a Scotch lawyer can appreciate to its full extent, “your title may give you a *servitude of pasture* upon the common property of the ancients, but, surely, ye never gat ane of *feal and divot*.”

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Mrs Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditional stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admi-

* The above beautifully written tale, by Mr Mac Farlane, is abridged and extracted from a recent volume of the *Friendship’s Offering*—an Annual distinguished for the literary ability of its pages.

rabble fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What!" exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

MOTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An English lady and gentleman, who, in travelling through Scotland, had come to the neighbourhood of Abbotsford without providing themselves with an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and who felt, when there, an irresistible inclination to intrude upon him, could think of no expedient by which to gratify their curiosity, but that of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and begging the favour of an interview. In their card to him, they said that, in coming to Scotland, their chief object had been to see "the great Lion of the North, Sir Walter Scott;" and they begged him to consider how hard it would be, if, after all their travels, they should have to go home disappointed. Sir Walter immediately returned an answer, couched in the most polite terms, and concluding with a request that they would come that day to dine with him, "as he had some reason to believe the Lion of the North, like his friends at Exeter Change, was best worth seeing at feeding time."

GOOD BOOK-KEEPERS.

Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them to be good book-keepers."

MEN WITH TAILS.

Every body in Scotland has heard of the single absurdity which deformed the philosophical character of Lord Monboddo—his belief that the human race were originally gifted with tails, which were only pinched off by the midwives. Lord Kaimes was a complete contrast in manners to this learned judge, being plain, and blunt of speech, with a strong Scottish accent; while Monboddo was quite a courtier of the *ancien régime*, well bred and ceremonious. On one occasion, in Edinburgh, when Kaimes and Monboddo went to dine with a friend, a girl of six or seven years old, who was in the drawing-room, archly and slyly attached a fox's brush to Monboddo's skirt; and the ceremony of who should first proceed to the dining-room, as usual, produced some demur, Monboddo insisting that he could not possibly precede a *senior* lord, till Kaimes, spying the trick which had been played on his friend, exclaimed, "Gang in, man, and show's your tail!" pushing him forward. Of course the laugh was irresistible, but Monboddo could not enjoy it, as, through fear of giving him offence, he was not informed of the joke.—*Chambers's Scottish Jests.*

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

ACCORDING to Dr Granville, a recent traveller, Russian literature, since the appearance of its reformer and most brilliant star, Lantovosoff, has been rapidly improving in all its branches. In the severer style of prose, the death of Karamsin has left a chasm which will not readily be filled up. Karamsin is unquestionably the greatest historian that the Russians possess, and his name will rank deservedly high among historical writers of modern times. The writers in the belles-lettres, since the beginning of the present century, have made advances in correctness of style and purity of diction, which have rendered the study of the Russian language an almost fashionable attainment. In poetry the Russians have made rapid progress, especially in the lyric department. Alexander Pouchkine is considered the Byron of Russia, and is noted for the precocity of his genius. The Russians are indebted to him for a translation of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. The fabulists have been numerous in Russia. The romantic school, which has endeavoured to spread its dominion in all the most civilised parts of Europe within the last twenty years, boasts of a few distinguished writers, even in Russia. Eugene Baratinsky is one of the most eminent among them. Among the more modern living poets, the fair sex boasts of Mademoiselle Zenaïde Volkouski. In dramatic literature, very little originality, and many indifferent imitations or translations, exist at present. Prince Chakhousky claims the united titles of a prolific *vaudeville* and comedy writer, and of a fertile and elevated tragedian. Zagoskine is another modern dramatic author of great power and originality of humour. Of translators from the French the number is considerable. It may be stated, that in literature the Russians have made more rapid progress within the last fifty years, than in the other branches of knowledge. According to the report of M. Sopikoff, it appears, that although the art of printing was introduced in Russia one hundred and fifty years after its invention, and eighty after its introduction by Caxton in England, not fewer than 80,000 volumes in the Slavonic and Russian languages have been published between 1551 and 1813. The printers of St Petersburg execute their work in a style equal to the French. The press in Russia, as in most parts of the Continent, is subject to a board of censure; but this does not seem to have impeded the publication of a considerable number of works in modern times, and men of letters have received great encouragement from the present emperor. St Petersburg has advanced greatly as a mart of literature, and sends forth a large number of periodical publications.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

AUDUBON.

THE intelligent and enterprising AUDUBON, whose researches in natural history in his native country, America, have conferred upon him an honourable distinction, presents us, in the course of the details in his Ornithological Biography, with a variety of interesting personal adventures, one of which I shall extract for the amusement of my readers. It seems, that, like many men of genius, this agreeable writer was sometimes in great straits, and underwent divers misfortunes, which would certainly have cooled the ardour of ordinary minds; but when such occurred to Audubon, he became only the more zealous in his pursuits, and doubled his exertions to release himself from his difficulties.

"My money (says he) was one day stolen from me by a person, who perhaps imagined that to a naturalist it was of little importance. This happened on the shores of Upper Canada. The affair was as unexpected as it well could be, and as adroitly managed as if it had been planned and executed in Cheapside. To have repined when the thing could not be helped, would certes not have been acting manfully. I therefore told my companion to keep a good heart, for I felt satisfied that Providence had some relief in store for us. The whole amount of cash left with two individuals, fifteen hundred miles from home, was just seven dollars and a half. Our passage across the lake had fortunately been paid for. We embarked and soon got to the entrance of Presque Isle Harbour, but could not pass the bar, on account of a violent gale which came on as we approached it. The anchor was dropped, and we remained on board during the night, feeling at times very disagreeable, under the idea of having taken so little care of our money. How long we might have remained at anchor I cannot tell, had not that Providence, on whom I have never ceased to rely, come to our aid. Through some means to me quite unknown, Captain Judd, of the United States navy, then probably commandant at Presque Isle, sent a gig with six men to our relief. It was on the 29th of August 1824, and never shall I forget that morning. My drawings were put into the boat with the greatest care. We shifted into it, and seated ourselves according to directions politely given us. Our brave fellows pulled hard, and every moment brought us nearer to the American shore. I leaped upon it with elated heart. My drawings were safely landed, and for any thing else I cared little at the moment. I searched in vain for the officer of our navy, to whom I still feel grateful, and gave one of our dollars to the sailors to drink the 'freedom of the waters,' after which we betook ourselves to a humble inn, to procure bread and milk, and consider how we were to proceed.

Our plans were soon settled, for to proceed was decidedly the best. Our luggage was rather heavy, so we hired a cart to take it to Meadville, for which we offered five dollars. This sum was accepted, and we set off. The country through which we passed might have proved favourable to our pursuits, had it not rained nearly the whole day. At night we alighted and put up at a house belonging to our conductor's father. It was Sunday night. The good folks had not yet returned from a distant meeting-house, the grandmother of our driver being the only individual about the premises. We found her a cheerful dame, who bestirred herself as actively as age would permit, got up a blazing fire to dry our wet clothes, and put as much bread and milk on the table as might have sufficed for several besides ourselves.

Being fatigued by the jolting of the cart, we asked for a place in which to rest, and were shown into a room in which were several beds. We told the good woman that I should paint her portrait next morning for the sake of her children. My companion and myself were soon in bed, and soon asleep, in which state we should probably have remained till morning, had we not been awakened by a light, which we found to be carried by three young damsels, who having observed where we lay, blew it out, and got into a bed opposite ours. As we had not spoken, it is probable the girls supposed us sound asleep, and we heard them say how delighted they would be to have their portraits taken, as well as that of their grandmother. My heart silently met their desire, and we fell asleep without farther disturbance. In our back woods it is frequently the case that one room suffices for all the sleepers of a family.

Day dawned, and as we were dressing we discovered that we were alone in the apartment, the good country girls having dressed in silence, and left us before we had awakened. We joined the family, and were kindly greeted. No sooner had I made known my intentions as to the portraits, than the young folks disappeared, and soon after returned attired in their Sunday clothes. The black chalk was at work in a few minutes, to their great delight; and as the fumes of the breakfast that was meantime preparing reached my sensitive nose, I worked with redoubled ardour. The sketches were soon finished, and soon too was the breakfast over. I played a few airs on my flageolet, while our guide was putting the horses to the cart, and by ten o'clock we were once more under way towards Meadville. Never shall I forget Maxon Randell and his hospitable family. My companion was as pleased as myself; and as the weather was now beautiful, we enjoyed our journey with all that happy thoughtlessness best suited to our character. The country now

became covered with heavy timber, principally evergreens, the pines and the cucumber trees loaded with brilliant fruits, and the spruces throwing a shade over the land in good keeping for a mellow picture. The lateness of the crops was the only disagreeable circumstance that struck us; hay was yet standing, probably, however, a second crop; the peaches were quite small and green, and a few persons here and there, as we passed the different farms, were reaping oats. At length we came in sight of French Creek, and soon after reached Meadville. Here we paid the five dollars promised to our conductor, who instantly faced about, and applying the whip to his nags, bade us adieu, and set off.

We had now only a hundred and fifty cents. No time was to be lost. We put our baggage and ourselves under the roof of a tavern-keeper known by the name of J. E. Smith, at the sign of the *Traveller's Rest*, and soon after took a walk to survey the little village that was to be laid under contribution for our farther support. Its appearance was rather dull; but, thanks to God, I have never despaired while rambling thus for the sole purpose of admiring his grand and beautiful works. I had opened the case that contained my drawings, and putting my portfolio under my arm, and a few good credentials in my pocket, walked up Main Street, looking to the right and left, examining the different heads which occurred, until I fixed my eyes on a gentleman in a store who looked as if he might want a sketch. I begged him to allow me to sit down. This granted, I remained purposely silent, until he very soon asked me what was "in that portfolio." These three words sounded well; and without waiting another instant, I opened it to his view. This was a Hollander, who complimented me much on the execution of the drawings of birds and flowers in my portfolio. Showing him a sketch of the best friend I have in the world at present, I asked him if he would like one in the same style of himself. He not only answered in the affirmative, but assured me that he would exert himself in procuring as many more customers as he could. I thanked him, he assured, kind reader; and having fixed upon the next morning for drawing the sketch, I returned to the *Traveller's Rest*, with a hope that to-morrow might prove propitious. Supper was ready, and as in America we have generally but one sort of *table d'hôte*, we sat down, when every individual looking upon me as a missionary priest on account of my hair, which in those days flowed loosely on my shoulders, I was asked to say grace, which I did with a fervent spirit.

Daylight returned. I visited the groves and woods around, with my companion, returned, breakfasted, and went to the store, where, notwithstanding my ardent desire to begin my task, it was ten o'clock before the sitter was ready. But, reader, allow me to describe the *artist's room*. See me ascending a crazy flight of steps, from the back part of a store-room, into a large garret extending over the store and counting-room, and mark me looking round to see how the light could be stopped from obtruding on me through no less than four windows facing each other at right angles. Then follow me scrutinising the corners, and finding in one a cat nursing her young, among a heap of rags intended for the paper-mill. Two hogsheds filled with oats, a parcel of Dutch toys carelessly thrown on the floor, a large drum and a bassoon in another part, fur caps hanging along the wall, and the portable bed of the merchant's clerk swinging like a hammock near the centre, together with some rolls of sole leather, made up the picture. I saw all this at a glance, and closing the extra windows with blankets, I soon procured a *painter's light*.

A young gentleman sat, to try my skill. I finished his phiz, which was approved of. The merchant then took the chair, and I had the good fortune to please him also. The room became crowded with the gentry of the village. Some laughed, while others expressed their wonder; but my work went on notwithstanding the observations that were made. My sister invited me to spend the evening with him, which I did, and joined him in some music on the flute and violin. I returned to my companion with great pleasure; and you may judge how much that pleasure was increased, when I found that he also had made two sketches. Having written a page or two of our journals, we retired to rest.

The following day was spent much in the same manner. I felt highly gratified that from under my grey coat my talents had made their way, and I was pleased to discover that industry and moderate abilities prove at least as valuable as first-rate talents without the former of these qualities. We left Meadville on foot, having forwarded our baggage by waggon. Our hearts were light, our pockets replenished, and we walked in two days to Pittsburg, as happy as circumstances permitted us to be.

CONSUMPTION OF SILK.

The quantity of this material used in England alone amounts each year to more than four millions of pounds weight, for the production of which myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labours of the silkworm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers, which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man.—*Lardner.*

STATE OF SPAIN.

THE greater part of the land of Spain belongs to the nobility, the church, and towns, or corporate bodies. The destructive influence of this vast accumulation of property in a few hands, and of the alienable tenures under which it is principally held, have been forcibly described by Mr Townsend (vol. ii. p. 237), and by Jovellanus in his invaluable Memoir on the Advancement of Agriculture, drawn up in 1795. Throughout the principal part of the country, agriculture is in the most wretched state imaginable. None, or next to none, of the lands in Leon, Castile, Estremadura, and Andalusia, are enclosed; a circumstance which may be ascribed partly to the carelessness and ignorance of the proprietors, partly to the poverty of the occupiers, and partly, and principally perhaps, to the destructive privilege enjoyed by the proprietors of the great sheep-flocks, of driving them from the provinces in the north to those in the south for winter pasture. The *mesta* or code of laws with respect to the migration of the flocks, is assuredly one of the most oppressive and ruinous that ever has been devised. Enclosures have been prohibited, that the migration of the flocks might not be interrupted; in some provinces it was even forbidden to convert any pasture land into tillage; and it was only so late as 1788 that individuals occupying lands in the track of the flocks were authorised to enclose kitchen gardens, and grounds appropriated to the culture of vines and seeds. Estremadura has suffered particularly from this scourge. Farms throughout Spain are small, with hardly an exception, and the farmers are in a state of unexampled misery. Notwithstanding the lowness of the rents, and the cheapness of living—for they generally live worse than the labourers in the town—they are unable to make the smallest advances on account of their farming operations, and are obliged to raise whatever funds they require by mortgaging their crops. This is not only true of tillage farmers, but also of the growers of oil and wine, who frequently cede the anticipated produce of their lands for less than three-fourths of its value. Farmhouses are rarely seen except along the east coast. The farmers live in huts of the meanest construction, crowded together in villages, so that farm buildings, often so expensive in other countries, cost almost nothing. The operations of treading (thrashing) and cleaning the corn, are performed in the open air, and the grain is left in heaps in the field until it can be sold. The corn speculators and proprietors of Castile have caves dug in the rock or the earth, in which the grain is preserved until a market opens for it; being often kept in this way for five or six years without much loss. The implements used in husbandry are of the rudest description, especially in Old Castile and Leon, where the soil is sandy and easily cultivated. In Andalusia, and along the coast of the Mediterranean, where the soil is more tenacious, implements of a better description are in use, but they are still very rude indeed, compared to those employed in Britain.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

A FEMALE BRAZILIAN SOLDIER.

In the Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, written a few years ago by Maria Graham, we are presented with a singular instance of female heroism, in the notice which is taken of a young woman, who for patriotic motives voluntarily took up arms and assumed the military garb and occupation. To-day (says the authoress) I received a visit from Donna Maria de Jesus, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconquest. Her dress is that of a soldier of one of the emperor's battalions, with the addition of a tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a Highlander, as the most feminine military dress. What would the Gordons and Macdonalds say to this! The "garb of old Gaul" chosen as a womanish attire? Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalvez de Almeida, and possesses a farm for cattle. Her mother also was a Portuguese. Donna Maria told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears that early in the late war of the Reconquest, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriotic recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner time; that her father had invited him in, and after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain, if independent. He set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal, and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the empress; so that at last, said the girl, "I felt my heart burning in my breast." Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner. Donna Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she should join the patriots. "Nay," said the sister, "if I had not a husband and children, for one half of what you say I would join the ranks of the emperor." This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her; and as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him; near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length, being in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so, that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too slight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I be-

lieve, with dispatches, and to be presented to the emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself placed on her jacket. She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education, she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her. There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a cigar after each meal; but she is very temperate.

EMIGRATION.

I MADE out a rough estimate (continues Mr Fergusson, of a supposed investment in Michigan, and having submitted it to the correction of competent judges, acquainted with the present state of the district, it may perhaps be useful to insert it, especially as it applies also to much of Upper Canada.

Price of 160 acres, at 1½ dollar, is	200 dollars, or £45 0
Expense of seed, labour (say 150 acres), and rail fence, at 6 dollars	900 202 10
Harvesting at 2 dollars	300 67 10

Cost of dwelling-house, stables, &c.	800 180 0
--------------------------------------	-----------------

2200	£495 0
Returns.—Produce of 150 acres (20 bushels per acre), 3000 bushels, at 1s. per bushel	£675
Deduct 495	

£180 clear.

The dollar is taken at 4s. 6d. No allowance is made for maintenance, and it may be said that the expenses are underrated. The above estimate, however, is given upon pretty good data; and as the settler will certainly repeat the wheat crop for at least one or two seasons more without any deterioration, and becomes likewise free owner of land and houses, he may afford to double or treble that item, or to take a smaller return per acre, or a lower price per bushel, and still be very well off. The return was stated to me at 25 or 30 bushels per acre at an average, and a dollar was the price given last season without any particular excitement. The houses are of a superior description, the dwelling-houses being supposed to contain seven or eight rooms, with kitchen and other domestic offices attached.

A good deal of discussion took place before the Emigration Committee, upon the probability of settlers being able to refund a portion or the whole of the sums advanced by government on their account. Should there be any foundation at all for the statement I have here given, it is abundantly clear that Mr Wilmot Horton's expectations on that head may be very easily realised.

The tide of emigration is at present setting very strong into Michigan. It is stated in the Detroit Courier of 26th May last, "that the sales of public lands up to five o'clock yesterday, amounted to 20,700 dollars! On two several days they exceeded 5000; one day, 5600. The total amount in this district alone, since the 1st of March, is 48,727 dollars."

Products of Michigan.—The cotton plant, the grapevine, the sweet potato of Carolina, tomato and the egg-plant were successfully cultivated last year. The prune-tree, will be planted this season. The mulberry is becoming extensively cultivated.

The period cannot be remote when pauperism must become an object of anxious investigation, as it already is of deep solicitude to every well-wisher of his country, and must be followed up with measures of energy and decision adequate to the political and moral importance of the subject.

While it may well be esteemed a dubious policy to pamper population by any permanent system of encouragement, few thinking minds will deny that the existing pressure (whether it be an actual excess or not) ought to be forthwith removed, and with no farther delay than the discovery of a safe and practical vent may require.

Whether we contemplate the mass of wretchedness and sickening hopelessness in which thousands of well-meaning labourers and artisans are at this moment plunged, or the absorbing demands which their necessities occasion, by the amount of parish rates, all must concur in the anxious wish that some remedy may be ere long devised. We have written and said so much upon this subject, that, from the very attempts to throw in light, it has become marvellously mystified and confused. Neither is it to be concealed that considerable and conflicting difficulties exist, though, it is believed and hoped, none which patient investigation and a liberal policy may not overcome. It may be reasonably assumed that parishes distressed by rates will readily concur in a fair and final composition, which is to free them from a heavy and growing annual charge. Government, on the other hand, by receiving such funds, and making simple and economical arrangements, may not only relieve the pressure at home, but will also confer happiness and independence upon those who have unhappily occasioned the distress. Neither does it seem necessary to open the public purse for this desirable object; on the contrary, by a judicious selection of settlements, and reserving lots of government lands adjoining those devoted to emigrants, there can be little doubt that, in a few years, considerable sales may be effected. The man who finds himself and family comfortably and conveniently settled upon fifty or a hundred acres, will ere long be willing and able to pay for a like quantity, which has been left alongside of his farm, and in this way government may be amply reimbursed.

In regard to the question of place, Upper Canada would

seem, on many accounts, to be most appropriate; nor can I bring myself for a moment to put Van Dieman's Land, New Holland, &c. in competition. A pestilential and impure moral atmosphere hangs over these colonies, which will require a very long period to dispel; and although this can be certainly best effected by a wholesome infusion of character from home, it must prove a heavy sacrifice to those individuals who undertake the task. The climate, the soil, the accessibility of North America, with various other circumstances, offer nearly an assurance of success.

And now comes the important question for individual consideration, "Is emigration expedient or not?" This must be decided by circumstances, and every man must judge for himself. Of this, however, I think there can be no doubt, that either the moderate capitalist, or the frugal, sober, and industrious labourer or artisan, cannot fail of success. Fortunes will not be rapidly or even readily acquired; but it must be the settler's own fault, if he does not enjoy in large abundance every solid comfort and enjoyment of life, and rear around his table even a *forest* of "olive plants," without one single anxious thought regarding their future destination.

Here Mr Fergusson brings his valuable paper on Emigration to a conclusion, after having given more solid and useful information for those disposed to leave this country for America, than any other writer of a recent date; and the dissemination of which, in the present publication, it is hoped, may be of no small service in guiding emigrants to the "Land of Promise." From week to week, as space can be afforded, additional information will be presented on this important subject, both from Mr Fergusson's Notes of his Journey, which he gives in a subsequent number of the *Agricultural Journal*, and a variety of other accurate documents.

OLD AGE.

The great English lexicographer, near the close of life, when writing to a friend, says, "My diseases are an asthma and a dropsy, and, what is less curable, *senectus*." A few precepts (says Macaulay in his Medical Dictionary) how to lessen the inconveniences of this last disease, may not be without their use. In old age, the sensibility of the nervous system is diminished, the muscular fibres are less irritable, and many of the arteries are ossified and obliterated. The body is bent; and those who have been tall and graceful in their youth, stoop forward in old age more than others, from the shrinking of the cartilages that lie between the vertebrae. The body is lean, and tremulous on any exertion. The torpor of the system, and the fullness of the veins, are the chief predisposing to disease in old age. The perspiration is checked, probably from the obstruction of the smaller arteries; and old people are accordingly subject to asthma, habitual catarrh, and water in the chest. 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COLUMN FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

RESULTS OF MACHINERY.

It is just possible that some of you will say, It matters not to us, the working men of England, whether the people of India sell us raw cotton or piece goods, or whether the trade in cotton amounts to one million a-year, or thirty-six millions. You may want to know how you individually, whether labourers or mechanics, are benefited by these changes, which look so large in figures. We will endeavour to tell you how you are benefited.

Of the cotton cloth made in England, three hundred and sixty million yards are exported, and three hundred and ninety-nine million yards are retained for home consumption. This was the state of the trade upon an average of years from 1824 to 1828. You are, doubtless, benefited very greatly, though indirectly, by the cotton cloth and the cotton yarn which go out of the country. The difference in the value between the raw cotton and the cotton yarn or cloth, is the price of your industry, and of the profits of capital, which sets your industry in motion. At that price you buy foreign produce, by which purchase you bring many articles of necessity and luxury within your reach. But this, you say, is a doubtful good. The good is not doubtful; but the objects which produce the good are spread over a large surface. We shall confine your attention, therefore, to one object.

Near twenty years after Arkwright had begun to spin by machinery, the price of a particular sort of cotton yarn much used in the manufacture of calico was thirty-eight shillings a-pound. That same yarn is now sold for between three and four shillings, or one-twelfth of its price forty years ago. If cotton goods were worn only by the few rich, as they were worn in ancient times, and even in the latter half of the last century, that difference of price would not be a great object; but the price is a very important object, when every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, has to pay it. The four hundred million yards of cloth which are annually retained for home consumption, distributed amongst twenty-five millions of population, allow sixteen yards every year for each individual. We will suppose that no individual would buy these sixteen yards of cloth unless he or she wanted them; that this plenty of cloth is a desirable thing; that it is conducive to warmth and cleanliness, and therefore to health; that it would be a great privation to go without the cloth. At sixpence a yard, the four hundred million yards of cloth amount to ten million pounds sterling. At half-a-crown a-yard, which we will take as the average price about five and twenty years ago, they would amount to fifty million of pounds sterling—an amount equal to all the taxes annually paid in Great Britain and Ireland. At twelve times the present price, or six shillings a-yard, which proportion we get by knowing the price of yarn forty years ago and at the present day, the cost of four hundred million yards of cotton cloth would be one hundred and twenty million of pounds sterling. It is perfectly clear that no such sum of money could be paid for cotton goods, and that, in fact, instead of ten millions being spent in this article of clothing by persons of all classes, in consequence of the cheapness of the commodity, we should go back to very nearly the same consumption that existed before Arkwright's invention, that is, to the consumption of the year 1750, when the whole amount of the cotton manufacture of the kingdom did not exceed the annual value of two hundred thousand pounds. At that rate of value, the quantity of cloth manufactured could not have been equal to one five-hundredth part of that which is now manufactured for home consumption. So that thirty-one people each now consume sixteen yards of cotton cloth where one person eighty years ago consumed one yard. We ask you, therefore, if this vast difference in the comforts of every family, by the ability which they now possess of easily acquiring warm and healthful clothing, is not a clear gain to all society, and to every one of you as a portion of society. It is more especially a gain to the females and the children of your families, whose condition is always degraded when clothing is scanty. The power of procuring cheap clothing for themselves, and for their children, has a tendency to raise the condition of females more than any other addition to their stock of comfort. It cultivates habits of cleanliness and decency; and those are little acquainted with the human character who can doubt whether cleanliness and decency are not only great aids to virtue, but virtues themselves. John Wesley said that cleanliness was next to godliness. There is little self-respect amidst dirt and rags, and without self-respect there can be no foundation for those qualities which most contribute to the good of a society. The power of procuring useful clothing at a cheap price has raised the condition of women amongst us, and the influence of the condition of women upon the welfare of a community can never be too highly estimated. That the manufacture of cotton by machinery has produced one of the great results for which machinery is to be desired, namely, cheapness on production, cannot, we think, be doubted. If increased

employment of human labour has gone along with that cheapness of production, even the most prejudiced can have no doubt of the advantages of this machinery to all classes of the community.—*Working Man's Companion.*

STRENGTH OF IRON.

Experiments made to discover the resistance to tension possessed by malleable iron, have, as might be expected, produced various results. In the greater number of cases, 80,000 pounds to the square inch have been given; and in none when the material was sound, under 40,000 pounds; so that about 60,000 pounds may be taken as the average; and according to Tredgold, no material, as Emerson had previously concluded, should be put to more than a third or even a fourth of the weight that would break it. Generally it is admitted, that, besides the little interruption caused to the flow of the current by means of piers, and the slight interruption caused to the navigation of a river, as well as the saving of time, that one-half of the iron may be considered sufficient for the construction of a bridge on the suspension principle, that would be necessary for one on the ordinary plan. According to experiments made in Russia in 1824, to determine the tenacity of iron, it was found that the best iron supported twenty-six tons per square inch, without being torn asunder; whereas the worst iron gave way under a tension of fourteen tons to the square inch.—*Lardner.*

MAHOGANY.

There are three species of mahogany:—Common mahogany (*Swietenia mahagoni*), *Swietenia febrifuga*, and *Swietenia chlorocylon*; the first being a native of the West India islands and the central parts of America, and the second and third natives of the East Indies. They all grow to be trees of considerable magnitude, the first and second being among the largest trees known. They are all excellent timber. *Swietenia mahagoni* is perhaps the most majestic of trees; for though some rise to a greater height, this tree, like the oak and the cedar, impresses the spectator with the strongest feelings of its firmness and duration. In the rich valleys among the mountains of Cuba, and those that open upon the Bay of Honduras, the mahogany expands to so giant a trunk, divides into so many massy arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves, spotted with tufts of pearly flowers, over so vast an extent of surface, that it is difficult to imagine a vegetable production combining in such a degree the qualities of elegance and strength, of beauty and sublimity. The precise period of its growth is not accurately known; but as, when large, it changes but little during the life of a man, the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than two hundred years. Some idea of its size, and also of its commercial value, may be formed from the fact that a single log, imported at Liverpool, weighed nearly seven tons; was, in the first instance, sold for L.378; resold for L.525; and would, had the dealers been certain of its quality, have been worth L.1000. As is the case with much other timber, the finest mahogany trees, both for size and quality, are not in the most accessible situations; and as it is always imported in large masses, the transportation of it for any distance overland is so difficult, that the very best trees, both on the islands and on the mainland—those that grow in the rich inland valleys—defy the means of removal possessed by the natives. Masses of from six to eight tons are not very easily moved in any country; and in a mountainous and rocky one, where much attention is not paid to mechanical power, to move them is impossible. In Cuba, the inhabitants have neither enterprise nor skill adequate to felling the mahogany trees, and transporting them to the shore; and thus the finest timber remains unused. The discovery of this beautiful timber was accidental, and its introduction into notice was slow. The first mention of it is, that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships, at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England was about the beginning of the last century; a few planks having been sent to Dr Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West India captain. The doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected it as being too hard. The doctor's cabinetmaker, named Wollaston, was employed to make a candle-box of it; and as he was sawing up the plank, he also complained of the hardness of the timber. But when the candle-box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour: Dr Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinetmaker by whom it had been at first so little regarded.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

LIGHTHOUSES.

The French have ingeniously directed the principles of optics to the improvement of lighthouses. In this useful pursuit the celebrated Buffon led the way. Endeavouring to realise the performance ascribed to Archimedes, he disposed 400 mirrors, each of them half a foot square, into a frame, so as to collect the sun's rays into a single focus, and by the reflection from this large surface, in 1747, he actually set fire to wood at the distance of 70 yards. The experiment

was next inverted, and a burner placed in the focus, to have its rays thrown parallel, and produce remote illumination. But for this purpose a much smaller reflector was sufficient, composed of bits of mirror planted in a spherical cavity. The final improvement consisted in hammering thin plated copper into a parabolic shape. These powerful reflectors, combined with Argand's lamp, were about thirty years since introduced from France into our lighthouses.—*Encyc. Brit., new edit.*

STREIGHTENING BUILDINGS.

The walls of a building, under the pressure of a heavy roof, had begun to bulge out, so as to threaten its stability. No force tried was sufficient to restore them to perpendicularity, until the idea occurred of using the contracting force of cooling iron. The opposite walls were connected by a number of iron bars, passing through both, and having nuts, screwed close to the wall, upon their projecting ends, of which bars one half were heated at a time, viz. every second or alternate bar, by lamps placed under them; and while lengthened in consequence, and projecting farther beyond the wall, the nuts were again screwed up; so that on cooling and contracting, they pulled the wall in a degree back to its place. The second set of bars were then similarly treated, and advanced the object as much as the first; and so on, until the object was accomplished.—*Arnott's Physics.*

HOUSE PAINTING.

An exceedingly instructive little volume has fallen under the notice of the Editor, entitled "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to House Painting, by D. R. Hay, House Painter in Edinburgh," and a perusal of which would be sure to refine the taste of the artisan engaged in this ingenious profession, and be particularly serviceable to gentlemen in the embellishment of their residences. It will have been often remarked, that the colouring of the walls in our houses is in many cases displeasing to the eye, and quite out of character with the furniture, the carpets, the degree of light, or the nature of the chambers. One room is painted green, because green is a pretty bright colour, while another, for some reason equally frivolous, is daubed over with a pink salmon tint. To correct these, and many other absurdities in house painting, Mr Hay has presented us with a variety of comprehensive rules, the nature of which will be learned by the following extract:—"The tone is the first point to be fixed, and its degree of warmth or coldness will be regulated by the use, situation, and light of the apartment. The next point is the style of colouring, whether gay, sombre, or otherwise; and this is more particularly regulated by the use of the apartment, and the sentiments which it ought to inspire. The tone is generally fixed by the choice of the furniture: for as the furniture of a room may be considered, in regard to colouring, in the same light as the principal figures in a picture, the general tone must depend upon the colours of which it is composed; for instance, if the prevailing colour of the furniture be blue, gray, cool green, or lilac, the general tone must be cool; but if, on the other hand, it is red, orange, brown, yellow, or a warm tint of green or purple, the tone must be warm. But, as hinted before, there can be no pleasing combination of colours without variety: this, by judicious management, may be given, without in the least interfering with the tone, for it is merely the general colour of the furniture which ought to fix the tone, and there may be the most decided contrast in its parts, which, by the introduction of proper tints upon the other parts of the room, can be reconciled and united. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be of a cool tone; but the apartments of a town house ought all to approach towards a warm tone; as also such apartments as are lighted from the north and east of a country residence. When the tone of an apartment is therefore fixed by the choice of the furniture, it is the business of the house painter to introduce such tints upon the ceiling, walls, &c., as will unite the whole in perfect harmony; this, as I have already observed, is a difficult task. The colours of the furniture may be arranged by a general knowledge of the laws of harmony, but the painter's part can only be done by the closest attention to all the minutiae of the art. The style of colouring is the next point to be fixed, and will depend entirely on the use of the apartment. In a drawing-room, vivacity, gaiety, and light cheerfulness, should characterise the colouring. This is produced by the introduction of light shades of brilliant colours, with a considerable degree of contrast, gilding, &c., but the brightest colours and strongest contrasts should be upon the furniture; the effect of which will derive additional value and brilliancy from the walls being kept in due subjection. Although they also should partake to a certain extent of the general lightness, yet, if kept rather under in point of brightness and intensity, the general effect will be much improved. The characteristic colouring of a dining-room should be warm, rich, and substantial; and where contrasts are introduced, they should not be vivid. This style of colouring will be found to correspond best with the massive description of the furniture; gilding, unless in very small quantities, for the sake of relief, should be avoided. Parlours ought to be painted in a medium style, between that of a drawing-room and dining-room. The most appropriate style of colouring for libraries is solemn and grave, and no richer colouring should be employed than is

necessary to give the effect of grandeur, which can scarcely be done where one monotonous tint prevails; but care should be taken not to disturb the quiet and solemn tone which ought to characterise the colouring of all apartments of this description. In bed-rooms, a light, cleanly, and cheerful style of colouring, is the most appropriate. A greater degree of contrast may here be admitted between the room and its furniture than in any other apartment, as the bed-curtains, &c. form a sufficient mass to balance a tint of equal intensity upon the walls. There may also for the same reason be admitted gayer and brighter colours upon the carpet. Staircases, lobbies, vestibules, &c., should all be of rather a cool tone, and the style of colour should be simple, and free of contrast. The effect to be produced is that of architectural grandeur, which owes its beauty more to the effect of light and shadow, than to any arrangement of colours. Yet they ought not to be so entirely free from colour as the exterior of a mansion, but should be in colouring, what they are in use, a link between exterior simplicity and interior richness. Staircases and lobbies being cool in tone, and simple in the style of their colouring, will much improve the effect of the apartments which enter from them."

CUTTING INSTRUMENTS.

Every observant manufacturer of cutting instruments of the finer sorts, must have experienced the difficulty of obtaining, in the articles about to be hardened, that uniform degree of heat throughout, which is essential to the production of a perfect edge. "This difficulty," says Mr Nicholson, "formed a very considerable impediment to my success in a course of delicate steel work in which I was engaged about seven years ago; but after various unsuccessful experiments, I succeeded in removing it by the use of a bath of molten lead, which, for very justifiable reasons, has been kept a secret until now. Pure lead, that is to say, lead containing little or no tin, is ignited to a moderate redness, and then well stirred. Into this a piece is plunged for a few seconds; that is to say, until when brought near the surface that part does not appear less luminous than the rest. The piece is then speedily stirred about in the bath, suddenly drawn out, and plunged into a large mass of water. In this manner a plate of steel may be hardened so as to be perfectly brittle, and yet continue so sound as to ring like a bell—an effect which I never could produce in any other way." The tempering process may be performed by immersing the article in the same manner in a bath of molten lead, the temperature of which can be ascertained by means of the thermometer, when it does not exceed the point at which mercury boils. For razor blades or scalpels, Mr Stodart recommends 430° of Fahrenheit, which gives to the steel a faint yellowish tinge or tarnish. It may not be generally known that the hardening of steel does not necessarily depend upon the immersion of the metal in liquid of any kind, but may be equally effected by the application of cold. The hardening of cast-iron articles by chilling the surface has already been mentioned, and the cutlers are well aware that the same phenomenon occurs in the case of a thin blade, placed, when heated, between the hammer and anvil faces when both are cold. The Bulletin Universal lately contained a notice in reference to the practical application of this principle. From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the times when north winds occurred, M. Anozoff made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments by putting them, when heated, into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water.—*Manufactures in Metal.*

WEIGHT OF BODIES.

When a body is carried below the surface of the earth, its weight becomes less, because the matter then above it is drawing it up, instead of down, as before. A descent of a few hundred feet makes a sensible difference; and at the centre of the earth, if a man could reach it, he would find things to have no weight at all, and there would be neither up nor down, because bodies would be attracted equally in all directions.—*Arnott's Physics.*

GARDENING—APRIL.

FRUIT GARDEN.

In very bleak situations the blossoms of peaches and nectarines should be protected; but in sheltered situations where the trees have ripened perfectly their last year's wood, they do not require protection, unless the weather should prove very severe. Should insects appear on the young leaves, let them be dusted over with flower of sulphur; but do not attempt to wash them with the engine till the blossoming season is over, and the fruit set. Plant out strawberries, if the plantations have not been completed previously. If alpine strawberries have been raised from seed in the hotbed, the young plants may be picked out on a warm border, under hand-glasses, or in pans or boxes under a frame, till they are fit to plant out finally where they are to remain. Thin out grapes in the stove or forcing-house, and suspend by strings the shoulders of those branches which require it.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Make hotbeds for cucumbers and melons. Force kidney beans, Elford rhubarb, and sea-kale. The

roots of scarlet running kidney beans, which have been preserved through the winter, may now be planted out, when they will grow afresh, and produce an early and abundant crop. Plant out artichokes, ash-leaved, kidney, and other potatoes, on warm borders, to succeed those grown in frames. In planting out early potatoes, those sets which are cut with one eye only to each will come in sooner by ten days or a fortnight than those cut with two eyes or more. Divide and plant out balm, chamomile, hyssop, lavender, marjoram, mint, penny-royal, rhubarb, sage, sea-kale, sorrel, tansy, tarragon, and thyme. Sow capsicums and love-apples on hotbeds. Sow on warm borders and in the open quarters, asparagus, beets, cabbages, cardoons, celery, chervil, garden and kidney beans, Dutch turnips, lettuces, peas, pot-herbs, radishes, winter-greens, &c. Transplant lettuces from the frames; and towards the end of the month, cauliflowers.

In the flower-garden the main crop of annuals is sown in this month; and great care is taken to protect auriculas, tulips, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and other florists' flowers, from rains and winds. Vermin and birds begin now to be very troublesome to the gardener; but the use of the gun and lime-water will clear the ground of both.

ROBESPIERRE AND DENON.

During the rage for changing every thing which characterised the French republic, it was deemed by the government that the national costume should be altered; and M. Denon, who, it seems, so that he might be permitted to engrave, was always ready to work for angel or devil, was employed about the intended transmutation of the coat of the Frenchman into the Roman toga. "At this period," says his biographer, "an adventure happened to him, which has been related to relate many times. He was summoned by the Committee of Public Safety to report the progress of the work on which he was employed; twelve o'clock at night, was the time appointed. He arrived at the precise hour, but the committee was sitting with closed doors, to discuss, as he was told, matters of importance, and M. Denon was obliged to wait. Two hours passed, during which he heard occasionally loud bursts of laughter, that afforded a strong contrast to the kind of business with which the committee was commonly engaged, and proved that their conversation was not so serious as he had been informed. At last Robespierre came out, and unexpectedly entered the room where M. Denon was sitting. On perceiving a stranger, the savage countenance of the Tribune contracted, and assumed an expression of terror mingled with anger. He asked the unhappy artist, in a tone to turn his stomach, who he was, and what he was doing here at that hour? M. Denon thought he was a lost man; he told his name, however; answered that he came in obedience to the summons he had received, and was waiting until he should be called. Robespierre immediately softened: he conducted M. Denon into the chamber, passed a part of the remainder of the night in chatting with him, and during the whole of their conversation endeavoured to convince him that he was a lover of the fine arts, and had the tastes and manners of a man who had seen good society. M. Denon used to say that the recollection of this event always seemed to him like a dream."

WARSAW.

This interesting city is situated on the left bank of the Vistula, on a high but not rocky ground. There are two pontoon bridges across the river, leading from Warsaw to Praga; but they are always broken up at the setting in of the frost. The Vistula is at this part one of the broadest rivers in Europe. Above the first bridge there is the tolerably large island of the Saxon Boars. It is inhabited by some German families from West Prussia (here called Swabians), and in summer it is the Sunday's resort of the German inhabitants of Warsaw; for the Germans, in whatever part of the world they may be, always make Sunday a day of recreation. Viewed from the Boars or from Praga, Warsaw presents an imposing aspect. Its length, along the banks of the Vistula, is about a German mile and a half, and at the lower or western end it is terminated by an enormous building called the crown barracks. There are no very high steeples in Warsaw. The most conspicuous are the two spires of the Church of the Cross in the New World (the New World is the name of one of the principal streets). The parish church of the old town, with its Gothic steeple, reminds the German of St Thomas's Church at Leipzig. Warsaw is surrounded by mean mud walls, which, owing to their great extent, cannot answer the purpose of fortification. These walls encompass corn fields, gardens, pasture-grounds, and promenades, besides the busy city of Warsaw. The city, which is divided into three parts, the Old Town, the New Town, and the New World, forms a semicircle on the banks of the Vistula. In its general aspect, Warsaw is not inferior to some of the first cities of Europe. About a hundred and fifty palaces, some built in the old Italian and some in the modern style, are interspersed among miserable houses and barracks. The barracks, however, are every year gradually disappearing, and neat private houses, and in some places elegant palaces, are rising on their sites.—*Poland under the Dominion of Russia, by Harro Harring.*

MOISTURE AND QUANTITY OF RAIN.

The average quantity of rain which annually falls in Scotland, appears to be about 31 inches. But its annual amount is an inferior consideration to its general and equable distribution throughout the several days and months of the year. Much rain descending at once is rather hurtful than beneficial to agriculture, whereas those moderate but golden showers, which regularly fall on a soil prepared to receive them, are real sources of fertility. From the following statement it appears that the quantity of rain, on the east coast, is generally one-fifth less than on the west.

Towards the west coast, it rains, or snows, about	Days.
The weather is fair for	205
	160
	365
Towards the east coast, on an average of twelve years, it	
rains for	111
It snows for	24
The weather is fair for	230
	365

Making a difference of not less than 70 days of fair weather in favour of the east coast. In some districts, however, the rainy season is of a still greater duration, amounting to two-thirds of the year, or 244 days, leaving only 121 of fair weather. In Glasgow, the average is 29 inches, 65-100th parts.—In Moray, 24 inches.—At Dundee, 21 23-100th parts.—*Sir J. Sinclair.*

GENEVA.

Geneva, though not the capital of Switzerland, nor even of the Pays de Vaud, is decidedly the Athens of this "land of mountain and of floods." It is a little Edinburgh in head, and Birmingham in hand. The Genevans are zealous in the pursuit of literature and science, as they are ingenious in the construction of watches, gold chains, and musical snuff-boxes. Still industry is the prominent moral character, even of the Helvetic Athens. There can be little doubt that this character has been stamped on the people here, and perhaps in many other places, more by physical than by moral causes. A keen air, a scanty soil, a superabundance of snow, rock, ice, rivers, and lake, are circumstances that must of necessity induce industrious and economical habits. The sharp mountain breeze excites feelings not only of cold, but of hunger—two powerful sti-

mul to labour, which alone can furnish raiment and food. The paucity of soil, and profusion of useless elements, in Switzerland, lead to a careful cultivation of every inch of earth that is capable of yielding materials for food, clothing, arts, or commerce. Economy, too, is a very necessary ingredient. In spite of all that has been written about the pastoral manners, the simplicity and hospitality of the Swiss, it is no more than truth to state, that among those classes with which the traveller comes in contact, there is a degree of Jewishness and selfishness not much surpassed by what is met with in most other parts of Europe. He is not so much cheated, abused, and wrangled with as in Italy; but he is not seldom overreached by a people who have made wonderful advances, of late years, in the arts, as well as the sciences of civilised life.—*Pursuit of Health.*

PORCELAIN.

There is abundant evidence to show that Oriental porcelain was not uncommon in Europe during the first century. The pieces of this manufacture which, according to Pliny, were first seen in Rome, were brought there from Pontus in Asia, by the army of Pompey, 64 years before Christ. Little figures covered with a fine deep-blue glaze, which are found deposited with Egyptian mummies, cause it to appear that porcelain was made in Egypt in very ancient times. It is a curious fact that the colouring matter wherewith these figures are ornamented, and which has been analysed by various chemical tests, affords every indication of its being oxide of cobalt, the identical substance employed for the same purpose by the European porcelain manufacturers of our day, but the use of which was unknown to us until a comparatively recent period. The ore of cobalt was formerly thrown aside by the miners of Saxony as useless, or was employed only in killing rooks. The Portuguese traders were the means of introducing the fine earthenware of China into more general use in Europe; and the name assigned to the fabric, as distinguishing it from the coarser descriptions of pottery of domestic manufacture, was most probably given by them—*porcellana* signifying, in the Portuguese language, a cup. It has been attempted to prove a different origin for the name—attributing it to the resemblance which the glazing or varnish, and probably the colours of porcelain, bear to the scales and scales of the East instead of money (coursies), and which, from the similarity of their shape to that of the back of a little pig, were also called *porcella*.—*Lardner.*

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.

John Ambrosius Bach, a German composer, and father of the celebrated musician, John Sebastian Bach, had a brother named John Christopher, also a musician, who so exceedingly resembled him, that their own wives could only distinguish one from the other by the difference of dress! The brothers tenderly loved each other, their voices, dispositions, tastes, dislikes, even the style of their music, were similar. If one sickened, the other also became ill; and they died within a short time of each other.

KAFFIRS.

We had seen, says Rose in his work on Southern Africa, the blue smoke of several kraals (villages) rising among the green hills, when, on turning, we found ourselves in the midst of their beehive tents. The men were sitting round a fire with their dogs and arms about them, and two fresh-buck horns were the sport of the day. The dogs set up a howl, and a Kaffir, rising from the group, advanced towards us—he held out his hand, and repeated the salutation of good will, *Goedendag*; but there was doubt in his movement, and fear in his eye. We gave our hands, and repeated *Goedendag*, and the rest of the horde came around us, asking for presents; but I thought that the children appeared to be frightened with the women and girls were particularly so. One of the devil by which their mothers hush them into obedience. Next day we employed a Kaffir interpreter, and pursued our journey, bivouacking near the kraal of an old chief that lay in our route. It was near sunset when we arrived; the chief Enno and his principal men were sitting on the side of the hill, on which their habitations stood—the young men and boys were herding the cattle, while the women and girls were preparing the evening meal. A friendly—the chief asked what news there was (the regular inquiry both of the savage and the civilised), and could not be persuaded that we had none, while his questions betrayed a minute acquaintance with the movements of military parties, that surprised me—and while he continued to address them to my companion, I went to the dance—to understand the dance, you should have seen it—no description, no drawing can give an idea of a man and woman which was little more than a slow walk of short steps, and yet brought every muscle of the frame into violent exertion. The dancers, linked hand in hand, formed a semicircle, from which two separated themselves, coming to the front with this slow movement, and with strange contortions, and then retiring to their places, while the kept time in all this to a strange monotonous air. The Kaffir women, who were so inferior to the men in appearance, for theirs is the labour of the field, that depresses the body, while hunting, the pursuit of the men, strengthens it. Yet still, even among the women, when young, there are some forms of striking beauty.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

Europe is still, in this respect, one vast and dreary prison! According to all just and good laws, a man is considered innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Yet so under the passport system. There he is always suspected of being guilty, after repeated proofs of innocence! An Englishman undergoes all necessary scrutiny on landing at Calais, and his passport is found to be "quite correct." But a drive along a road where it would be difficult to beg, borrow, or steal—a passage over a crazy wooden plank, or under a tottering gateway, renders him as great an object of political suspicion as if he had crossed the street in a balloon from the cabinet of St James's—always he is under the gaze of gendarmes, and generally at the expense of a franc for his freedom to the next fortified town. This system is vexatious enough in the "Great Nation," but it is still more vexatious in the fifty little nations through which the traveller passes in rapid succession. The more petty, paltry, and subjugated the principality or state through which you pass, the more rigorous the examination of your passport and baggage. Just you may be plotting against its independence (!) or infringing on its commerce! The Prince of Monaco, for example (one of Napoleon's imperial brood, I believe), whose town and territory Gulliver could have extinguished, orders a half-starved serjeant, with a cigar in his mouth, into your room, while breakfasting or dining at Mentone, to demand seventy-five cents for liberty to pass through his empire!—*Pursuit of Health.*

EXERCISE.

At least two hours a-day should be spent in the open air. When the weather is such as not to permit the delicate to go abroad, Mr Abernethy advises the windows to be thrown open, and exercise to be taken by walking up and down the apartments of the house. Walking is the most natural and convenient exercise, and, to the healthy and robust, perhaps the best. Riding on horseback, especially to the dyspeptic, and to those who are threatened with consumptive complaints, has been highly extolled by physicians, and with justice. Dr Parry recommends digging in a garden as a useful and agreeable exercise. The best time for taking exercise, is three or four hours after a meal, when digestion has been completed, when the nutritious chyle has entered the blood-vessels, and when the body feels refreshed and invigorated.—*Economy of the Human Body.*

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THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHIES AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED

THE most of my young readers are probably aware, that, before the promulgation of the Christian doctrines and morality, there existed different kinds of philosophy, which were the work of certain intelligent Grecian sages. It is probable that some account of those different codes of morals, in contrast with the sublimer and purer theory and applicability of Christianity, may be perused with advantage.

The leading sects of the philosophies of the ancients were the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Peripatetic, and the Academic; the Peripatetic, however, was little more than a modification of the first two; while the characteristic of the Academic was placed principally in its doubts and difficulties, so that the two sects chiefly meriting attention are the Epicurean and the Stoic. The philosophy of Epicurus (a Grecian who flourished about four hundred years before Christ) had for its principal object the enjoyment of pleasure. With its followers pleasure was therefore held as the greatest good, and pain as the greatest evil. On the other hand, the governing aim of the Stoics was a constant virtuous propriety, which led them in principle to despise pleasure, and to hold pain in sovereign contempt. It will at once be perceived that neither of these systems possessed the property of perpetuity. Both were the invention or the freak of persons with a particular turn of mind, and were not of general application. Epicurus himself led a temperate life, and essentially taught that happiness was *not* to be found in mere sensual pleasure; but his theory often led those who adhered to it to become debased voluptuaries; while the philosophy of the Stoics fostered their pride, led them occasionally to commit suicide, produced too frequently unmercifulness and harshness towards their fellow-creatures, and admitted the indulgence of revenge and other ferocious passions; but little else, indeed, could have been expected; nor were sympathy and tenderness of feelings towards others to have been looked for from men whose hearts were steeled even to their own sufferings. The philosophies of the Epicureans and Stoics, it ought also to be mentioned, by no means went the length of releasing the mind from the absurdities of superstition. Although most of the members of those sects had some general though imperfect knowledge of a Supreme Being, yet even *their* minds were generally clouded with the notions of the vulgar, from which their superior attainments could not extricate them. The Epicureans appear to have been uncertain whether the Deity was one, or consisted of a great number; but they felt convinced that they led in heaven lives of indolence and repose, caring nothing about human affairs. Although Socrates said he believed in one Great First Cause, yet he directed at his death a cock should be sacrificed to Esculapius. His general views were good on this important matter, yet we find him gravely recommending that men should honour their country's gods, thus showing that he himself credited both their existence and power. He resembled the ignorant Hindoos, who, though they have a general belief of a great Creator, a preserver and destroyer, yet think there are in the universe innumerable subordinate deities.

With regard to the important question of a future state, the Epicureans totally disbelieved it; and Cæsar, a noted adherent of their sect, in his famous speech in the Roman senate, as to the mode of disposing of or punishing Catiline, had no hesitation in announcing his opinion that death terminated the pains of mortals, and that beyond the grave there was neither sorrow nor joy. The reasonings of Socrates on the subject

have been lauded far beyond their merits, and were confused and unsatisfactory; and while Cicero laughed with not a little scorn at "the triple-headed mastiff, the howling river, the Stygian ferry, and the half-drowned Tantalus," the views which he endeavoured to substitute in their place were very dark, and of but little consequence. The philosophers of the ancient world, who approached probably nearest the truth on these great subjects, were Pythagoras and Plato—the former in the sixth century, and the latter in the fourth century, before Christ; and it is interesting to learn that as both of them, in quest of knowledge, had gone to Egypt, it was understood that they had got their juster ideas by being made acquainted in that country with the Books of Moses and the Prophets. Pythagoras, who visited Babylon during the great captivity, is further supposed to have there met with Ezekiel and Daniel, and been instructed by them. Plato was a follower of Pythagoras in things intellectual, but more enlightened than that philosopher in some things. He believed that there was one God, the author of all things; that the soul is immortal; that men ought to restrain their passions; and that there was a recompense for the good and a punishment for the wicked, after death. He tried to inspire a love of truth and wisdom, and to promote contemplation on objects of an imperishable nature. But in the inculcation of these amiable doctrines, he failed in exciting minds of a gross nature, and he could gain adherents only among the most intelligent, or among persons of a naturally good disposition. One of the most singular features in the philosophy of Plato was his belief relative to *evil*, which he attributed to the existence of *matter*; and then to avoid the danger of appearing to attribute the origin of evil to the Supreme Being, he laid down the proposition that matter was *not* created, but eternal. After his death, his disciples divided themselves into the two sects already noticed—the Academics and the Peripatetics, the latter having Aristotle for their chief.

What chiefly engaged the attention of all those eminent ancients was their *Summum Bonum*, as it was named, or the greatest and most important object of their existence. This differed in the several sects. With regard to that of the Epicureans, under every variety of shade, and under all the refinements which a cultivated intellect could confer, it was in reality *sensual enjoyment*. And as respects that of the Stoics, it seemed to be an abstract idea of propriety, of conforming to the ill-understood will of God, and to live, as they expressed it, "according to nature." Such were their aims; but it is certain that if their *Summum Bonum*, whatever that might be, was meant at all to regard their lives, those lives were the present ones in this world; for their views of its utility extended but little beyond the grave, into regions of which they had but a slender and confused idea. What, then, may we ask, is the amount of all these much-vaunted heathen philosophies? It is, that the religious ideas of their members were generally fanciful and superstitious; that their notions of futurity were dark and unsatisfactory; that the conduct in life which arose from their ruling object was either the pursuit of pleasure and sensual gratification, or it was the commission of suicide, and giving way to the harsher and coarser passions of our nature. Luckily, these fantastic Grecian philosophies carried with them the seeds of their own decay. They were not calculated to endure the "tear and wear" of ordinary life, and were founded on such minute sophisms, or modes of reasoning, that nobody but the studious and learned could comprehend them. And how were they taught? It was by their founders or promoters in academies and

schools, in the porches of temples, and in the recesses of groves: and to whom? Perhaps to a few young men belonging to the upper classes of society, who affected to follow for a season, by turns, the Epicurean or some other philosophy, which they changed with the fashion, and ultimately fell from and forgot. None of the Grecian philosophical teachers from first to last—Pythagoras, Socrates, Democritus, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and so forth—ever made any impression on the public mind, apparently treating the poor and the unlearned as little better than beasts, who were not fit to understand their exalted notions, and who, they imagined, were well off as to their religion, in merely seeing the usual sacrifices performed at the altars. At a somewhat later era the very same inefficiency of these noted philosophies is seen in the conduct of the learned among the Romans; and the transcendent idea of adapting a philosophy to the capacities and the daily wants of *the whole human race*, was never so much as thought of. The leaders of the Grecian schools taught their systems for money, like modern schoolmasters, and the idea of communicating a knowledge in morals, for *nothing*, to the masses of people who crowded the thoroughfares, was a stretch of philanthropy which they did not countenance. Even the Jewish code of laws or religion was but of local application, and thus the field was open for the occupation of some one of extraordinary extent of intellect and beneficent principle, who would for the first time lay down a simple yet vigorous and permanent system of ethics, which all could comprehend, and all find it possible to act upon. Such an individual was at length raised up in the person of the Saviour, Christ. On comparing his important doctrines and morals, as recorded in the history of his life and sufferings in the various books of the New Testament, with those which I above noticed, and which were the best the ancients could show, the veriest sceptic will be compelled to allow that they were the thing which was at the time, and for all time, wanted by mankind. His religion was not promulgated in schools, academies, or secluded groves, to a few pupils gathered from the upper ranks, and with minds trained by cultivation to comprehend it. Nor was it adapted merely to the moral guidance of the rich and the powerful, or confined in its application to any particular country or any exclusive sect. The sentiments taught were of universal utility, and could be sufficiently comprehended by those who had no pretensions to human learning. In a worldly sense, the divine founder of this new and universal school of ethics was of mean origin, was unsupported by any kind of patronage; yet, even under these disadvantages—hated by a haughty priesthood, without school or academy, ignorant of the refined notions of Plato and the rest of the Grecian philosophers, did he *gratuitously* offer for acceptance a system of morality of unexampled excellence, and which the utmost ingenuity and contrivance of the learned for many centuries before him had entirely overlooked, or been unable to establish. The philosophic systems of the Greeks were little else than abstract theories, while *his* religion was of practical application, not only to every action, but to every thought which produced that action. Until he taught, no one from the beginning of the world ever laid down the grand principles in morals, of returning good for evil—of there being sins of the heart as well as of the hand—of the necessity for feeding the poor and clothing the naked—of comforting those in affliction—of judging charitably of others—of the sinfulness of self-love, haughtiness, tyranny, and revenge—and the virtue of humility, and doing to our neighbours what we would desire they should

do unto us. In laying down rules of this nature, nothing very tempting was held out to his followers, as in the case of the Epicurean pleasures; on the contrary, he told plainly that the bounty he offered could not be paid in this world's goods, and that the reward was to be sought for in another state of existence. Yet, though presented under this uninviting aspect, his lessons impressed the minds of immense multitudes of mankind, and soon put to shame the learned pride both of the heathen philosophers and of the Pharisees of his own nation. Unto all, Jesus taught an eternal truth in the unity and omnipotence of God, which in time put an end to all the superstitions of the Pantheon. The sentiments and truths which were in this manner introduced to the notice of mankind, and which are comprehended in the phrase CHRISTIANITY, form essentially the philosophy of the poor man, and is therefore to be hailed as by far the greatest good in morals which has ever been made known to the human race. From small and despised beginnings, in an obscure rugged country in Asia, this beneficent religion has spread abroad, and covered the whole civilised world. "The least of all seeds grew up, and became a great tree, and spread out its branches. The stone which was cut out of the mountain shall itself become a great mountain, and fill the earth."

SECURE ONES.

"I MAK SICKER."

Motto of the Family of Kirkpatrick.

"OH, he's a sicker ane!" is a phrase used in Scotland in reference to that class of people who make excessively sure about every thing, and are in no manner of means to be imposed upon. I style such persons Secure Ones, in order to be intelligible to southern as well as northern readers. Every body must know a certain class of Secure Ones by the timid cautiousness and exactness of their behaviour; by the trim unostentatious propriety of their external aspect. There is a lamb's-woolly comfort and a broadcloth completeness about this sort of Secure One, that nobody can mistake; he even seems to have made the number of buttons in his vest, and the height to which that garment is buttoned up, a matter of accurate calculation. He could not go abroad under less than a certain press of flannel and greatcoat for the world; and you might almost as soon expect to meet him without his left arm as minus the silk umbrella under it. (He carries the latter part of himself, or fifth limb, at an angle of about sixty degrees to the horizon, the handle down behind, and the point forked up in front.) "When he observes any part of the pavement railed off, in order to save the passengers all danger from an occasional pelleting of stones and bits of plaster, which the slaters or chimney-doctors are producing from above, he deploys into the street a good way before coming up to the actual rail or rope, and, in passing, takes care to sweep several good yards beyond the utmost range of shot. "Don't like these things coming peppering down that way; might almost dislocate one's shoulder if they were to fall upon it; perhaps we had better go over to the other side of the street altogether. No need, you know, for running into unnecessary danger." When a Secure One ascends a stair, he goes step after step monotonously on, performing every move of his feet with a sound conscientious deliberation, and seems determined upon doing full justice to every landing-place. He holds firmly, however unnecessarily, by the baluster, since the baluster is there, and he has an obvious satisfaction in the slight pant which he thinks himself entitled to get up on the occasion. The Secure One always shuts a door carefully behind him. He takes off his hat softly, with a regard at once to the smooth economy of his hair, and the pile of his chapeau. He has a maxim that the hat should be first raised and loosened from behind, where it slides up along the glossy hair, not from the front, where it encounters a comparative obstruction from the fleshy brow. He lays down his gloves neatly on the top of each other, and hangs up his hat with an air of carefulness truly exemplary. The Secure One is a bit of an epicure. When out in the forenoon, he would not for any consideration take lunch or wine. "Madam, would you have me spoil my appetite for dinner?" This appetite he nurses and cherishes in the course of his saunterings between two and five, as carefully as a miser doating over his heap. He holds a telegraphic communion with his inner man that passeth show; he coquets and dallies with his stomach; every indescribable symptom is taken into account, and forms the subject of unexpressed congratulation. "Dear tender flowers of appetite, it would be sacrilege, or worse, to nip ye in the bud, by powdering over you the baneful dew of a glass of Baccellae, or the still more odious blight of a basin of mulligatawny. No, I will coax you and protect you, and travel for you, in faithful love and kindness, even until ye shall be fully fattened up for slaughter at five o'clock." When the Secure One sits down to table, he painfully and not unostentatiously (to himself) relieves the one lowest button of his vest from the thrall of button-hole, and with equally deliberate care arranges a napkin over the front of his person. Dinner is a sacred ceremony, and requires its canonicals. Being fully acquainted with the whole planisphere of the table, he takes an exactly proportioned quantity of each article, so as ultimately to have enjoyed each in its exact proportion of merit, and to have precisely

enough out of the whole. A Secure One is frequently an old respectable unmarried gentleman, residing with a single servant—Jenny—in a "self-contained" house about Stockbridge or Newington. Knowing the distance at which he lives from the mercantile parts of the town, he takes care never to want what he calls a pound of change, as well as a small stock of copper—at least the value of a shilling—observing also, that the change is not unmixed with sixpences, so that when any shopkeeper's boy calls for payment of an account, or to take back the purchase-money of any article he has bought that day in town, he may not have to trouble [i. e. trust] the messenger with the duty of obtaining change for a bank-note, which would tend to occasion a more than necessary answering of the bells at the door, besides keeping him in an agony of fiddle-faddle till the little affair was settled. Jenny, who has been so long in his service as to have become almost as secure as himself, never opens the door of nights without putting on the chain; and she has a standing order against all parleying with beggars, or poor women who sell tapes and such things out of baskets. The Secure One regards few creatures in this world with a more jealous or malignant eye than these personages. "Why, sir, they want nothing but to make an opportunity of stripping the lobby or the kitchen!" And such a story he can tell of a missing hat-brush! "A woman seen that morning going about—sold a pair of garters to the maid-servant three doors off at ten—front door had been left open for a minute, not more, while Jenny ran after me with something I had forgot; and in that time—it could have been at no other—the deed was done. A hat-brush I had just got with my last hat at Grieve and Scott's; had a thing that screwed in at the one end, so that it was a stretcher also; cost four-and-sixpence, even taking the hat along with it." And the Secure One, without any premeditated hard-heartedness, thinks nothing of making such an incident apologise to himself for an habitual shutting of his door and his heart against the poor for the next twelve-month. There is never any imperfection in the externals of the Secure One. He bears about him a certain integrity of look that fills and satisfies the eye. From his good well-brushed waterproof beaver, all along down by his roomy blue coat, drab well-fledged, amply-trousered limbs, and so down to his double shoes, not omitting such points as his voluminous white neckcloth without collar, his large Cairngorm brooch, which looks as if a dish of jelly had been inverted into his bosom, and his heavy puffy bunch of seals dangling, clearly defined and well relieved, from the precipice of belly—every thing betokens the Secure One. Clothes are not so much clothes with him as they are a kind of defensive armour! The truth is, the Secure One lives in a state of constant warfare with the skiey influences. The chief campaign is in winter. Instead of entering the field, like Captain Bobadil, about the tenth of March, he opens the trenches towards the twenty-fourth of October. He then invests himself with a cuirass of wool almost thick enough to obstruct the passage of a cannon-ball. For months after, he remains in arms, prepared to stand out against the most violent attacks of the enemy; and in reality there is hardly any advantage to be got of the Secure One by fair open storms or frosts. He bears a charmed life against all such candid-modes of warfare. He cannot be overthrown in a pitched battle. It is only ambuscade draughts through open windows, and other kinds of bush-fighting, that ever are of any effect against him. Like Hector in the armour of Patroclus, he is invulnerable over almost all his whole person; but an arrowy rheumatism, like the spear of Achilles, will sometimes reach him through a very small chink. Like the mighty Achilles himself, he is literally proof, perhaps, against every thing but what assails him through the very lowest part of his person—he can stand every thing but wet feet. There is an instance on record of his having once been laid by the heels for three months, in consequence of sitting one night in the pit of the theatre with a slightly damp umbrella between his knees. He was just about to get entirely better of this disorder, when all at once he was thrown back for six weeks more, by reason, as he himself related, of his having changed the wear (in his sick-chamber) of a silk watch-riband for a chain! "All from the imprudence of that rash girl Jenny, who thought the riband a little shabby, and put on the chain instead. Why, sir, a thick double riband, more than an inch broad; only conceive what a material addition it must have been to my ordinary clothing!" The chain, he might have added, was apt to be worse than nothing, for it was of irregular application, tattooing his person, as it were, with a minutely decussated exposure, so that the cold was likely to have struck him as with the teeth of a comb! The Secure One has an anxiety peculiar to himself on the subject of easy chairs, nightgowns, and slippers. The easy chair must be exact in angle to a single minute of a degree; the nightgown must be properly seen to in respect of fur and flannel; the slippers must every night be placed for him at the proper place; and if Jenny has been so inattentive as to place the left one on the right of the other, he feels himself not a little discomposed. The Secure One is most pestilently and piquantly accurate about all things. He loves to arrange, and arrange, and arrange, and over again arrange, and settle all the preliminaries and pertinents of any little matter which cannot reasonably be done but one way. If he wishes,

for instance, to confer with an upholsterer respecting some alteration in the above easy chair, he first calls one forenoon and inflicts an hour's explanation upon the unhappy man of wood, who is not all a man of wood, otherwise he would in such a case be happy. It does not in the least matter at what hour the tradesman should come to see this chair, for the Secure One is to be at home the whole day. Yet the very liberty at which he stands produces a difficulty. It would be charity in Providence, by any interference, "to give him not to chuse." "Say eleven; I shall then be quite disengaged—will that hour suit you? Or make it any other hour—say twelve—or say half-past eleven—half-past would do very well." [He recollects that he seldom gets the whole fiddle-faddle of feeding the canaries over by half-past.] "Suppose it were a quarter to twelve; that would answer me better still. I may perhaps take a walk out at mid-day; would a quarter to twelve do? Or I might hurry the canaries, and then the half-past might do. I dare say half-past will do best after all; mind half-past eleven," &c. &c. The man comes, and the business of the chair is entered into. The whole affair is most amply canvassed. The Secure One sits down in it, and gives a lecture in a very *ex-cathedra* style upon all its properties and defects. He complains of the back reclining a little too much back, or the bottom showing too little bottom, or some other fault equally inappreciable; and the upholsterer sees at once that the Secure One only complains of this, as he is apt to do of other things, from the very uneasiness arising from its over-easiness.

"Lulled on the rack of a too-easy chair."

The fact is, the Secure One has brought every appliance of life to such an absolute exactitude and perfection, that, having no longer any thing to give him pain, he becomes quite wretched. Secureness, it is evident, may go too far. We may become actually frightened in this world at our own caution. We may be shocked by the very unimpeachability of our own virtue. We may become miserable through the extremity of our happiness. In the same manner the Secure One, when he has "got all things right," as he would say, finds himself, to his great disappointment, just at the threshold of woe and evil. He has exactly got time to set his house in order, before the proper consequence of such an event befalls him; and he expires at the very moment when he has just completed his preparations to live.

There is another order of Secure Ones, whose carefulness refers rather to their wealth than their health. There is an awful inviolability of pocket about such men—a provoking guardedness against all the possible appeals of friendship, and all the impulses of benevolence. Such men look as if they were all staunch-ironed over. *La Pucelle* itself was not more perfectly fortified than their breeches. A poorer man is apt to feel in their presence as if he were under an indictment for an intention either to beg or borrow, or perhaps to steal from them. He sees something criminal against himself in every impregnable-looking button. Secure Ones of this class, perhaps, are bachelors under forty—careful, circumspect men, that have passed through the ordeal of a thousand evening parties without ever being in the least danger. They abstain from marrying, from very fear lest any advantage should be got of them. They cannot enter into the slightest intercourse with a young lady without letting it appear that they are perfectly on their guard. The most undesigning girl, like the above poor man, feels in their presence as if he were liable to be construed into an absolute "drapery miss." He is always quite civil, but that is from his very *secureness*: he knows he is in no danger. An experienced woman gives up a man of this kind at first sight. She sees he is cook's meat—i. e. that she is to marry a middle-aged kitchen woman at fifty, upon the ground of her proficiency in preparing a beef-steak. The general feeling of the sex regarding this sort of Secure One is, "Confound the fellow! does he think that any one cares for him, or would take him though he were willing?"

"Nobody wants you, Sir, she said."

The Secure One, however, does not appear ever to suppose that the ladies have a veto in proposals of marriage. He looks upon them all as a class so eager on capturing and entrapping men, that it never enters into his head that there is such a thing as a rejected offer. The man he considers to be the passive and accepting party; the lady is the besieging enemy, and he is the fortress; the marriage takes place only if he chooses. It may be supposed, then, what would be the state of a Secure One's mind, if he were to relent some fine day in a fit of generosity (a thing only to be supposed in the event of his becoming *fey*), and in a liberal, candid, honourable manner, offer his hand to a young lady of little fortune, whom he was disposed to think suitable on the score of personal merit alone, but who, having some prior attachment to a man one half as old, and twice as generous, was under the necessity of only thanking him for the honour. The cook or any thing after that! And how the whole sex would rejoice in his calamity!! "A fellow, forsooth, that has been a living insult to the tribe of womankind all his days. He is well served."

There is another kind of Secure One, considerably different in circumstances from the above—a married man about sixty, with a large family, in which there are several grown daughters. These girls are constantly under his eye. At church he puts them into a pew,

and sits down at the door himself, as if he were a kind of serpent guarding the Hesperian fruit. To the eyes of hundreds of young men under twenty, who are not yet considered to be sufficiently settled in the world to marry, these young ladies seem unapproachable as the top of the steeple. They look as if they were absolutely walled round with jealous and *secure* paternity. One after another they are taken off by middle-aged cousins and other distant relations, about whose "respectability" there can be no doubt; and the young men in the back pews sigh to see that the family is determined upon being self-contained. For it is one of those families, perhaps, who enjoy the credit of a great deal of vague, and not very strictly apportioned wealth, under the clause, "There's plenty o' siller amang them;" and who seem as if they would consider the admission of a stranger into the circle as a thing of some danger, however "respectable" he might appear.

STORY OF MRS MACFARLANE.

It was formerly the fashion in Scotland for every father of a family to take all the people under his care along with him to church, leaving the house locked up till his return. No servant was left to cook the dinner, for it was then judged improper to take a dinner which required cooking. Neither, except in the case of a mere suckling, was it considered necessary to leave any of the children; every brat about the house was taken to church also; if they did not understand what was said by the minister, they at least did not prevent the attendance of those who did; and moreover—and this was always a great consideration—they were out of harm's way. One Sunday in autumn 1719, Sir John Swinton of Swinton, in Berwickshire, was obliged to omit his little daughter Margaret from the flock which usually followed him to church. The child was indisposed with some trifling ailment, which, however, only rendered it necessary that she should keep her room. It was not considered requisite that a servant should be left behind to take charge of her, for she was too sagacious a child to require any such guardianship; and Sir John and Lady Swinton naturally grudged, with the scruples of the age, that the devotions of any adult member of their household should be prevented on such an account. The child, then, was left by herself in one of the upper bedrooms of the old baronial mansion of Swinton, no other measure being taken for her protection than that of locking the outer door.

For a girl of ten years of age, Margaret Swinton was possessed of much good sense and solidity of character. She heard herself doomed to a solitary confinement of six hours without shrinking; or thought, at least, that she would have no difficulty in beguiling the time by means of her new book—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. So long as the steps and voices of her kindred were heard about the house, she felt quite at her ease. But, in reality, the trial was too severe for the nerves of a child of her tender age. When she heard the outer door locked by the last person that left the house, she felt the sound as a knell. The shot of the bolt echoed through the long passages of the empty house with a supernatural loudness; and, next moment after, succeeded that perceptible audible quiet, the breath-like voice of an untenanted mansion, which, like the hum of the vacant shell, seems still as if it were charged with sounds of life. There was no serious occasion for fear, seeing that nothing like real danger could be apprehended; nor was this the proper time for the appearance of supernatural beings; yet the very loneliness of her situation, and the speaking stillness of all around her, insensibly overspread her mind with that vague negative sensation which is described by the native word *eerness*. From her window nothing was visible but the cold blue sky, which was not enlivened by even the occasional transit of a cloud. By and bye the desolating wind of autumn began to break upon the moody silence of the hour. It rose in low melancholy gusts, and, whistling monotonously through every chink, spoke to the mind of this little child, of withering woods, and the lengthened excursions of hosts of leaves, hurried on from the scene of their summer pride into the dens and hollows where they were to decay. The sound gradually became more fitful and impetuous, and at last appeared to her imagination as if it were the voice of an enemy who was running round and round the house, in quest of admission—now and then going away as if disappointed and foiled; and anon returning to the attack, and breathing his rage and vexation in at every aperture. She soon found her mind possessed by a numerous train of fantastic fancies and fearful associations, drawn from the store of nursery legends and ballads, which she was in the habit of hearing, night after night, at the fireside in the hall, and which were infinitely more dreadful than the refined superstitions of modern children. She thought of the black bull of Norway, which went about the world destroying whatever of human life came within its reach; of the weary well at the World's End, which formed the entrance into new regions, from whence no traveller ever returned; and of the fairies or *good neighbours*, a small green-coated race of supernatural creatures, who often came to the dwellings of mortals, and did them many good and evil turns. She had been told of persons yet alive, who in their childhood had been led away by these fays into the wood, and fed for weeks with wildberries and the milk of nuts, till at length, by the *po'orfu*

preaching of some great country divine, they were reclaimed to their parents, being in such cases generally found sitting under a tree near their own homes. She had heard of a queen of these people—the Queen of Elfinland—who occasionally took a fancy for fair young maidens, and endeavoured to wile them into her service; and the thought occurred to her, that, as the fairies could enter through the smallest aperture, the house might be full of them at this moment.

For several hours the poor child suffered under these varied apprehensions, till at last she became in some measure desperate, and resolved at least to remove to another part of the house. The parlour below stairs commanded from its window a view of the avenue by which the house was approached; and she conceived that, by planting herself in the embrasure of one of those windows, she would be at the very border of the *erie* region within doors, and as near as possible to the scene without, the familiarity of which was in itself calculated to dispel her fears. From that point, also, she would catch the first glimpse of the family returning from church, after which she would no longer be in solitude. Trying, therefore, to think of a merry border tune, she opened her own door, walked along the passage—making as much noise as she could—and tramped sturdily and distinctly down stairs. The room of which she intended to take possession was at the end of a long passage leading from the back to the front of the house. This she traversed slowly—not without fear of being caught from behind by some unimaginable creature of horror; an idea which, on her reaching the chamber door, so far operated upon her, that, yielding to her imaginary terrors, and yet relying for safety upon getting into the parlour, she in the same moment uttered a slight scream, and burst half joyfully into the room. Both of these actions scarcely took up more than the space of a single moment, and in another instant she had the door closed and bolted behind her. But what was her astonishment, her terror, and her awe, when, on glancing round the room, she saw distinctly before her, and relieved against the light of the window, the figure of a lady, in splendid apparel, supernaturally tall, and upon whose countenance was depicted a surprise not less than her own! The girl stood fixed to the spot, her breath suspended, and her eyes wide open, surveying the glorious apparition, whose beauty and fine attire, unlike aught earthly she had ever seen, made her believe it to be an *enchanted queen*—an imaginary being, of which the idea was suggested to her by one of the nursery tales already alluded to. Fortunately, the associations connected with this personage were rather of a pathetic than an alarming character; and though she still trembled at the idea of being in the presence of a supernatural object, yet, as it was essentially beautiful and pleasing, and supposed to be rather in a condition of suffering than in the capacity of an injurer, Margaret Swinton did not experience the extremity of terror, but stood for a few seconds in innocent surprise, till at length the vision completely assured her of its gentle and pacific character, by smiling upon her, and, in a tone of the most winning sweetness, bidding her approach. She then went forward, with timid and slow steps, and, becoming convinced that her enchanted queen was neither more nor less than a real lady of this world, soon ceased to regard her with any other sentiment than that of admiration. The lady took her hand, and addressed her by name—at first asking a few unimportant questions, and concluding by telling her that she might speak to her mother of what she had seen, but by no means to say a word upon the subject to any other person, and that under pain of her mother's certain and severe displeasure. Margaret promised to obey this injunction, and was then desired by the lady to go to the window, to see if the family were yet returning from church. She did so, and found that they were not as yet in sight; when, turning round to give that information to the stranger, she found the room empty, and the lady gone. Her fears then returned in full force, and she would certainly have fainted, if she had not been all at once relieved by the appearance of the family at the head of the avenue, along which the dogs—as regular church-goers as their master—ran barking towards the house, gratifying her with what she afterwards declared to have been the most welcome sounds that ever saluted her ear.

Miss Swinton, being found out of her own room, was sharply reprimanded by her mother, and taken up stairs to be again confined to the sick-chamber. But before being left there, she found an opportunity of whispering into her mother's ear that she had seen a lady in the low parlour. Lady Swinton was arrested by the words, and, immediately dismissing the servant, asked Margaret, in a kindly and confidential tone, what she meant. The child repeated, that in the low parlour she had seen a beautiful lady—an *enchanted queen*—who had afterwards vanished, but not before having exacted from her a promise that she would say nothing of what she had seen except to her mother. "Margaret," said Lady Swinton, "I see you have been a very good girl; and since you are so prudent, I will let you know a little more about this enchanted queen, though her whole story cannot properly be disclosed to you at present." She then conducted Margaret back to the parlour, pushed aside a sliding panel, and entered a secret chamber, in which the child again saw the tall and beautiful woman, who was now sitting at a table with a large prayer-book open before her. Lady Swinton informed the stranger, that

as Margaret had kept her secret so far according to her desire, she now brought her to learn more of it. "My dear," said her ladyship, "this lady is unfortunate—her life is sought by certain men; and if you were to tell any of your companions that you have seen her, it might perhaps be the cause of bringing her to a violent death. You could not wish that the enchanted queen should suffer from so silly an error on your part." Margaret protested, with tears, that she would speak to none of what she had seen; and after some farther conversation, she and her mother retired.

Margaret Swinton never again saw this apparition; but some years afterwards, when she had grown up, and all fears respecting the unfortunate lady were at an end, she learned the particulars of her story. She was a person whose fatal history made a noise at the time over all Britain, and interested alike the intelligent and the ignorant, the noble and the mean.—To be concluded in next publication.

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

THE estate of Waristoun, near Edinburgh, now partly covered by the extended streets of the metropolis on its northern side, is remarkable in local history for having belonged to a gentleman, who, in the year 1600, was cruelly murdered at the instigation of his wife. This unfortunate lady, whose name was Jean Livingston, was descended from a respectable line of ancestry, being the daughter of Livingstone, the laird of Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and at an early age was married to John Kincaid, the laird of Waristoun, who, it is believed, was considerably more advanced in years than herself. It is probable that this disparity of age laid the foundation of much domestic strife, and led to the tragical event now to be noticed. The ill-fated marriage and its results form the subject of an old Scottish ballad, in which the proximate cause of the murder is said to have been a quarrel at the dinner-table:—

It was at dinner as they sat,
And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady
Of bonnie Waristoun!
But he has spoken a word in jest;
Her answer was not good;
And he has thrown a plate at her,
Made her mouth gush with blood.

Whether owing to such a circumstance as is here alluded to, or a bite which the laird is said to have inflicted upon her arm, is immaterial; the lady, who appears to have been unable to restrain her malignant passions, conceived the diabolical design of having her husband assassinated. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder, she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but it appears her resolution failed, and he was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time, she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him some severe blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures; he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all his force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first deathshout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over. Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the laird of Dunipace, who was a favourite of King James VI., made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible. The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet in that little time Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her

conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the loathing which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear, from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyrood-house; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the Castle-hill. It is some gratification to know that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.—A TALE.

A LANARKSHIRE minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well-known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. "He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot, "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o'orra (*superfluous*) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat, so that he became heartily tired of his burthen before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, struck fast there, enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was enclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypotenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the

way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot*.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omnipotent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smithy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

"Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
Out cam the gudewife and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it,
And there was he, I trow."

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehead. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafits than die for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cookmaid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C—.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN HUNTER.

THE celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old. He was born in the year 1728, in Lanarkshire; and being the youngest of a family of ten, and the child of his father's old age, would seem to have been brought up with the most foolish and unfortunate indulgence. When he was only ten years old, his father died; and under the charge of his mother it is probable that he was left to act as he chose, with still less restraint than ever. Such was his aversion at this time to any thing like regular application, that it was with no small difficulty, we are told, he had been taught even the elements of reading and writing; while an attempt that was made to give him some knowledge of Latin (according to the plan of education then almost universally followed in regard to the sons of even the smallest landed proprietors in Scotland), was, after a short space, abandoned altogether. Thus he grew up, spending his time merely in country amusements, and for many years without even thinking, as it would appear, of any profession by which he might earn a livelihood. It was, however, found necessary at last that something should be determined upon in regard to this point; for the family estate, such as it was, had gone to his eldest brother, and the father had made no provision for maintaining John any longer in idleness. So destitute as he was of all literary acquirements, there was no other resource for him except some business that would give employment to his hands rather than his head; and one of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker, or carpenter, in Glasgow, it was resolved he should be bound apprentice to his brother-in-law. With this person, accordingly, he continued for some time, learning to make chairs and tables; and this probably might have been, for life, the employment of the genius that afterwards distinguished itself so greatly in one of the most important walks of philosophic discovery, but for circumstances which, at the time when they occurred, were doubtless deemed unfortunate. His

master failed, and John was left without any obvious means of pursuing even the humble line of life on which he had set out. He was at this time in the twentieth year of his age. His elder brother William, afterwards the celebrated Dr Hunter, had very recently settled as a medical practitioner in London, but had already begun to distinguish himself as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. To him John determined to address himself. The rumour of the one brother's success and growing reputation had probably, even before this time, awakened something of ambition in the other, with a wish to escape from the obscure fortune to which he seemed destined. John now wrote to his brother, offering him his services as an assistant in his dissecting-room, and intimating, that if this proposal should not be accepted, he meant to enlist in the army. Fortunately for science, his letter was answered in the way he wished. On his brother's invitation he set out for the metropolis. He was now put to work in the manner in which he had requested to be employed. His brother, we are informed by Sir Everard Home, his first and best biographer, gave him an arm to dissect, so as to display the muscles, with directions how it should be done; and the performance of the pupil even in this his commencing essay, greatly exceeded the expectations of his instructor. The doctor then put into his hands another arm, in which all the arteries were injected, and these, as well as the muscles, were to be exposed and preserved. So satisfied was Dr Hunter with his brother's performance of this task, that he assured him he would in time become an excellent anatomist, and would not want employment. Perhaps, although we do not find it so stated by any of his biographers, he may have felt an advantage, in making these preparations, in the habits of manual dexterity acquired during his apprenticeship to his first business.

So rapid, at all events, was the progress which he made in the study of anatomy, that he had not been a year in London when he was considered by his brother as qualified to teach others, and was attended accordingly by a class of his own. His talents, and the patronage of his brother together, brought him now every day more and more into notice. It does not belong to our purpose to trace the progress of his success after this point. We may merely remark, that long before his death he had placed himself, by universal acknowledgment, at the head of living anatomists, and was regarded, indeed, as having done more for surgery and physiology than any other investigator of these branches of science that had ever existed.

The important discoveries, and peculiar and most original views, by which John Hunter succeeded in throwing so much new light upon the subject of the functions of animal life, were derived, as is well known, principally from the extraordinary zeal, patience, and ingenuity, with which he pursued the study of comparative anatomy, or the examination of the structure of the inferior animals as compared with that of man. To this study he devoted his time, his labour, and, it may be said, his fortune; for nearly every shilling that he could save from his professional gains was expended in collecting those foreign animals, and other rare specimens, by means of which he prosecuted his inquiries. When his income was yet far from being a large one, he purchased a piece of ground at Earl's Court, in the village of Brompton, and built a house on it to serve as a place of deposit for his collections. The space around it was laid out as a zoological garden for such of his strange animals as he kept alive. Even when most extensively engaged in practice, he used to spend every morning, from sun-rise till eight o'clock, in his museum. Yet, in addition to his private practice, and a very long course of lectures, which he delivered every winter, he had for many years to perform the laborious duties of surgeon to St George's Hospital, and deputy-surgeon-general to the army—superintending, at this time also, a school of practical anatomy at his own house. Still he found leisure, in the midst of all these avocations, not only for his experiments upon the animal economy, but for the composition of various works of importance, and for taking an active part both in the deliberations of the Royal Society, of which he had been early elected a Fellow, and in other schemes for the promotion and diffusion of natural knowledge. He was the originator, in particular, of the *Lyceum Medicum Londinense*—a medical society comprising many eminent individuals, which met at his lecture-rooms, and rose to great reputation. That he might have time for these multiplied objects of attention, he used to allow himself only to sleep four hours at night, and an hour after dinner.

In order to procure subjects for his researches in comparative anatomy, his practice was to apply to the keeper of the wild beasts in the Tower, and the proprietors of the other menageries in town, for the bodies of such of their animals as died, in consideration of which he used to give them other rare animals to exhibit, on condition of also receiving their remains at their death. His friends and former pupils, too, were wont to send him, from every part of the world, subjects for his favourite investigations. "In this retreat (at Brompton) he had collected," says Sir Everard Home, "many kinds of animals and birds; and it was to him a favourite amusement in his walks to attend to their actions and their habits, and to make them familiar with him. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with his exertions in its own defence. In one of these conflicts the bull overpowered him and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by, and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life." On another occasion, "two leopards," says the same biographer, "that were kept chained in an outhouse, had broken from their confinement, and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them get-

ting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much affected that he was in danger of fainting."

Mr Hunter died in the sixty-sixth year of his age, in 1793. After his death, his museum was purchased by Parliament for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, and it is now deposited in the hall belonging to the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is understood to contain about twenty thousand anatomical preparations, which are arranged so as (in the language of Sir Everard Home) "to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation—man himself." The extreme beauty of these preparations is striking even to an unlearned eye; and their scientific value is such as to render the collection one of the most precious of its kind in the world. It is certainly one of the most splendid monuments of labour, skill, and munificence, ever raised by an individual.

It is important to remark, that, with all his powers, this wonderful man never entirely overcame the disadvantages entailed upon him by the neglect in which he had been allowed to spend his early years. He used to dwell, we are told, on the advantage which is gained in regard to clearness of conception by the committing of one's ideas to writing—comparing the process to the taking of stock by a tradesman, without which he cannot know with certainty either what he has or what he wants. Yet he himself continued to the end of his life an awkward, though by no means an unpractised writer. After coming to London, he entered himself of St Mary's Hall, Oxford, probably with the view of being able to maintain at least some pretensions to scholarship, but it does not appear that he carried his assumption of the academical character much farther. He attained little acquaintance with the literature even of his own profession; and it not unfrequently happened indeed, we are told, that upon communicating a supposed discovery of his own to some one of his more erudite friends, he had to suffer the disappointment of learning that the same thing had been already found out by some well-known anatomist. But he felt his literary deficiencies chiefly as a lecturer, the capacity in which his more regularly educated brother so greatly excelled. It is asserted by Dr Adams, who has written a life of John Hunter, that he always used to swallow thirty drops of laudanum before going to lecture. If these were heavy penalties, however, which he had to pay for what was not so much his fault as that of others, the eminence to which he attained in spite of them is only the more demonstrative of his extraordinary natural powers, and his determined perseverance.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ROADS IN SCOTLAND.

MR BUCHANAN, civil engineer, has just published a very clear and ably written account of the railways of the west of Scotland, in connection with four views, by Mr D. O. Hill, of the opening of the Garnkirk railway. From this work we derive the following notice of former modes of communication in Scotland:—

"In Scotland, the progress of improvement, though rather late in beginning, has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and is now keeping pace with her richer neighbour. It is scarcely a century since there was nothing deserving the name of a road in any of our great thoroughfares; the whole inland trade of the kingdom was carried on by means of packhorses; and persons are still alive who remember perfectly the carriers between Edinburgh and Glasgow going regularly with five or six horses in a train; and so narrow was the track, that the leading one had a bell at his head, to give warning of their approach to the party travelling in the opposite direction, that the one might have time to get out of the way while the other was passing. In this manner they jogged along, over all the inequalities of the country through which the road passed, and fording the different rivers and streams, on which bridges were yet unknown. Carts were then only used in the metropolis or principal towns, and coaches or carriages rarely in the country, travelling being almost universally performed on horseback. In many parts, particularly in low and wet grounds, the roads or tracks were often impassable. The late Lord Hermand used to relate, that when he was first sent to Edinburgh College from Ayrshire, about 1760, the road was in such a state, that in some places servants were dispatched beforehand with poles to sound the depth of the mosses and bogs which lay in their way. [Mr Buchanan might have added, that, when John Earl of Loudoun was sent to Edinburgh, a boy, about 1730, he travelled with his baggage in a pair of panniers across a pony's back; himself in the one pannier, and his baggage in the other.] Wretched as internal communications seem to have been, they fully kept pace with the progress of trade and intercourse throughout the country. The mail was dispatched regularly between Edinburgh and London on horseback, and went in the course of five or six days; but so little communication was there between the two capitals, that, as I have heard related on unquestionable authority, during the time of the rebellion of 1745, when an order came down from London to open all the letters in the Post Office, with the view of detecting treasonable correspondence, there were not, altogether, above twenty in the London bag—such was the low state of trade and business, the true cause of the backward state of the roads, and of all the other accommodations which distinguish a rich and improving country. [It is perhaps worth mentioning also, that at the commencement of the civil war, an interchange of diplomatic correspondence between Edinburgh and London never occupied less than a month, although it must be admitted that the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth, which was brought from London to Edinburgh between a Thursday morning and Saturday night, by Sir Robert Carey, on horseback, was a wonderful instance of what could sometimes be done even in those times. In the

decade of 1750-60, a coach travelled from Edinburgh to London, occupying a fortnight except one day—that is, from Monday morning to the Saturday at the end of the succeeding week—the intervening Sunday being spent tranquilly at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, where, we suppose, the travellers went decently to church along with their landlord. In those days the Post Office was kept in a flat in the Parliament Square, and, according to the recollection of the late Henry Johnston Wylie, Esq., who died two years ago, there was but one letter-carrier.] About the year 1770, roads were so much amended, that carts had come into general use, particularly on farms, and in driving grain to market. With these one horse might draw five or six hundredweight, while the packhorse could only carry three. In the year 1790, the construction and management of the roads began to excite great public attention, and improved lines were formed in all parts of the country, and constructed of better materials; so that, on the whole, the load of a single cart-horse was increased to eight or ten hundredweight, and travelling in carriages became very common. Since that period improvements have advanced with accelerated rapidity; and such have been the effects of those on the powers of draught, that there is now no public road in the kingdom in which a single cart-horse does not with ease draw sixteen hundredweight, and on many of them a good horse will draw twenty-five hundredweight. Such has also been the effect of the velocity of motion, that the London mail now performs her journey in 43½ hours, while the first coaches which ran on the same road took 15 or 16 days. The original Edinburgh and Glasgow coach, which was commenced about 1765, took twelve hours to perform the journey, and a swifter vehicle afterwards introduced, the *Fly* as it was termed, still consumed nearly the whole day on the road. The coaches now complete the journey in five hours; there are daily eighteen or twenty running betwixt the towns, and the same increased facilities of travelling are established in every other direction throughout the kingdom."

SPORTING IN INDIA.

Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day's sporting by Major—. We started before day-break, in a style more resembling the march of a corps d'armee, or a triumphal procession in honour of the goddess of the chase, than the preparations for a day's hunting. No Scottish laird, Yorkshire squire, nor our Melton Mowbray sportsmen, can conceive any object so to it; our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharpshooters, trail-blazers, and savants, and followed and surrounded by his brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics. We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer's rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we proceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey; and after some extensive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand, but I confess that at this moment no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed more like actual war than anything else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold major and a dashing young cavalry subaltern discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him. Infuriated with pain, the ferocious animal attacked the elephant, whilst the major seized another rifle and took deliberate aim at him; but being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself, and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment!—but, wonderful to tell, the major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was dispatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming from his wounds. He could be so brave, so desperate, nor so marvellous!—*Metropolitan.*

HINDOO MARTYRDOM.

Colonel Tod, in his *Annals of Rajasthan*, thus describes a voluntary martyr:—"We have seen one of these objects, self-condemned never to lie down during forty years, and there remained but three to complete the term. He had travelled much, was intelligent and learned, but, far from having contracted the moroseness of the recluse, there was a benignity of mien, and a suavity and simplicity of manner in him, quite enchanting. He talked of his penance with no vain-glorious, and of his approaching term without any sensation. The resting position of this Druid (*vanu-purita*) was by means of a rope suspended from the bough of a tree, in the manner of a swing, having a cross-bar, on which he reclined. The first years of this penance, he says, were dreadfully painful; swollen limbs affected him to that degree, that he expected death; but this impression had long since worn off. Even in this, there much vanity; and it would be a nice point to determine whether the homage of the crowd, the approval of the Divinity, most sustains the energies under such appalling discipline."

BRITISH CAPITAL.

The habitual gloomy anticipations of many individuals in relation to the ideal decline of Great Britain, and the consequent to be expelled on a due consideration of the vast resources of its inhabitants. Their industry, their intelligence, and their amount of capital, or savings from their labour, are altogether unexampled in any history, and are unceasing in their operation. The political economist may occasionally have reason to grieve over some temporary depression in trade, but he should not forget the strength which the people every where possess, of annually accumulating several millions of new capital, and which no effort could extinguish. The intense and prevalent desire of working for and accumulating capital, never ceases in Great Britain under any circumstances, and is the main security against all national misfortunes. The people of other countries may amuse themselves alternately with a fiddle and a musket; but the inhabitants of our impregnable island engage in more laborious and profitable pursuits, and hence their incalculable opulence, and the indestructibility of their power.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

It was under the administration of Lord Chatham, in the very midst of a seven years' war, says Dupin, that we behold the commencement of all those great interior works useful to commerce, which are now the admiration of every foreigner. Up to 1756, England had not a single line of artificial navigation; and she possessed, for communication by land, only a small number of roads injudiciously cut and ill kept up. Of a sudden, an individual conceived the idea to profit by the general impulse which industry has received, by cutting a canal, to carry to Manchester the produce of his mines. Shortly afterwards, a town which thrives, and of which the exuberant wealth seeks every where productive outlets—Liverpool—aspires to still higher designs. She is the first to form and to realise the project of opening a navigable channel betwixt the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. Other channels, more or less extended are established by degrees in both ends of the island; and thus, within the short space of half a century, a line of canals is formed, both for great and for small navigation, for the purpose of uniting opposite seas—basins separated by numberless chains of hills—opulent ports—industrious towns—fertile plains—and inexhaustible mines. The total length of canals in Great Britain, excluding those under five miles in length, was, in 1823, 2380 miles. The system of turnpike roads embraced an extent of 24,531 miles in the same year, of which the annual revenue was £1,214,716.

Moles, piers, lighthouses, have been newly established, and the security of access and shelter of every anchorage upon the whole line of coast greatly increased. Such has been the progress of British commerce—a progress which the disastrous war with our American colonies slackened, but could not interrupt—a progress which received new life by the loss of these very colonies—a progress which above all was advanced with gigantic strides during the tremendous struggle, whether right or wrong, maintained so long with the republic and the empire of France!—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*

EMIGRATION.—NEW YORK.

MR FERGUSSON'S "Notes made during a visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831," published in the *Agricultural Journal* for March last, are of a more light and amusing nature than his previous article on Emigration, yet abound in details worthy of being known by those who design to proceed to America either as travellers or settlers. He thus describes his landing in the United States:—

"The scenery of the American coast is rather tame; but the Bay of New York, after passing the forts, is magnificent, and the approach to the city very fine. We got ashore about three o'clock, and were conveyed in a particularly clean and neat hackney-coach to the Mansion-house Hotel in Broadway, kept by Mr Bunker. I was struck with the superior character of the hackney-horses to those of our cities, and I may add also of those in cars and waggons. They were all in excellent plight, and the latter, if not equal in size to those in English drays, infinitely surpassed them in action. The hackney-coach fares in New York are high, and are moreover annoying to strangers, from the practice of paying for each passenger, when exceeding one, and also for luggage. New York is well provided with hotels of every degree. Our accommodation at Bunker's was excellent. The house is extensive, though not so much so as the City Hotel, where two hundred beds are made up; and the style of living appears to me sufficiently convenient and agreeable. Besides occasional guests, you meet with a certain number of permanent boarders, sometimes whole families remaining for weeks together, with whom strangers enjoy the utmost facility of forming an acquaintance; and as it frequently happens that some of the inmates are members of Congress or of the State Legislatures, and that most of them are men of superior information, an opportunity is afforded of acquiring knowledge regarding the institutions and habits of the people, highly to be prized.

The Americans appeared to me perfectly accessible, and quite ready to give counsel or assistance to all who were disposed frankly and cordially to accost them. Before I was two days in the hotel, I could reckon several very kind friends, acquired entirely in the ordinary intercourse of the day, without any formal introduction, and was not only furnished with routes for my future guidance, but received kind and pressing invitations to visit various individuals in the course of my tour.

The public rooms in the hotels consist of one or more well-furnished drawing-rooms, where you receive visitors, assemble before meals, or spend the evening with music, &c. Single gentlemen, unacquainted or unconnected with any lady of the party, appear to me hardly expected to join the drawing-room circle, although there is no exclusion, nor any difficulty when one is so inclined, in finding admission. The dining-room is of course large, commonly two apartments thrown into one, and capable of being enlarged or contracted at pleasure. In Bunker's, I admired an ingenious communication with the kitchen, by means of a stair concealed under a large sideboard, from one end of which the good-humoured shining phiz of a black waiter was ever and anon emerging with some savoury dish. The bar-room and open gallery or verandah are the only scenes of smoking to be met with in respectable hotels. A book is kept in the bar, where arrivals and departures are regularly recorded, and which frequently enables friends to trace each other with much convenience.

The hotels are well fitted up, the bedrooms not very large, but clean and comfortable, and in Bunker's we found excellent warm baths. Our board was two dollars, or 9s. per day, for which we had breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, with a bedroom. Our fare was quite excellent. Fish and fowl, rump steaks, sausages, omelets, &c. &c., are kept in constant requisition, and ample justice is done to them, with a dispatch somewhat startling to a stranger. At this time *shad* reigned supreme at our breakfast, as *striped bass* did at our dinner table, both uncommonly delicate varieties of fish.

To those who have formed an estimate of American hotels from certain modern tourists, I am aware that my report may wear the aspect of partiality; yet I feel a pleasure, while I consider it a duty, with perfect indifference and candour, to state the impression made upon myself, and the results of my own experience and observation.

In treating of America, the man who would do her justice must have in constant remembrance the extraordinary advances and improvements which even a year or two in this country produce. In the hotel where I now lived, an English gentleman informed me, that only a few years ago not more than two or three single bedrooms could be found, whereas it is now entirely different, and the change in ordinary road taverns is alike remarkable. We have been accustomed to hear a great deal of the saucy or sulky demeanour of the attendants: not a solitary instance of the kind occurred in my experience; and I found

all my personal wants quite as regularly attended to as I could possibly desire, both in New York and elsewhere; with this essential improvement, that you are relieved of those vexatious extortions which assail you, as 'riders to the bill,' in every British hotel. The attendants, except in the slave states, are almost always free persons of colour; and I believe the repugnance felt to the designation of *servant* arises from some latent ill-defined dread of being mistaken for *slaves*.

That matters are conducted very differently from what we are used to meet with in our own admirable houses of entertainment, I readily admit; but cannot, upon the whole, allow that the absence of snug parlours or mahogany boxes is attended with those very *fatal* effects to comfort and good living, which some smart writers would have us to believe. One grievance perpetually served up is, the shocking inconvenience of travellers being obliged to conform to the regular hours of a public table—a truth which amounts precisely to nothing, these hours being invariably calculated to suit the motions of public conveniences, by which travelling, I may say, is exclusively accomplished in America, and because there is no difficulty in procuring private rooms or *extra* meals, when circumstances oblige you to call for them.

Another very pretty topic of abuse is the *wholesale ablution* system carried on in the tavern-rooms, with the accompaniments of a comb and hair-brush, suspended *pro bono publico*. The climate, in summer, renders washing at every stage extremely comfortable during the few minutes employed in changing horses, and a basin and towel are placed at hand for the purpose. It is only in *very* humble quarters, indeed, that you cannot command these comforts in your own bedroom where you stop for the night; and although certainly the above articles could not present themselves unless they were in use, I scarce recollect observing a single traveller without his pocket-comb.

New York has been so often and so well described, that it is unnecessary to speak in detail of its public buildings and institutions. It is a fine commercial city, with a population of nearly 200,000, carrying on an immense traffic with the whole world. The celebrated Broadway somewhat disappointed me. Its length is certainly very great, and handsome public buildings, private mansions, hotels, and well-furnished shops or stores, are curiously intermixed; while its whole length and breadth are alive with carriages and waggons, equestrians and pedestrians of every rank and of almost every hue. Still it did not equal the expectations which I had been led to form.

"I could say much, were it proper, of the hospitality of New York, and of the unostentatious kindness with which my letters of introduction were received. The style of living is elegant and comfortable; and the domestic circles which I had the pleasure of joining seemed truly unaffected and happy. The quiet, modest, and amiable tone of female society, particularly pleased me."

MANUFACTURES IN METAL.

ALTHOUGH the globe on which we live presents but few traces of metallic veins on its surface, and at the period of its creation probably presented even fewer than it does at present, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that so soon and progressively as what may be called the arts of life took place of the primitive rudeness of nature, mankind appear to have discovered and turned to account the various metals within their reach. Nor should the observation, however trite, be discarded, that it is a striking illustration of the providence of the Creator, that those metals which are the most useful are likewise the most abundant, though it must at the same time be remarked they are the most difficult of access.

Mineralogists have started the puzzling question, whether all the mineral treasures which have been extracted from, and those at present existing in, the bowels of the earth, were formed like the materials amidst which they mostly lie, at the creation, or whether they may not, at least in many cases, have been the production of subsequent periods, either resulting from some of those singular phenomena which are obviously attributable to a deluge, or from chemical changes perpetually going on according to fixed laws throughout all the regions of nature with which we are acquainted.

With respect to the existence of gold as a primary element of our globe, we appear to have the affirmative testimony of Moses in the second chapter of Genesis, where, mentioning the situation of Eden, he likewise describes the four heads of the rivers by which the garden was watered, and says, "The name of the first was Pison; that it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good." This is certainly the earliest instance on record in which mention is made of the existence of any metal.

The presence of gold, silver, lead, and probably copper, must in the earliest times have become, in various ways, too obvious to allow the art of smelting the ores to have remained long undiscovered. The detection of virgin pieces, or the accidental effect of fires upon the more fusible ores, are circumstances which account at once for the early notions and strange fictions which existed among the ancients on this subject; especially the natural and poetical idea of the

conflagration of forests by the rubbing of trees against one another during a high wind, and the consequent fluxion of some of the metals from ores lying exposed on or near the surface.—*Lardner.*

SPERMACETI WHALE.

This animal is commonly from fifty to sixty feet long, although individuals eighty feet in length may be seen. The body has the form of an immense cylinder, of which the head, separated by a slight depression from the back, constitutes a large portion, and is terminated anteriorly by a square mass. The spout-hole is at the anterior extremity of the head, in the middle of a round prominence formed of thick fibres, which serve to close it. The body is generally covered with small, white scales, which pass into the enormous fin, composed of two lobes, deeply notched in the middle, and fourteen feet in its transverse diameter. The pectoral fins are small, of an oblong form, and placed near the commissure of the mouth. The back, which is round and smooth, is surmounted by a false fin, or rather a bump, formed entirely of cellular tissue, in a thick fold of the skin. Sometimes there are two or three of these prominences. The eyes are very small, black, and, what is singular, the right eye is much larger than the left. The general colour is black, with a white line, or rather a silver band, on the sides and belly. Sometimes the under part of the body is whitish. The epidermis is so thick and insensible, that it is commonly covered with large shells like a rock. It commonly swims very slowly, and shows at the surface only the great arch of its back, and the fleshy eminence which surrounds the spout-hole. It often remains at rest for some seconds, and then sinks slowly into the sea. At certain seasons, however, it becomes more active, raising its shapeless head above the surface, and plunging perpendicularly, so as to strike the huge lobes of its fins, which are supposed to be commonly found in the seas of all parts of the world. Davis' Straits, the temperate seas of Europe, the coasts of Patagonia, those of Madagascar, the west coast of New Holland, the Moluccas, Caroline and Marian Islands, the Gallapagos, New Zealand, and the Japanese Archipelagoes, are the places most frequented by them. It appears to live principally upon cuttlefish, and other molluscous animals, fishes, and, as is said, sharks. Two valuable substances are extracted from this whale, namely, blubber and baleen. The Greenlanders make coats of its intestines, and ropes of its tendons. The teeth are employed for numerous domestic uses, and are held in the highest estimation by the natives of many of the South Sea Islands.

AN AMERICAN SETTLER.

Mr Macgregor, whose work on British America has just appeared, thus describes the condition of an American settler in New Brunswick:—"Near where the road parts off from Fredericton, an American, possessing a full share of the adventurous activity of the citizens of the United States, has established himself. He told me that when he planted himself there, seven years before, he was not worth a shilling. He has now (1839) more than three hundred acres under cultivation, an immense flock of sheep, horses, several cows, and a number of swine. He has a comfortable two-story dwelling-house, conveniently furnished, in which he lives with his family and a numerous train of labourers, one or two other houses, a forge, with a powerful trip-hammer worked by water-power, fulling-mill, grist-mill, and two saw-mills—all turned by water. Near these, he showed me a building, which he said he erected for the double purpose of a school and chapel, the floor of which was laid, and on which benches were arranged so as to resemble the pit of one of our theatres. He said that all preachers who came in the country were invited to the use of it. An English person, a Catholic priest, a Presbyterian minister, or a Methodist preacher, should each, he said, get something to eat at his house, and have the use of the chapel, with equal satisfaction to him. He then showed me his barn, and in one place was a heap containing about 90 bushels of Indian corn, that grew on a spot scarcely an acre, which he pointed out to me. This man could do little more than read and write. His manners were quite unpolished, but not rude; yet he had wonderful readiness of address, and as far as related to his business results, quickness of invention and execution. He had raised large crops of wheat, and his own saw-mill manufactures flax he cultivated and the wool of his sheep into coarse cloths—sold the provisions which his farm produced, and rum and British goods to the lumberers—kept a tavern—employed lumberers in the woods—and received also timber in payment for whatever he sold. He made the axes and other tools required by the lumberers, at his forge; he ate, gambled, and associated with his own labourers, and with the lumberers, and all others, who made his house a kind of rallying point; he appeared, however, to be a sober man, and, generally speaking, a good one. He was a very intelligent man, engaged in; he talked much in praise of the rich interior country, and how rapidly it would be settled and cultivated, if possessed by the Americans."

TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.

Lord K—, dining at Provost S—'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His lordship gave "The Pier of Leith."

DUMFRIES CHURCHYARD.

The intelligent inhabitants of Dumfries possess the distinction, which is, perhaps, not very generally known, of paying much greater attention to the condition and appearance of their places of sepulture than any other people in Scotland. St Michael's churchyard, in which repose the ashes of Burns, is the chief *tion* of the place, and abounds in monumental erections of great beauty, executed at all the quiet and most other towns. The ingenious Mr Diarmid, who is unremitting in his statistical inquiries, mentions in one of his publications, that "of the first class of monuments, there are one hundred and nine, many of them designed and executed in Edinburgh, at an expense of upwards of *six hundred guineas*. The Dumfries prices being moderate, and taking L.40 as the average of the whole, we have (says he) a total of *£43,600* expended on the monuments of the first class, and exactly 712. The rates at which these are executed at home vary exceedingly, from the great diversity of size, form, ornament, &c. While some are erected for L.5, there are many that cost more than double that sum; and my informant assures me that there would be nothing approaching to extravagant calculation, in assigning L.9 as the medium. But, in addition to the modern and perfect monuments, there are about 1,000 of the second class, which are dilapidated; and if we apply the same rate to these, the total amounts to L.13,600. Of head-stones in tolerable preservation, the number is 216—the cost about L.600. Of portions of burying-ground, inclosed and uninclosed, with stone and railing, the number is 118; and though they vary greatly as to form and dimensions, they cost, on the whole, L.1,000, reckoning the low rate at L.1500; and when these sums are put together, we find a total of upwards of twenty thousand pounds sterling, independently of the expense of Burns's mausoleum."

CRIME AND POPULATION.

In a Report of the Society for Improving Prison Discipline, it is mentioned, that the amount of crime in proportion to population is as follows:—England, 1 criminal in 740 of the people; in Wales, 1 in 2380; in Ireland, 1 in 2000; in Scotland, 1 in 1830; in Denmark, 1 in 1700; in Sweden, 1 in 1500; in the United States of America, 1 in 3500; and in New South Wales, 1 in 22. Gratifying as it may be to perceive that there is much less crime in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom, it is melancholy to reflect, that every year it is steadily increasing, and, if not checked, will ere long arrive at the same proportion as in England.

HENRY ERSKINE.

The honourable Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, 'There's a vile dark morning, I cannot rise to-day'."

DRAKE'S FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC.

It was in this expedition across the Isthmus of Panama, that Drake, from the first sight of the Pacific, received that inspiration which, in the words of Camden, "left him no rest in his own mind till he had accomplished his purpose of sailing an English ship in the Pacific." The opening of the Isthmus, the subject of the beginning of this volume, is in one original history so interesting and picturesque, that we transfer it without mutilation:—"On the twelfth day we came to the height of the desired hill (lying east and west like a ridge between the two seas), about ten of the clock, and there we landed, and our captain, by the hands of the Indians, and prayed him to follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps to ascend near the top, where they had made a convenient tower, wherein they had placed a great piece of ordnance, and a great number of men. From the Atlantic Ocean we came from, and the south Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer. After our captain had ascended, to this tower with the chief Symoner, and having, as it pleased him, looked about him, he said to our captain, 'I have seen the land, that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, be besought of Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea; and then, calling up all the company, he said, 'I have seen the land, especially with this petition and purpose, if it should please God, to grant him that happiness.'—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*"

COLUMN FOR ANGLERS.

Embow'ed upon the pleasant banks of Thames,
Or by the silver stream of Isis, Cam,
Or yellow Avon, roaming, the angler
Joyous pursues from morn till eve his sport.

AGAIN returns the fresh and cheering month of April, "full of lusti-hed, and wanton as a kid;" with its capricious smiles and showers, its sunny and dull weather, its green fields, its buds and blossoms, and promise of approaching happy summer. With the reviving movements of nature, the crowded streets begin to hang heavy on the "man about town," and the light-hearted juvenile pants to be on the margin of some sparkling and moody stream, trolling for a finny prey, or gently touching the surface of the rippling waters with his fly. For the last six weeks he has been looking forward to "some time about the middle of April," when, on a bright fresh morning, he would find himself on the top of one of the outward-bound coaches of the metropolis, the close thoroughfares gliding rapidly behind him, the prospect of fields and hedgerows opening in the distance, and the piscatorial delights of the morrow brightening up in his fancy. Kind reader, need you ask where these fishing streams are to be found? Are there not hundreds in broad Scotland, from the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, to those of the Dee and the Ythan? All less or more abound in trout and minor fish, while few are without the most delicious salmon. Dumfriesshire, too, has its excellent streams; Ayrshire has a number pouring their waters into the Western Sea; Lanarkshire has its Clyde and a variety of lovely tributaries; and Perthshire abounds in delightful streams of first, second, and third-rate size, all valuable in the eyes of the bait and fly-fisher. For the last six weeks, I say, the angler has been busily conning over all these things in his mind; overhauling his well-stuffed pocket fly-book, examining his lines, dusting and renovating his panner, and carefully tying up the auspicious-looking cracks in his angling rod. Old Izaak Walton, and Charles Cotton's "Complete Angler," he has long since learned by heart, for he makes it one of his companion books on the chimney-piece in winter—he has perused all the tracts on the subject, including that of Bainbridge; and, if I be not sore mistaken, has lately lounged with a degree of delight over "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing." But your real angler needs no instruction; he is wise by intuition; and he forms a theory of fishing entirely his own, which he would not give for all the theories which ever were written. To the old angler, therefore, who is already "up" to every thing about his craft, I do not say one word; but taking the young incipient fisher—the candidate for piscatorial honours—under my auspices, I would beg to give him a few friendly directions as to the best means of carrying on his operations.

The chief care of the angler should be to procure a good rod, lines, hooks, and floats. The rod should consist of five or six pieces, fitted so nicely that the whole, when joined, may appear to be one piece. Those living near streams use spliced rods, which are much better than those with ferules and screws, as they bend throughout, and are not so liable to break; but anglers who have to travel can seldom with convenience carry rods which are tied instead of screwed. A trouting rod is usually made from twelve to sixteen feet in length, though some prefer them of greater extent, as giving more command over wide streams and pools. Good fishers, who are not afraid of catching cold, prefer to wade and fish from the centre of streams rather than the bank, by this means commanding the eddy corners and ripples on both banks. In all the great angling matches on the Tweed, the competitors plunge into the stream, as being their only method of securing

ing a basketful of trout. The rod ought to be perfectly elastic, and finely tapering to a point made of whalebone, or the most delicate hickory.

The lines of the angler may be bought from the tackle-makers; horse hair is preferred; it should be round, twisted even, and of equal thickness; the best colours are white and grey for clear waters. Chestnut or brown-coloured hairs are best for ground angling, especially in muddy water; black is occasionally used in streams of a dark mossy hue. The line-reel, or *pirn*, should hold about 80 or 90 yards, so as to admit abundance of line being given out when required.

In the spring months most river fish will catch at worm or other bait which requires no very particular art in managing; the bait being suffered to sink towards the bottom of the water, where it is trolled for a short space before taken out. In fly-fishing, however, will be found the principal sport, and of the various fish, trout will afford the most agreeable prey. For nine months in the year, under favourable circumstances, fly-fishing may be practised with success. Westerly and southerly winds are the most favourable, especially in spring; but during warm and cloudy summer weather, the point from which the wind blows is of little consequence. Whoever desires to become a successful practitioner in the art, must angle in all weathers, and under every variety of circumstances, however unpropitious the prospect may be. Trout are generally supposed to rise more freely during a dark and lowering day, following a clear bright night, as brilliant moonshine detains them in their lurking places. On the other hand, after a gloomy or darkish night, they are less easily tempted, having glutted themselves with moths or other nocturnal insects, which, during the summer months, are abundant in the waters. In throwing the line, the angler should endeavour to make his gear fall as lightly as possible on the surface, and his flies should drop opposite or somewhat above his own position, and then be played gently and neatly downwards and across the stream. When a trout is seen to rise at a natural fly or other insect, the artificial one should be offered him by being thrown, not directly over him, but about a yard higher up the stream; and if he is inclined to rise again, he will probably meet it half way. When a fish, on being hooked, descends beneath the surface, and struggles in the depths below, it is a pretty sure sign that he is well secured; but when he flounders on the surface, or leaps occasionally into the air, more care is necessary, as in that case the hook will frequently be found to be only skin-deep. In playing and landing a large trout, the same precautions are necessary as in salmon fishing, although, in regard to swollen fish, if the angler be standing in the centre of a stream, and finds it inconvenient to wade frequently ashore, a few additional turns will exhaust the captive, which may be drawn rapidly and steadily to the hand, and secured by a firm grasp behind the gills.

A recent writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* states it as his opinion that fly-fishing, by far the most elegant and interesting branch of the art, ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation. "It no doubt," he says, "depends on deception, but the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his line, without troubling himself by a vain effort to stimulate or assume, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is in truth little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and, therefore, the success of the angler in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is, no doubt, greatly at variance, as well with the principles as the practice of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration; but we are not less decidedly of opinion, that in nine cases out of ten a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object. The same observations apply, with almost equally few exceptions, to bait fishing. The minnow is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige of its original appearance; and in angling with the par tail—one of the most killing lines for large trout—the bait consists of the nether half of a small fish, mangled and misshapen, and in every point of view divested of its natural form. We are therefore of opinion, that all, or a great proportion of what has been so often and sometimes so well said about the great variety of fish necessary to an angler—about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month throughout the season—about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noonday, and a third to the evening—and

about every river having its own particular flies, &c., is, if not erroneous, at least exaggerated and misconceived. That determinate relations exist between flies of a certain colour and particular conditions of a river, is, we doubt not, true; but these are rather connected with angling as an artificial science, and have little to do with any analogous relations in nature. The great object, by whatever means it is to be accomplished, is to render the fly deceptive; and this, in fact, we believe to be more frequently effected when fishing with flies which differ in colour and general appearance from those which are upon the water. When a particular fly prevails upon a river, an artificial one in imitation of it will never resemble it so closely as to appear the same to those below (*i. e.* the fish); on the contrary, a certain degree of resemblance, without any thing like an exact similitude, will only render the finny tribe the more cautious through suspicion; while a different shape and colour, by exciting no minute or invidious comparisons, would probably have been swallowed without examination. How often has it been asserted, with all the gravity of sententious wisdom, that the true mode of proceeding in fly-fishing is to busk your hook by the river side, after beating the shrubs to see what colour of insect prevails! A very expert angler, who perhaps carried the opposite theory rather too far (although he always filled his pannier), was in the habit of stirring the briars and willows to ascertain what manner of fly was *not* there, and with that he tempted the fishes."

It would be difficult to describe to the inexperienced the variety and character of the artificial fly which he ought to use. A good authority in this matter recommends, for April, a stone-fly, the body made of dark wool dyed yellow, under the wings and tail. For the beginning of May, a ruddy fly, made of red wool, and bound about with black silk, with the feathers of a black cock hanging dangling on his sides next his tail. The hazel-fly is a killing fly in May and June; the body is composed of ostrich hair of two colours, black and purple twisted together; the wings of the sandy coloured feathers from under the wings of a thrush, or the reddish plumes of a partridge's tail; a bluish hackle, twisted and pretty full, serves both for the underwings and legs. For June, a greenish fly may also be used; the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; the wings taken off the wing of a buzzard, bound with black broken hemp. The Moorish fly, the body made of dusty wool, and the wings of the blackish wail of a drake. The tawny fly, which is in great repute till the middle of June; the body made of tawny wool, the wings contrary, one against another, composed of the whitish wail of a white drake. For July, the wasp fly; the body made of black wool, cast about with yellow silk, and the wings of a drake's feathers. The steel fly, approved in the middle of July; the body made of greenish wool, cast about with the feathers of a peacock's tail, and the wings made with cock's hackle. When rivers are very low and clear, from a long continuance of summer drought, it has been recommended to use a pair of wings made from the feather of a landrail, or the mottled feather of a teal, with a well-cleaned gutter fixed upon the hook. During a similar condition of the water, even when no wind is stirring, and the sun shining in its greatest lustre, trouts may be taken with a small *wren's tail*, *grouse*, *smoky dun*, or *black hackles*, the angler fishing straight down the water, by the sides of streams and banks, and keeping well out of sight, with as long a line as can be neatly managed. At these times the fish may be seen with their dorsal fins above water, and with skilful management may be made to snap at the above-named flies. When one is hooked, the rest dart off; but if the angler keeps concealed, they will return again in a very short time; and thus several fish may be taken even in summer from the clearest pools. In fishing a river with which the angler has no previous acquaintance, the most approved practice is to try the eddies which are frequent at the corners of the streams, and where the circular movement of the current throws out a frequent sustenance for the finny race. There the larger trout often lie; and it must consist with the experience of every angler, that an excellent capture is sometimes made repeatedly from some small spot behind or beside a particular stone, where from day to day one well-sized fish seems to succeed another in the favourite feeding ground. In this knowledge of peculiar localities, consists the chief advantage of a previous acquaintance with the water. The smaller fish are found in most abundance in the widely-spread and shallow streams, as well as in the extended parts of pools of no great depth. The tributary streams of main rivers have also in general the smallest fish, and such are much easier caught than the trout of the larger waters. Out of the tributaries of the Tweed—the Manor for instance—I remember, while a boy, of sometimes taking not less than two dozens of small trout in a day, which was reckoned a small number; and indeed this species of small-stream fishing seems most adapted to, and is best conducted by youth, the older fishers, in most instances, despising this "trifling" sport.

The philosophy of angling, or its power of producing salutary meditation in the perhaps wearied mind, has been a theme for many ages, and not without good reason. There are certainly "pleasures in fishing which none but fishers know," and which could hardly be appreciated were they to be specified to the uninitiated. Let me conclude my COLUMN FOR ANG-

ERS in the simple madrigal of old Izaak, the father of the craft:—

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

[BY FELICIA HEMANS.]

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fane,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!
I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.
I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.
From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs—
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.
Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay—
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!
Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.
But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh, what have ye look'd on since last we met?
Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.
There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills
pass'd—
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!
I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.
They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair—
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell—farewell!
The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore;
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell!

ROTATION OF CROPS.

The fact has been long known to gardeners and farmers, that they could not get good crops of the same kinds from the same piece of ground, season after season, though the cause of this has only been investigated of late years, and has been proved, by experiments of Brugman and Macaire, not to arise, as formerly alleged, from the food in the soil being exhausted—since all plants feed nearly alike—but from the excrementitious slime which acts upon the same sort of plant that produces it as poison. Thus the slime from a crop of cabbages will greatly injure another crop of cabbages, though it will do little or no injury to potatoes or peas: while the slime from peas will injure peas, though it may not injure cabbages or turnips. When this is known, it will prevent two successive crops of the same kind from being tried, unless the ground be so trenched and dug as to bury the slime deeper than the roots can reach. In many parts of Ireland, and probably of Scotland, the slime from potatoes is so mixed with the soil that a good crop of potatoes cannot be had.—*Rennie's Hand-Book of Gardening.*

BITE OF VENOMOUS INSECTS.

When the usual remedies of sucking, scarification, and burning with a hot iron, have failed, the Tartars lay their patient on his back, and make him swallow as much milk as he can imbibe. He is then packed away into a box or basket, having a long rope attached to each end of it, and this rope is passed above through a strong hook or ring. After being swung up, he is rocked and shaken about for five or six hours, without intermission, by two men, who relieve one another at the task; or else, the basket is made to revolve until the rope becomes twisted and shortened, and then the attendant lets it suddenly go, so that it whirls round with tremendous rapidity until it touches the ground. Either of these methods produces dizziness and other ailments, whence ensue vomiting, perspiration, and breaking of wind, and, what is much better than these, an effectual cure.—*Strauss's Travels in Tartary.*

VARIETY OF HABIT IN SPIDERS.

The habits of spiders vary greatly. Some rest in the centre of their webs, the outstretched cordage of which warns them of the temporary entanglement of their prey, on which they instantly rush, and devour, after the infliction of a mortal wound. Others seek the protection of a leaf or other natural harbour, and only appear in the more open parts of their premises when lured by an expected capture. Many spin comfortable tunnels, or horizontal watch-towers, as they may be called, in which they repose till the vibration of their nets calls them into active service. An extensive tribe of erratic species (the *Vagabunda*) spin no webs at all, but trust to strength, activity, and cunning, for their daily, or, it may be, monthly fare; for spiders, though voracious in times of abundance, are capable of frequent and long-continued abstinence. The webless species are often endowed with the faculty of leaping, and after insidiously approaching their prey by the most wary and almost imperceptible footsteps, they spring upon it at once, and inflict the fatal wound. Several kinds hunt down their insect food by speed of foot; and a few are nocturnal, and surprise their defenceless and unsuspecting victims during the darkness of the night.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

CRAB FISHERS.

Brickell gives an interesting account, in his *History of North Carolina*, of the wonderful cunning manifested by the racoon in that country. It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it; as soon as the racoon feels them pinch, he pulls up his tail with a sudden jerk, and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The racoon instantly seizes the crabs in his mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours his prey. He is very careful how he takes them up, which he always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent them catching his mouth with their nippers.

THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

To count 5,000,000 of guineas, at the rate of a guinea every second, and working two hours a-day, would employ one person nearly four months. A refinement in giving velocity to the circulating medium is practised by about two-thirds of the private bankers of the metropolis. According to the report of the bullion committee, the daily payments made to these bankers amounted on an average to £4,700,000. If that sum were to be paid daily by one debtor to his creditor, without the intervention of banking, and in coins, even of gold of one guinea each, the multitude of people that would be required to convey the specie from place to place would crowd the metropolis from one end to the other, since even more than £4,700,000 would probably be wanted. To make payments in all the variety of sums which would be necessary by the customers of the whole bankers, and the Bank of England, it might require 5, 10, or perhaps 20 times £4,700,000 daily; as the matter, however, is contrived, instead of this enormous sum of £4,700,000 in coin, these daily payments, amounting in a year to £1,457,000,000, are made by means of the comparatively trifling sum of £2,200,000 daily for 310 days, or £68,000,000 yearly. The merchants agree that their orders on their respective bankers shall not be presented until the end of the day, when the bankers meet, and settle and exchange all the drafts and orders on each other, paying the difference in bank notes, which is calculated to amount, on an average, to £2,200,000 a-day. If about two-thirds of the private bankers in London pay £1,500,000,000 yearly for a part of their customers, how much must that yearly sum be increased by what the whole of the bankers and the Bank of England pay, including the public revenue and loans! When it is considered also that this vast and almost incalculable number of payments are all accomplished by means of about £2,200,000 in bank notes and gold coins, the velocity of its circulation will appear to be most truly astonishing.—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*

ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

In the height of the dry season, when in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the wood-cutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake called Pies Pond in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbours, instead of affording assistance, fled from the bays which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy

presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

GREAT STRENGTH OF THE BEAR.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their *Travels to the Source of the Missouri*, give the following striking instance of the astonishing physical powers of the bear, which proves that he is a formidable enemy to encounter:—"One evening, the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, set out to attack him; and concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprang up, and ran open mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but before they could reload, he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and when they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, which only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they leaped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the banks of the river, and found that eight balls had passed through his body."

MENTAL FORTITUDE DEPENDENT ON HABIT.

When life is in danger, either in a storm or a battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or the pilot, and even by the private soldier actively engaged, or the common seaman laboriously occupied, than by those who are exposed to the peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is not that the one class believe the danger to be less. They are likely in many instances to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear. Mental fortitude entirely depends on this habit. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a fall. The bold and skilful thinks only about the best way of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the bystander, he still owes to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength, that the faculties, instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend on difference of opinion about the reality or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders it more or less accessible to fear.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

USE OF THE SEA BENT.

The Norwegian peasants have been lauded for their dexterity in manufacturing numerous utensils with the aid of no other instrument than a hatchet, a saw, and a knife; and the Highland peasant has been represented as deficient in industry and ingenuity, because he has not succeeded in producing the like marvels. But the depreciators of the "unfortunate Celt" should have first learned, that many districts afford no wood of any kind upon which he could exercise his ingenuity, and that the drift timber which the Atlantic carries to his shores has invariably been taken by the lairds and factors. There remain for him but a few grasses and other herbaceous vegetables on which to try his skill. The most important of these is the land or sea bent, *Arundo arenaria*. When cut before the seeds have ripened, the leaves of this grass possess a great degree of tenacity, in consequence of which they have been converted to many important uses. It is made into ropes of various kinds for the accoutrement of their horses, securing their corn stalks and thatch roofs, for chair bottoms, mats for winnowing corn, and vessels of various kinds for holding and preparing grain and meal. For the latter purpose, it is twisted, and the different rounds are bound together by the long, slender, and very tough roots, which the plant sends into the sand-banks often to the length of twenty feet. Some of the smaller of these vessels are hardly inferior in beauty to those which the Caffres form of better materials. The mats are woven of small ropes in a frame. Sacks and bags for holding grain, meal, and wool, are made in the same manner. In short, this important plant has been applied to all imaginable purposes. But in future it will be less useful to the poor tenants, owing to the care which the proprietors have begun to take of the sandy pastures; and, in truth, the digging for the roots of this grass and of the *Galium verum* cannot fail to be productive of much injury to such pastures.

RIVERS.

The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the western hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man has never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of

Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain. The large rivers have not one, but many sources; and as the source, *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers.—*Monthly Magazine.*

SEA-FIGHT OF THE BUCCANEERS IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

Before the Buccaneers had finished consultation on their plan of operation, the Spanish fleet advanced upon them, and battle was resolved upon. And "lying to windward of the enemy, we had it not," says Dampier, "in our choice whether to fight or not. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we weighed, and being all under sail, we bore down right afore the wind on our enemies, who kept close on a wind to come to us; but night came on without any thing beside the exchanging of a few shot on each side. When it grew dark, the Spanish admiral put out a light as a signal for his fleet to come to anchor. We saw this light at the admiral's top for about half an hour, and then it was taken down. In a short time after we saw the light again, and being to windward, we kept under sail, supposing the light had been in the admiral's top; but, as it proved, this was only a stratagem of theirs, for this light was put out the second time at one of the barks' topmast head, and then she was sent to leeward, which deceived us, for we thought still the light was in the admiral's top, and by that means ourselves to windward of them." At day-break, the Buccaneers found that by this stratagem the Spaniards had got the weatherage of them, and were bearing down full sail, which compelled them to run for it; and a running fight was maintained all day, till, having made a turn almost round the bay, they anchored at night whence they had set out in the morning. Thus terminated their hopes of the treasure-ships.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

FOOTMARKS OF MAN AND LOWER ANIMALS.

Voltaire, in *Zadig*, has attributed to his hero a sagacity in tracing footsteps, which no doubt has often been considered an idle conceit. Such a power, however, appears not only to the Arabs to a degree which deserves the name of the marvelous. The Arab, says Burckhardt, "who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or some neighbouring tribe, the footprint belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slowness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether that man, whose feet left the impression, was fatigued or not, as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular and the intervals unequal: hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slowness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two forefeet appear to be deeper in the sand, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of a driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its rider. In some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where a thousand of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of the morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impressions made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every step he passes will excite the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and if he walk barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin goes constantly and exclusively on foot, and during his march, in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them. Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the footsteps; and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read."—*Burckhardt.*

INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF FLESH IN TIGERS.

A party of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam, they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, when it had attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror, by its tremendous powers of doing mischief; a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been stupidly kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey—took it with fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles.—*Brown's Anecdotes.*

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SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION.

SUBJECTS of conversation are sometimes exceedingly difficult to be had. I have known many a company of well-dressed men and women feel themselves most awkwardly situated for want of something to talk about. The weather, which is said to be a never-failing subject, cannot hold out above a few minutes at a time. It will stand a round or two rounds, but not more. It is then knocked up for the evening, and cannot with decency be again brought forward. Being thus disposed of, the subject of "news" is tabled; but, as a matter of course, there being "no news stirring," "not a word," "nothing in the papers," that subject is also soon dispatched. If there happen to be any very remarkable occurrence worth talking of, what a blessing it is on such occasions! It is food for the company a whole night, and may be again and again brought above-board for their amusement. But it much more frequently happens that there is no exciting event to talk about, and then the condition of the company is truly miserable. There being ladies present, or there being two factions in the room, politics are proscribed; and even if they could be brought forward, the question of reform immediately comes in with all its tiresomeness, and is put down by general consent. Every attempt at getting up a topic failing, the company look into the fire, or in each other's faces, or begin to examine with much interest the pattern of the carpet; and the silence which ensues is truly terrific. A slight whisper is the only sound in the apartment, and is caught at or watched by the company, for it may chance to be the commencement of a conversation in which they may join, without exciting particular attention. But it, too, dies away. It was only a passing under-current of remark, between the two married ladies in the blue and white turbans, on the dearth of coals, the difficulty of getting good servants, or the utility of keeping children muffled in flannel nightgowns from October till March. At length some good soul makes an effort to brush away his diffidence. He projects a remark across the room towards the little man with the smirking countenance, about Mr This, or Miss That, or Signor Such-a-thing, who are at present enlivening the town with their exhibitions. The remark is in itself a very ordinary remark, but it has its use; it quickens the intellects of those who hear it, and the tongues of a number of individuals are set a-going upon the subject of theatrical amusements, singing in the Assembly Rooms, Pasta, Paganini, and private parties, so that the original remark is lost sight of, and the company go on pretty well with what it has produced, for perhaps half an hour. All these topics being exhausted, another horrible silence ensues. The company again look into the fire, or in one another's faces, and once more examine the carpet. What is to be said next? All think upon saying something, yet nobody speaks. The national *mauvaise honte* is now displayed to the height of its perfection. The agony of the company, however, approaches its crisis. The awful stillness is broken, and in a most natural and unexpected manner. The young man in the starched cravat sitting in the corner of the room, near the end of the piano, who has been thinking what he shall say or do for the last half hour, takes heart of grace; he rises and snuffs the candles, going through the self-imposed duty in as neat and elegant a style as he can possibly affect. The snuffing of the candles is an operation which every member of the company has seen performed ten thousand times; but it affords interest for even the ten-thousandth and first time. It may not intrinsically be worth heeding, yet, in a case of this nature, it is of very great importance. It suggests a new theme, and that is exactly what is wanted, for one subject invariably leads to the discussion of half a dozen others. The operation of snuffing the candles, therefore, induces some one to remark, how beautifully gas light is. Then this brings on a disquisition on the danger of introducing it into private houses; its cost in comparison with oil is next touched upon; then follows an observation about the last illumination, which leads to reminiscences of similar displays on the occasions of the great naval victories—the victories lead to Nelson—Nelson, to his biographer Southey—Southey, to poetry—poetry, to Byron—and Byron, to Greece. This whirl of conversation, however, also runs out; an accident jars it, and it is all over. Suddenly the speakers pause, as if they had received a galvanic shock; one small voice is alone

left prominent above the silence; but finding itself unsupported, it is immediately lowered to a whisper, and the whisper subsides to a dead silence.

I have often pitied the host or hostess on occasions of this nature; but I could not help blaming them for not providing against such dismal pauses in the conversation of their parties. To guard against these occurrences, I would recommend them to bring forward what I have remarked to be never-failing sources of conversational entertainment, namely, a tolerably good-looking cat, a lap-dog, or a child. The last is the best. It ought to be about two years of age, and be able to walk. If adroitly played off, or permitted to play, it will amuse the party for an hour at least. It must be placed on the hearth-rug, so as to attract all eyes; and while in the room, no other subject of discourse will be thought of. Any endeavour to draw off attention, by the relation of some entertaining anecdote, will be deemed sedition against the majesty of the household. If a cat, a dog, or an interesting child, cannot be conveniently had, I would advise the invitation of some one who has a loud voice and the happy effrontery of speaking incessantly, however ridiculously, on all subjects; a person who can speak nonsense to any extent, and has the reputation of being a most agreeable companion. This man is of vast use in tabling subjects; for he has no diffidence or modesty, and has a knack of turning every observation to account. His voice also serves as a cover to much bye conversation; there being hundreds who speak fluently enough, provided a bagpipe were kept playing beside them, or who could have their voices drowned by some other species of noise. The loud and voluble talker is therefore an excellent shelter for those of weaker nerves, and will be found a useful ingredient in all mixed companies.

The difficulty of starting subjects of conversation, as well as the difficulty of sustaining them, is often as observable when two acquaintances meet in the street, as when a roomful of company is collected. The unhappy pair exhaust all that they can remember they ought to say to each other, in the space of a minute and a half, and another minute may be consumed in going through the process of taking a pinch of snuff; the next half minute is spent in mutual agony. Neither knows how to separate. As the only chance of release, one of the parties at last brings in a joke, or what is meant to be such, to his aid. The other, of course, feels bound to laugh, and both seizing the opportunity, escape in different directions under cover of the witticism.

STORY OF MRS MACFARLANE.

(Concluded.)

MRS MACFARLANE, the strange lady described at the end of the preceding part of this tale, was the only daughter of a gentleman of Roxburghshire, who had perished in the insurrection of 1715. An attempt was made by his surviving friends to save the estate from forfeiture, so that it might have been enjoyed by his orphan daughter, then just emerged into womanhood. But almost all hope of that consummation was soon closed, and, in the meantime, the unfortunate young lady remained in a destitute situation. The only arrangement that could be devised by the generosity of her friends, was to permit her to reside periodically for a certain time in each of their houses—a mode of subsistence from which her spirit recoiled, but to which, for a little while, she was obliged to submit. It was while experiencing all the bitter pangs of a dependent situation, encountered for the first time, and altogether unexpectedly, that Mr Macfarlane, a respectable and elderly law agent, who had been employed by her father, came forward and made an offer of his hand. Glad to escape from the immediate pain of dependency, even at the hazard of permanent unhappiness, she accepted the proposal, although her relations did every thing they could to dissuade her from a match so much beneath her rank. The proud spirit of Elizabeth Ker swelled almost to bursting, when she entered the dwelling of her low-born husband; and the humble marriage-feast which was there placed before her, seemed in her eyes as the first wages of her degradation. But her own reflections might have been endured, and in time subdued, if they had not been kept awake by the ungenerous treatment which she received from all her former friends. The pride of

caste was at this period unbroken in Scotland, and it rigorously demanded the exclusion of "the doer's wife" from all the circles in which she had previously moved. The stars made a conspiracy to banish the sun. If Mrs Macfarlane had been educated properly, she would have been able to repel scorn with scorn, and, in these tergiversations of the narrow-spirited great, would have only seen their degradation, not her own. But under her deceased mother, a scion of a better house than even her father's, she had grown up in the full participation of all the ridiculous notions as to caste, and of course was herself deeply sensible of the advantages she had forfeited. Rendered irritable in the highest degree by consciousness of her own loss, she received every slight thrown upon her by society into her innermost heart, where it festered and fed upon her very vitals. She found that she had fallen, that the step was irretrievable; and as fictitious degradation, imposed by the forms of society, always in a short time becomes real, her character suffered a material deterioration. She took refuge from offended self-love in a spirit of hatred and contempt for her fellow-matrons, and began to entertain feelings from which, in earlier and happier years, she would have shrunk as from actual crime.

There was at least one branch of the better sort of Edinburgh society which never manifested any disinclination to her acquaintance: this was the class of loose young men of good birth, who daily paraded at the Cross with flowing periwigs and glancing canes, and nightly drowned their senses in a vulgar debauch, from which they occasionally awoke in the morning with the duty of settling scores by a rencontre in St Ann's Yards or at St Leonard's Crags. This set of brawlers, the proper successors of those drunken cavaliers who disgraced a preceding age, subsisted in a state of pure antagonism to the stayed and decorous habits of the general community; many of them were literally the children of cavaliers, and indebted in a great measure for their idle way of life to the circumstances of the government, which dictated an exclusive distribution of its patronage among its own adherents, and of course left the poor Jacobites exposed to all the temptations of idleness. Dicing and golfing were the employments of their forenoons; in the evening they would stagger from table into Heriot's Green or Lady Murray's garden in the Canongate, where they would make a point of staring out of countenance such sober citizens and their daughters as ventured to frequent those fashionable promenades. According to a Presbyterian writer of the day, they sent to London regularly for the last fashions and the newest oaths; but perhaps the latter part of the report is only a scandal. If such personages were to revive now-a-days, and appear some forenoon among the modern *beaux esprits* of Prince's Street, they would be looked upon, with their long wide-skirted coats, and buckles, and cravats, as a set of the most solemn-looking gentlemen; but in their own time there were no ideas associated with them but those of reckless, hot-headed youth, and daily habits the most opposite to those of decency and virtue.

Mrs Macfarlane, whilst she sunk from the society of gentlewomen of her own rank, still retained such acquaintance as she had ever happened to possess, of their wild sons and brothers. With them, she was, in her turn, an object of great interest on account of her transcendent beauty, or rather its fame—for the fame with such persons is of far more importance than the reality. It was not disagreeable to Mrs Macfarlane, when she walked with her husband on the Castlehill, and found herself passed with dry recognition by persons of her own sex, to be made up to by some long-waisted Sir Harry Wildair, who, in language borrowed from Congreve or Farquhar, protested that the sun was much sited in his efforts to illuminate the world by the light of her eyes. A rattle of the fan was the least favour that could be dispensed in reward for such a compliment; and then would ensue a conversation, perhaps only interrupted by a declaration from Mr Macfarlane, that he felt the air getting rather cold, and was afraid to stay out any longer on account of his rheumatism. The society of these fops was never farther encouraged by Mrs Macfarlane; indeed, it was only agreeable to her in public places, where it consoled her a little for the ungenerous slights of more respectable persons. Yet it had some effect upon her reputation, and was partly the cause of her misfortunes.

About two years after the insurrection of 1715, the host of Edinburgh fops received an important accession in Mr George Cayley, a young English gentleman, who was sent down as one of the commissioners upon the forfeited estates. Cayley brought with him a considerable stock of cash, an oath of recent coinage, said to be very fashionable in Pall-Mall, and a vest of peculiar cut, which he had lately got copied at Paris from an original belonging to the Regent Orleans. As he also brought a full complement of the most dissolute personal habits, he might be considered as recommended in the strongest manner to the friendship of the native beaux; if, indeed, his accomplishments were not apt rather to produce displeasure from their superiority. Some days after his arrival, he was introduced to Mrs Macfarlane, to whom he was an object of some interest on account of his concern in the disposal of her father's estate. If she felt an interest in him on this account, he was not the less struck by her surpassing beauty and elegant manners, which appeared to him alike thrown away upon her husband, and the city in which she dwelt. He rushed home from the first interview in a state of mind scarcely to be imagined. That such a glorious creature should squander her light upon the humble house of an attorney, when she seemed equally fit to illuminate the walls of a palace, was in his eyes a perversion of the designs of nature. He wished that it was in his power to fly with her away—away from all the scenes where either was known, to some place far over this world's wilderness, where every consciousness might be lost except that of mutual love. Over and over again he deplored the artificial bonds imposed by human laws, and protected by the virtuous part of the human race, by which hearts the most devoted to each other were often condemned to eternal separation. His heart, he found, was possessed by sensations such as had never before moved it. It worshipped its object as a kind of idol, instead of, as formerly, regarding it as a toy. He flung himself in idea before the shrine of her splendour, in breathless, boundless, despairing passion.

It is probable that if Cayley had been fortunate enough to meet Mrs Macfarlane before she was married, he might have been inspired with an attachment equally devoted, and which, being indulged innocently, might have had the effect of purifying him from all his degrading vices, and raising him into a worthy member of society. As it was, the passion which, in proper circumstances, is apt to refine and humanise, only lent a frantic earnestness to his usual folly. He made it his endeavour to obtain as much of her society as possible—an object in which he was greatly favoured by his official character, which caused him to be treated with much less coolness by Mr Macfarlane than was otherwise to have been expected. That individual had not altogether lost hope of regaining the property to which his wife was entitled, and he therefore met Mr Cayley's advances with more than corresponding warmth, every other sentiment being for the time subordinate to this important object. The young Englishman, in order to cultivate this delightful intimacy with the greater convenience, removed from his former lodgings to a house directly opposite to Mrs Macfarlane's, in the High Street, where, at such times as a visit was out of the question, he would sit for hours watching patiently for the slightest glimpse of her through the windows, and judging even a momentary gleam of her figure within the dim glass as an ample compensation for his pains. He now became much less lively than before—forsook, in some measure, the company of his gay contemporaries—and seemed, in short, the complete *beau-ideal* of the melancholy, abstracted lover. It was his custom to spend most of his evenings in Mrs Macfarlane's house; and, except during those too quickly flying hours, time was to him the greatest misery. Existence was only existence in that loved presence; the rest was a state of dormancy, or watchfulness only to be spent in pain. If he applied at all to the business for which he was commissioned by the government, it was only to that part of it which related to the inheritance of Mrs Macfarlane, in order that he might every night have an excuse for calling upon that lady, to inform her of the progress he was making in her cause. His attachment to that quarter was soon whispered abroad in society; and, while it served as a grateful theme for the tongues of Mrs Macfarlane's former compeers, the favour with which he seemed to be received was equally the subject of envy to the young men, few of whom had ever found much countenance in her house for want of something to recommend them equally to her husband.

Scarcely any thing is calculated to have so deteriorating an effect upon the mind as the constant fret of an unlawful passion. In every one of the clandestine and stealthy operations by which it is sought to be gratified, a step is gained in the downward descent towards destruction. Cayley, who was not naturally a man of wicked dispositions, and who might have been reclaimed by this passion, had it been virtuous, from all his trivial follies, gradually became prepared, by the emotions which convulsed his bosom, for an attempt involving the honour of his adored mistress, and consequently her whole happiness in life, as well as that of many innocent individuals with whom she was connected. This he now only waited for an opportunity of carrying into effect; and it was not long ere it was effected.

Called by the urgent request of a Highland client, Mr Macfarlane had left town somewhat suddenly, and

was not expected to return for upwards of a week. During his absence, Mrs Macfarlane endeavoured to repress the attentions of Mr Cayley as much as possible, from a sense of propriety, and contented herself with a kind of society—dumb, yet eloquent—which she felt to be much more fit for her situation—the society of her infant child. One evening, however, as she sat with her tender charge hushed to sleep upon her bosom, Mr Cayley was unexpectedly ushered in, notwithstanding that she had given directions for his exclusion after a certain hour, now past. To add to her distress, he appeared a little excited, as she thought, by liquor, but in reality by nothing but the burning and madly imprudent passion which had taken possession of him. He sat down, and gazed at her for a few moments without speaking, while she remonstrated against this unseasonable intrusion. She then rung her bell, in order to chide her servant for disobedience of her orders; but Mr Cayley tranquilly told her that he had taken the liberty of sending the girl away upon an errand.

"In the name of heaven," said the lady, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear Madam," answered he, "to have a little conversation with you upon a subject of great importance to us both, and which I should like to discuss without the possibility of interruption. Know, Madam, that, ever since I first saw you, I have fondly, madly loved you. You are become indispensable to my existence; and it depends upon you whether I shall hereafter be the most happy or the most miserable of men."

"Mr Cayley," cried the lady, "what foolery is this? You are not in your senses; you have indulged too much in liquor. For heaven's sake, go home; and to-morrow you will have forgot that such ideas ever possessed your brain."

"No never, my angel!" cried he, "can I forget that I have seen and loved you. I might sleep for ages; and if I awakened at all, it would be with your image imprinted as strongly as ever upon my heart. You now see a man prepared for the most desperate courses in order to obtain you. Listen for a moment. In the neighbourhood a coach stands ready to carry us far from every scene where you have hitherto been known. Consent, and I procure for you (which is now within my power) a reversal of your father's attainer. You shall again possess the domains where your fathers for ages back have been held in almost regal veneration, and where you spent the pleasant years of your own youth. Deny me, and to-morrow your reputation is blasted for ever. The least plausible tale, you well know, would be received and believed by society, if told respecting Mrs Macfarlane."

"Profligate wretch!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady; "can I believe my ears when they tell me that such wickedness exists in a human bosom? Look, sir, at this infant; were there no principles of virtue within me to dictate a contemptuous rejection of your proposals, do you think that I could leave this innocent to pine and die under the cold neglect of strangers, or to survive to a less blessed life with the stigma of a disgraced mother fixed for ever upon her? Were I the basest woman that ever lived, as you seem to think me, would nature permit so awful a violation of her laws? Could I leave my child, and not next moment be struck dead by fire from heaven for my crime? The alternative, indeed, is awful. Well you know the point upon which I am most easily affected. Base, however, as you avow yourself, I cannot yet suppose that you could be guilty of a trick so worthy of the devil himself, as to blast the reputation, where you could not fix the real cause of infamy."

"Do not flatter yourself too much on that score," rejoined Cayley; "you do not now see a man actuated by ordinary principles. I am tortured and confounded by an impetuous passion, which you have excited. If you take from me all hope of a consent to my first proposal, I must endeavour to bring you into my power by the second. To-morrow! did I say? Nay, I will go this night and tell every man I know that you are the slave of my passion. Not a lady in Edinburgh but will know of it to-morrow before she has left her pillow. You will then, I think, see the necessity of consenting to the scheme of flight which I now put into your power."

He pronounced these words in such a disordered and violent manner, that the unhappy lady sat for some time unable to reply. She hardly recovered her senses till she heard the outer door clang behind him, as he went upon the demoniac purpose which he had threatened.

The first place that Mr Cayley went to was John's coffeehouse, a fashionable tavern in the Parliament Square, where he found a large group of his dissolute young friends, drinking claret out of silver stoups. The company was in an advanced stage of intoxication and riot, very much to the annoyance, apparently, of a few smaller knots of decent citizens, who were indulging in some more moderate potations after the fatigues of the day, and endeavouring to understand as much as they could of the London Intelligencer, the Flying Post, and other little sheets of news which lay upon the various tables. "Well, Cayley," cried one of the young roisterers, "come and tell us how you are getting on now with the fair lady over the way—husband not at home—must be making great advances, I suppose." "Make yourself quite at ease on that subject; I am so, I assure you." This he said in so significant a tone, that it was at once understood. A

flood of railery, however, was immediately opened upon him; no one would believe what he said, or rather implied—and thus, as they designed, he was drawn to make much more explicit declarations of his supposed triumph. No attempt was made by himself or others to conceal the subject of their conversation from the rest of the individuals present. It was understood distinctly by the sober citizens above mentioned, some of whom shrugged their shoulders, knocked their cocked hats firmly down upon their heads, took staff in hand, and strode consequentially and indignantly out of the room. As Cayley had predicted, the whole affair was blazoned abroad before next morning.

Mrs Macfarlane, as might be supposed, enjoyed little sleep after the agitations of the preceding evening. She could hardly believe that any thing so wicked as what had been threatened by Mr Cayley could be perpetrated by a being in human shape; but yet, recollecting the extraordinary state in which he seemed to be, she could not altogether assure herself of the contrary. In the forenoon she went to pay a visit in a distant part of the town; and she could not help remarking, that while she seemed to have become an object of additional interest to the male sex, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of civil recognition, averted their eyes from her, with an expression, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and, on an explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, namely, that Mr Cayley professed himself to be her favoured lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate; but still she saw that she did not produce an entirely exculpatory effect upon the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the severity of the government; her dependent situation in the houses of her kinsfolk; her unhappy marriage to a man she could never love; and, finally, the cruel coldness with which she had been treated by her former friends in the days of her depression, all recurred upon her mind, and, united with the more awful grief which had now overtaken her, prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr Cayley, requesting, in the usual terms, the favour of his company. The receipt of her billet threw him into transports of joy; for he believed that his scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He therefore dressed himself in his best style, and at the proper hour (he felt too secure of his prey to go sooner) walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room at the back of the house, where he had never before been, and where there was little furniture besides a picture of Mrs Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist who long practised his trade at the Scottish capital. This portrait, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost serenity, united with the utmost innocence, shone in those sweetly noble features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eyes shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole expression was resolved into an exquisite and killing smile. The lover stood in a sort of transport before this image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were yielding to an idolatrous contemplation of its extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened—and behold the original! Instead of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvass of Medina, a beautiful Fury stood before him—a Hecate not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did she bear in her countenance the most threatening ensigns of passion, but she carried in her hand two large pistols, one of which she held extended to him, while with the other she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Wretch," she said, "you have ruined one who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me as completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me unhappy for ever. My child—you have deprived her of the nurture of a mother; you have fixed upon her name a stain which will never be washed out. And yet for all this, society, cruel as it is to the victim, provides no punishment—hardly even any censure—to the criminal. Were it now my will to permit you, you might walk away scatheless from the fair scene you had ravaged, with nothing to disturb your triumph, but the lamentations of so many broken hearts. You shall not, however, enjoy this triumph—for here you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her address as if he had heard it not. But at the last word, he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at that moment fired, but without effect. The effort of drawing the trigger had depressed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet. She lost not an instant to present and fire the other, the shot of which penetrated his breast, and he fell next moment before her, with but one indistinct murmur of agony—and then all was still.

One brief embrace to her child—a moment at the toilette to arrange her travelling dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She instantly left town for the south, and, as already mentioned, received shelter and concealment in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there protected, is not known; but it was probably as long as the search of justice continued to be in the least eager. It was always understood, by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have chiefly been derived, that she ultimately escaped to some remote continental state, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So closes one of the most tragical tales that stain the domestic annals of Scotland during the last century.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

CRIMINAL LAW.

WHILE the civil law of Scotland possesses few points of similitude to that of England, a difference of the like nature prevails with regard to the criminal jurisprudence of the two nations. In this branch of the Scottish law, certain ancient peculiarities and usages exist which have no parallel in the sister country, or perhaps any part of the world at the present day. The difference between the two codes may be briefly stated:—In England, every possible crime which can be imagined, or which has happened, is met by a statute for its future prevention and punishment; in Scotland, on the other hand, while there are numbers of crimes similarly met by particular legislative enactments, a far greater proportion are dealt with, as they occur, on general principles—thus, the one is called the *Statute Law*, the other, the *Common Law*, and both are the boast of the nations to which they respectively belong. From what I have remarked of the observations of English writers on the criminal law of Scotland, it appears that few understand it thoroughly, and that they are generally ignorant or regardless of many local usages and moral characteristics of the people which influence its operation. Under the statute law, every man is well aware of his danger, when under temptation to commit a misdemeanour, and he may approach the very verge of crime with impunity, even while actually transgressing the moral law. With us, on the contrary, no man may leave the path of rectitude with the expectation that he is safe; and, consequently, he is wary in entering an enclosure in which he may in a moment be surprised. To judge fairly of the properties and value of the two opposite codes of law pointed out, it would be necessary to bring both into view collaterally with the other institutions of the country; for by doing so, it would be found that the mischiefs of a too scrupulous regard to statutes on the one side, and an apparent danger in the dispensation of general law on the other, were in a great measure neutralised by minute provisions, not seen until the forms are nearly examined. This is more observable in the Scotch than the English law, and a comparison of their merits would incline me to prefer the former, on the score not only of vigour, but humanity. The criminal statute law of England is allowed to be sanguinary, and I am afraid, it is very elusory. Besides, even granting that its alleged minuteness might be beneficial, its unintelligibility, from a concurrence of enactments, many hundreds of which have been rescinded, extended in their meaning, or obscured by others more recent, renders the whole one of the most contradictory and useless codes of jurisprudence in the world.

The most obvious mischief in the statute law is the permission it gives to commit new offences, as well as an allowance to go within a hair-breadth of an actual infraction of old ones; thereby confusing ideas of right and wrong. Hume, a popular Scotch writer on criminal law, points out the superiority of the common over the statute law, in these words:—An incipient desire to commit crime in Scotland “is repressed in its beginning, and more effectually than it can ever be by any statute, because all statutes are liable to be partial and defective in their description of offences; and thus the transgressor finds the means of eluding the sanction, and the law itself falls into contempt. But it is also a merciful course to the offender; because the crime, being censured on its first appearance, and before it has become flagrant or alarming to the community, is restrained at that season by far milder correctives than are afterwards necessary to be applied to it, when the growing evil has come to require the passing of an express law in its behalf. Thus in England the sending of incendiary or threatening letters is punished with death, in virtue of certain statutes which passed at a time when this sort of wickedness prevailed. But our judges punished the first offender of this sort (whose trial was within these fifty years) with transportation; and it has never been found necessary to seek authority of any higher or more rigorous punishment. The same is true with regard to the corruption or alteration of bills, promissory notes, and the like, to the prejudice of the acceptor, which by certain statutes is felony without benefit of clergy in England, and is punishable with us at common law with transportation. Many other examples might be given. In short, if things are to be judged of upon the testimony of experience, and not according to the fallacious conjectures of human wisdom before the event, the inhabitants of Scotland have

no reason to envy the condition, with respect to the administration of criminal justice, of any other part of Europe.”

Though this eulogium on the superiority of Scotch criminal law be correct, in so far that in many cases a leniency is exercised in Scotland which would not have taken place in England under like circumstances, it is but justice to say, that there could likewise be produced evidence where undue severity, according to the caprice of judges, has been inflicted. Nevertheless, if we examine the conduct of judges in recent times, and bring to remembrance some particular subsidiary checks which frustrate the malignity of prosecution, we have not much to regret that the criminal law is so ill defined in its properties. It is confessed that at one period, and that too not of a distant date, the will of judges, aided by the dependent character of juries, and the trammels under which the press laboured, tended to lower the respectability of our criminal jurisprudence; but I am strongly inclined to think that a very different line of procedure would in the present time be adopted.

Whatever may be the expression of the statutes in reference to particular crimes, it is a certain fact, that in almost all cases of misdemeanour or infraction of the laws, the character of the culprit sways both the public prosecutor and the minds of the judges. On many occasions, neither have it in their power to do otherwise than apply the exact punishment, or to divert the regular course of justice, leaving the mitigation of the penalty to his Majesty; but more ordinarily they have it in their power to modify the asperity of the law, according to circumstances. The chief guiding legal principle in a Scottish criminal prosecution, is the strict attention which is paid to the former good or bad character of the accused. The English statute law in some instances provides a higher degree of punishment for the commission of a crime for the second time; but in bringing an individual to trial, it does not rest any plea upon his having been simply a bad character, either supposed or established; and this acts as a slight check to the general severity of the law. In being subjected to a criminal prosecution in Scotland, the law acts very differently. When an accusation is laid for a specified crime, accompanied with the charge of being “*habiti et repute*” an evil doer, the indictment rises prodigiously in value, and the punishment is inflicted with a rigour which, in a case without such an aggravation, would be entirely unknown. To be habit and repute a thief or other felon, was at one time a most dangerous property. It could have formed the sole ground of indictment, and, if proved, might have been punished by scourging, imprisonment, and even transportation from the kingdom. It has long since been disused on these unduly severe terms, and now acts only as an aggravation of the special charges.

The law of habit and repute has been denounced by various writers as ungenerous, and the mention of such a singular mode of making up a charge may perhaps excite the contempt of a stranger; but really, though apparently mischievous at first view, it seems on all occasions to be used to great advantage in clearing society of only its worst characters. In no case is it stretched to the extent of depressing a criminal who may have in former times been known to live a course of iniquity, and after betaking himself to an honest mode of life for some years, again relapsed into crime. It is only applied to those who are caught in the midst of their career of wickedness, and have been a torment to society. It has the incalculably beneficial effect of raising a distinction between the hardened ruffian, and the unfortunate poverty-propelled infringer of the laws for the first time,* although both be charged with the commission of nominally the same crime.

English criminal statutes are often very explicit in regard to the penalty to be incurred by stealing articles of a particular value—raising the punishment in proportion as the price rises in amount. The law of Scotland makes little or no difference in the degree of punishment it inflicts on this score. When a larceny is committed to the extent of thirty shillings, the penalty will be as severe as if it were to the amount of forty shillings, or forty pounds. On this account, that species of ridiculous straining of counsel in England, to make it appear on trial that the value of goods stolen was beneath a certain amount, is never witnessed in this country. It is the characteristic of habit and repute, which here as every where else regulates the penalty; and it may often have occurred, that while one man, who has been charged with stealing forty shillings' worth of goods, has been only doomed to three months' imprisonment, another for a larceny of twopenny has been transported, or even hanged. The charge of stealing a pair of old shoes, of threepence in value, as a witty writer notices, and with being at the same time *habiti et repute* a thief, if proved would bring the prisoner by law to the gallows, when, without this qualification, a very modified degree of punishment, such as a few

days' imprisonment, would be inflicted. In practice, such cruelty is avoided by the temperate and adroit management of the public prosecutor, who uses his discretion in restricting the penalty; and so happily is this generally done, that in Scotland none but the most debased criminals, in whom no redeeming property can be discovered, are put to death on the scaffold.

The office of *Lord Advocate*, or General Public Prosecutor, just alluded to, will form the subject of my next paper on the Scottish National Institutions.

THE STOLEN PRESIDENT.

THE custom of stealing away town-bailies and councillors, so as to balk the election of a particular member of Parliament, and which is of no very rare occurrence in Scotland, meets with a parallel in early periods of our history in the abduction of persons of considerable influence in the state or on the bench. An incident of this nature, illustrative of the former unsettled state of the country, may here be related for the amusement of my readers:—

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William or Willie Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and upon some marauding party he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing this border moss-trooper, inquired the cause of his confinement. Willie replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters), but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; received his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudie*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits, for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudie* and *Batty*, the only notes which had so laced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottish law under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July 1646.

* There was once a curious merciful peculiarity in the Scottish law, by which any person in a famishing condition, or in a state of general destitution, could steal with impunity as much food as he could carry away on his back; and which usage is noticed by institutional writers under the name of the law of *burthynack* or *burthynack*. It has been long completely in desuetude, but it is nevertheless remarkable, that many of the lower orders of people have still an idea that persons dying for lack of food may help themselves from the store of others by force, without incurring a judicial penalty.

SCOTTISH JESTS AND ANECDOTES.

DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little besides his nightgown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had in reality trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having of course much increased her sympathy.

LORD KAIMES.

Lord Kaimes, it is very well known, paid great and successful attention to the improvement of agriculture. A great number of years ago, a German quack, who called himself Baron Von Haak, vaunted of having discovered a powerfully fertilising manure, which he advertised for sale, pretending that a very small quantity sufficed to fertilise an acre of land in a very extraordinary manner. Happening to converse with one of his neighbours upon this subject, a plain sagacious farmer, the farmer observed to Lord Kaimes that he had no faith in the baron's nostrum, as he conceived the proposed quantity vastly too small to be of any use. "My good friend," said Lord Kaimes, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the manure of an acre of land to the field in our coat pocket!" "Very possibly," replied the farmer; "but, in that case, I suspect you will be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and with his brother was engaged in that unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of his dress into his body; and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript, as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound. "Oh, man, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would vomit me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound afterwards healed.

ANECDOTE OF SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.

A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago in the parish of —. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will. Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved Prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripiter beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?" Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken." "Out upon ye, ye graceless wife that you are!" cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her, "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

IMPROMPTU OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter Scott felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and on returning, presented him with the following epigram. To English readers it must be explained, that Sir Walter holds the situation of sheriff of the county of Selkirk.

Of yore, in old England; it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to you? who have faces such plenty
That from under one hood you last night show'd us
twenty!

Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead implement too,
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.

But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob,
And that I, as the sheriff, should take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

An old Scotch laird, who was engaged in selecting a liberal profession for his son, thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject:—"When I gang through the New Toon of Edinburgh, I seen this ane *writer*, and that ane *writer*—amais every house has a *writer*, leeving in't. Flent hae me but I think I'll hae to mak our Jock a *writer* too; no that I think the callant likely ever to make any thing by't, but just it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of Bailie M'G—, of D—, made a grievous plaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking, that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case aince in a day; but if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't." "Weel, it's maybe true ye say," rejoined the bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naething," said the inveterate grumbler, "there's naething there but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make pretty good bargains, he replied hastily, "Weel aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as another man's?"—*Chambers's Scottish Jests*.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

THE life of John Sobieski, the intrepid Polish patriot, is one of the most interesting which can be offered within the scope of royal biography, and cannot fail to be of universal acceptance. Joining all the spirit of ancient chivalry with Christian piety, and an extraordinary desire to secure the independence of his country, he finds few parallels in history, and can perhaps be compared only to our own Scottish hero Sir William Wallace, though far surpassing him in the magnitude of his warlike operations, and their effects on the condition of Europe. While exciting our admiration of his conduct, he is equally entitled to our grateful reverence, for he was the saviour of Christendom; and but for his exertions, that might not have been a vain threat which destined the altar of St Peter's to become the manger of the Moslem's horse.

John Sobieski was descended from an illustrious Polish family, and was born in the summer of 1629. The education of the future hero, like that of his elder brother Mark, corresponded to his high fortunes. In his father's princely inheritance of Zalkiew, he was taught not only the theory of war, but languages, history, politics, philosophy—every thing, in fact, likely to be useful to one whom his birth and connections destined to the first offices in the state. His ready genius required little aid from instructors, and his active frame was rendered hardy by martial exercises. Whether listening to the counsels of a father, whom a cultivated understanding and great experience in the world rendered the best of teachers, or bearding the wild boar in the recesses of his patrimonial forests, he afforded sure presages of his future eminence. But the most agreeable of his occupations was in an-

ticipating the vengeance which he vowed one day to take on the Osmanlis, or Turks, the continual enemies of his country, his religion, and his race.

Our young hero had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, when he and Mark were sent on their travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé; in Italy he applied himself to the fine arts, to public law, and to the policy of princes; at Constantinople he leisurely surveyed the proportions of the formidable antagonist against which, both as a Christian and a noble Pole, he had been taught to nourish unextinguishable hatred. He was preparing to pass among the Tartars, when an alarming insurrection of the serfs, and an invasion of Tartars, summoned him to the defence of his country. In no country in Europe was the slavery of the lower classes so utterly galling and abject as in Poland. But human endurance has its limits. The dreadful tyranny to which the serfs were subjected led them at length to break out into the present rebellion. An aged Cossack chief had his property seized by a Polish intendant; he was himself bound in fetters, and his wife and family murdered. His soul being on fire with these injuries, on his release he loudly proclaimed his wrongs; and 300,000 of his countrymen and of the Tartars whose Khan had espoused his cause, rose to avenge them. At the head of this imposing force he cut in pieces the armies sent against him by the diet. As he advanced into Polish Russia, he was joined by the serfs who had previously massacred their lords, and by some thousands of Arian and Calvinistic nobles, whom the intolerance of the diet or state council had doomed to death. In this manner rolled on the frightful inundation, when the two intrepid Sobieskis hastened from the Ottoman capital to oppose the confederated forces. Having supported the election of John Cassimir to the throne of the republic, John Sobieski eagerly commenced his military career. In the outset he had a subordinate rank, but his valour soon raised him to distinction. In the first campaign his brother Mark was slain. The insurrection was finally quelled; but new foes arose—on the one side the Swedish Charles Gustavus, on the other the Muscovite Czar Alexis, ravaged the country with impunity. The Polish armies were annihilated—John Cassimir was driven from his throne—and for a time the nation ceased to exist. But some true hearts there were, and among those none was truer or braver than Sobieski's, who never despaired of the country. Noble and peasant at length combined, and Cassimir was restored. During these contentions, which continued many years, Sobieski was gradually rising to higher commands. His successes over the Muscovite general, Sheremstov, and above all the brilliant victory he gained over the same enemy at Slobadysa, where 70,000 of the Czar's forces were killed or taken, drew on him the attention of Europe, and elevated him to a rank with the greatest captains of the age. His exploits during the six following years against the Muscovites and Tartars procured him, from his grateful sovereign, first the elevated post of Grand Marshal, next that of Grand Hetman of the crown. In the former capacity, he presided over the administration, and was the only man in the realm, who, by virtue of his office, could inflict the punishment of death without appeal. In the latter capacity he was invested with the supreme disposal of the military force.

The joy of the Poles was great to see their favourite captain thus placed at the head of all the civil and military dignities of Poland. The confidence they expected in his abilities was soon put to a severe trial. In 1667, 100,000 Cossacks and Tartars invaded the kingdom, and to meet these formidable numbers, there were only 10,000 ill-equipped soldiers; "but," said an officer of state, "if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself; if the public treasury be empty, his own revenues supply what is wanting; he burdens his patrimony with debts, that he may support the men he has raised." This was literally true. At his own expense the patriotic Hetman raised an army of 20,000, and fearlessly marched to meet the enemy. Having entrenched himself at Podhaic, he sustained, during sixteen successive days, with unshaken intrepidity, the impetuous onset of the assailants, on whom he inflicted a heavy loss. He did more: on the morning of the seventeenth, with his greatly diminished band, he issued from his fortifications, audaciously assumed the offensive, and in a few hours utterly routed Cossack and Tartar, with the Sultan Galga at their head, and compelled them to sue for peace. Success so splendid had been expected by no man, and all Poland flocked to the churches to thank God for having given her such a hero in the time of her need.

In the succeeding reign of Michael, the services of Sobieski were fully as important. In 1671, he opened a campaign with a handful of followers, and triumphed over Cossack, Tartar, and Turk. But he derived little satisfaction from his splendid successes. The king, terrified even in victory, consented not only to the dismemberment of the kingdom, but to the humiliation of an annual tribute as the price of peace. At the conclusion of this ignominious peace, the nation was torn by factions, and the Hetman retired to his estates in disgust. He was again called forth in order to defend his character from the vilest aspersions, which he did most effectually, and accomplished at the same time the rupture of the disgraceful treaty. This event once more brought Sobieski into the field. His

exploits were now fully more astonishing than they were before. He captured the strongest holds of the Turks, and drove them beyond the Danube; and Europe thanked God for "the most signal successes which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel." At the close of the campaign, Michael, who was an imbecile monarch, fortunately died. This latter event immediately induced a meeting of the Polish diet, in which every landholder in the country considered himself entitled to assist. On the 20th of April 1674, the diet opened, all the chivalry of Poland being ranged under their respective palatinates. Various foreign candidates were on this occasion proposed, and each, in his turn, rejected. At length the president of the assembly spoke—"Let a Pole reign over Poland;" a sentiment which was hailed with approbation by the crowd. "We have," he continued, "a man among us who has ten times saved the republic by his head and his arm; who is hailed, both by the whole world and by ourselves, as the first and greatest of the Poles. By placing him at our head, we shall best consecrate his own glory; happy shall we be in being able to honour, by an additional title, the remaining days of one who has devoted every day to the interests of the republic; happier still in securing our own safety, by rescuing genius and patriotism from the shackles cast over them, and investing both with new energy and power. We know that such a king will maintain our nation in the rank it occupies, because he has hitherto maintained it in its present elevation—an elevation to which he himself has raised it. Poles!" concluded the animated speaker, "if we here deliberate in peace on the election of a king; if the most illustrious potentates solicit our suffrages; if our power be increased, and our liberties left to us—where is the glory? Call to mind the wonders of Slobadysa, Podhaic, Kaluz, Kotzin—imperishable names!—and choose for your monarch JOHN SOBIESKI!" The effect was electrical; all the Polish and Lithuanian palatinates shouted "Long live King John III!" The soldiery drew their swords, swearing to exterminate all who did not join the cry. Sobieski was hence proclaimed, and entered on his new and royal functions with the approbation of all.

John Sobieski was thus raised for his talents and services to the highest office at which any human being can arrive. He was now the king of Poland; but we shall immediately see whether his apparently enviable honours brought with them peace and satisfaction. The new king was almost immediately called on to justify the confidence reposed in him by a gallant nation. While obtaining his accustomed successes over the Tartars, he was suddenly assailed by Mahomet at the head of an amazing, and a disciplined force. He had but 8000 men left, and the arrival of supplies was of all things the most contingent. He threw himself into Lemberg, where he was speedily invested. All Poland believed him lost; yet he sent for his queen and children, resolved, that, if conquered, their lives and his should there find a tomb. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow, which a high wind blew in the face of the foe, he one day issued from the fortress, led on his heroic band, shouting his favourite and pious war-cry of *Christ for ever!* and, after a sharp conflict, again routed the infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second *Cœur de Lion*. Well might all Christendom cry *A miracle!* for such wonders had never been wrought since the heroic days of Cressy and Poitiers. It was hoped that such disastrous defeats would deter the Moslems from opposing a captain who appeared as if raised up by Providence to be their scourge, if not their destruction; but this time their pride was exasperated; they levied another and more formidable army (three hundred thousand strong), which they confided to the Pacha of Damascus, the most resolute and ferocious of their generals. The Polish king's forces might reach ten thousand, yet, fearful as were the odds, he scorned to retreat. Having entrenched himself between two small villages on the banks of the Dneister, he supported, during twenty successive days, the most desperate efforts of the enemy, whose formidable artillery showered continued destruction into his camp. Never before had his situation been so critical. The bombardment was terrific, and was not remitted day or night; the ranks of the Poles were thinned by it, no less than by the frequent sallies which the king led to the very centre of the dense ranks of the Moslem. The Pacha was utterly confounded at such supernatural resistance; it gave way to admiration of the great hero; he proposed terms of peace, but they were rejected with scorn. After a pause, the bombardment recommenced; and as the balls and shells fell thick among this heroic band, Sobieski ordered them to be returned by his own guns and mortars. The alacrity of the soldiers in gathering up every ball and shell as they fell, in thrusting them into the ever-active engines, and dashing them into the faces of those who had sent them, would have roused the patriotism of the most insensible, and inspired even cowards with bravery. The Turks were thunderstruck at seeing so brisk a fire all at once resumed; they doubted not that the Tartars, their allies, who occupied the left bank of the Dneister, had suffered supplies to be poured into the camp. Forty-eight hours of inaction followed. On the morning of October 14, 1676, the astonishment of the Moslems knew no bounds when they saw the Pole calmly issue from his entrenchments, with his few followers drawn up for

battle, apparently as confident of the result as if legions had encompassed him. They could not believe a mere man would attempt such a thing: from that moment their superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use in contending with "the wizard king." The Pacha would not engage, and offered an honourable peace, which was immediately accepted.

In these extraordinary efforts, Sobieski received no support from the European powers, although he promised, if succoured, to drive the Mussulmans of Turkey back into those solitudes which vomited them forth. During the short peace which followed his last campaign, his life was embittered by the political intrigues of his wife, a Frenchwoman. This inquietude was, however, soon exhilarated by a new and still more tremendous war with the Turks, who now broke in upon Hungary in irresistible force, threatening the subjugation of Austria, and terrifying the adjacent principalities. All eyes were again directed to Sobieski. Rome trembled, and the Pope continually dispatched couriers to implore his interference in saving the church from the Moslem yoke. With the subsidies which he received from Rome, our hero was enabled to raise an army of 16,000 men. Soon he was joined by the Austrian forces, and his exultation was extreme to find himself at the head of 70,000 troops, having never before commanded half so many; with these he thought himself a match not only for 300,000 Turks and Tartars, but for the whole infidel world. The celebrated campaign of Vienna was now opened, but need not be related here. On the morning of September 11, 1683, the allied army reached the summit of a chain of mountains, from which the Austrian capital and the wide-spread gilded tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect. Great was the astonishment of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, to behold heights which he had confidently deemed inaccessible glittering with Polish lances. He did not then know that "the wizard king" was there, but the unwelcome intelligence was soon conveyed to him.

Next day, having heard mass and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending—the king descended the mountain to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems in the plains below. The shouts of the Christian army bore to the infidels the dreaded name of *Sobieski!* The latter were driven from their entrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, he deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o'clock P. M. had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He himself made towards the Pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, *Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo, da gloriam!* (Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, Lord of Hosts, be ascribed the glory.) He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry, "*God for Poland!*" cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band: their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings, "That if the sky itself were to fall, they should bear it up on the points of their lances!" The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of the leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side; the Khan of the Tartars was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizier. "Canst not thou help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; "then I am lost indeed!" "The Polish king is there!" replied the other; "I know him well! Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?" Still the vizier attempted to make a stand; in vain—as well might he have essayed to stem the ocean tide. With tears in his eyes he embraced his sons, and followed the universal example—of flight. It would be impossible to describe the transports of the Christian world when the result of the campaign was known. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit in Italy, Spain, and England, resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor. The Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and bathed in tears of gratitude, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix. Reader, this successful battle of Sobieski saved a large portion of Europe from the bloody and iron yoke of the Mahomedans. This was their last attempt on Europe, and from thenceforward they acted only on the defensive.

Amidst the rejoicings of Christendom, Sobieski was unhappy. He was beset by factions in the kingdom, who rendered his reign and his life miserable. True to its character, Poland continued divided against itself. There was no unanimity in its councils, and all its successes only engendered new causes of discontent. Finding himself unable to control the Polish nobles, and distracted by the intrigues of his wife, Sobieski resolved on abandoning the load of royalty with which

he had been invested. On his resolution being made known, the voice of faction was hushed, and even his enemies prayed him to continue their sovereign and protector. After a short struggle between his inclination and sober judgment, he submitted to the unanimous voice of the people. He therefore continued king, but it was only in name. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscape, the mountain torrent, or any natural object, attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and philosophy. With his intimate friends he discoursed on the nature of the soul, the justice of heaven, and the wonders of another life more mysterious than even this. At length the end of this great man approached. A dose of mercury—or, as is conjectured, poison—which he had been recommended to take, was too strong for his constitution, and speedily released him from all his sufferings. John Sobieski, or John III., who thus died in the year 1696, was the last independent prince of the country; and with him ended Polish greatness.*

EMIGRATION.—NEW BRUNSWICK.

As little is comparatively known of the state of this Transatlantic colony, I beg to lay before my readers the following judicious observations elicited on the subject. It may be premised that a Company is established at Liverpool, under very favourable auspices, for the purpose of purchasing lands in New Brunswick, and promoting emigration to that settlement.

"Richard John Uniacke, Esq., is Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; read with great attention the evidence given before the committee, with respect to the emigration to Canada; is of opinion that emigration could with greater advantage be carried on to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. One reason is, the passage is shorter, and can be accomplished at less expense—the other reason is, that the provisioning and providing for the settlers in that country would be at much less expense, at least one-third less; brought out emigrants, settled them, and is acquainted with the expense; is certain that the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would provide for a population of four or five millions. The population of each may be now estimated at about one hundred thousand. There is a new settlement going forward, which Lord Dalhousie put under his management, and for that purpose allotted him a tract of country; called it Irish Town, and settled some people sent to him from Cork and Waterford, upon it. The first five families had not five shillings amongst them; those families are now increased to 25 families, in the course of five years, for the people who come out write to their families at home to say how comfortable they are, and those at home raise heaven and earth to try and come out to them; every year brings out new additions to the colony; they have given me £80, which I am to apply in sending out their relations. The last time I visited the place I asked them how they were situated, and they said, 'Tell our masters at home that we would not exchange situations with them.' Thinks there is in the island of Cape Breton, which is in Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, more than four millions of acres of ungranted land, of good quality. The average produce of wheat in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may be from 20 to 28 bushels of 63 pounds to the acre; had himself ample means to estimate the climate and soil of New Brunswick and other colonies, as capable of producing wheat in as large quantities to the acre as any part of the United States; means to say he raises as good wheat in Nova Scotia, with as little labour, and in as large quantities to the acre, as they do in any part of the United States. There is no uncertainty of climate. We have the finest grass and corn crops—it is true we are obliged to hand-feed our cattle longer than in England or Ireland; our summers are hotter; our winters not so cold, though our frosts are harder. It is not frost that makes cold. Is sufficiently acquainted with the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, including the island of Cape Breton, to form an opinion of the coals. The island of Cape Breton alone would supply the consumption of half of Europe; in Nova Scotia there is an immense mass of coals, and in New Brunswick coals are discovered on the river St John.

The passage from Great Britain to New Brunswick is shorter than to Quebec; opportunities more frequent than to Nova Scotia, which ought in some degree to lessen the expense; on arriving, the business and activity that prevails in every part of the province will give the emigrant casual employment and support. New Brunswick offers a large quantity of vacant land, of a good description, and excellent situations. So universal is the water communication through this province, that lots may be easily laid out adjoining some stream, or to no great distance from it, which, besides supplying the want of roads, affords convenient seats for mills, and a supply of fish for the emigrant's support. The winter is here colder than in Nova Scotia, but the summer is warmer and less clouded with fog. Every thing the seller has to buy is cheaper, and every thing he has to sell, is dearer than in any of the colonies, owing to the ease with which he can pay for the manufactures of Great Britain by the timber trade, and which are imported in great abundance,

* The above sketch has been drawn up chiefly from an able article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for April 1831.

and sold at reasonable prices; and owing to the excess of consumption above the produce, arising from the people being engaged in the timber trade, corn and fruits of the earth are therefore dear.

Considerable sums are appointed every year by the Colonial Assembly for repairing and improving roads to the remote plantations. New Brunswick, with the Gulf of St Lawrence on the one side, and the Bay of Fundy on the other, possesses a valuable fishery on its own shores; its coasts are indented with numerous bays and harbours, and the country possesses innumerable smaller streams to such a degree, that there is not, it is said, a point in the province eight miles distant from a navigable stream. In fertility of soil, it yields to no part of America; the face of the country is level, and is covered with an almost inexhaustible forest of large timber trees; beneath are mines of coal, freestone, lime, and gypsum; and it may be added, that the ports in the Bay of Fundy are the only harbours north of New York that are never closed by ice. At present this province contains about 80,000 inhabitants, whose exports are at least £1,000,000 annually, and employ 150,000 tons shipping, and 17,500 seamen. New Brunswick is bounded almost on two-thirds of its circumference by the ocean—it invites the commerce of the world. The general face of the country may be described as composed of bold undulations, sometimes swelling into the height of mountains, and again subsiding to vale and low lands, principally covered by noble forests, *not so dense* as to be inaccessible. The banks of the larger rivers, for the most part, disclose a country of the latter description; so in many places they are enclosed by lofty and precipitous rocks, whilst the abundance of inferior streams produces frequent slips or spaces of what is termed *intervale*, which being overflowed during the wet seasons, become, at stated intervals, distinguished by extreme fertility. The borders of the rivers and the islets with which they abound, furnishing extensive tracts of pasture and flourishing crops of Indian and European corn, attest the general adaptation of the soil to the most profitable uses of agriculture.

The importance of the province of New Brunswick must be acknowledged by every man who will be at the trouble to place the map of the British North American provinces before him. It exceeds 27,000 square miles, and comprises nearly 18,000,000 acres; is situated between the parallels of 45° 5' and 48° 4' north latitude, and between 36° 47' and 67° 58' of west longitude.

In common with every portion of America, this province enjoys that grand advantage and distinguishing feature, water communication; not a section of it but is traversed and intersected by almost innumerable streams, whilst the greater rivers form accessible channels of intercourse from its heart to its extremities. The distance from Cork, Valencia, Kilrush, and Galway, to this province, is not more than about 2500 miles, the population of which is at present only between 70 and 80,000 souls; yet, in the year 1824 its imports in 1070 vessels, measuring 241,000 tons, and navigated by 11,400 seamen, were valued at £514,550; and the exports the same year, in 1265 vessels, measuring 274,173 tons, navigated by 12,234 seamen, and their cargoes, at £462,043,—no bad proof of the comfort and industry of so small a population, or of the capabilities of this valuable colony. The table of exports and imports adds the price of sixty new vessels built in the province, and valued at £1.10 per ton, the whole measuring 16,488 tons, making the whole exports £626,913.

Mr Joseph Bedell commenced clearing his farm at Richmond, in the parish of Woodstock, about four miles from the River Saint John, in May 1821. Without any other assistance than that of three sons (the eldest of whom is now but sixteen, the next twelve years of age, and the other still younger), he had cleared fifty acres of land, from which he raised last season two hundred and forty bushels of wheat, two hundred and fifty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of buck wheat, six hundred bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty bushels of turnips, and a small quantity of Indian corn. He has paid £1.10 since he went on the farm, is now clear of debt, and owns four cows, one pair of horses, eight head of young cattle, twelve sheep, and eight hundred acres of good land."

TOMB OF RACHAEL.

Carne, in his travels in Judea, thus describes the tomb of Rachael:—"The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast: not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of the kings, in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachael, his fancy wanders "to the land of the people of the East," to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

A CURE FOR THE GOUT.

"Pray, Mr Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a-day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

COLUMN FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

FASHIONS.

CONTINUING the subject of the TOILET, it has to be observed, that "although the fickle goddess of fashion rarely approaches the realms of the truly beautiful, except immediately after having rioted in the regions of absurdity, yet in spite of her absurdities she is not only obeyed, but admired in all ages and in all climes. By the force of habit, and by an unconscious association in the mind, of a dress and its wearer, fashion, even to those who are somewhat fastidious, generally appears graceful. To please her, the fine lady of one country almost feeds herself into an apoplexy; and the would-be beauty of another starves herself into 'the sister to a shade.' The Chinese females cripple their feet, and the Europeans torture their waists into the narrowest possible compass. In one age she induces the fair sex to cover their faces with patches; and in the next, to blush, if necessity compel them to apply one; alternately to cashier, as it were, their natural tresses in favour of false locks set on wires, to make them stand at a distance from the head—to elevate their hair to an immoderate height—or to cultivate it into drooping ringlets over the ears.

General fashions should certainly be conformed to, when, as Goldsmith observes, they happen not to be repugnant to private beauty. They may often be so modified as to suit the persons of all, and occasionally be so managed as to seem to have been created expressly for the most advantageous display of many individual graces of form or delicacy of complexion. Should high fashions be patronised, short ladies must abstain from adopting them, because they are becoming only to the tall; and if narrow dresses obtain pre-eminence, the slender must not sacrifice that fullness in the attire, for which, to them, the most exquisite display of fashion can never be a sufficient compensation. The example of those who have long necks and low shoulders should never lead those of a different style of person to wear necklaces of great breadth, to raise the dress towards the ears, or, by a quantity of drapery or profusion of ornament, to produce an apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders. Jewellery should never be used to cover any imperfections in the neck; it is in much better taste, for such a purpose, to wear a neat collar, reaching as high as the cheek. Those who happen to be faultless in this respect, look better, perhaps, with the neck altogether unadorned.

Whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be generally esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of a dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head, and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is. Those who have round or broad faces should wear drooping clusters of curls; and although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side, if it grow low on the forehead and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides, whatever temptations fashion may offer to the contrary.

It is almost impossible to form a theory of the proper combination of colours applicable to dress: they are subject to a thousand contingencies, and we daily discover agreeable harmonies of tint where we least expected them, and excruciating discords produced by the juxtaposition of tones. The influence of some neighbouring tint, the position of the colours combined, their relative stations, and the materials adopted for each, frequently tend to produce these effects. The colour of a single rosette often destroys the general tone and appearance of the dress, and occasionally it may be managed with such skill as to blend the tints of two or more principal parts of the costume, which, without some such mediator, would render each other obnoxious to the eye of taste. It is quite certain that the same colour which imparts a liveliness and brilliancy when used for light embellishments, and in a small quantity, becomes vulgar, showy, and disagreeable, if adopted for the most extensive portion and leading tint of the attire; and, on the other hand, the delicate or neutral colours, which look well when displayed over a considerable surface, dwindle into insignificance if used in small detached portions for minor ornaments. Generally speaking, trimmings will bear a greater richness of colour than the principal material of dress, the breadth of which is apt entirely to subdue its decorations if they be not a little more powerful in tint. But it is a grave error to endow the minor parts of the costume with an undue superiority over the rest: it should never be forgotten that the trimming is intended to embellish the dress, rather than that the dress should sink into a mere field for the display of the trimming. In all cases, the short should not wear their trimmings so high as the tall.

The occurrence of glaring offences against good taste in the trimmings or fixed embellishments of any principal part of the attire, is rare, compared with those which are perpetrated in the minor articles of gloves, shoes, ribbons, &c. How often have we seen a dress, exquisite in all its parts, utterly ruined, by the wearer, as a finishing touch, drawing on a vulgar glove! Much mischief of a similar nature is frequently done by feathers, flowers, ribbons, shoes, and articles of jewel-

lery. It is not enough that a flower is pretty; it must harmonise with, or form a pleasing contrast to, the other parts of the costume. Coloured shoes or boots ought to be avoided as untasteful, and very inferior in appearance and respectability to those of a clear black hue. Gloves should be in the most delicate tints that can be procured. But these, and many other arrangements connected with the toilet, must be governed by taste, which is the grand requisite, combining the triple qualities of propriety, neatness, and elegance."—*Young Lady's Book*.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

The refinements of fashion, the duties of the toilet, and what compose the elegant amusements of young women, should on no account, unless in very particular instances, impede their course of instruction in the more useful and lasting duties of domestic life. To preserve a house, however mean or however dignified, in the best possible order, to have a knowledge in the making up of female attire, and to be learned in the divers processes of cookery, are in general absolutely essential; that is to say, if young women have any ambition to be placed at the head of a domestic establishment suitable to their rank and prospects in life. The house being the appropriate kingdom of the wife, it is necessary that she should be thoroughly mistress of all its details, and in no instance be left at the mercy of strangers or servants, who, even if anxious to please, seldom possess an education which renders them competent to carry on a household in its different parts. By a close yet tempered supervision on the part of the mistress of the establishment, a corresponding degree of comfort, peace, and saving of expense, is produced, and by her laxity or carelessness, exactly the opposite results take place. Without proper discipline and firmness, all the cares of the young wife may be frustrated. I think it is Miss Edgeworth who says, in one of her excellent novels, that the greater proportion of the miseries of life proceed from taking things for granted. The good wife takes nothing for granted. She gives forth her orders distinctly, and, if requisite, sees them executed. Let those things be impressed on the minds of my fair young countrywomen. William Cobbett, who has written a good deal on the value of industry in household affairs, has well said that "the lover is blind, but the husband has eyes to see with. He soon discovers that there is something wanted besides dimples and cherry cheeks; and I would (says he) have fathers seriously reflect, and to be well assured, that the way to make their daughters to be long admired, beloved, and respected by their husbands, is to make them skilful, able, and active in the most necessary concerns of a family. Eating and drinking (continues he) come three times every day; the preparations for these, and all the ministry necessary to them, belong to the wife; and I hold it to be impossible, that, at the end of two years, a really ignorant slutish wife should possess any thing worthy of the name of love from her husband. A woman who understands all things above mentioned is really a skilful person; a person worthy of respect, and that will be treated as such."

"How great is the change (says a respectable female writer) which is effected in the situation of a woman by the few solemn words pronounced at the altar! She who the moment before was perhaps a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act with propriety in her new sphere. The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and the mind. Sincerity, discretion, a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailties of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being in general responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to guard with care against those attacks of caprice and ill humour which disturb its course; to assist rather than to take the lead in all family arrangements, are among her duties; while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly at the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not, as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes, under much more liberal circumstances, have been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but in the end they will meet their compensation.

No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admo-

nition, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly model themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed. Of all the social domestic and personal obligations of the young wife, her husband is the centre: when they are properly discharged, his welfare and happiness are certainly promoted; and his esteem, affection, and confidence, established on a permanent basis. In neglecting them, he is neglected, his respectability diminished, and his domestic peace and comfort destroyed. One who, selfishly regardless of family duties, leads a life of dissipation and amusement, whose heart and soul are in the world, and never at home, is worthless as a wife or mother. She neglects the chief and positive duties of life, without fulfilling those of a minor character with any good effect. At home her example is injurious, and if abroad she possess any influence, it is merely of a temporary nature, resting probably on no securer ground than that of fashion. In portraying the *beau-ideal* of a married woman, I should describe one not absorbed in any single part, but attentive to the whole of life's obligations—one who neglects nothing—who regulates and superintends her household concerns; attends to, watches over, and guides her children, and yet is ever ready to consider, in moderation, the demands upon her time, which the numerous and various claims of society may make. Such appears to me to be a right sketch of the character of the married woman.

The first year of a woman's married life is not always most free from vexations and troubles. She carries into one family the prejudices and habits of another, which sometimes prove so different as to cause the task of assimilating herself, in her new character, to those with whom she is henceforth to dwell, to be both painful and difficult. If she be solicitous to promote unanimity between her new connections and herself, she will perhaps examine how far she can yield up her own opinions, and render herself agreeable to her new relatives. Good temper in a wife is indeed indispensable to conjugal happiness. A man may possess every advantage which the world has to give, and may have talents that render him a valuable member of society; yet if his wife be contentious, fretful, or discontented, his sum of happiness is most incomplete. Every man, whether employed in the duties of public or of professional life, meets with numerous circumstances and disappointments which harass and distress him. For the painful effects of these, a happy home provides an instantaneous antidote. Every thing beyond its walls seems for a time forgotten, while the mind is relieved, and its powers renovated for future exertions in the world, by the healthy air of cheerfulness which he breathes in the domestic circle. How important then it is, that the wife, by her amiable conduct, should obtain that influence over her husband's mind which will prompt him to turn frequently from the world to her society, for happiness and refinement."—*Mrs Parkes on Domestic Duties.*

INFLUENCE OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

The establishment of steam-boats between England and Ireland has greatly contributed to the prosperity of both countries. How have steam-boats done this? They have greatly increased the trade of both countries. On the examination of Mr Williams, before a Committee of the House of Commons, he stated "that before steam-boats were established, there was little trade in the smaller articles of farming production, such as poultry and eggs. The first trading steam-boat from Liverpool to Dublin was set up in 1824; there are now forty such boats between England and Ireland. The sailing-vessels were from one week to two or three weeks on the passage; the voyage from Liverpool to Dublin is now performed in fourteen hours. Reckoning ten miles for an hour, Dublin and Liverpool are 140 miles apart; with the old vessels, taking twelve days as the average time of the voyage, they were separated as completely as they would be by a distance of 2880 miles. What is the consequence? Traders may now have from any of the manufacturing towns in England, within two or three days, even the smallest quantity of any description of goods;" and thus, "one of the effects has been to give a productive employment to the capital of persons in secondary lines of business, that formerly could not have been brought into action." Mr Williams adds, "I am a daily witness to the intercourse by means of the small traders themselves between England and Ireland. Those persons find their way into the interior of England, and purchase manufactured goods themselves. They are of course enabled to sell them upon much better terms in Ireland; and I anticipate that this will shortly lead to the creation of shops and other establishments in the interior of Ireland, for the sale of a great variety of articles which are not now to be had there." And how do the small dealers in English manufactured goods find purchasers in the rude districts of Ireland for our cloths and our hardware? Because the little farmers have sent us their butter and eggs and poultry, and have either taken our manufactures in exchange, or have taken back our money to purchase our manufactures, which is the same thing. Many millions of eggs, collected amongst the very poorest classes by the industry of women and children, are annually sent from Dublin to Liverpool. Mr Williams has known fifty tons, or eight hundred and

eighty thousand eggs, shipped in one day, as well as ten tons of poultry; and he says this is quite a new creation of property. It is a creation of property that has a direct tendency to act upon the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland; for the produce is laid out in providing clothes for the females and children of the families who engage in rearing poultry and collecting eggs. Thus the English manufacturer is bettered, for he has a new market for his manufactures, which he exchanges for cheap provisions; and the dealer in poultry and eggs has a new impulse to this branch of industry, because it enables him to give clothes to his wife and children. This exchange of benefits—this advancement in the condition of both parties—this creation of produce and of profitable labour—this increase in the number of labourers—could not have taken place without machinery. That machinery is the carriage which conveys the produce to the river, and the steam-boat which makes a port in another country much nearer, for practical purposes, than the market-town of a thinly peopled district. A new machinery is added; the steam-carriage running on the rail-road, which, in the case of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, as one of the witnesses truly says, "is like carrying Liverpool forty miles into the interior, and thus extending the circle to which the supply will be applicable." The last invention perfects all the inventions which have preceded it. The village and the city are brought close together in effect, and yet retain all the advantages of their local separation; the port and the manufactory are divided only by two hours' distance in time, while their distance in space affords room for all the various occupations which contribute to the perfection of either. The whole territory of Great Britain and Ireland is more compact, more closely united, more accessible, than was a single county two centuries ago.—*Working Man's Companion.*

FALLS OF TERMI.

The great object of attraction, the celebrated *Cascata della Marmosa*, is between four and five miles from Termini. For nearly three miles, the road ascends the valley of the Nar, clothed with copes of evergreen oak. At Parpigno, the road divides, the upper road leading to the top of the fall, and the lower one to the bottom. The upper road ascends very rapidly the slope of a limestone hill, and then, for about three quarters of a mile, lies over ground nearly level, and sounding hollow to the tread, bearing every where traces of the course of the water, and formed, indeed, from its concretions. The channel in which the water runs above the falls is fifty-one feet wide; the descent is one foot in twenty, and the rapidity of the current about seven miles an hour. The traveller is conducted to different points to look down this tremendous cascade; the best view is from a little summer-house, on a projecting point considerably below this brow, said to have been built for the accommodation of Napoleon. The lower part of the cataract is not visible at the point, but the river is seen rushing among rocks, and precipitating itself in a succession of falls over a perpendicular precipice, losing itself in thunder amid the foam and spray of the gulf below. The first fall takes place where the stream is yet confined among the rocks of the channel, which is there much broken, and may have an elevation of 40 or 50 feet. The second fall is a perpendicular descent of between 500 and 600 feet. It afterwards strikes against a rock, and rushes down repeated falls, so close as to form almost one continued sheet of foam for 240 feet more into the Nar, so that the whole descent is upwards of 800 feet. The view of the falls from below, is, however, far to be preferred. In any point of view, either from above or below, Lord Byron says it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together.—*Italy, by Josiah Conder.*

POPULAR ERRORS.

It is a favourite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers, as many take pleasure in repeating that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error that exists in the world. The fact seems to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies nor slovens, but simply neat and cleanly, though of course there are exceptions of both kinds. Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.—*Monthly Mag.*

REV. EDWARD IRVING.

We conceive it not improbable that the consciousness of muscular power, that the admiration of his person by strangers, might first have inspired Mr Irving with an ambition to be something, intellectually speaking, and have given him confidence to attempt the greatest things. He has not failed for want of courage. The public as well as the fair are won by a show of gallantry. Mr Irving has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical. He has scrupled to avow no sentiment, however obnoxious; he has revived exploded prejudices; he has scouted prevailing fashions; he has turned religion and the Caledonian

Chapel topsy-turvy. He has held a playbook in one hand, and the Bible in the other, and quoted Shakespeare and Melancthon in the same breath. He has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and garlanded them with the flowers of modern literature. His imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others. His controversial daring is backed by his bodily prowess. Take a cubit from his stature, and his whole manner resolves itself into an impertinence. But with that addition he overcomes the town, browbeats their prejudices, and bullies them out of their senses. All the mad tricks which he has performed have been done on the strength of a remarkable fine person and manner, and through that he has succeeded, otherwise he would have perished miserably.—*Hazlitt.*

VITALITY OF INSECTS.

If the head of a mammiferous quadruped or of a bird is cut off, the consequences are of course fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Læwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts (in Scotland, called *asks*), which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulæ or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

EELS TRAVELLING OVERLAND.

The eel (says Mr Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History") is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent; but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander from one place to another, is evident. I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems no reason to doubt it), it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of strong migratory instinct. An annual migration of young eels takes place in the river Thames, in the month of May; and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As this overland procession of eels generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

ANTS.

Very erroneous opinions are prevalent with regard to the food of ants, which have often been supposed to consume corn, and to do great injury to plants by devouring their roots or stems. The truth is, that they are chiefly carnivorous insects, preying indiscriminately on all the softer parts of animals, and especially the viscera of other insects. These, indeed, they will often attack when alive, and overpower by dint of numbers, either devouring their victim on the spot, or dragging it a prisoner into the interior of the nest. If, however, the game should be too bulky to be easily transported, they make a plentiful meal, and exert, like the bee, a power of disgorging a portion, and of imparting it to their companions at home; and it appears that they are even able to retain at pleasure the nutritious juices unchanged for a considerable time. The rapidity with which they consume, and in fact anatomise, the carcass of any small bird or quadruped that happens to fall in their way, is well known, and furnishes an easy method of obtaining natural skeletons of these animals, by placing their dead bodies in the vicinity of a populous ant-hill. In hot climates, where they multiply to an amazing extent, their voracity and boldness increase with their numbers. Bossman, in his description of Guinea, states that in one night they will devour a sheep, leaving it a fine skeleton, while a fowl is for them only the amusement of an hour. In these situations they will venture to attack even living animals of considerable size. Rats and mice often become their victims. Their power of destruction keeping pace with their increase of numbers, it is hardly possible to assign limits to either; and the united hosts of this diminutive insect have often become formidable to man himself.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

I MUST give a short account of an alligator hunt, at a place called Nellivelly, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the first Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of dragged weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes.

The chill atmosphere of the morning fell so thick and clammy, that it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniforms, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the Malay crease, a sort of dagger, or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal, in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water, when undisturbed, was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of peas soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon; and at the word "march," away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout or war-whoop sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre.

Generally speaking, the alligators had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half-choked and half-spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. The two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt, in sheer despair, right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surround-

ing and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and by a sudden jerk pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final *mêlée* approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and plouted up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter.

The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the alligators might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the east, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry affairs of outposts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half-a-dozen fragments of these weapons, fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many ninepins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty.

This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were of course obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserves of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his majesty's officers might have chanced to have found themselves in a scrape. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company. I forget the total number of alligators killed; but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet in girth, the head being exactly two feet long.—*Captain Basil Hall.*

MATRIMONY.

[BY SAMUEL ROGERS.]

Then come those full confidings of the past,
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and, when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns to speak, her voice is far,
Far above singing! But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words—and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a spirit from heaven.

Then are they blest indeed—and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreath her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.
Then before all they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his—her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell—
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise,
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies.
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
Who smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming—theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman patena, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished Baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch pan," she at length burst out, "if the parritch pan gangs at that, what will the kail pat gang for!"

ELECTRICAL CLOCK.

The Journal of Geneva gives the following description of a curious clock, exhibited in that city, and executed by M. Bianchi of Verona. This machine, which is especially remarkable on account of its extreme simplicity, is composed only of a pendulum, a large wheel, two escapements, and a quadrature. Such are the visible parts. We must, however, suppose that a pinion and a wheel make the communication between the great wheel and the quadrature, though we cannot see them. The pendulum, at each vibration, causes one of the escapements to advance the great wheel one tooth, which, after this movement, has a pause making the dead round. As there is no metallic moving power to set the machine a-going, we find, on examining what keeps up the motion, that the pendulum, which is almost out of proportion with the clock, descends into a case, and there, at each vibration, the ball, or bob, which is furnished with a conductor, approaches alternately two poles, to which voltaic piles supply their portion of electricity; so that the pendulum, when once put in motion, retains it by means of the electricity alternately drawn from the two poles. This machine, which is equally simple and ingenious, is worthy of the attention of the artist. Perhaps other interesting results may be obtained by employing the electric fluid as a moving power, however slight the force such an agent may seem capable of communicating.—*Literary Gazette.*

CIVILISATION OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

It is a pleasing fact, which demonstrates unequivocally that the South Sea Islanders are not deficient in capacity, but are capable, when inducement sufficient is offered, of acquiring habits of close industry, that in the islands of Raiatea and Huahine, or any of the stations in the Leeward Islands, there is hardly an adult female, excepting the aged and infirm, who could not use her needle so as to make her own clothes and those required by other members of the family. The occupation furnished by the new order of things that has followed the introduction of Christianity, is one of the important sources of their present enjoyment. But this is not the only advantage resulting therefrom. It has opened a new channel for commercial enterprise, and has actually created a market for British manufactures, the consumption of which among the islands of the Pacific that have received the gospel, is already considerable.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

EXTENT OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

The sun never sets on the dominions of our king. Before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Ganges.—*Entertaining Press.*

KRIM GHERRI KATTI GHERRI.

Have any of our readers, in turning over the pages of the Edinburgh Almanac, ever been surprised in noticing, as an office-bearer in one of our pious beneficiary institutions, a person with the singular title of *Krim Gherri Katti Gherri*? If they have, they will most probably be glad to learn who this strange gentleman is. Mr Krim Gherri Katti Gherri happens to be sultan of the kingdom of Caucasus in Tartary; and, what is still more curious, his wife, the sultana, is an Edinburgh lady, the daughter of Colonel —. The history of young Krim may be soon told. While about fifteen years of age, he became acquainted with some missionaries who had taken up their station near the Caucasus; on which occasion he embraced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded, under their protection, to St Petersburg, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland—and here he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. While resident in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the above lady, to whom he was married, and carried her with him, though against the consent of her relations. As Krim is lineally descended from the ancient khans of the Crimea, the throne of the present sultan, Mahmoud, will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons; and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne, the singular fact will be presented of a prince of a descendant from an Edinburgh family holding his court at Constantinople, and reigning over the Turkish empire.

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THE DOWNDRAUGHT.

SIDE by side with *Victims*, whom we commemorated in a former Number, might be placed the kindred species *Downdraughts*, who are only different from the accident of their having friends who will rather be weighed down by them to the very earth, to the grave itself, than permit them to sink by themselves. The Downdraught is in reality a Victim, and one of the darkest shade, being generally a person totally worthless in character, and abandoned in habits; but then he has not altogether cut the cables which bound him to his native grade in society—he has not all forgot himself to stone—he is still domesticated with his friends—he has a mother, or a wife, or a brother, or a sister, or perhaps an old aunt, who will try to keep him in food and clean linen, and, having lost all hope of his ever being actively good, will do anything for him, if he will only preserve a neutrality, and not be positively evil. He is a victim in appearance (always excepting the clean shirt), but he enjoys the happy superiority over that class, of having an open door to fly to when he pleases, and either a kind relation, who considers him "only a little wild in the meantime," or else one who, for the sake of decent appearances, will endeavour to patch up all his peccadilloes, and even be tyrannised over by him, rather than shock society by an open rupture. The personal tendencies of a Downdraught to victimization are strong as the currents of the great deep, but he is withheld from it by others. He has always some anchorage or other upon decent life, to keep him back from the gulf to which he would otherwise hurry on. In many cases, the very kindness and indulgence of friends was the original cause of his becoming a Downdraught. He had every thing held to his head. He was encouraged in his pretences of headaches as an excuse for staying away from school. When afterwards an apprentice, he was permitted to break off, on the score of being compelled to put on fires and sweep out the shop. Or, perhaps, it was from nose of those causes. Possibly, he was just one of those persons who seem to be totally destitute of all perception of the terms upon which men are permitted to exist in this world; that is, that they are either to be so fortunate as to have "their fathers born before them," so that they may accede to wealth without exertion, or must else do something to induce their fellow-creatures to accord them the means of livelihood without beggary. That many persons are really born without this great leading faculty, is unfortunately but too indisputable; and, assuredly, they are as proper inmates for a lunatic asylum as more frantic madmen; for what is the use of reason, or even of talent, without the desire of exerting it, either in one's own behalf, or in behalf of mankind? The terms of existence we allude to are expressed in the text of Scripture, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread;" so that the man must be considered a kind of heretic, as well as a fool, who will not, or can not, understand them. Yet the fact is so, that many men arrive at maturity with either a sense of these conditions of life, more or less imperfect, or no sense of them at all. They perhaps conceive themselves to be born to keep down the pavement of Prince's Street with boots one inch and a half deep in the heel, or to fumigate the air of that elegant street with cigars at three shillings per dozen; but that is the utmost extent to which their notions of the purposes of life ever extend. These men, of course, are predestined Downdraughts. We see them already, with our mind's eye, exhausting the kindness and patience of a brother, or a wife, yea almost of a mother, with their idle and dissolute habits—dragging those relations slowly but surely down into misery and disgrace—and only in the meantime saved from being kicked out of doors, as they deserve, not by any regard for merits of their own, for they have none, but by the tenderness of those relations for their own reputation.

A decent citizen, of the name of Farney, retired about five-and-twenty years ago from active life, and, planting himself in a neat villa a little way beyond the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, resolved to do nothing all the rest of his life but enjoy the ten or

twelve thousand pounds which he had made by business. He was a placid, inoffensive old man, only somewhat easy in his disposition, and, therefore, too much under the control of his wife, who, unfortunately, was a person of a vulgarly ambitious character. The pair had but one child—a daughter, Eliza Farney,—the toast of all the apprentices in the South Bridge, and really an elegant, and not unaccomplished, young lady. The only object which Mr and Mrs Farney now had in life, besides that of enjoying all its comforts, was the disposal of this young lady in marriage. Whenever there is such a thing as ten thousand pounds connected with the name of a young lady, there is generally a great deal of more fuss made about it than when the sum is said to exist in any other shape or circumstances. It is important in the eyes of all the young men who think themselves within shot of it. It is important in the eyes of all the young women who have to lament that they do not possess similar advantages. It is important in the eyes of all the fathers and mothers of sons who think themselves within range of it. And, lastly, it is important, immensely important indeed, in the eyes of parties, young lady, mother, and father, sister or brother, who have any thing to say in the disposal of it. Money in this shape, one would almost think, is of a different value from money in any other: the exchange it bears against cash in business, or cash in the prospect of him who knows he can win it, is prodigious. At the very lowest computation, a thousand pounds in the purse of a young lady is worth ten thousand in the stock of a man of trade. Nay, it is astonishing what airs we have known a few hundred pounds of this kind put on in respect, or rather disrespect, of decent people, who were almost winning as much in the year. In fact, the fiddle-faddle about the disposal of an heiress is a great farce, and never fails to put either the parties concerned in the disposal, or else the candidates for the acquisition, into a thousand shabby and selfish attitudes. It is hard to say if the young lady herself is the better for it all. The only certain effect of her possessing a fortune, is, that it deprives her of ever having the pleasing assurance, given to most other women, that she is married for her own sake alone. Sincere love is apt to retire from such a competition, through the pure force of modesty, its natural accompaniment; and the man most apt to be successful is he who, looking upon the affair as only a mercantile adventure, pursues it as such, and only hopes to be able to fall in love after marriage.

It happened that Eliza Farney was loved, truly and tenderly loved, by a young man of the name of Russell, whose parents had been acquainted with the Farneys in their earlier and less prosperous days, but were now left a little behind them. Young Russell had been the playmate of Eliza in their days of childhood; he had read books with her, and taught her to draw, in their riper youth; and all the neighbours said, that, but for the brilliant prospects of Miss Farney, she could not have found a more eligible match. Russell, however, was still but the son of a poor man. He was himself struggling in the commencement of a business, which he had begun with slender means, in order to sustain the declining fortunes of his parents. His walk in life was much beneath the scope of his abilities, much beneath his moral deserts; but, under a strong impulse of duty, he had narrowed his mind to the path allotted to him, instead of attempting to do justice to his talents by entering upon any higher and more perilous pursuit. Thus, as often happens, an intellect and character, which might have brightened the highest destinies, were doomed to a sphere all unmeet for them, where they were in a manner worse than lost, as they only led to a suspicion which was apt to be unfavourable to the prospects of their possessor, namely, that he was likely to be led, by his superior tastes, into pursuits to which his fortune was inadequate, or into habits which would shipwreck it altogether. Russell looked upon Eliza Farney, and despaired. He saw her, as she advanced into womanhood, recede gradually from his sphere in society, and enter into one more suitable to her father's improving fortunes, into which it was not

for him to intrude. Eliza had, perhaps, entertained at one time a girlish fondness for him; but it was not of so strong a character as to resist the ambitious maxims of her mother, and the sense of her own importance and prospects, which began to act upon her in her riper years.

"Amongst the rest young Edwin sighed,

But never talked of love."

Some appearance of coldness, which he saw, or fancied he saw, in her conduct towards him, caused his proud and pure nature to shrink back from the vulgar competition which he saw going forward for the hand of "the heiress." It was not that the fondest wishes of his heart were met with disappointment—perhaps he could have endured that—but he writhed under the reflection, that external circumstances should separate hearts that once were allied, and that no conscious purity of feeling, no hope of hereafter distinguishing himself by his abilities, was of avail against the selfish and worldly philosophy which dictated his rejection. It was only left for him to retire into the chambers of his own thoughts, and there form such solemn resolutions for improving his circumstances and distinguishing his character, as might hereafter, perhaps, enable him to prove to the cold being who now despised him, how worthy, how more than worthy, perhaps, he was of having enjoyed her affections, even upon the mean calculations by which he was now measured and found wanting.

The mother, to whom this rupture was chiefly owing, now applied herself heartily to the grand task of getting her daughter "properly disposed of." Every month or so, her house was turned topsy-turvy, for the purpose of showing off the young lady in gay assemblies. Care was taken that no one should be invited to these assemblies who was merely of their own rank. Unless some capture could be made in a loftier, or what appeared a loftier circle, it was all as nothing. The human race hang all in a concatenation at each other's skirts, those before kicking with all their might to drive off those behind them, at the same time that they are struggling might and main, despite of corresponding kicks, to hold fast, and pull themselves up by means of their own predecessors. This is particularly the case where a mother has a daughter to dispose of with the reversion of a few thousands. Money under these circumstances, as already explained, would be absolutely thrown away if given only to a person who estimated it at its ordinary value; it must be given to one who will appreciate it as it ought to be, and sell pounds of free will and honourable manhood for shillings of the vile dross. At length at a ball held in the Archers' Hall—a kind of Almack's in the east—the very man was met with—a genteel young spark, said to be the grand-nephew to a Baronet in the north, and who was hand in glove with the Greigsons, a family of *quis quis* gentility in the New Town, but who loomed very large in the eyes of a person dwelling in the south side. This fellow, a mere loose adventurer, whose highest destiny seemed to be to carry a pair of colours if he could get them, and who positively had no claims upon consideration whatsoever, except that he kept a decent suit of clothes upon his back, and was on terms of intimacy with a family supposed to belong to the *haut ton*—this poor unannealed wretch, recommended by impudence and a moustache, which he amiably swore he would take off when married, gained the prize from which the modest merit of Russell was repelled. In a perfect fluster of delight with the attention he paid to her daughter, terrified lest he should change his mind, or any unforeseen event prevent the consummation so devoutly to be wished, the managing mother presented no obstruction to the courtship. "Such a genteel young man!" she would say to her husband. "He is greatly taken out in good company. Just the night before last, he was at the Honourable Mrs —'s party in Oman's Rooms. He dined with Miss Foster, the great heiress, who, they say, is distractedly in love with him. But she says she has naething like the elegant carriage o' our 'Liza. Indeed, between you and me, says he, jokingly, to me the other day, she's splay-footed. He could make his fortune at

once, you see, however, and I'm sure its really extraordinary of him to particularee the like o' us in the way he's doing"—and so forth. The old man sat twirling his thumbs and saying nothing, but having his own fears all the time that all was not really gold that glittered. He was, however, one of those people who, upon habit and principle, never say a single word about any speculative thing that is proposed to them, till the result has been decided, and then they can tell that they all along thought it would turn out so. It was untelling the prescience and wisdom that old Farney believed himself to be thus possessed of. Suffice it to say, the managing mother, within the month, made out a mittimus of destruction in favour of her daughter, Eliza Farney, spinster, consigning her to the custody of William Dempster, Esq., black-guard by commission, and Downdraught by destiny.

The fortune of Miss Farney was not exactly of the kind that suited Mr Dempster's views. It was only payable after the death of her father. Mr Dempster, therefore, saw it to be necessary to take expedients for obtaining the use of it by anticipation. He commenced a large concern in some mercantile line, obtaining money in advance from the old gentleman in order to set the establishment on foot. He also procured his signature to innumerable bills, to enable him to carry it on. The business in reality was a mere mask for obtaining the means of supporting his own depraved tastes and appetites. There was hardly any kind of extravagance, any kind of vice, which he did not indulge in at the expense of old Farney. The result was what might be expected from such premises. Exactly a twelvemonth after the marriage, Dempster stopped payment, and absconded without so much as even taking leave of his wife. His folly and profligacy together had already absorbed the whole fortune with which Mr Farney had retired from business, besides a good deal more for which the unfortunate old man was security. He was in consequence totally ruined, left destitute in old age, without the least resource; while the young elegant female, who, a short year before, was the admiration and envy of glittering circles, had just become a mother, upon the bed which only waited for her convalescence to be sold for behoof of her husband's creditors.

Farney found refuge—and considered himself most fortunate in finding it—in a beneficiary institution for decayed citizens of which he had himself, in better days, been one of the managers, but which he did not live long to enjoy. His wife, about the same time, died of one of those numberless and varied diseases which can only be traced to what is called a broken heart. The daughter—the unhappy, and, in a great measure, guiltless victim of her wretched ambition—had no eventual resource, for the support of herself and her infant, but to open a small school, in which she taught female children the elements of reading, writing, and sewing. The striking infelicity of her fate, joined to her own well-known taste and industrious habits, in time obtained for her considerable patronage in this humble occupation; and she would eventually have been restored to something like comfort, but for the unhallowed wretch whose fate had become identified with her own. Where this fellow went, or how he subsisted, for the three years during which he was absent, no one ever knew. He was heard to talk of the smugglers in the Isle of Man, and of the United Irishmen of the sister isle; but it can only be surmised that he joined these respectable corps. One day, as Mrs Dempster sat in the midst of her little flock of pupils, the door was opened, and in crawled her prodigal husband, emaciated, travel-worn, and beggar-like, with a large black spot upon one of his cheeks, the result of some unimaginably low and scoundrelly brawl. The moment she recognised him, she fainted in her chair; the children dispersed and fled from the house, like a flock of chickens at sight of the impending hawk; and when the unfortunate woman recovered, she found herself alone with this transcendent wretch, the breaker of the peace of her family, the murderer of her mother. He accosted her in the coolest manner possible, said he was glad to see her so comfortably situated, and expressed an anxiety for food and liquor. She went with tottering steps to purvey what he wanted; and while she was busied in her little kitchen, he sat down by her parlour fire and commenced smoking from a nasty black pipe, after the manner of the lowest mendicants. When food and drink were set before him, he partook of both with voracious appetite. Mrs Dempster sat looking on in despair, for she saw that the presence of this being must entirely blight the pleasant scene which her industry had created around her. She afterwards said, however, that she could have perhaps overlooked all, and even again loved this deplorable wretch, if he had inquired for his child, or expressed a desire to see him. He did neither—he seemed altogether bent on satisfying his own gross appetites. After spending a few hours in sulky unintermitted smoking and drinking, he was conveyed to a pallet in the garret, there to sleep off his debauch.

It were needless to go through all the distressing details of what ensued. Dempster henceforth became a Downdraught on his wife. This forlorn woman often confessed to her friends that she was perfectly willing to support her husband, provided he would be but content with the plain fare she could offer him, and just walk about and do nothing. But

he was not of a temper to endure this listlessness. He required excitement. Instead of quietly spending his forenoons in the arbour, called the *Cage*, in the Meadows, among decayed military pensioners, and other harmless old men, he prowled about the crowded, mean thoroughfares, drinking where he could get liquor for nothing, and roistering in companies of the most debased description. He incurred debts in all directions on the strength of his wife's character, and she was necessarily compelled to liquidate them. The struggles which she at this time made were very great. Like the mother of Gray the Poet, she endured all kinds of ill usage, and persevered under every difficulty to give her son a respectable education, in order that he might have an opportunity of wiping away the stains of his father's vices, and be a comfort to his mother in the decline of life. To do this, and at the same time continue paying the vile debts of her profligate husband, was altogether impossible. She exhausted the beneficence, and even tired the pity of her friends. It need hardly be mentioned, that the creditors of a husband have an undeniable claim upon the effects of his wife. It unfortunately happened that the wretches with whom Dempster contracted his debts were as worthless as himself. After draining every resource which his wife could command, he summed up his villany by giving a promissory note for fifteen pounds to one of his lowest associates. It is supposed that he struck the bargain for a couple of guineas, for with this sum he again absconded from Edinburgh, and, taking his way to Greenock, shipped himself on board of a vessel for America. At first his wife was thankful for the relief; she again breathed freely; but her joy was soon turned into mourning. The promissory note made its appearance; she had just scraped up and paid her rent; she had not therefore a farthing in the world. In a fortnight the whole of her effects were sold upon distraint. She was turned to the street a second time, almost bent to the dust with the burden of her miseries. The first night she received shelter in the house of a respectable "much-ried" widow, who was the only person she could freely speak to about her destitute condition. Next day, by the advice of this good woman, she took a room in the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to gather together her pupils, who, it seems, did not desert her, but took a deep interest in her misfortunes. She had also the good fortune to get her boy into one of the educational hospitals, and she, therefore, expressed herself thankful for the mercies she still received.

An interval of many years now occurs in the story of Mrs Dempster, during which she heard nothing of her husband, except a rumour that he was drowned on a lumbering excursion in the rapids of the St Lawrence. Through the influence of her pitiable tale and real merit, she obtained the situation of superintendant of a large public seminary for young ladies in a country town. Here she lived in peace, comfort, and honour, for some years, till she had almost forgot that ever such a wretch as Dempster existed. What was her horror one day, when, as she was entertaining a large party of respectable people at tea, the demon of her fate stood once more before her, not the mere squalid beggar which he formerly appeared, but a concentration of blackguardism and shabbiness, of utterly ruined and broken down humanity, such as was never perhaps surpassed, even in the sinks of London and Parisian vice. There was now more than mendicancy in his aspect—there was robbery, murder, and every kind of desperate deed. The wan face, blackened and battered with bruises and wounds—the troubled eye, bespeaking the troubled spirit—the rosy, sooty attire, through which peeped the hardly whiter skin—the feet bare and plicated with walking—every thing told but one tale of unutterable sin and misery. The guests shrunk aghast from this hideous spectre, and the hostess shrieked outright. Little regarding the alarm which he had occasioned, he exclaimed, in a hollow and scarcely earthly voice, "Give me meat—give me drink—give me clothing—I am destitute of all: there you sit in enjoyment of every luxury, while your husband, who is flesh of your flesh, has not known what it is to eat heartily, or to be covered from the piercing wind, for weeks and months. Do not shrink from me. Wretched as I seem, I am still your husband. Nothing on earth can break that tie. Meat, I say—drink—I am in my own house, and will be obeyed. For you, gentles, get you gone; your company is not now agreeable." The company dispersed without further ceremony, leaving the unhappy woman alone with her husband.

Next day, the stranger appeared abroad in a decent suit of clothes, and Mrs Dempster seemed to have recovered a little of her equanimity. Every sacrifice, however, which she could make for this wretch, was in vain, or only encouraged him to demand greater indulgences. An unlimited supply of liquor in his own house would not satisfy him. He required large sums wherewith to treat all the *canaille* of the town. Entreaties, indulgences, every thing that could be devised to gratify him, were unavailing to impress him with a sense of his wife's situation. He intruded his unhallowed front into her school, and insulted her before her pupils. Those who laughed at his antics he would seize by the shoulders, and turn out of doors. He had also a most perverse desire of pushing

himself into her presence, whenever he thought she was conversing with any of her employers, before whom an observance of propriety and decorum was most particularly necessary. Indeed, he just delighted to do exactly what his wife wished him not to do; the grand object of his low mind being to show how much he had her comfort and welfare in his power. At length, with every feeling of respect for Mrs Dempster, her employers, the magistrates, found it necessary to inform her, that they could not permit her to retain the school any longer under such circumstances, as it was threatened with utter annihilation by the gradual diminution of the number of pupils. She proposed to her husband to allow him regularly the full half of her earnings, if he would only stay in some other place, and never again intrude upon her. But he scorned to be bought off, as he said. He insisted rather upon her giving up the school, and accompanying him to Edinburgh, where, with the little sum she had saved, and what besides they could raise by the sale of her superfluous furniture, he would enter into business on his own account, and should never again be obliged to work for either herself or for him. The poor woman had no alternative. She was compelled to abandon the scene, where, for so many years, she had enjoyed the comforts of life and the respect of society, in order to be dragged at the chariot wheels, or rather at the cart's tail, of her husband's vices and fortunes, through scenes to which she shuddered to look forward.

In the capital, Dempster's design of entering into business, if he ever seriously entertained it, was no more talked of. Fleeced once again with a taste of his former indulgences, he rushed headlong into that infamous career which already had twice ended in voluntary banishment. His wife's finances were soon exhausted; but, with the barbarity of a demon taskmaster, he would every day leave her with a threat, which she but too well knew he would execute, of beating her, if she should not be able to produce next morning a sum necessary for the gratification of his wretched appetites. It was now in vain to attempt that mode of subsistence by which she had hitherto supported herself. So long as she was haunted by this evil genius, that was impracticable. By the interest, however, of some of her former friends, she obtained a scanty and precarious employment for her needle, by which she endeavoured to supply the cravings of her husband, and her own simpler wants. From morning early, through the whole day, and till long after midnight, this modest and virtuous woman would sit in her humble lodging, painfully exerting herself at a tedious and monotonous task, that she might be able to give to her husband in the morning that sum without which she feared he would only rush into greater mischief, if not into absolute crime. No vigils were grudged, if she only had the gratification at last of seeing him return. Though he often staid away the whole night, she never could permit herself to suppose that he would do so again, but she would sit bending over her work, or, if she could work no more from positive fatigue, gazing into the dying embers of her fire, watching and watching for the late and solitary foot, which, by a strange exertion of the sense, she could hear and distinguish long ere any sound would have been perceptible to another person. Alas, for the sleepless nights which woman so often endures for the sake of her cruel helpmate! Alas, for the generous and enduring affection which woman cherishes so often for the selfish heart by which it is enslaved!

A time at length arrived when the supplies purveyed by Mrs Dempster from her own earnings were quite incompetent to satisfy this living vampire. She saw him daily rush from her presence, threatening that he would bring her to the extremity of disgrace by the methods he would take to obtain money. She lived for weeks in the agonising fear that the next moment would bring her news of some awful crime committed by his hand, and for which he was likely to pay the last penalty of the law. She hardly knew who or what were his associates; but occasionally she learned, from mutterings in his sleep, that his practices were of the most flagitious and debased kind. He seemed to be the leader or director of a set of wretches who made a livelihood by midnight burglary. At length, one day he came home at an unusual hour, accompanied by three strangers, with whom he entered into conversation in the next room. Between that apartment and the room in which she was sitting, there was a door, which, being never used, was locked up. Through the thin panels, she overheard a scheme laid for entering the house of —, a villa in the neighbourhood, in order to rob the tenant, whom they described as a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with a great quantity of plate and other valuables. One of the persons in conference had visited the house, through the kindness of a servant, to whom he had made up as a sweetheart, and he therefore was able to lead the attack through such a channel as rendered success almost certain. "The nabob," said this person, "sleeps in a part of the house distant from the room in which his boxes are for the present deposited. But should he attempt to give us any disturbance, we have a remedy for that, you know." And here the listener's blood ran cold at hearing a pistol cocked. From all that she could gather, her husband was only

to keep watch at the outside of the house, while the rest should enter in search of the booty. It is impossible to describe the horror with which she heard the details of the plot. Her mind was at first in such a whirl of distracted feeling, that she hardly knew where she stood; but, as the scheme was to be executed that very evening, she saw it necessary to exert herself quickly and decisively; and, therefore, she immediately went to the house of a friend, and wrote an anonymous note to the person most concerned, warning him of a design (she could use no more specific language) which she knew was entertained against a certain part of his property, and recommending him to have it removed to some more secure part of his house. To make quite sure of this note being delivered in time, she took it herself to the gate, and left it with the porter, whom she strictly enjoined to give it immediately into the hands of his master. She then went home, and spent an evening of misery more bitter than the cup of death itself. She had formerly passed many a lonely night at her cheerless fireside, while waiting for the return of her wretched husband; but she never spent one like this. When she reflected upon the happiness of her early days, and the splendid prospects which were then said to lie before her, and contrasted them with the misery into which she had been so suddenly plunged, not by any fault of her own, but, as it appeared, by the mere course of destiny, she could have almost questioned the justice of that supreme power by which she piously believed the concerns of this lower world to be adjusted. What dire calamities had sprung to her from one unfortunate step! What persecutions she had innocently endured! How hopeless was her every virtuous exertion against the perverse counteraction of a being from whom society could not permit her to be disjoined! And, finally, what an awful outburst of wretchedness was at this moment, to appearance, impending over her! Then she recalled one gentle recollection, which occasionally would steal into her mind, even in her darkest hours, and fill it with an agreeable, but still painful light—the thought of Russell—Russell, the kind and good, whom, in a moment of girlish vanity, she had treated harshly, so that he vanished from her presence for ever, and even from the place where he had suffered her scorn. Had fate decreed that she should have been united to that endeared mate of her childhood, how different might have been her lot! How different, also, perhaps, might have been his course of life—for she feared that her ungenerous cruelty had also made shipwreck of his noble nature. These meditations were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Dempster, who rushed into her room, holding a handkerchief upon his side, and, pale, gory, and breathless, fell upon the ground before her. Almost ere she had time to ascertain the reality of this horrid vision, quick foot-steps were heard upon the stair. The open door gave free admission; and in a moment the room was half filled with watchmen, at the head of whom appeared a middle-aged gentleman of a prepossessing though somewhat disordered exterior. "This," he exclaimed, "is the villain; secure him, if he be yet alive, but I fear he has already met the punishment which is his due." The watchmen raised Dempster from the ground, and, holding his face to the light, found that the glaze of death was just taking effect upon his eyes. The unhappy woman shrieked as she beheld the dreadful spectacle, and would have fallen upon the ground if she had not been prevented by the stranger, who caught her in his arms. Her eyes, when they first re-opened, were met by those of RUSSELL.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings with which these long-severed hearts again recognised each other, the wretchedness into which she was plunged, by learning that her well-intended efforts had unexpectedly led to the death of her husband, or the returning tide of grateful and affectionate emotion which possessed his bosom, on being informed that those efforts had saved his life, not to speak of the deep sensation of pity with which he listened to the tale of her life. A tenderer feeling than friendship was now impossible, and, if it could have existed, would have hardly been in good taste; but Russell, now endowed with that wealth which, when he had it not, would have been of so much avail, contented himself to use it in the pious task of rendering the declining years of Eliza Farney as happy as her past life had been miserable.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THERE is a large class of inquiring minds in the humbler walks of life, and another large class composed of the young of all orders, who, in entering upon a course of general modern reading, must be greatly at a loss for a knowledge of many men and books which are familiarly alluded to, and things with which every body is understood to be acquainted, but which, in reality, are only familiar to persons of perfect education, and to those who have been living for a considerable time in intimate converse with the world. It appears to be a proper object for such a work as the present, to supply such information on modern literature as may help to bring up the minds now spoken of to a level with those which are generally addressed by literary men; so that the large class of persons who at the present time are

just beginning to read, or are anxious to do so, may have less difficulty at the first. The manner in which I shall endeavour to supply this information will be peculiar. I shall write as if I understood my readers to be almost entirely ignorant; and, therefore, my disquisitions may perhaps appear to more informed persons as childish. I trust, nevertheless, that every one will excuse the introduction of matter which is to him quite familiar, for the sake of the multitudes to whom it will be nearly altogether new.

It is probable that SIR WALTER SCOTT is the author of all others whose name is most familiar to the persons now addressed. He is a native of Edinburgh, about 60 years of age, originally, by profession, an advocate in the chief Law Court of Scotland, but latterly settled in the respectable office of a clerk to that Court, from which, however, he has lately retired. Walter Scott began his literary career as a collector of old Scottish ballad poetry, and an imitator of that style of writing. He published, about the beginning of this century, a collection of ballads, under the title of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which was looked upon as a very pleasing and very learned work. He next published, under the title of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a romantic poetical tale of his own composition, being somewhat in the style of those old ballads. This book was in one volume, and it was so much liked that 25,000 copies were sold in the first six years. In 1808, two years after the *Lay* had appeared, he published a second and similar romantic poem, under the title of *Marmion*, for which a bookseller paid him no less a sum than one thousand guineas. It was fully more admired than the former work; and his next attempt, the *Lady of the Lake*, was most admired of all. The success of these fine poems induced him to write two others in succession, styled *Rokeby*, and the *Lord of the Isles*; but either the story was not in those cases so interesting, or the style of the author was becoming a little too familiar; for they were not nearly so much admired as the previous productions. Mr Scott, who is a man of much worldly sagacity, as well as great poetical genius, saw that it was necessary to write in a different manner, in order to please his customers, the public; and so he began to write romances in prose. Having an idea that his name was getting somewhat hackneyed, he resolved to publish these works anonymously. The first that appeared was *Waverley*, a story founded upon the rebellion of the Scotch Highlanders in 1745—in three volumes. It met with as great success as the first of his poems. Every one who read it was delighted with its lively descriptions of scenery, its natural delineations of character, and a peculiar romantic charm which this author invariably gives to every incident of past history to which he alludes. *Waverley* appeared in the year 1814; and ever since down to the very present time, this great author has continued to publish every year one or more narratives of the same kind, generally relative to some incident in Scotch or English, or occasionally foreign history. As he derived a great deal of money from his writings, he was enabled to purchase a considerable quantity of land in one of the southern counties of Scotland, where he built a house called *Abbotsford*. In consideration of the literary honour which he reflected upon his country, King George IV. conferred upon him the dignity of a baronetcy in the year 1820. He continued to publish without putting his name upon the front of his books, down till 1826, when his Edinburgh bookseller became a bankrupt, and involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, which rendered it impossible for him any longer to conceal that he was the *Great Unknown* who had so long delighted the world with his romances. It was understood that Sir Walter was engaged for this bookseller in obligations to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, being a great proportion of all that he had ever received for his writings. Thus, in one respect, a series of literary exertions, the most splendid the world has ever known, was, in a great measure, rendered ineffectual. Sir Walter, however, has since been enabled to gain so much money as has cleared off nearly the whole, if not the whole, of this vast debt. It is only to be lamented that his health has, in a great measure, sunk under the effort. On this account, he is at present sojourning in Italy, for the benefit of a milder climate than his own. The personal character of this great man is as much to be admired as his literary merits. He has been conspicuous all his life for the amiable and dignified simplicity of his manners—the perfect purity of his moral conduct—his benevolence and kindness towards all his fellow-creatures—and a total want of those mean, narrow feelings, such as jealousy or envy, which so often have degraded genius to a level with ignorance. He was married in early life to a French lady of the name of Carpenter, who left her native country in consequence of the Revolution, and who died in 1826. By this lady he had two sons and two daughters, all of whom are now arrived at maturity.

Among the great literary intellects, ROBERT SOUTHEY is to be next mentioned. He is a native of England, about the same age as Sir Walter Scott, and has lived for many years in an elegant retirement near the village of Keswick, in Cumberland. In his early years, like most young men of the period, he was captivated with the principles of the French Revolution, and wrote a play called *Wat Tyler*, which abounds in sentiments of that nature. Mr Southey subsequently changed his opinions in politics; and, as this has often been urged against him, he perhaps feels the publication of his first production to have been the most fatal error in his life. Mr Southey is essentially and exclusively a man of letters; that is to say, he lives by what he can obtain for his writings. In early life he wrote a series of poetical narratives, of a wild and wondrous nature; the most remarkable are respectively entitled *Thalaba* and *Madoc*. A rich and luxuriant imagination was observable in these works; but they were accused of being written too much in defiance of the ordinary rules of poetry. Hence, Mr Southey's poems are

not now read. Like many other men of poetical genius in the present age, he has betaken himself to the composition of prose—the kind of composition, after all, most adapted to the daily wants of the reading part of mankind. He has published many large and most respectable prose works, such as the *Book of the Church* (a brief ecclesiastical history of England, in which he strongly advocates the principles of the Reformation), in two volumes; *Colloquies on the Prospects of Society*, in two volumes, &c. But his chief exertions are said to lie in the *Quarterly Review*, a periodical work afterwards to be described. Mr Southey is allowed to be one of the best, or purest, writers of the English language now living. He possesses, in his house at Keswick, a large miscellaneous library, in which he almost constantly lives. He enjoys the small, but honourable sinecure office of Poet Laureate, to which there is attached a pension of a hundred pounds a year, with the addition of a pipe of wine. Formerly the Poet Laureate was a regular member of the King's household, for the purpose of saluting him on his birth-day with an appropriate ode. But the ode is now dispensed with, and the pension and wine only form a kind of encouragement to some meritorious man of letters, to whom the country may be supposed to be indebted. It may be mentioned that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr Southey are Tories.

Next to Southey may be mentioned THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of a poem entitled the *Pleasures of Hope*. This gentleman is a native of Scotland, but for thirty years past has resided in London. He is somewhat younger than Scott and Southey. He received his education at the University of Glasgow; and in 1801, when scarcely out of his teens, published at Edinburgh his *Pleasures of Hope*, which at once gained a wide popularity. This poem is a series of fine bursts of sentiment, expressed in the most glowing and beautiful language, with only here and there a monotony of rhymes, and redundancy of expression, which may well be excused as the faults of a very young author. Mr Campbell afterwards produced several smaller poems of great beauty, among which must be mentioned the sublime odes, entitled *Hohenlinden*, the *Battle of the Baltic*, and, "Ye Mariners of England." The muse of Campbell was more correct in pace than abundant in effusion. He produced no poem of considerable length for ten years after he had written the *Pleasures of Hope*. At length, in 1809, appeared *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a beautiful narrative poem, founded on an incident in the history of an American settlement. This forms almost the sum of Mr Campbell's literary exertions. In 1821, he undertook the management of a monthly periodical work, entitled the *New Monthly Magazine*; but it was always understood that little of the work was his own composition. In truth, it is the misfortune of Mr Campbell that he has a natural and habitual reluctance to exertion. A pension which he enjoys from the government supplies most of his daily wants, and he is content to pass in indolence days and years of which his contemporaries would be disposed to ask from him a very different account. It is not too much to say that there are many men of letters in Britain who have undergone as much labour in one year, as this gifted son of genius has undergone in the whole thirty years of his literary existence.

WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE are the names of two living poets, whose writings are hardly known to any part of the reading public, but who are nevertheless entitled to notice. The former is a quiet, retired, old gentleman, who has spent nearly the whole of his life in a secluded part of Cumberland, deriving his support from some sinecure office. He has written a large poem called the *Excursion*, and many smaller ones, some of them in the style of ballads, &c. This poet made a great mistake in the beginning of his career, and he never has since got out of it. He conceived that the best subjects for poetry are to be found in the incidents and characters of humble life, and that the language to be employed should be as nearly as possible that used in the same walk. Hence many of his poems have been childish and unmeaning jingles, while still, here and there we find strains of profound sentiment, and a feeling of nature and her workings, such as to make us regret that so noble a mind should have been so strangely lost. The language, too, is not always of the mean kind alluded to. It is often for a large space the most touching, the most tender, the most melodious, that is to be found in modern literature. Indeed, Wordsworth may be described as one of the great poetical minds of the country, but with the detracting qualification, that it is in a state of partial weakness. Coleridge is even a still more pitiable specimen of crazy greatness. His works, however, are so entirely out of the public sight, that it is unnecessary to give any account of them.

Hardly any of the above persons, though still alive as men, can be said to live as poets. Their exertions in this walk of literature have been for many years given up, and almost forgotten. If they now work at all, it is as prose writers. Poetry, indeed, has not been a profitable field of adventure for some years. It has given way in a great measure to certain more fashionable kinds of literature, such as novels and periodical works. BYRON, a young, dissolute nobleman, who died in 1824, was the greatest poet of modern times; and certainly his writings have enjoyed a high degree of popularity; but few of the rest have made a great impression by their verses. THOMAS MOORE is a name entitled to notice. His chief poetical work is called *Lalla Rookh*, (a romance of Asiatic life), and he has also derived great celebrity from a series of songs which he has composed for the airs of Ireland, which is his native country. Moore, however, has too little of that nature of which Wordsworth aims at having too much. His sentiments are not the spontaneous

gushings of the full and feeling heart, but a cold and artificial effusion measured out according to rule. His way of making up his verses is as artificial as his sentiment. He forces images from the ends of the earth, and plants them here and there along his verses, as an African prince places Birmingham buttons upon his native clothing, not for their use, but that he thinks some ornament looks better at that place. His similes might be chipped off his verses, as easily as so many handles from so many tea-cups, without in the least impairing the quantity of the vessel. He must be allowed credit, however, for the ingenuity with which he can drag the most untoward ideas into his verses. It must be acknowledged that, though the forcing is always visible, the case would evidently be much worse, or not practicable at all, in the hands of a less perfect adept. This is also the less favourable view of Moore's poetry. If the constant appearance of labour could be overlooked, his gay vivacious fancy would give unmingled pleasure.

Among the multitude of men poetically dead, but personally living, may further be mentioned, SAMUEL ROGERS, LEIGH HUNT, and JOHN WILSON. Rogers is an aged man of fortune, residing in the vicinity of London. Towards forty years ago, he published the *Pleasures of Memory*, a poem full of the gentlest feelings and most beautiful images, though it would now, perhaps, be held as a little too cold in tone. Rogers is now rather a patron and friend of literary men, than a poet himself, though it is not above ten years since he produced a very elegant poem in blank verse, styled "Italy." Leigh Hunt is a middle aged man, a native of London. He began his poetical career about twenty years ago, his first works being *Rimini*, the *Feast of the Poets*, &c., which made a considerable impression upon the public, though not written in the best taste. Hunt is a man of good intentions, but corrupted a little by education, mannerism, and perhaps vanity. His poetry is about to be republished in a purified and collected form, we regret to say, as a means of relieving himself from the bitter evil of reduced circumstances, accompanied by ill health. John Wilson is a native of Scotland, but educated chiefly in England. He first appeared in the literary world about twenty years ago, as author of several volumes of poetry, under the various titles of the *Isle of Palms*, the *City of the Plague*, &c. His verses received praise in the *Edinburgh Review*, and other critical works of eminence, where it happens that many books receive the only notice they are ever destined to be blessed with. Dr Johnson says of a novel by Congreve, that he would rather praise it than read it; and to this principle may be traced the reputation of many more famous poems than those of Mr Wilson. The poetry was most excellent poetry—there could be no doubt of that, for several high critical oracles were most decided upon the point; but the public has sometimes an obstinate way of its own with books—it would not believe a word of it. Hence Mr Wilson's poems never were honoured with the least mark of popular acceptance—could scarcely be said, indeed, to have ever been published. Like many other writers of poetry, he has latterly turned his attention to prose. He has written several tales and sketches depicting Scottish humble life, but in such a sickly, romantic, and exaggerated style, that the original is hardly to be recognised. By profession, Mr Wilson was originally an advocate at the Scottish bar, but some years ago he was installed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which office he continues to occupy. He has also, for many years, been the editor or chief contributor to that extensively circulated monthly work, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*; a task for which he seems to be eminently fitted. His mind, it must be remarked, though gifted with only a few leading ideas, possesses the strange power of showing these once every month in a new shape, generally diluted into a lavish effusion of brilliant, though unpolished verbiage; and in this way he continues to keep up a constant succession of dashing, frothy articles in the work referred to. I mentioned that Southey was reckoned the writer of the best or purest English in the present day; on the same principle Wilson may be reckoned among the coarsest. His frolicsome, loose style is exceedingly captivating, and has produced a host of imitators among young writers, not one of whom has approached him in point of talent or brilliancy; and the consequence has been, a perfect inundation of flippant, useless writing, in every department of periodical literature. Mr Wilson enjoys a considerable local fame on account of these contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*; but as his name is connected with no individual work that can have the least claims upon posterity, it is easy to predict that this must not only be confined to the scene, but also to the period of his exertions.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In whatever manner we are called upon to examine the character and circumstances of the inhabitants of Great Britain, we feel impelled to remark, that they are altogether an exceedingly peculiar people, and that they possess talents and properties possessed by no other nation under heaven—that of the great western republic, who are of British descent, always excepted. Their country is comparatively small, and its climate is inferior to that of any other in the neighbourhood, or in a large portion of Europe; yet under these disadvantages, they have contrived to place themselves at the head of the affairs of nearly the whole world, and to dictate the terms of their bargains with a confidence which certainly no other people has dared to imitate. The whole secret of all this superiority lies in their industrious habits and their intelligence. They have also been much indebted to the isolation of their country for the preservation of their national character: and a genealogist might fondly trace their great-

ness to the happy mixture of Celtic and Gothic blood, and the amalgamation of Saxon simplicity and steadiness of character with the gallant bearing of the Normans. Besides possessing these natural advantages, they have been fortunate in the enjoyment of security of property, since the rise of the middling classes in Henry the Seventh's time. If to this we add the possession of inexhaustible stores of mineral products, as iron, lead, tin, and coal, the cause is given of their extraordinary industry and opulence. The fossils which have been of the greatest benefit to the British people, are iron and coal. Without these no nation can be permanently great or independent. The iron of the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, North Wales, and Alston in Cumberland, as well as that used at Carron in Scotland, with the coal of Northumberland, Durham, and Lanarkshire, have reared a mighty fabric of trade, commerce, and machinery, no where paralleled, and which it would be impossible to supersede.

The whole of England, and some of the counties in Scotland, is but one immense manufactory, sectioned into divisions, and swarming with a population whose innate skill and industry put to shame the perseverance of the ant, or the ingenious labour of the bee. Let us, for example, take a glance at this wonderful human hive. Entering England from the north, we first fall in with the great trading district on the Tyne, covered with ship-building establishments, soaperies, glass works, potteries, iron foundries, and other works of a similar kind, connected with the coal trade and mines. In Cumberland, we find manufactories of gingham, calicoes, corduroys, and other cotton goods; sail-cloth, carpets, paper, pottery, and glass bottles. The hilly district of Westmoreland, we find, gives employment to the woollen manufactories of Kendal, and other towns in that quarter. In Durham are found extensive foundries and forges, producing anchors, mooring chains, files, edge-tools, sword blades, and all such hardware as is necessary for artificers. Yorkshire comes next, and we perceive it has an extraordinary variety of manufactories. The East Riding furnishes wool in large quantities to the weavers of the West Riding, which is without exception the greatest manufacturing district in the world. The manufactories of Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and places adjacent, comprise broad and narrow cloths of all qualities, shalloons, calimancoes, and flannels, with every kind of woollen goods. From Sheffield, cutlery, printing types, and plated goods, are exported to all parts of the world. The knives of Sheffield have been celebrated for many centuries. West from Yorkshire lies Lancashire, which is famed for the extent and variety of its manufactories, consisting of silk, cotton, woollen, linen, hats, stockings, pins, needles, nails, watch-tools and movements, tobacco and snuff, earthenware, porcelain, paper, and many other articles. In this busy scene lies Manchester—a city of cotton-mills and machinery, forming light fabrics of goods intended for the clothing of females, in every part of the globe which can be reached by merchants. Here also is manufactured an inconceivable variety of small wares, as tapes, threads, laces, &c. In the vicinity are situated the establishments for printing and dyeing the calicoes. In this district are also found manufactories of iron and copper, glass, white-lead, lamp-black, vitriolic acid, paints, &c. Liverpool is the great outlet for these products.

Proceeding down into Cheshire, we discover manufactories of silk, cotton, linen, ribbons, thread, buttons, leather, and salt. Shropshire, adjoining, has its coal, iron, and tar works, besides manufactories of garden flower pots, tobacco pipes, china, and queen's ware; also some linen and cotton manufactories. In Montgomeryshire, we find some of the best flannel manufactories in Britain. Let us retrace our steps, and view the centre of England. Here we find the stocking, silk, and lace manufactories of Nottinghamshire; the worsted, woollen, and hat manufactories of Leicestershire; the woollen, linen, cotton, silk, and polished marble manufactories of Derbyshire. The great wonder of England is the Staffordshire potteries, which occupy a central district. For ten square miles the whole land seems a series of volcanoes, as interesting, and a thousand times more profitable than those of Sicily, or the Neapolitan territories. An abundant supply of coal found here, has produced the establishment of these potteries, which give employment to an immense population, and send out Delft goods to every country. Warwickshire falls next under our notice. Here every town is celebrated for manufacturing some particular article. Birmingham is filled with manufactories of hardware, muskets, pistols, and other goods of a similar nature. In Coventry and neighbourhood, not less than sixteen thousand people are employed in manufacturing ribbons; and many are engaged in making watches, which are reckoned among the best in Britain. Gloves, horn combs, hosiery, flaxen goods, and needles, are a few more of the chief Warwickshire products. Worcester is the great mart of the glove and carpet trade. Gloucestershire has its manufactories of iron, tin-plate, edge-tools, brass wire, wire-cards, pins, and nails. On the water of Stroud, are extensive manufactories of fine scarlet, blue, and black cloths; the best worsted stuffs are made at Cirencester, and stockings at Tewkesbury. In Buckinghamshire, lace and paper are the chief manufactures. In Dunstable, Bedfordshire, straw plait is the principal source of employment. Kent has the most extensive paper-mills in the world; gunpowder, calicoes, sacking, and hop bagging, are also made to a great extent, and the various dock-yards of Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, &c. employ numerous hands. In the southern county of Berkshire, sacking, paper, cotton, blankets, and copper, are manufactured. In Wiltshire, the finest woollens, flannels, broadcloths, kerseymeres, fustians, and gloves, predominate. Dorsetshire is celebrated for its twines, cordage, sail-cloth, nettings, and shirt-buttons; Somersetshire for its stockings, woollen cloths,

coarse linens ticks, and gloves. The metropolitan districts abound in manufactures, and in London itself almost every kind of goods is made and prepared for exportation. In all the large towns on the sea-coasts round the whole island, ship-building is carried on to a greater or less extent, and which necessarily engages a variety of local manufactures. Such is a superficial glance at the pursuits of industry in England alone (for I find I must leave Scotland to form the subject of another paper); and in these are demonstrated some of the main causes of the true glory and prosperity of the empire.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES REGARDING BURNS.

OUR native Poet Burns is so great a favourite with his countrymen, and we hear all that regards him with so much interest, that I am sure my readers will be pleased with the few authentic gleanings with which I now present them.

It is mentioned in Dr Currie's *Life of the Poet*, that when he was in Edinburgh, he accompanied his friend, Mr Robert Ainslie, now Writer to the Signet, on a horse-back excursion from Edinburgh to Peebles, down the Tweed, all the way to Coldstream, and from thence to Berrywell, near Dunse, the residence of Mr Ainslie's father. The weather was charming; the parties then youthful and in good spirits; and the Poet delighted with the fine scenery, and the many poetical associations connected with it. When they arrived at Coldstream, where the dividing line between Scotland and England is the Tweed, Mr Ainslie suggested going across to the other side of the river by the Coldstream bridge, that Burns might have it to say he "had been in England." They did so, and were pacing slowly along on English ground, enjoying their walk, when Mr Ainslie was astonished to see the Poet throw away his hat, and, thus uncovered, look towards Scotland, kneeling down with uplifted hands, and, apparently, in a state of great enthusiasm. Mr Ainslie kept silence, uncertain what was next to be done, when Burns, with extreme emotion, and an expression of countenance which his companion will never forget, prayed for and blessed Scotland most solemnly, by pronouncing aloud, in terms of the deepest devotion, the two concluding stanzas of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*.

Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide

That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;

Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;

But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,

In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

In the course of that excursion, they went to visit an old gentleman, a friend of Mr Ainslie's, in Teviotdale, who was possessed of an arm chair that had belonged to Thomson, the Poet of the Seasons. This Burns examined, and sat in with great interest, as if catching inspiration by the very touch of it.

Some time after that, the Poet was a considerable time in Edinburgh, visiting Mr Cruikshanks, then one of the masters of the High School, who lived in St James's Square, New Town. Mr Ainslie had then a small bachelor house on the north side of the same square, and, intimate as the parties were, it may be supposed they spent many an hour together; and, to Mr Ainslie, most agreeable they were. He remembers one pleasant summer afternoon, the Poet came over to him after dinner. Mr Ainslie was then but a Writer to the Signet's apprentice, but had already a cellar, though it must be admitted it was no extensive one, for it was no more than a window bunker, and consisted but of five bottles of port—all that remained of a dozen which had been his laid-in store; but it was excellent, and old, and got from a wine-merchant who favoured him. He was too hospitable not to offer a bottle to his friend, and that friend was one of the *finest fellows* in the world. What, then, was to have been expected to happen? that some nice points would have been discussed—an exercise in which the Poet displayed great eloquence—and many a fine quotation made, in which he constantly indulged with great fervour; and, lastly, that several of the poor five bottles might have suffered in the cause, to the great elucidation of all the questions, and the increase of the beauty and sublimity of the passages quoted. But no such thing. "No, my friend," said Burns; "we'll hae nae wine the day; to sit dozing in the house on sic a glorious afternoon as this. Besides, ye ken you and I dinna require wine to sharpen our wit, nor its adventitious aid to mak us happy. No; we'll tak a walk about Arthur Seat, and come in to a late tea." The two did so; and his companion says he never found the Poet so amusing, so instructive, and altogether so delightful, as he was in the charming stroll which they had together, and during the sober "tea drinking" which followed it.

I mentioned above that Burns was extremely fond of quoting, in society, favourite poetical passages; but, in his correspondence with his intimates, he indulged himself also in doing so, much to their gratification. In a late small book on the *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion*, called "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*," lately written by the same gentleman to whom I have been alluding as the companion of the Bard, he concludes one of the Essays of which it consists, namely,

that on the "Immortality of the Soul," with two fine verses which were sent him in that manner by the Poet, though not said to have been composed by him; and the author annexes an explanatory note regarding them. I first give the verses, and then Mr Ainslie's note. The letter was on the prospect of a Happy Eternity, and Burns concluded his reflections thus:—

'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;

'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.

When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;

When friends are faithless, and when foes pursue:

'Tis *this* that wards the blow, or stills the smart,

Disarms affliction, or repels the dart;

Within the breast bids purest rapture rise,

Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

The following are the terms of Mr Ainslie's note:—"These lines I find in a letter written to me by Burns, forty years ago. He had his memory stored with the finest poetical passages, which he was in the habit of quoting most aptly in his correspondence with his friends; and he delighted also in repeating them when in company with those of them who enjoyed them. Living, as I did, in habits of close intimacy with him during his residence in Edinburgh, when he published the second edition of his poems, often have I heard him recite these fine verses, which seemed to have made much impression on him. Poor Burns! Those who were best acquainted with him knew that he viewed and considered these noble and interesting subjects as he ought. The lapse of fleeting years is fast dissipating the remains of unkind feeling with which some latterly regarded him; and while his country justly appreciates him, his fame will descend to future times, worthy of the author of *THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT*."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

REGINALD HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER, equally distinguished for his talents and for his piety, was born on the 21st of April 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester. From his earliest years religion was the predominant feeling of his mind. His passions, which would seem to have been naturally ardent, he quickly learned to hold in subjection, and was thus happily delivered from those stormy agitations and poignant regrets to which those who are formed of more fiery materials are but too frequently liable. Like most other men who have been remarkable for their attainments in after life, Heber was strongly addicted, while a boy, to extensive miscellaneous reading, and at the same time his study of the Sacred Scriptures was incessant.

In the year 1800, Heber was entered a student of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he exhibited on all occasions the same high sense of religion, and primitive piety, which had distinguished him in his earlier years. His studies, in the mean while, were pursued with passionate ardour, particularly all those which were connected with poetry, of which his soul was as yet a fountain, as it were, and which, if possible, cast additional beauty and splendour on his faith. His principal poetical work at this period was his "Palestine," which he was called on to recite in the theatre of the college. None will ever forget his appearance on this occasion, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally-admired son ascended the rostrum; and it is said that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. In the autumn of 1804, same year, he was elected a fellow of All Souls College; shortly after which, his academical career terminated. He now entered on the active stage of life. About the middle of the year 1805, he accompanied his early friend, Mr John Thornton, on a tour through the north of Europe, proceeding through Sweden and Norway to St Petersburg. Here they remained some time, amusing themselves with learning the German language. The travellers next proceeded to Moscow, where they arrived on the 3d of January 1806. Upon leaving this city, in which Heber was dazzled with the gorgeous splendour of the inhabitants, they proceeded southward through the Ukraine, the country of the Cossacks. They next traversed the Crimea, Russian Poland, Hungary, Austria, and Northern Germany. In October 1806, both arrived in England, and Heber immediately set forward to join the family circle at Hodnet, in Shropshire, where he enjoyed the satisfaction which every wanderer feels when returning, after a long and toilsome journey, to his native home.

In the year 1807, Heber took orders, and obtained the living of Hodnet, which was in his brother's gift; he then returned to Oxford for the purpose of taking his degree as master of arts. It will readily be supposed that he, whose piety was truly apostolical, even while in a secular station, now that he had assumed the habit of a Christian minister, became doubly anxious to render not only his conduct, but the very thoughts of his mind, pure as became his holy calling. The Church of England has in no age been destitute of teachers remarkable for their virtue and benevolence; but, even among preachers of the gospel, it is not often that a man so gifted as Heber with genius, with enlarged knowledge of mankind, with almost boundless charity and benevolence, can be found, the perusal of whose life must create in the reader the vain wish that he had been numbered among his friends. Yet Heber was far from being an ascetic. Like all men of high imaginative powers, who have never suffered vice to brush away the down from the nobler feelings, he had a bold faith in the enduring nature of worldly affection. In April 1809, he married Amelia, youngest daughter of Dr Shipley, Dean of St Asaph. On this occasion he undertook an excursion in Wales, the beauties of which, notwithstanding the variety of scenes he had beheld, he seemed to consider equal to those of any country in the world. He

then settled in his rectory, and employed himself earnestly in diffusing among his parishioners a proper sense of religion, and habits of piety and virtue. "He became indeed," says his excellent widow, "their earthly guide, their pastor and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to 'give to all who asked,' however trifling the sum; and whenever he had an opportunity, he never failed to inquire into, and more effectually to relieve, their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them; and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable."

Heber, whose leisure, however, was not considerable, was more led by a praiseworthy literary ambition to become a contributor to the Quarterly Review, where many of the excellent critiques on books of travels, which appeared about that period, were of his writing. In 1812, he gave to the world the collected edition of all his poetical works. It seems he was an early riser, and, having performed his daily devotions, devoted the larger portion of the day to literature; from which, nevertheless, he was ready to separate himself at the call of duty. In 1815, he was appointed Bampton lecturer, and two years afterwards he was promoted to a stall in the cathedral of St Asaph. In the autumn of 1820, he paid a visit to Oxford, where he had the inexpressible gratification of hearing "Palestine" performed as an oratorio in the same theatre, where seventeen years before he had recited it with such acclamations of applause.

About the close of the year 1822, Heber received through his friend, the Right Honourable Watkins William Wynn, the office of the bishop of Calcutta. Our traveller had long viewed with deep interest the progress of Christianity in the east, and the prospect opened to him by this office, of contributing by his own zeal and exertions to the success of so holy a cause, seems quickly to have outweighed in his mind every consideration of personal interest, and to have determined him, at all hazards, to accept of that dangerous post. The conduct of Mr Wynn on this occasion—his ardent desire that India should not be deprived of the services of so good, so great a man (for virtue, like Heber's, is true greatness), while he was scarcely less unwilling to lose, certainly for a considerable time, if not, as it happened, for ever, a friend of incomparable value—reflects the highest honour on his heart and character. All the preliminaries being settled, Heber prepared to leave England. As soon as his intentions became known, he received from every quarter those warm voluntary testimonies of affection and regret which nothing but virtue, distinguished, persevering, exalted, can command. His own parishioners, as was natural, were the foremost in their demonstrations of their profound esteem. Rich, poor, old, and young—all joined in presenting their exemplary pastor with a lasting mark of the veneration in which his character was held among them. "Almost the last business," says Mrs Heber, "which Dr Heber (he had recently been created D.D. by the University of Oxford) transacted before he left Shropshire, was settling a long standing account in which he had been charged as a debtor to the amount of a hundred pounds; but it was believed by those who were best acquainted with the circumstances, that he was not bound either in law or probity to pay it. As he himself, however, did not feel certain on this point, he resolved to pay the money, observing to a friend who endeavoured to dissuade him, 'How can I reasonably hope for a blessing on my undertaking, or how can I commence so long a voyage with a quiet conscience, if I leave even the shadow of a committed act of injustice behind?' On the 22d of April 1823," she continues, "Dr Heber finally took leave of Shropshire. From a range of high grounds near Newport, he turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet; and here the feelings which he had hitherto suppressed in tenderness to others, burst forth unrestrained, and he uttered the words which have proved prophetic, that he 'should return to it no more!'"

Heber, having made all necessary preparations for his long voyage, and received consecration, repaired, on the 16th of June, on board the company's ship *Grenville*, in which he and his family were to proceed to India. As our traveller's first desire, in whatever position he happened to be placed, was to effect all the good in his power, he no sooner found himself on board than he endeavoured to communicate to the sailors a sense of their religious duties; which he did with all that authority and effect which genius and virtue invariably exert over inferior individuals. His exhortations were listened to attentively and respectfully, and, there can be no doubt, produced, in many instances at least, conviction and amendment of life. On the 3d of October, the ship safely anchored in Sangor roads, in the Hooghly, or great western branch of the Ganges. Heber was now arrived in the most extraordinary region, Greece and Egypt perhaps excepted, which has ever been inhabited by mankind.

They now entered the mighty Ganges, and, sailing up towards Calcutta through the Sunderbunds, or rather along their western limit, beheld their dark impenetrable forests stretching away interminably towards the right, while a rich vegetable fragrance was wafted from the shore. The current of the river, when increased by the ebb-tide, was found as they ascended to be tremendously rapid, running at no less a rate, according to their pilot, than ten or eleven miles an hour. On arriving at Calcutta, Heber found that the ecclesiastical business of his bishopric, at all times multiplex and extensive, had now, since the death of Dr Middleton, accumulated prodigiously; so that, although he had come out neither with the expectation nor the wish to find his place a sinecure, he felt somewhat alarmed at the laborious prospect before him. However, he was a man accustomed to labour, and not easily discouraged. He therefore diligently applied himself to business, and had soon the

satisfaction to find that, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of things on his first arrival, it was still possible, after fully performing his duty, which no consideration could induce him to neglect, to command sufficient leisure for studying whatever was curious or striking in the natural or moral aspect of Hindoostan. Former travellers, he now found, were, notwithstanding their numbers, very far from having exhausted the subject, either because the phenomena of Asiatic manners are, like those of the heavens, in a state of perpetual change, or because, these continuing the same, which, however, they do not, appear under various phases to different men, from being viewed by each individual from the peculiar point of observation afforded by his character and acquirements.

In the course of seven months, Heber had achieved that portion of his task which was to be performed in the capital. Next to this in importance was his visitation through the Upper Provinces, an expedition in which he had hoped to be accompanied by his family; but this being rendered impracticable by the delicate health of his wife, and the tender age of his infant child, he departed with his domestic chaplain, Mr Stowe, in a sixteen-oared pinnace, for Dacca. The shores of the Ganges, though flat almost throughout Bengal, are far from wanting in stately or picturesque objects: lofty pagodas, with their fantastic angular domes, towering over forests of bamboos, banyans, and cocoa-trees; ruins of Mussulman palaces; wild tracts of jungle inhabited by tigers; groves of peepul or tamarind trees; with Hindoo villages or hamlets, perched upon artificial mounds to escape the periodical inundations of the river.

Thus our traveller sailed from Calcutta to Dacca. Furreedpoor, his next station, did not long detain him. Near Rajmahal he approached, but did not visit, the ruins of Gour, an ancient city, which almost rivalled Babylon or Nineveh in extent, and which fell to decay, because the Ganges, which once flowed under its walls, changed its bed, and took another direction, six or seven miles south of the city.

From thence he proceeded, as before, up the Ganges, observing whatever was remarkable, making a short stay at each of the European stations on his way, for the purpose of preaching or baptising, and arrived on the 20th of August at Patna. At this city, which is extensive, and situated in a commanding position, he remained several days, for the purpose of preaching and administering confirmation. He then continued his voyage to Ghazeepoor, famous for its rose-gardens and salubrious air. "The rose-fields, which occupy many hundred acres in the neighbourhood, are described as, at the proper season, extremely beautiful. They are cultivated for distillation, and for making 'attar,' or rose water.

A short way further up the stream, Heber quitted his pinnace, and, providing himself with bearers, continued his journey to Benares by land. Heber's stay in Benares was short. He visited with attention its principal curiosities, and conversed on several points with some of its Brahminical professors, whose belief in Hindooism he regarded as very equivocal. He then continued his voyage up the river to Allahabad, where he dismissed his pinnace, and made the necessary preparations for performing the remainder of his journey by land.

At Lucknow Heber separated from his companions; and, accompanied merely by his attendants, directed his course towards the wild districts at the foot of the Himalaya. On arriving at Bareilly, not more than fifty miles distant from the nearest range, he vainly looked out for the snowy peaks of this "monarch of mountains;" but, instead, discovered nothing but a ridge of black clouds, and a gray autumnal haze through which no object was discernible. The features of the country now became wild and striking. Forests infested by malaria, tigers, and lions, and half desolate plains, announced the termination of the fertile provinces of Hindoostan, and the approach to a different region. Here "we had," says Heber, "a first view of the range of the Himalaya, indistinctly seen through the haze, but not so indistinctly as to conceal the general form of the mountains. The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the vale of Clwyd. Above these rose what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so harsh and pyramidal—the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance, of probably one hundred and fifty miles, towering above the nearer and secondary range, as much as those last (though said to be seven thousand six hundred feet high) are above the plain in which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking on them, but the pleasure lasted not many minutes; the clouds closed in again, as on the fairy castle of St John, and left us but the former gray cold horizon, girding in the green plain of Rohiland, and broken only by people and mango trees.

Next day, soon after sunrise, he saw distinctly, painted on a clear blue sky, the prodigiously lofty pinnacles of these mountains, which, as he justly observes, "are really among the greatest earthly works of the Almighty Creator's hands—the highest spots below the moon—and overtopping by many hundred feet the summits of Cotopaxi and Chimborazo." To approach these mountains, however, from the south, the traveller has to traverse a belt of forest and jungle, where the air is impregnated with the most deadly qualities. At the foot of these mountains stands Almora, the last point of Heber's journey in this direction; whence, after a short stay, he again descended to the plain, and pursued his route to Meerut, and thence to Delhi, the ruins of which extend over a surface as large as London, and is still the residence of the descendants of the Mogul sovereigns of India.

From Delhi, Heber proceeded to the still more ancient

capital of Agra, where the principal objects of curiosity "are the Motee Musjeed, a beautiful mosque of white marble, carved with exquisite simplicity and elegance; and the palace built by Akbar, in a great degree of the same material, and containing some noble rooms, now sadly disfigured.

Our traveller's journey through Rajpootana was attended by circumstances flattering to his personal feelings. The petty sovereigns through whose dominions his route lay invariably received him hospitably, when he visited their capitals, and on some occasions, when he did not choose to diverge so far from the road, sent messengers expressly to meet him on the way with polite invitations to their court. He pushed on, however, with considerable expedition, and having traversed the territories, and beheld the capitals of Jypoor, Ajmere, Bunnair, and others, proceeded, by way of Neemuch and Baroda, to Bombay. His time, during his stay in this city, was principally occupied with ecclesiastical business, in promoting the founding of schools, and in conversing with that venerable statesman and traveller, Mr Elphinstone, the governor, who, from the most humane and enlightened motives, has endeavoured, with success, to diffuse among the natives a knowledge of our literature and sciences. Here Heber had the satisfaction of being joined by his wife and elder child. With these, shortly afterwards, he visited the cavern temples of Elephanta and Kennerly; and subsequently, in company with Archdeacon Barnes, made an excursion across the Western Ghats to Poona, in the Deccan, during which he enjoyed an opportunity of examining another celebrated cavern temple at Carlee.

From Bombay, Heber sailed with his wife and daughter to Ceylon, a large portion of which he visited. He then proceeded to Calcutta. On the 30th of January 1826, shortly after his recovery from a fever, he again quitted his family for the purpose of visiting Madras and the southern provinces of India. At Madras he was received with great kindness by Sir Thomas Munro, who was warmly desirous of rendering his position as little disagreeable as the season and climate would permit. From thence he proceeded through Caddalore and Tanjore to Trichinopoly, where, on the 3d of April 1826, his pious, active, and valuable life was closed. "It were a useless," says Mrs Heber, "and a deeply painful task, to enter into any detail of the apparent cause of his death: it is sufficient to say that disease had, unsuspected, been existing for some time; and that it was the opinion of all the medical men in attendance that, under no circumstances, could his invaluable life have been very long preserved, though the event was undoubtedly hastened by the effects of climate, by intense mental application to those duties which increased in interest with every step he took, and was finally caused by the effects of cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue. His mortal remains were attended to the grave with the highest honours, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants of Trichinopoly. They rest on the north side of the altar in St John's Church."—*Abridged from Lives of Celebrated Travellers.*—National Library.

ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

In the course of the "Wanderings of Charles Waterton," in Demerara and the adjacent parts of South America, this enterprising traveller relates a variety of curious personal adventures in his excursions through the forests and tangled wildernesses, one of which, an encounter with a snake, may be selected for the amusement of my young readers:—

"The sun (says he) had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades; all would have been like midnight silence were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bushmaster, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and, laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, Daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trousers on, and pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent; I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension. A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth; he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him, as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head. On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline and that the approach

of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and intreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours. We went slowly on in silence without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and, on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times, for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him. Had I killed him, a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping alive wild animals when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to anything, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into this bag, and left to his fate till morning. I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us, half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened betwixt his lodging and mine. He was very restless and fretful; and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bed chamber that night. At daybreak, I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred. We united the

bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By six o'clock the same evening he was completely dissected."

Column for the Fancy.

JACK CAVANAGH.

Did you ever hear of Jack Cavanagh, the famous hand-fives player—the greatest and cleverest man of his day among the fancy, the envy of the town, the champion of ball playing, the right good hearty fellow, the thoughtless, the courageous, the peerless, Jack Cavanagh? Well, if you say you haven't, I shall tell you something about him. Jack flourished about fifteen years ago; and no man who ever breathed could match him at hitting a ball with his hand against a dead wall. This, some of you will perhaps say, was a strange and not a very great accomplishment; yet it forms an amusement which, when moderately pursued, gives the finest exercise for the body and the best relaxation to the mind, and is infinitely better than climbing or leaping over poles. All your real fancy men know this; so I proceed. Jack Cavanagh is described by Hazlitt, who announced his decease and wrote his eulogy, to have been a perfect miracle at the game of fives. "Whenever he touched the ball (says he), there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by magic and from sudden thought, that every one gave over for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake and stop it. As it was said of a great orator that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest words, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and, while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude, or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one else could even affect to do. He was the best up-hill player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better; and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was, that he never volleyed, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives Court, St Martin Street, and made seven and twenty aces followed of services alone—a thing unheard of. Cavanagh was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress, and walked up in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, all. Cavanagh won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. 'There,' said the unconscious fives player, 'there was a stroke that Cavanagh could not take; I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is.' However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, 'What! are you here, Cavanagh?' The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, 'What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh?' refused to make another effort. 'And yet I give you my word,' said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, 'I played all the while with my clenched fist.' He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, 'That is the Irishman's ball,' and the joints trembled on the spit. Jack was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-Stairs, and Jack served him out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives player that ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion), and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him instead of the unheard of voice of posterity."

CAN HORSES AND DOGS SEE GHOSTS?

It is one of the "good old ideas" of the people that horses and dogs can see spirits or ghosts in the dark, when human beings can see nothing. Now, this is all nonsense. Horses and dogs have curious imaginations. They often think they see ghosts, which turn out to be no ghosts at all. An intelligent sportsman has mentioned, "that returning home in the dusk with his pointer, the dog all at once skulked behind him, and refused to advance, in spite of his master's threats. Upon looking towards the horizon before him, the sportsman descried what he at first took for a tall man, with a broad hat, extended arms, and a body as thin as a lath. This object which produced the dog's alarm, was a gigantic thistle, which the grey of the twilight had magnified into fearful dimensions." I have noticed—and it has been noticed thousands of times—that however foolishly dogs behave with regard to ghosts, they have always the sense to know a beggar or a poor man from another person. But they have a good reason for doing so. They invariably suspect that all is not right when they see any one approaching a house in a timid manner; and they often observe that beggars—that is, ill-dressed persons—are huffed away from doors and treated in a sorry way. Of course they think they may use the same indignities. Nothing will terrify a dog so much as the sight of a naked man, because this is an object he has been quite unaccustomed to. If he were to see people formed with spokes and a rim, like a cart

wheel—as the inhabitants of Saturn may be for anything I know to the contrary—he could not be more surprised. It is told that a tan-yard at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, was a few years ago extensively robbed by a thief, who took this method to overcome the courage of a powerful Newfoundland dog, who had long protected a considerable property. The terror which the dog felt at the naked thief was altogether imaginary; for the naked man was less capable of resisting the attack of the dog, than if he had been clothed. But then the dog had no experience to direct him, and in all probability he thought he saw a ghost.

A BIT OF SCIENCE.

It is a principle in animal mechanics, that power is exhausted fully more by the time occupied in action than by the intensity of force exerted; that is to say, the quicker that work is done, though by great exertion for the moment, it is better for the animal than if it were put to a tedious pull. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first but a little more than a fourth part of the fatigue, while it costs the second a great deal, because the exhaustion has relation to the time during which the muscles are acting. Again, a healthy man will run rapidly up a long stair, and his breathing will scarcely be quickened at the top; but if he walks up slowly, his legs will feel fatigued, and he will have to wait some time before he can speak calmly. Now, the moral of this is, that it is much better (as a coachman well knows from practice) that coach horses should be made to gallop up a short hill in preference to walking them, and allowing them a short rest at the top.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

This gentleman, in preventing the "Old English Sports" from running to decay, must be considered as the most distinguished *fancier* in the sporting world; as a thorough-bred sportsman, he stands pre-eminently high. Whether he be viewed in partaking of the diversions of the chase, or paying attention to improve the system of agriculture; or in displaying his extraordinary feats of pedestrianism; or exercising his judgment in training men to succeed in foot races and pugilistic combats, Captain Barclay decidedly takes the lead. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame is complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain the physical powers of man would have reflected credit on our most enlightened and persevering anatomists. The sporting pursuits of Captain Barclay are completely scientific, and his plans so well matured, that his judgment generally proves successful.

Robert Barclay Allardie, Esq. of Ury, succeeded his father in the eighteenth year of his age. He was born in August 1779, and, at eight years of age, was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond school, and three years at Brixton Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

The Captain's favourite pursuits have ever been the art of agriculture as the serious business of his life, and the manly sports as his amusement. The improvement of his estates has occupied much of his attention, and, by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, the value of his property has been greatly augmented. His love of athletic exercises may proceed from the strong conformation of his body, and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot is six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast is a favourite amusement. His style of walking is to bend forward the body and throw its weight on the knees. His step is short, and his feet are raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person trying this plan will find his pace quickened, that he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey, than by walking perfectly erect, which throws too much of the weight of the body on the ankle-joints. He always uses thick-soled shoes and lambs' wool stockings, which preserve the feet from injury. In his arms, the Captain possesses uncommon strength. In April 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23d regiment, he offered a bet of one thousand guineas that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton. He tried the experiment, and lifted twenty-one half hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half hundred weight the distance of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when only 17 years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel, for 140 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon road.

In 1798, he performed the distance of 70 miles in 14 hours, beating Ferguson, the celebrated walking clerk, by several miles.

In December 1799, he accomplished 150 miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch Street, in London, to Birmingham, round by Cambridge.

The Captain walked 64 miles in 12 hours, including the time for refreshment, in November 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in 2½ hours, for a bet of 500 guineas with Mr Fletcher of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold, and gave up the bet. In 1801, he renewed the above match for 2000 guineas. He accomplished 67 miles in 13 hours, but having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired; but, after two hours' rest, he was so far recovered, that he had time enough left to have performed his task.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk 90 miles in 2½ hours, that he again matched himself for 5000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat, he went one hundred and ten miles in nineteen hours, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards of 135 miles in 24 hours.

On the 14th November 1801, he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile; and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed. The Captain was dressed in a flannel shirt, flannel trousers, and night-cap, lambs' wool stockings, and thick-soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone 70 miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in 25 minutes, taking refreshment at different periods. The Captain commenced at 12 o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday

evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer, if necessary.

In December, the Captain did 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17 hours and a half, or at the rate of about five miles and three quarters each hour on the average.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking, merely for his amusement, in August 1806. Having gone to Colonel Murray Farquharson's house in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting, where he travelled at least 30 miles. He returned to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and after dinner set off for Ury, a distance of 69 miles, which he walked in 11 hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, 16 miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury by seven in the morning. He did not yet return to bed, but occupied the day in partridge-shooting. He had thus travelled not less than 130 miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in a bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In October 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world; by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go, on foot, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a bet of one thousand guineas, to be performed at Newmarket-beath, and to start on the following first of June. In the intermediate time, the Captain was in training by Mr Smith, of Owston, in Yorkshire. To enter into a detail of this matchless performance would be tiresome to our readers; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night on Thursday, the 1st of June, in good health and high spirits. His dress from the commencement varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose grey coat, with strong shoes, and two pair of coarse stockings, the outer pair boot-stocks, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it; indeed, wet weather was favourable to his exertions; as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart to go over the ground to keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, the Captain suffered much from the spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, ate and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two in his completing his journey within the time prescribed. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits, and consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous undertaking. He had till four p.m. to finish his task, but he performed the last mile by a quarter of an hour after three in perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense crowd of spectators. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease, and in a shorter time than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and walked in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred guineas to one, and, indeed, any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night at Newmarket, Cambridge, Bury, or any of the towns or villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the conclusion of this extraordinary performance, were the Dukes of Argyll and St Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to have amounted to £100,000. Upon the whole, Captain Barclay must be viewed as a most extraordinary man, and shows the extent of vigour that the human frame derives from exercise.—Pierce Egan.

A LARGE ROYAL FAMILY.

At Sir Gore Ouseley's audience of leave, he begged the Shah of Persia graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make inquiry. "A hundred and fifty-four sons," replied the Shah. "May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children?" The word daughters, according to the rules of oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce, and, indeed, the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. "Ha, ha! I understand you, said he laughing, and called to the chief of his eunuchs, "Musa, how many daughters have I?" "King of Kings," answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, "five hundred and sixty." When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the Empress Mother in St Petersburg, she only exclaimed, "Ah, le monstre"—*Travels of a German Prince.*

THE HOLY LAND.

In proceeding from Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan, I travelled in one part through a rocky and perilous defile, and came to a frightful desert of hills, tossed as it were and jumbled together in the wildest confusion by some violent agitation of nature. On one of these, which is of great altitude, or, in the language of the Evangelist, "an exceeding high mountain," it is said our Saviour, after being baptized in Jordan, was led and tempted by the devil. There are various caverns or cells dug in the sides of horrible precipices, the abodes of the religious, who inhabited them, but particularly during the period of Lent, after the example of our Lord's rigorous fasting in the wilderness, wherein he sets us a glorious example of triumphing over the vanities of this world, and the most powerful temptations of hell. The utter wildness, awful silence, and bleak sterility of this extensive wilderness, where no house of any description, nor so much as a single tree, was visible to afford shelter from the scorching beams of a meridian sun, or the note of a bird is heard, caused me to sympathise in the wish of the Prophet, that I might find some place of refuge. Never did I behold a spot of earth more secluded, or better suited for the votaries of abstinence, or to form the abode of such anchorites as Peter the Hermit, or Simon the Misanthrope. It was impossible to behold these caverns without being forcibly reminded of that interesting detail given by the great Apostle of those unparalleled sufferings endured by the early Christians who had set their seals to the word of God, which is the testimony of Jesus, and who, in a state of destitution, were forced to wander in deserts, and to hide themselves from their sanguinary persecutors, in dens which in all probability might have been those identical caves I was now visiting, and who had before their eyes the example of their Lord himself, who despised the shame of enduring the cross. Indeed, after such vengeance had been visited by the Jews on the Messiah, it was not to be supposed that the least mercy would be extended to those who followed his blessed steps. Whatever opinion, however, we may entertain of that spirit of persecution which had been directed towards the little flock, we must at the same time contemplate with astonishment the exact fulfilment of their divine teacher. Notwithstanding these persecutions, eternal thanks to the Almighty, the word of God mightily prevailed, the cross of Christ was triumphant, and his prophecy of the growth of the church is ranked among his remarkable predictions.—*Rae Wilson's Travels in the Holy Land.*

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

SILVER HORSE-SHOES.

It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix his bride, about the year 1098, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and, when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off, and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

MINUTE BEASTS OF PREY—HYDRACHNÆ.

The minute beings now under consideration occur abundantly in stagnant or slowly moving waters. The spring season is the most favourable for the observance of their habits. They run through the water with great rapidity, with a continual movement of their legs. Their dispositions are carnivorous, and their food consists of animalcular species, of minute insects, small flies, and aquatic larvae. Müller kept many Hydrachnæ in vessels of water full of *animalcula infusoria*, millions of which were eaten in a few days, soon after which the Hydrachnæ were found in a state of great languor, and transparent from exhaustion. They speedily revived when a few drops of water containing animalcules were mingled with that through which they swam.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

COBBETT ON MILK.

As to the pretended *unwholesomeness* of milk in certain cases, as to its not being adapted to some *constitutions*, I do not believe one word of the matter. When we talk of the *fruits*, indeed, which were formerly the chief food of a great part of mankind, we should recollect that those fruits grew in countries that had a *sun to ripen* the fruits, and to put nutritious matter into them. But, as to *milk*, England yields to no country upon the face of the earth. Neat cattle will touch nothing that is not wholesome in its nature; nothing that is not wholly innocuous. Out of a pail that has ever had grease in it they will not drink a drop, though they be raging with thirst. Their very breath is fragrance. And how, then, is it possible that unwholesomeness should distil from the udder of a cow? The milk varies, indeed, in its quality and taste, according to the variations in the nature of the food; but no food will a cow touch that is any way hostile to health. Feed young puppies upon *milk from the cow*, and they will never die of that ravaging disease called "*the distemper*." In short, to suppose that milk contains any thing essentially unwholesome, is monstrous. When, indeed, the appetite becomes vitiated; when the organs have been long accustomed to food of a more stimulating nature; when it has been resolved to eat ragouts at dinner, and drink wine, and to swallow "*a devil*" and a glass of strong grog at night; then milk for breakfast may be "*heavy*" and disgusting, and the feeder may stand in need of tea or laudanum, which differ only as to degrees of strength. But, and I speak from the most ample experience, milk is not "*heavy*," and much less is it *unwholesome*, when he who uses it rises early, never swallows strong drink, and never *stuffs* himself with flesh of any kind. Many and many a day I scarcely taste of meat, and then chiefly at breakfast, and that, too, at an earlier hour. Milk is the natural food of *young people*; if it be too rich, *skim* it again and again till it be not too rich. This is an evil easily cured. If you have now to *begin* with a family of children, they may not like it at first. But, *persevere*; and the parent who does not do this, having the means in his hands, shamefully neglects his duty. A son who prefers a "*devil*" and a glass of grog to a haunch of bread and a bowl of cold milk, I regard as a pest; and for this pest the father has to thank himself. —Cobbett's Cottage Economy.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

This work was commenced on the 4th of February last; and in ten weeks from that date, its success has been such as to astonish even the most sanguine persons connected with it. The sale, which at the first reached about fifteen thousand copies, has now increased so much, that of No. XI. *thirty-one thousand* were printed, of which five-sixths immediately disappeared from the shop of the publishers to answer the demands of the regular purchasers. What is most wonderful of all, not above three thousand of this vast quantity of copies go out of Scotland, while even in that country there are many large districts in which, from various circumstances, the work has never yet appeared. The confined range of the publication has been owing, partly to the difficulty of transmitting so bulky an article to a distance; partly to the difficulty of getting the printers employed to execute reprints of the early numbers in time; but, most of all, to the difficulty of procuring proper agents for the management of a publication so entirely out of the usual scope of the trade. The publishers have particularly to regret that they were unable for so many weeks to give the work a fair chance in London, and throughout England. They have now, however, the satisfaction of announcing, that their agent in London, Mr W. S. Orr of Paternoster Row, has deemed the work worthy of being reprinted in that city, at his own risk, for the purpose of being brought fully into circulation through all parts of England, Wales, and Ireland. By this arrangement, which has been rendered quite agreeable to the publishers, and which takes effect from the present number, it is considered not unlikely that the impression will soon amount to the better part of a hundred thousand copies!*

The Editor has just been favoured with the following copy of an advertisement which appeared in the New York papers of the middle of last month:—"Three brothers, well known to the reading people in Scotland, have lately commenced a weekly publication under the title of 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.' It contains original papers by two of the brothers, which we deem worthy of being preserved; and we, therefore, propose to republish them by subscription, as they shall reach us. Those by Mr William Chambers we shall designate 'Ethics'; those by Robert 'Satires'; and as they will appear separately, they may be separately subscribed for. Subscription papers lie at Mr Pennefeather's, the Three Bibles, in History Row." While

At this great stage in the history of the Journal, it is considered proper to explain anew the principles upon which it is conducted. It may be most readily described as a weekly magazine, at the least possible price. The articles are partly original, consisting of tales, sketches of society (chiefly of the middle ranks of life), and matters of solid and useful information. Another part of the work consists of extracts from new or old books, not apt to be in the hands of general readers; and here the united principles of information and amusement are also adopted. Mr Chambers would be happy, for his own part, to make the work exclusively of a useful cast, but he fears that what might be added to its solidity would detract from its circulation, and, consequently, lessen its real usefulness. He conceives that so long as good taste is not offended, the frivolous matters of lighter literature serve the same good end as the wings attached to certain seeds, by which they are carried away and diffused over the earth. The reader may be led through the portico of a droll anecdote into the solemn temple of religion, or the groves of the academy. The work is calculated for all classes of society; but the conductor at the same time may mention that he contemplates, in a particular manner, the interests of the Young, and of the Poor; two classes towards whose improvement the greatest men of the present age have been proud to direct their efforts. In order to attain perfect universality of appreciation, the work never trenches upon either religious or political prepossessions.

Mr Chambers has learned that London at the present time abounds in periodicals equally cheap with the present, or even more so, but in many cases reprehensible, as circulating matter of a kind not calculated to improve their readers, and also as infringing upon the privileges of the newspapers. The legislature having thought fit to oblige newspapers to purchase the prerogative of publishing intelligence of "passing occurrences of the day" at a heavy price, any attempt to convey news without buying that prerogative is exactly the same injurious offence as smuggling. The conductors of this Journal call upon the proprietors of newspapers to observe that it contains *no news*—that, in reality, it *cannot* do so, as, from the extent of the impression, it is prepared and made up generally ten days, and sometimes even a fortnight, before it comes out. It must be obvious to them, from a cursory glance at the pages of the Journal, that it has less reference to time than even many works of a respectable nature which have been published for a long series of years without stamps. Allusion is here made to the class of works which profess to give a weekly report of the progress of literature, science, and art; which review books immediately on publication, or even before it; give notices of the plays performed during the week at the theatres, and chronicle the transactions of learned societies. The Journal does not take advantage of even this grace of the legislature; and it may therefore be said, that, if its extensive circulation should excite the hostility, instead of the friendship of the newspaper press, it does so, not by its demerits, but by something akin to the reverse.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the Journal should be mentioned. Its pages are not filled with advertisements—a species of material which, however profitable it may be, the conductor and publishers are by no means anxious to avail themselves of, and which, with the utmost good will, they leave to the proprietors of stamped sheets.

For the amusement of the general reader, and at the same time to convince the booksellers and news-venders in England of its aptitude for extensive circulation, the publishers will now state a few particulars as to the sale of the work in the different places where it has as yet been tried. In the first place, 10,000 copies are absorbed in Edinburgh and Leith, or within two miles of the spot where the work is published. Of these, 1500 are distributed every Saturday morning by the publishers among as many subscribers throughout the city, chiefly of the higher orders. About a third of the whole 10,000 are sold in the Old Town: a fact which the publishers mention with much pleasure, as it shows the extent to which the

the Editor cannot help feeling some pride in this mark of the extensive utility of his labours, he must inform Mr Pennefeather that, in his segregation of the different articles, he seems likely to make a grievous mistake. The contributions, for which he has been indebted to his younger brother, are both of a grave and a humorous character; and so, he must say, are his own compositions.

work is appreciated by the industrious classes of the community. They may also mention, as a curious fact, that the booksellers of a single street in the New Town, not more than a hundred and fifty yards in length, sell every Saturday 1000. They have further pleasure in mentioning, that the sale of the work has been favourably received in villages near Edinburgh, where, perhaps, nothing of a literary nature was ever sold before, except the most ordinary books of religious instruction. In Glasgow, the sale of the Journal is now about 4000; in Perth, it is 1400; in Aberdeen, 1200; in Dundee, 1400; in Dumfries (which completes the circle of the principal towns), 1000. Even in the smaller towns of Scotland, the sale is astonishingly great. Dunfermline sells 400; Inverness, 200; Stirling, 300; Arbroath, 200; Kirkcaldy, 200; Dunbar, 100; Haddington, 200; Lanark, 100; Hawick, 108; Elgin, 130; Paisley, 300; Greenock, 200; Selkirk, 100; Kelso, 100; Jedburgh, 102; Montrose, 380; Cupar, 260; Falkirk, 337; Linlithgow, 183; Galashiels, 132. The last case is somewhat remarkable, as the sale is there the greatest in proportion to the population of any town in the country. In almost all the other towns and villages of Scotland, the work is sold to a greater or less extent. In Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Carlisle, and other towns in the north of England, upwards of 2000 are circulated. Berwick-upon-Tweed takes 130. The publishers have to regret, that, owing to the high charges of the Highland coaches, they have been considerably balked in their endeavours to diffuse it in that quarter of the country, where it is perhaps most required. It is, however, established in Inverness and Dingwall, where a small additional charge is necessarily made, in order to defray the expense of carriage. The publishers also entertain hopes of being able very speedily to establish it in Kirkwall and Lerwick, the capitals of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, so that such instruction as is to be derived from these cheap columns may be diffused even to the remotest parts of the British empire. It may likewise be explained, that in all the considerable places throughout Scotland, and England, the Journal is published on one day—that of its date; so that the work is more simultaneously in the hands of its readers than any newspaper.

One word in conclusion as to the price of this paper, which at first sight is apt to have a depreciatory effect. The publishers have no hesitation in acknowledging that to sell their production at three-half-pence, is less dignified than to sell it at sixpence, eight-pence, or a shilling; which prices are perhaps more appropriate to such a quantity of literary matter. But they beg leave to point out, that, if it were not for the smallness of the price, the sale would not be so great, nor the enterprise itself so onerous and important. Even if the splendid moral aims and prospects of the paper were not what they are, the meanness of the price of an individual copy must be lost in the consideration that, for the whole impression now used in Scotland alone, the public pays upwards of ten thousand pounds a-year, of which one thousand, as duty on paper, goes into the government treasury, being as much as is paid by many newspapers for their stamps and advertisement duty. But the real dignity of the work lies in this fact; that already from one to two hundred thousand persons, chiefly of those orders to whom knowledge has as yet been most inaccessible, must be hebdomadally receiving an accession of new ideas, besides, it is to be hoped, some moral, and occasionally a little religious edification, from its columns. There may be something in the numismatic aristocracy above alluded to; sixpence may perhaps be entitled to look down a little upon its quarter cousin three-half-pence, but the distinction of instructing thousands, and hundreds of thousands, for the hundreds of others, is a greater distinction still; and, possessing the one, the conductor and publishers may be patient, perhaps, under the want of the other.

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TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

In the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low stripe of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstouness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. It was a day of gloom, scarcely different from night. The sky displayed that fixed dullness which so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sea was one sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by the breaking wave. The streets and paths of the little village-burgh showed, each by its deep and pebbly seam, how much rain had fallen during the night; and all the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with wet. Having secured the services of the official called the *bedral*, I was conducted to the abbey church, which is a very old Gothic structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a parochial place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy day, to inspect the outlines of abbots and crusaders which still deck the pavement of this ancient temple; and there was matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection in the view of the adjacent mansion-house. Culross Abbey, as this structure is called, was finished so lately as the reign of Charles II., and by the same architect with Holyrood-house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. Yet, as the premature ruin of youthful health is a more affecting object than the ripe decline of age, so did this roofless modern palace, with the wall-flower waving from its elegant Grecian windows, present a more dismal aspect than could have been expected from any ruin of more hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the extinction of modern grandeur, and the decline of recently flourishing families, appealed more immediately and more powerfully to the sympathies than that of remote and more barbarous greatness, which is to be read in the sterner battlements of a border tower, or an ancient national fortress. The site had been chosen upon a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the inmates might be enlivened by the ever-changing aspect of that element, and the constant transit of its ships; but now all useless was this peculiarity of situation except to serve to the mariner as a kind of landmark, or to supply the more contemplative voyager with the subject of a sigh. With a mind attuned by this object to the most melancholy reflections, I was conducted to what is called an aisle or burial vault, projecting from the north side of the church, and which contains the remains of the former lords of Culross. There images are shown, cut in beautiful Italian marble, of Sir — Bruce, his lady, and several children, all of which must have been procured from the Continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, when no such

art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, as may be expected by the greatest of personages, when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the heirless dead, I was shown a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word "FUIMUS." Below was an inscription on a brass plate, importing that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the *Guardian*, and alluded to in Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, and two centuries annihilated, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What! thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce, which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of its owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, and the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents:—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a serviceable minister to King James VI. during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his Majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry, Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while, from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court, any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce, though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend, Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet,* and destined to be the grandsire of another,† was one of those free and dashing spirits,

who, according to the accounts of contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or, more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession, were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could previously have been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a-hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of *spawwife*, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of the stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip.

"For heaven's sake, Sackville," said Lord Bruce, "take care lest she make us all repent of this. Don't you see that she is a spawwife?"

"What care I for your spawwives?" cried Sackville. "All I know is, that she is a cursed old beggar or gipsy, and has nearly caused me break my neck."

"I tell you she is a witch and a fortune-teller," said his gentler companion; "and there is not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say any thing to offend her."

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out—

"Ride on to your hunting, young man," addressing Sackville; "you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive; alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion."

* Lord Buckhurst.

† The Earl of Dorset, a poetical ornament of the court of Charles II.

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was in some measure unconscious—why, on the separation of their characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to each other with such devoted attachment.

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minuet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Jonson's court masques, Lady Clementina was alike distinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which so often attends the triumphs of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years, before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often then did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed about, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had had a street quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other "beggarly Scots." It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion, till his friend proceeded to generalize upon the character of these "beggarly Scots," and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country. "I will make no exemptions," said the infuriated Sackville, "and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back." Bruce felt very bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville, with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but "the milk of kindness." Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed a freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother; but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of an unrequited blow—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection that the injurer was his friend, and not at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcilable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had really felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman, of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. "What!" he said, "one might have as well have expected Castor and Pollux to rise from their graves and fall a-fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the batter on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fame."

"Have you indeed heard," asked Bruce, in some agitation, "that any such incident took place?"

"Oh, to be sure," replied his companion; "the whole Temple has been ringing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper: And I heard it myself spoken of last week to the west of Temple-Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; but, for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account."

"It is," said Bruce with deep emotion, "too true. He did strike me, and I, for sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?"

"Oh, to be sure," said Crawford, "that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, love here or love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador; and Monsieur's first question was, 'Doth the man yet live?' When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell."

"Oh, Crawford," said Bruce, "you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly fore-doomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event."

"You know best," said the careless Crawford, "what is best for your own honour." And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided.

The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample revenge; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, however previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy itself, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; inasmuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only have encountered greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other attachés of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly-married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the King and Queen. The two young men kept apart till they came to Canterbury, where, as the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him, at the same time, in a friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His Highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with his severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the cortege remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that, in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words "beggarly Scot" were alone overheard by Bruce, who stood at no great distance, and who immediately recriminated by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood

could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the King regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollected the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once-intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced ease of demeanour in the presence of these beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news from Scotland, which rendered it necessary that he should immediately proceed thither; and he briefly detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparations for his journey, he came to take leave of her, but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother remarked this, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words "long and dangerous journey," his voice faltered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase (however little there might be now), that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whenever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days afterwards with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. She was in the garden when he arrived, and no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and with a half-alarmed feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their mutual happiness should be put off for some time longer. "Thus," he said, "to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling." The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another he had turned away towards the emptiness of desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair grey—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands, leaving a challenge for Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the phrenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

"We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with

one Mr Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States' territories from the Archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that, in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it gain. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), 'that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.' Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unnamed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, for about some two English miles; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became the victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, and deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back—when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying, 'He scorned it.' Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off, cried, 'He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be.

This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me; when I escaped a great danger; for my Lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his Lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!' So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

"Louvain, September 8, 1613."

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman, who, but for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case (the body being buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom), and carried it with her to Culross, where she spent the remainder of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object always before her upon her table. After her death, it was deposited in the family vault already described, where it has ever since remained, the best monument of its own fatal history.

HOURS OF THE DAY.

In all parts of Christendom, or the civilised world (with the exception of Italy), it is customary to divide every complete revolution of day and night into twenty-four hours, reckoning twice twelve, and beginning the day precisely at midnight. Has it ever occurred to my young readers that this process of enumerating the hours of the day, and settling its commencement at midnight, are the result of conventional usage, and are of comparatively modern date? In ancient times the day was divided into twelve parts, and the night into four watches. The parts into which the day was divided consisted of portions of time, or hours, which varied in length according to the season. In that period of the year when the day-light remained longest, the hours were made 70 minutes in length; and when the days were short, the hours were of less than 50 minutes in length; when light and darkness were equal, the hours were of much the same length as they are with us. These proportions of summer and winter hours are of course stated generally, for they varied according to the latitudes of every particular place. It is, however, very uncertain whether the ancients began the day with sunrise, or with the first appearance of the light in the east. The four watches into which the night was divided consisted each of three hours in length. To determine the exact terminations of these watches, was a matter of great difficulty. The Jews, whom we may take for an example, kept watchmen, or servants, for the sole purpose of watching the stars; by the rising, altitude, and disappearance of which they tried to calculate the lapse of time. These time-keepers are noticed in the Books of the Old Testament, particularly in the 11th and 12th verses of the 21st chapter of Isaiah: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morn cometh, and also tonight," &c. Among the Romans, each watch was announced by the sound of a trumpet. The Jews had this other peculiarity in the computation of their time; they began the day with the evening. ("And the evening and the morning were the first day.") Hence, till the present time, their day begins, as we would say, in the evening of the day before, and, as it happens to be, at six o'clock P.M.

It is not exactly known when the present mode of beginning the day at midnight first came into use; but it is certain that for several centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the Christians continued to compute their time after the manner of the ancients, in which case they would probably begin their Sabbath on Saturday at six o'clock in the evening, and finish it on Sunday evening at the same hour. It is understood that we are indebted to the Church of Rome for the excellent invention of beginning the day at midnight. As many of the church festivals were kept up to a late hour at night, and others began at an early hour in the morning, the middle of the night appeared the most expedient division between the two days. The influence of religion naturally induced a similar observance in civil affairs, and this division became a general rule. The only difference now existing in most Christian countries is that between mean time (that which is indicated by a clock), and apparent time (that which is indicated by a sun-dial.) Mean time is generally used in England, but on the Continent apparent time seems chiefly to prevail. As the apparent course of the sun is not uniform as the motion of a good clock, it is evident that mean time, which never requires alteration, is the most convenient division. The Italians (I here quote from the Companion to the Almanack) follow a mode of computing time different from that which is in use in any other part of Europe, and which, although convenient enough for some purposes, is so much at variance with the true-going of clocks, and with the practice of other nations, that it seems likely to be abandoned at no very remote period. It is now, in fact, but partially used in the larger towns of Italy—most public clocks in Florence, Rome, and Milan, being set to the hour designated on French or English clocks. The Italian hours, instead of being regulated by the

coming of the sun to the meridian, as with us, depend on the hour of sunset, and consequently differ in every different latitude. The close of the day is considered to take place half an hour after sunset, from which time the hours are counted straight on from 1 to 24, instead of being divided into twelve. One o'clock is therefore an hour and a half after sunset, two o'clock two hours and a half after sunset, and so on for four and twenty hours. This strange custom is found very puzzling by English travellers. The division of the day among Mahomedans is chiefly subservient to the stated times of performing their devotions, and is not generally accurate. They begin their account at sunset, reckoning twelve hours from thence till sunrise, whether the night be long or short; from sunrise till sunset they also reckon twelve hours, and consequently a night hour is longer in the winter than an hour of the day, and in summer the hours of the day are longer than those of the night. At the equinoxes alone, all the hours are of equal length. The Chinese division of the day is as simple as our own, and not much unlike it. The Chinese begin the day an hour before midnight, and divide the twenty-four hours into twelve parts, of two hours each; instead of numbering the hours 1, 2, 3, &c. as we do, they give a different name to each period of two hours. The names of these periods are *toze, chow, yin, maow, shin, sze, woo, we, shin, yew, seo, haas*. The word *keawo* is added when the first hour of each period is intended, and *ching* for the last. There are also words for the quarters, but it does appear that smaller divisions are reckoned. The Hindoos divide the day into four watches, and the night into the same number; the day being considered to extend from sunrise to sunset. The watches are again divided into *ghurees*, or hours, which are, each 24 minutes in length. The Hindoos measure out and mark the ghurees in a curious manner. They provide a thin metal cup, through the bottom of which a small hole is drilled; the cup swims on the surface of a vessel of water, until the water, running gradually through the hole, fills the cup, which then sinks. The hole is made of such a size, that the water rising sinks it in 24 minutes. A sort of gong, or shallow bell-metal pan, called a *ghureal*, is hung up near the vessel, to be struck at the expiration of each ghuree, which is known by the sinking of the cup. A man who is employed to watch the sinking of the cup, and to strike on the bell, is called a *ghurealee*. For the complete establishment of a ghuree, six or eight servants are necessary, who keep watch in turns. Such an expense can, of course, be afforded only by the wealthy; but the sound of a gong is usually loud enough for a whole village, and serves the purpose of a church clock.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

THE noble Scottish family of *Rollo* derives its origin from Richard de Rollo, an Anglo-Norman, who settled in Scotland during the reign of David I., and from this munificent prince received some lands in Perthshire, where this ancient race was planted, and still remains. In 1651, the family of Rollo was advanced to the peerage. The Scottish name *Rollock* is supposed to be from the original. The family of *Kinnaird* derives its origin from the same eventful period. Rodolph, the progenitor of the race, received the lands of Kinnaird, in the Carse of Gowrie, from William the Lion; and the family name was taken from the property. The *Ruthvens* are sprung from a person called Thor, of Saxon or Danish lineage, who came from the north of England, and settled in Scotland under David I. Thor having attached himself to Earl Henry, is believed to have received a grant of the lands of Ruthven from him, and hence the name of Ruthven came to be the surname of the race. The main branch of this family obtained the earldom of Gowrie, 1581. The respectable Scotch family of *Durward* deduces its origin from the De Lundins or Lundie, of Fife and Forfarshire, already mentioned. The first who received the appellation was Thomas, the son of Malcolm de Lundie, who, receiving from William the Lion the office of *doorward* (*hostearius*), or keeper of the King's door, the name became fixed upon him; and, as the office was made hereditary, the appellation was continued in the family.

The *Abernethys* are sprung from a person of English lineage, called Orm, the son of Hugh, who flourished in Scotland under Malcolm IV., and who, receiving the lands of Abernethy, at the foot of Strath-eam, his descendants assumed the name of Abernethy. There were a number of *Orms* who came into Scotland, and have left traces of their residence in places of the name of *Ormiston*, which is common in the southern parts of the country. The *Grays* are also of Anglo-Norman extraction. A younger son of Gray of Chillingham, a Norman family, who settled in Northumberland, obtained a settlement in Scotland under William the Lion. From this personage the various families of the surname of Gray are descended. The *Kers*, or *Cars*, were Anglo-Normans, and a branch

settled in Scotland during the thirteenth century. They possessed lands on the Borders, and originated the two respectable houses of the Kers of Cessford and Fernieherst. From the former sprung the noble family of Roxburghe, and from the latter that of Lothian. The word *Ker*, or *Cur*, signifies a strength or fortlet, and is significant of the adventurous military character of the first of the name. The *Colvils* trace their origin in Scotland to Philip de Colville, who came thither in the twelfth century, and acquired possessions in various parts of the country, particularly in Ayrshire, where the noble house of the Colvilles, Lords of Ochiltree, was founded. The distinguished house of Gordon is likewise of Anglo-Norman origin. The first of the race, having settled in Berwickshire, soon after the commencement of the twelfth century, took the surname of Gordon, from the title of his estate, which is still called Gordon. At the end of the thirteenth century, Sir Adam de Gordon acquired lands in Galloway, which he gave to William, his second son, who was the progenitor of the Viscount Kenmure. Sir Adam afterwards acquired lands in Strathgogle, on the forfeiture of their previous possession; and on that account removed with the main line of the family to the north, where it has since remained. The numerous families of the name of Gordon in Scotland are all derived from this common stock.

The noble family of *Graham* was also of English origin. The first of the race in this country was William de Graham, who settled under David I., and obtained from that monarch the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith, in the Lothians, where he sat down with his followers. When William de Graham died, he left two sons, Peter and John, the first of whom inherited his father's lands in the Lothians, and was succeeded by a race which took a lead in the district till the time of Robert Bruce. This branch of the house then merged in a female heir, who married William de Douglas, the predecessor of the Douglasses of Lothian, who became Earls of Morton. The descendants of John, the second son, received lands in Forfarshire, and laid the foundation of the distinguished family of the *Grahams* of Montrose. The chief families in Scotland with the name of *Graham* are descended from this honourable source; among other persons conspicuous in history to which it gave rise, was *Graham* of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

Few of the Anglo-Norman settlers of David the First's reign arrived at such eminence as the *Sinclairs*, or *Saint Clairs*. The principal families in Scotland of this name are descended from the Anglo-Norman family of *Saint Clair*, who came to Britain with the Conqueror. Two distinct branches settled in this northern part of the island, the *Sinclairs* of Roslin and the *Sinclairs* of Hermandston. The progenitor of the first was William de Saint Clair, who obtained the manor of Roslin, in Mid-Lothian, where he settled during the reign of David I. This family was in after times raised to the earldom of Orkney. From the same stock sprang *Sinclair* Earl of Caithness, *Sinclair* Lord Sinclair, and many others. The *Sinclairs* of Hermandston derived their origin from a later settler, under the *Morvilles*, Constables of Scotland, and gave rise to a number of respectable families.

The families of *Ros*, in the north of England, and in the south of Scotland, are of the same root, having taken their name from the lordship of *Ros*, in Yorkshire. The first settlers of the name in Scotland appear as vassals of the *Morvilles* in Ayrshire, and having obtained the lands of *Stewarton*, became the progenitors of the *Rosses* of *Hawkhill*, of *Ross* Lord *Ros*, of *Ros* of *Tarbet*, in *Cunningham*, of *Ros* of *Sanquhar*, and other families of the name in the south of Scotland; besides the *Roses* of *Kilravoch*, the *Roses* of *Geddes*, *Rose* of *Howe*, and others in the north.—*To be continued.*

CURIOUS RESULT OF INJURY OF THE BRAIN.

There are instances, says Mr Green in his lectures, at King's College, as reported in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, where a whole class of words, nay, a language, was completely obliterated from a man's memory. I remember seeing a patient in St Thomas's Hospital who had an injury of the head. During his illness he began suddenly to speak in a language which nobody in the ward could understand; very fortunately in one of the most voluble moments of this patient the milkman of the hospital was passing through the ward and listening to the sick man, who instantly recognised the Welch language. A freer communication immediately took place between the parties, and it appeared, according to the account delivered by the milkman, that the patient understood and spoke English very well, but that, in consequence of the accident, that language had been fairly knocked out of his head.

BRITISH COLONIES.

A BRIEF recital of the number of our colonial possessions, and their utility in point of trade, may be of value to a number of our readers who have not had leisure to examine this very important branch of affairs. Notwithstanding the loss of the United States, the colonies of Great Britain, exclusive of India, exceed in number, extent, and value, those of every other country. In North America we possess the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with their dependencies, in which are included Prince Edward's Island. Great Britain also possesses the Hudson's Bay territory; a tract of vast extent, but situated in an unprofitable climate, and worth very little except as hunting grounds for beaver, &c. We also possess the large islands of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, but the soil is barren, and the climate severe and foggy; so that they are valuable principally as fishing stations. The entire population of all these North American colonies may be estimated at about one million.

In the West Indies we possess Jamaica, Barbadoes, St Lucia, Antigua, Grenada, St Vincent, Trinidad, and some other islands, exclusive of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, in South America. Jamaica is by far the largest and most valuable of our insular possessions. Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, were taken from the Dutch during the late war, and were definitively ceded to us in 1814. The British also possess the settlement of Belize in the Bay of Honduras.

In the East we possess the island of Ceylon, which, though populous, is one of the least valuable of our possessions. The British possess a large and not very valuable territory in Southern Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, of which Cape Town is the capital. This colony was also ceded by the Dutch to the British in 1815. Great Britain likewise owns the island of Mauritius, which was ceded by the French in 1814. This island is not very fertile, and it measures about 150 miles in circumference. The largest possession of the British in the Southern Hemisphere is the island, or continent, of New Holland, and the adjoining island of Van Diemen's Land. These with their dependencies receive the collective appellation of Australasia. The population of the whole is only about 37,000, exclusive of aborigines. The most valueless of all our possessions is Sierra Leone, a district on the south-west coast of Africa. This colony was founded partly as a commercial establishment, but more from motives of humanity. It was intended to consist principally of free blacks, who, being instructed in the Christian religion, and in the arts of Europe, should become, as it were, a focus whence civilisation might be diffused among the surrounding tribes. About 1200 free negroes, who having joined the royal standard in the American war, were obliged, at the termination of that contest, to take refuge in Nova Scotia, were conveyed thither in 1792: to these were afterwards added the Maroons from Jamaica; and since the legal abolition of the slave trade, the negroes taken in the captured vessels, and liberated, have been carried to the colony. The total number of liberated Africans under the superintendence of the colonial authorities is about 22,000. Great efforts have been made to civilise those blacks, but all have failed, and the colony presents a melancholy instance of perverted and abused national philanthropy.

The British possess certain islands and places in the Mediterranean. The chief possession in this quarter is Malta, an island 20 miles long, and from 10 to 12 broad. It was definitively ceded by the French in 1816. It is retained as a military and naval station. The population, including troops and strangers, amounts to about 102,000. The small island of Gozo, adjacent, has a population of about 17,000. The Ionian Isles, in Greece, also belong to Great Britain. The principal foreign military station belonging to the British in this part of the world is Gibraltar, a rocky promontory near the southernmost extremity of Spain, and commanding the strait which communicates betwixt the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The population is about 16,500, exclusive of the troops, which usually amount to 3000 or 4000. Such are the British colonial possessions worth mentioning.

The retention of colonies is understood to serve two chief purposes. The import and export trade with them is said to be of great benefit to the mother country; and this traffic encourages the maritime profession, which is always associated with the welfare of this insular nation. The trade carried on betwixt Great Britain and some of its colonies is immense. In the year 1829 the imports from the British North American colonies amounted in value to L.1,088,622, and the exports thither to L.2,064,126. In the same year, 1609 ships arrived from the same colonies with a burden of 431,124 tons, while 1652 ships cleared outwards with a burden of 418,147 tons. The imports consist generally of timber, ashes, fish, oil, skins, and other raw produce. The exports consist of luxuries of every description, and all kinds of manufactured goods. The British West India colonies export three great articles, sugar, coffee, and rum. In the year 1830 there were about 4,000,000 of hundred weights of sugar imported from thence,

upwards of 27,000 of lbs. of coffee, and nearly 8,000,000 gallons of rum. From this vast importation of goods the government received in duties seven millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling, being between a seventh and a sixth of the whole revenue of the British empire. The exports from this country to our West India colonies consist of coarse cottons, linens, checks, hats, and other articles of negro clothing; hardware and earthenware; staves, hoops, coal, lime, provisions, fish, furniture, &c. The total amount of imports from the West India colonies in the year 1829 was L.9,087,914, while the total of exports in the same year was L.5,521,169, of which Jamaica itself had about L.2,000,000. The number of ships which arrived was 968, having a burden of 263,338 tons; the number outwards was 918, with a burden of 252,292 tons. The prices of all kinds of West India produce have greatly fallen, on account of the cultivation of the same articles being now carried on in new countries not formerly taking part in this trade. The British possessions in the Bay of Honduras afford means of obtaining abundant supplies of mahogany, and serve as an *entrepôt* for the supply of Guatemala with English goods. The trade with the remaining colonies is of inferior value. Mauritius exports nearly 500,000 hundred weights of sugar annually; its coffee trade is declining; it exports tortoise-shell to the extent of L.9000 a-year. Provisions, machinery, clothing, &c. are largely imported. With regard to the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that that colony exports to Great Britain goods to the value of about L.200,000, on an average, annually, while the value of the exports thither amounts to upwards of double that sum.

TRADITIONS OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND.

[THE following notices of the Plague in Scotland were, like the Tale of the Plague in a former publication, written several years before any expectation was entertained of our being again visited by pestilence, and while, indeed, any apprehension of that kind would probably have been laughed at. They are now brought forward, on account of the temporary interest which they derive from the actual presence of a similar calamity amongst us. It is curious to know what impression remained at a late date on the minds of the common people, respecting the visitation with which their ancestors were afflicted two hundred years ago: it is the next thing to acquiring an idea of the actual feelings of the people under the calamity. We may thus be helped to draw a contrast, more or less correct, between the way in which the awful "plague of pestilence" was endured by a people rude and untutored like those of the seventeenth century, and the conduct of a generation certainly possessed of far more worldly knowledge, and in whose favour medical skill and general humanity are infinitely more on the alert.]

In numerous places throughout Scotland, spots are shown, where, according to the belief of the common people, "the plague was buried." It is now so long since this dreadful epidemic afflicted the country, that few know what is implied by this tradition, or even what the plague was. All that is generally to be learned from the populace upon the subject simply is, that within this mound, or beneath this stone, LIES THE PLAGUE; and no one would break the one or remove the other for any consideration short of life and death. How melancholy the reflection, that perhaps a century hence the same species of tradition may indicate the spot in our churchyards where the *cholera* lies interred!

Spots are pointed out as the burial places of the plague at Nether Minzies, in Tweedsmuir, where the shepherds are scrupulous to prevent their sheep from feeding within the little circle which encloses the tomb of plague: and near Prestwick in Ayrshire, where are also shewn the ruins of a house, built by Robert Bruce for the reception of lepers, still called King Case. In order, moreover, to show that individual suffering was little considered in cases where the public welfare was endangered, it may be mentioned, as one of the rules of a leper house at Greenside, at the north base of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, that the penalty imposed upon any inmate who should venture out of doors was no less than death; and that with a view at once to the prevention of such a misdeed, and its prompt punishment, a gallows stood constantly in readiness at the end of the house.

At Peebles a place is shown in the neighbourhood of the town where "the plague was buried." It is a low mound, like a grave, but much larger, situated in a marshy valley, called the Gytes. Children designate this place Sampson's Grave, probably on ac-

count of its appearing to be such a grave as would hold that scriptural hero, whose bulk is popularly supposed in Scotland to have been of a piece with his strength.

Amidst the ruins of the ancient collegiate church of Methven, in Perthshire, it is popularly believed that a vast treasure lies concealed. This, it is said, would not have been permitted to lie so long, had it not been understood that the plague was also buried in the same place, and would burst out if any excavations were attempted. Some excavations were attempted by the country people; but before they had got many feet beneath the surface, a suspicious-looking vapour arose, and, according to the account of the treasure-seekers, a low terrible voice was heard to vociferate, as from some remote recess of the ground, "Let sleeping dogs lie!" whereupon the shovels and mattocks were instantly abandoned by the adventurers, whose task no one has ever since thought of resuming.

The pestilence which afflicted Edinburgh and neighbourhood in 1645 appears to have been particularly fatal to the inhabitants of the village of Water of Leith, so much so, that all intercourse with that village was at that time strictly prohibited. At length, however, on the 15th May, the restriction was taken off in part. The register of the parish of that date bears the following entry:—"Thos in the southsyd of the Watter Leith being long inclosed ar liberat, on conditione they resave na clothes to washe." During that fatal period also, no large convivial parties were allowed to convene; nay, a fine of L.10 Scots was imposed on all who invited more than twelve persons to their marriage, or six when their child was baptised. From June till December, even the kirk session did not assemble; and none who died of the plague were allowed to be interred in the churchyard on Sabbath from sun-rise to sun-set.

Thomas the Rhymer prophesied to the monks of Aberbrothock,

From Sidlaw eastward to the sea
Plague nor pest shall ever be.

And it is very remarkable, that the great plague ravaged Dundee, Brechin, and Montrose, without ever touching Arbroath.

Few towns suffered so much by the plague as Brechin, the inhabitants of which place have inherited a salutary dread of its visitations. It attacked the town in the year 1647, at a time when it had not recovered from the effects of a general conflagration inflicted by Montrose, two years before. Its ravages are commemorated on a rude tablet in the churchyard, by an inscription in these words:—

1647.

Luna quater crescens
Sexinto, peste peremptos,
Disce mori, vidit.

Implying that in the month of April 1647, six hundred people were taken away by the plague: "Learn to die."

The most curious and superstitious tradition connected with the plague is one told by the people in Kincardineshire, who, like many others, are of belief that the plague had a bodily form, and flew through the air in the shape of fine threads, or minute flying serpents. On the farm of Mindynes, in the parish of Fordoun, and at no great distance from the banks of the river Bervie, stands in the middle of a ploughed field a large stone, underneath which the plague is said to have been buried. At the last occurrence of "the pest" in Scotland, say the peasantry, there dwelt in this district a benevolent warlock, who determined to free his country for ever from the terrible destroyer. By dint of spells he succeeded in drawing towards him the whole material of the plague, and winded it up round his fingers, as people wind thread. The clew reached the size of a man's head before every particle was collected. When completed, he took it in his hand to the spot mentioned, put it into the earth, and covered it with a large stone. All this was done by spells, the power of which ceased when the stone was laid down; so that, according to the popular belief, if that stone were to be removed, there is no saying what might be the direful consequences. At the very least, the ball would burst forth, explode, and the plague would again overspread the country!

EMIGRATION.—UPPER CANADA.

As this journal does not happen to be a newspaper, I do not find myself at liberty to detail the progress of emigration from Great Britain, and especially from Scotland, towards North America; but I cannot be prevented from giving my friendly advice to those who feel inclined to swell the flood of human beings pressing on towards the western settlements. From all that I have read on the important subject of emigration, I am induced, from many considerations, to give a decided preference to Upper Canada. This extensive territory has also its preferable places of settlement. That part of the province which stretches from Lake Simcoe and the rivers Trent and Severn, westward to Lake Huron and the St Clair River, and southward to Lake Erie and part of Lake Ontario, has a soil of extraordinary fertility, capable of producing the most luxurious crops of wheat, and every other sort of grain. The climate is so particularly salubrious, that epidemic diseases, either among men or cattle, are almost entirely unknown. Its influence on the fertility of the soil is more generally perceptible than it is in Lower Canada, and is supposed to be congenial to vegetation in a much superior degree. The winters are shorter, and not always marked with such rigour as in the latter. The duration of frost is always accompanied with a fine clear sky and a dry atmosphere. The spring opens, and the resumption of agricultural labours takes place, from six weeks to two months earlier than in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The summer heats rarely prevail to excess, and the autumns are usually very friendly to the harvests, and favourable for securing the late crops. What a splendid tract of land lies in the angle formed by Lakes Huron and St Clair on the west, and Lakes Erie and Ontario on the south! In some pleasant spot in this well watered and salubrious district I would purchase my farm and build my log-house. The lakes just mentioned communicate with the River St Lawrence, and give to this territory all the advantages of an extensive inland navigation, and serve as an outlet for exports. This tract of land, lying with its base on Lakes Ontario and Erie, as far west as the junction of the Thames with the St Clair Lake, is laid out in townships, and partly settled. But the population is so very thin, as not, on an average, to amount to more than sixteen persons to a square mile, in settled townships; while the fertility of the soil is such, that 120 persons to a square mile would not be a dense population. To the north of the river Thames, along the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, round to the river Severn, and thence to the river that joins the Nipissing and Lake Huron, is a boundless extent of country that is entirely unoccupied. The interior of this space has hitherto been but imperfectly explored; but the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, afford the finest situations for settlements. The soil is in many places of the greatest fertility, the river and lake teem with fish, and every variety of the best timber is found in the greatest profusion. In 1783, the settlers in Upper Canada were estimated at only 10,000; in 1825 they amounted to upwards of 157,000, and now amount to about 190,000—a miserably small population for a country that could easily support many millions of inhabitants in a state of the greatest comfort.

Having wound up your affairs in this country, and otherwise prepared yourself and your family for proceeding to the Land of Promise, it is recommended that you should take with you a box of tools, whether you be learned to use them or not. The tools should consist of an American axe, hand saw, wagger, pickaxe, spade, two gimlets, a hammer, iron wedge, three hoes, a kettle, frying pan, an iron pot, nails, and a small portable handmill for grinding corn; a gun and fishing nets will be of great service, if you have means to purchase them. You should also have good warm freeze coats and jackets, and worsted stockings and mittens for the winter; linen trousers and jacket for the summer, as many linen shirts as you can afford to take out (linen being dear in Canada), and a short flannel shirt, to be worn next the skin, both in summer and winter. Without caution as to clothing, the settler has a chance of being attacked with ague, which is the only complaint to be dreaded. You should also provide yourself with a small stock of simple medicines, to preserve the bowels in regularity. Every one ought to take a dose of medicine on landing. No bulky articles or furniture of any kind should be taken. Every thing should be packed in substantial handy trunks. Plain furniture can be bought at a cheap rate in the colony, or you can perhaps manage to make some useful articles for your new household. The bark of the bass tree, woven or laced across your bedstead, will support a mattress, and that mattress need consist of nothing more expensive than the boughs of the spruce fir, or dry beech leaves; a buffalo skin will answer for quilt and blankets. In sailing to Canada, Greenock is preferable to any port in Scotland, and vessels may nearly always be found there ready for departure.

In removing, many persons prefer to enter into arrangements with agents of the Canada Company in London, Edinburgh, or other places, making a small deposit in their hands. This seems an advisable plan. The Canada Company is a most respectable associa-

tion, possessing a large tract of land of that part of Canada above recommended. The agents of the Company, on the arrival of the emigrants at Quebec or Montreal, will convey, at the Company's expense, purchasers who pay a first instalment in this country of 2s. an acre upon not less than one hundred acres, to the head of Lake Ontario, which is in the vicinity of their choicest lands; and their agents in all parts of the Upper Province will give emigrants every information and assistance in their power. Should emigrants, on arrival, not settle on the Company's lands, the money paid them will be returned, deducting the actual expense of conveyance to York. The Canada Company sold upwards of eighty thousand acres of land in 1829, 1830, and 1831, in lots of various extent, at from 10s. to 14s. per acre. Much the same prices are now charged by the government for land; 10s. an acre being the average price, of which 2s. must be paid on purchasing, and the remainder in annual instalments, with interest, which an industrious settler would be able to pay out of the crops. There are always a number of half-cleared lands in the market for sale; and when the emigrant has a little capital, and is not very well adapted to commence the operation of clearing, these are particularly worthy of his attention. At York, Upper Canada, every information is to be had regarding cleared and uncleared lands; and such is the choice, that no time may be lost in making a selection. The expense of clearing the land ready for seed is from L.2, 10s. to L.3, 10s. per acre, if paid in money. To a person who is about to settle on an entire woodland, I would recommend the following system:—Clear well a few acres in the immediate vicinity, and all around the site on which the house is intended to be built, that the trees left standing may be at a sufficient distance to be out of danger falling on it, and let a small piece be fenced off for cattle to lie in at night, out of the same danger, in windy weather; then cut down, on ten or fifteen acres, the small and decayed trees and under-brush; burn them, and girdle or notch round the remainder of the trees; sow this ground with wheat early in the fall (autumn), or part of it with oats in the spring, and with them clover and a small quantity of grass seeds mixed; the clover and grass to be mowed the first year or two, and grazed afterwards. Do the same next year with a still further quantity, for six or seven years in succession, and likewise clear a small piece quite off for corn and potatoes, cabbage, &c., in front of the house, and next to the road. In about six or seven years the roots of the trees will be rotten, and some of the girdled ones fallen; then begin and chop down ten or fifteen acres of these girdled trees yearly, in a dry time, felling them across each other to break them in pieces; put fire into them in various parts of the field, and it will burn most of them up; what little may be left unconsumed must be collected into heaps, and burned. It is necessary to keep a watch over the fences while this is going on, that they do not take fire. After this you may plough and plant what you please, as generally the ground will be in pretty good condition. The mode of sowing wheat for the first two years on new land is very simple—merely harrowing in the seed; for the soil is so rich that it requires no artificial dressing. Wheat is sown in the fall; oats are sown in May or June. After clearing the land, potatoes and turnips answer remarkably well.

All the fruits and vegetables common to the English kitchen garden thrive well. Sugar, for domestic purposes, is made from the maple tree on the land. The soil and country possess every requisite for farming purposes, and comfortable settlement. The samples of Upper Canada wheat have not been exceeded in quality by any in the British market. With regard to the price of labour, it should be mentioned that it is expensive in Upper Canada, and that there is an absolute necessity for the emigrant and his family working with their own hands. Persons desirous of employment as agricultural labourers will receive from L.2 to L.3 per month, with board and lodging. At these wages there is a constant demand for labour in the neighbourhood of York. Working artizans, particularly blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, coopers, mill-wrights, and wheelwrights, get high wages. However, industrious men of every class may look forward with confidence to an improvement in their situation, as many save enough out of one season's work to buy land themselves in settled townships.

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

Two English gentlemen, about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion—contending that, amongst the lowest class of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and, governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the empire at that period very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who, it seems, were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clirehugh's Tavern, in Wri-

ter's Court, as the most respectable house of entertainment which at that time graced the Scottish metropolis, although, in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at by any one having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton*. Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who, withal, appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand.

Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and after a pause, recollected, as it were accidentally, that *Coal John*, a Gilmerton carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there, with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should, by some means or other, be introduced to them on his arrival. In the mean time, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the "real Simon Pure," but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on.

The individual pitched upon by Mr Clirehugh was one admirably adapted to sustain the character—a true type of the genus *Driver*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink-and-drown-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could be got, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons—with the help, at all times, of a select jumbo of drouthy brother cronies—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of "shrewd parts and pregnant humour." At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession were "wont most to congregate,"—namely, St Mary's Wynd, the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city, at that time, was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the *bona fide* John, who was soon spoke on that highway, he easily furnished himself with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including, of course, the cart with its contents.

Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity—consisting, *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded, moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern gate of *Front de Bauff's* castle, corduroy jacket and trousers, with dubious-coloured plush vest and other *et ceteras*, not omitting a *quant. suff.* of coom on his face—the self-elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie.

The shrill hilloo of Tom Pipes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Truncheon and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr Clirehugh's establishment of the arrival of the coals—said intimation conveyed, of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmerton—a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear: "Hollo, the coals!"

The inmates of the house were of course advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John into the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was impossible the gentlemen could have any thing to say to him; while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. "Such grand gentlemen," with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, "could never hae any thing to say till the like o' him." At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jogged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into the "presence;" but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. "The deuce take the fellow!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding; "although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool." "Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say; but, anent the carpet, wad ye hae me come into so grand a chaumer, without either rowin' up the claiter, or casting aff my shoon?" "Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter; only just sit down now and take a glass of something." This proposal, we may suppose, was to the point, whether addressed to John *in propria persona* or quoad his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself *à merveille*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out in this shape—"Pray, John, can you tell us who was Adam's father?" "Adam's father?" said John, "en, ay; let's see;" then recollecting the catechetical tale he had

learned at school, after a short pause—"Ou, ay; Noah was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methuselah, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God."—"Well done!" exclaimed the Englishman; "John, you are a clever fellow, and have gained the bet;" which was perfectly acquiesced in by the other party; neither of whom, by the bye, had any idea of the logical ratiocination which John had brought to bear on the question.

This matter being settled, after the glass had been pushed round pretty swiftly, and our hero had treated the strangers with a great many jokes and shrewd remarks, which raised him still higher in their estimation, he said, "Weel, gentlemen, I dinna ken weel what to say to you for your extraordinary kindness, or how to thank ye; and I maun now be steppin'." But as I hae gotten a gowd guinea frae ye, for answering the bit question ye speird, wad ye no tak it amiss, if I was to speir ane at you, which will no be muckle langer than yer ain; and, as I maun say, ye hae been sae very frank, and haena taen amiss my want o' havins, if ye like I'll pit down my guinea again, for a wad against yours." "Oh, most certainly, John; most certainly; we shall be very glad to answer your question, in place of taking it amiss." "Then," says John, "can ye tell me wha my father was?" "Confound the fellow!" exclaimed both the Englishmen; and it is almost needless to add, that John was permitted to withdraw himself as quickly as he chose, with his three guineas, without being troubled, for that time, with any more questions.—*Scottish Jest and Anecdotes.*

REAL STORY OF JEANY CAMERON.

Mrs JEAN, or as the English insist upon styling her, Mrs Jenny Cameron, is a name of some celebrity, or rather, perhaps, notoriety. She has been the subject of much discourse, both in her own time and in ours. The pamphlets published at the time of the insurrection of 1745 were full of her; nay, we have even seen a kind of novel, in one volume, which had apparently been got up by some gentleman of Grub Street, on that occasion, and in which she acted as the heroine. The generally received notion, both at the time and since, has been, that she accompanied Prince Charles, as his mistress, during the whole of his expedition; and it is on this understanding that Fielding causes his heroine, Sophia, to be mistaken for her at Gloucester. Of late times, another idea has got abroad, namely, that she survived to old age, and went about begging in men's clothes, with a wooden leg; till at length she died in the Edinburgh Infirmary, of an accident which had befallen her on the street. Now, it is very strange, but very true, that Mrs Jean Cameron never saw Prince Charles Stuart in her life, and that she spent the whole of her life in circumstances perfectly respectable.

The real history of this lady is, in its way, a desideratum, and we therefore have no little pleasure in giving it, in the following terms, upon the credit of the late Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassefern (nephew of the gallant Lochiel, and father of the equally gallant Colonel Cameron of the 42d, who fell on the field of Waterloo), who died within the last three years, at the age of ninety.

She was the daughter of Cameron of Glendessery, in Lochaber, who generally resided in Morven, where he had another estate. She was married in early life to an Irish gentleman named O'Neal, and she lived with him for some years in Ireland, till his brutal usage necessitated her to divorce him. She then returned to her own country, and was distinguished by the appellation of Mrs Jean, and sometimes Lady Jean Cameron. At the time of the insurrection she resided in Strontian, where she managed the extensive estates of her brother, Cameron of Dungalton, while he served Prince Charles as an officer. Many more of her relations were engaged in this enterprise, together with about eight hundred petty men who bore her name. No clan, indeed, of equal extent, went so heartily into this adventure as the Camerons. Mrs Jean did what she could for the cause, by sending a large present of cattle to Prince Charles at the time of his raising his standard in Glenfinnan. It is also acknowledged that she made several attempts to see him; but she never was successful. During the whole period of the insurrection she did not leave her own residence in the Highlands. She was a woman of beauty and fashion, of good manners, and possessed a masculine understanding. Her death took place in the year 1774, at her house of Mount Cameron, in Lanarkshire. All these facts we give with the most perfect assurance of their historic truth.

The whole rumour as to this lady having been the mistress of Prince Charles appears to have arisen from some misapprehension. Nothing can be more certain, however, than that the idea was thoroughly rivetted in the public mind. Just about the time when the Highland army was returning into Scotland, a lady who visited Stirling in a coach, was seized by the garrison there as the noted Jean Cameron. It was soon discovered that the lady was a respectable mili-

ner, or mantuamaker, in Edinburgh, who was only at Stirling on a visit, and who had nothing in common with the Prince's supposed mistress except the name. This fact is stated in all the newspapers and magazines of the day. Mrs Cameron herself was one day walking on the High Street of Edinburgh, along with some friends, waiting for a coach, when a boy came up with a lot of loose papers over his arm, which he was proclaiming as a full, true, and particular account of the adventures of Jeany Cameron and Prince Charles Stuart; whereupon she mildly remarked to her friends, what an extraordinary fate hers had been, to be thus universally famed as the mistress of a man whom she had never once seen. As for the one-legged woman in male attire, who latterly affected to be Jeany Cameron, we have ascertained that she was a mere maniac, crazed through Jacobitism, and proud to be considered even the mistress of so glorious a being as the rightful heir of these three kingdoms.

AN INDIAN PAGODA.

A description of a pagoda, or temple of the large class, may not be uninteresting. A high solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them, producing at times a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky or trees form the back-ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with a figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life, beneath it. Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open and supported by numerous stone pillars. An inclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculpture into various sacred animals rampant, ridden by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imaginary and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite all the incarnations of Vishnu the Preserver; here Siva the Destroyer, riding on his bull, with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute; Kawadeva, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane, strung with flowers, or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varoona, the god of the seas, on a crocodile; many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons, instruments of music, &c., or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods portrayed in groups and pictures of demi-relief every where. Generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple, you see lingaurs on their altars. Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession. Such, though but roughly, and, I fear, not very intelligibly sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily resort with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; and, whether on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groups of dancing girls—beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion; or listen to the wild obscure fictions, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music; or gather round self-torturing devotees, with frantic shouts of approbation.—*Sketches of India.*

STATE OF FRANCE.

According to Dupin, in his *Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France*, "the division of landed property which has taken place in France within the last thirty years, has produced a more general diffusion of prosperity; it has extended the means of comfort and of health to many families which did not before possess them. While the progress of industry has increased the demand for labour, and raised wages, the improvements made in arts and manufactures have reduced the price of a multitude of useful or agreeable productions, and thus a double melioration has taken place in the condition of the labourer. He is now able to procure better food, better clothes, and better lodging. In most of the provinces of France, those shapeless hovels which afflicted the eye of the traveller have been replaced by substantial houses, well built, well covered, and supplied with better furniture. Thirty years ago, there were in various parts of France a vast number of habitations which received no other light than by holes in the wall, which were either left entirely open, or stuffed with straw. At present there are few of these openings which have not been converted into sashed and glazed windows; and the more constant supply of light thus obtained has contributed to cleanliness, and, of course, to health."

Column for "All whom it may Concern."

WINES.

Omnia vastatis ergo quum cerneret arvis
Desolata Deus: nobis felicia vini
Dona dedit; tristes hominum quo munere fovit
Reliquias, mundi solatus vite ruinam!

Venerii Præd. Rusticum, lib. xl.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."—*St Paul's First Ep. Tim. v. 23.*

No species of beverage has obtained so respectable an antiquity, and been of such universal appreciation among mankind, as *WINE*. The use of this liquor can indeed be traced up to the earliest ages of the world. We find from the sacred writings that Noah planted a vineyard shortly after the deluge; and a modern Latin poet, exalting the origin of wine in the above quatrain, ingeniously represents the vine as a gift from Heaven, to console mankind for the miseries entailed upon them by that grand catastrophe. I hope my readers will allow me to present them with a brief account of the most celebrated ancient and modern wines, gleaned for their amusement from the best authorities on the subject.

This generous liquor, as is well known, is an expression of the grape, the fruit of the vine, a shrub indigenous to Persia and the Levant, but now found in most temperate regions. From Asia the vine was introduced into Greece, and thence into Italy. The Phœceans, who founded Marseilles, carried the vine into France, in which country and in Portugal it is at present in the most extensive cultivation. There are a great variety of vines; and this circumstance, combined with difference of soil, climate, mode of preparation, &c., has occasioned an extreme variety in the different species of wine. But even between places immediately contiguous to each other, and where a cursory observer would hardly remark any difference, the qualities of the wines, though produced by the same species of grape, and treated in the same way, are often very different. A great deal evidently depends on the aspect of the vineyard; and it is probable that a good deal depends on the peculiarities of soil, while not a little also depends on the management of the vintage. Thus, for a brisk wine, the grapes are gathered before they are perfectly ripe; for a dry, as soon as they have acquired their proper maturity; and if a sweet wine be desired, the gathering is postponed to the latest period. Dry and clear weather is generally chosen for the vintage; but the best brisk Champagne is made from the grapes that are collected during a fog or before the dew that has settled on the vines is dispersed. Thoroughness of wines depends, in some degree, on the circumstance of the stalks of the grapes being added or excluded. In the preparation of port, I believe, they are always used, but in the manufacture of the more delicate red wines of Bourdeaux they are generally excluded. With regard to colour, this is derived from the skin of the grape; for the juice of red or black grapes, with the exception of the *Tantilla* grape, the pulp of which is coloured, yields as colourless a wine as that procured from white grapes, when it is fermented without the hulls.

The earliest of the Greek wines was the Maronean, a sweet black wine, which Homer describes as "rich, unadulterate, and fit for the gods," and as so potent, that it was usually mixed with twenty measures of water. Nearly of equal antiquity was the Pramnian, a strong, hard, astringent, red wine, from the island of Icarus. It resembled our port wine, like which also it was often used medicinally, and on that account was sometimes called *pharmaceutic*. The best Greek wines, however, and those in which they surpassed all other nations, were the luscious sweet wines, the products of the Ionian and Ægean seas, particularly Lesbos, Chios, and Thasos. They were wines of a pale amber colour, with much odour and a high flavour. The Phœnean, which is extolled by Virgil as the king of wines, was from Chios. The lighter wines were the Mendean, the Argitis, and the Omphacites; but the Greeks were also acquainted with the African and Asiatic wines, several of which were in high reputation. The Buthnian wines were of the choicest quality; the wines of Byblos, in Phœnicia, on the other hand, vied in fragrance with the Lesbian; and if confidence is to be placed in the report of Athenæus, the white wines of Marceitis and Tania in Lower Egypt, were of almost unrivalled excellence. The former, which was sometimes called the Alexandrian, from the neighbouring territory, was a light, sweetish, white wine, with a delicate perfume, of easy digestion, and not apt to affect the head; though the allusion of Horace, to its influence on the mind of Cleopatra, would seem to imply that it had not always preserved its innocuous quality. The wine of Merôe, however, which was produced at the feast given to Cæsar by that voluptuous female, would appear to have been in still higher estimation.

The wines of ancient Italy were more celebrated than those of Greece. The choicest of the Roman wines were the Massic and Falernian, besides which there were many wines of an inferior quality, but in all of which the Roman citizens in the upper ranks indulged with great freedom at their expensive public and private feasts. No wine has ever acquired such extensive celebrity as the Falernian, or more truly merited the name of 'immortal,' which classic writers have conferred upon it. All writers agree in describing the Falernian wine as very strong and durable, and so rough in its recent state, that it could not be drunk with pleasure, but required to be kept a great number of years before it was sufficiently mellow. Horace terms it a 'fiery' wine, and calls for water from the spring to moderate its strength. From Galen's account, it appears to have been in best condition from the tenth to the twentieth year; and afterwards it was apt to contract an unpleasant bitterness, especially if not preserved in glass bottles. Horace, who was a lover of old wine, proposes, in a well-known Ode, to broach an amphora, or jar, which was coeval with himself, and which, therefore, was probably not less than thirty-six years old. It will be remembered by some of my readers, that on one occasion Cicero having supped with Damasippus, he had some indifferent wine presented to him, which he was pressed to drink, as being Falernian, forty years old; and that, on tasting it, he pleasantly observed, that it bore its age uncommonly well! It is the opinion of Dr Henderson, who has written a history of wines, that Xeres and Madeira wines may be fixed upon as the two to which the Falernian offers the most distinct features of resemblance. Both are straw-coloured wines, assuming a deeper tint from age, or from particular circumstances in the quality or management of the vintage. Both of them present the several varieties of dry, sweet, and light. Both of them are exceedingly strong and durable wines; being,

when new, very rough, harsh, and fiery, and requiring to be kept about the same length of time as the Falernian, before they attain a due degree of mellowness. This celebrated Roman wine was the produce of the Campagna Felice, which possesses a soil analogous to that of the island of Madeira. In preparing their wines, the ancients often inspissated them till they became of the consistence of honey, or even thicker. These were diluted with water previously to their being drunk; and indeed the habit of mixing wine with water seems to have prevailed much more in antiquity than in modern times.

The best wines of France are those produced in Champagne, Burgundy, Dauphiny, and the Bordelais; Languedoc and Roussillon also produce wines in considerable quantity, but they are reckoned inferior. The wines of Champagne are commonly divided, following a distinction occurring as early as the ninth century, into River wines—*Vins de la Rivièrre de Marne*, which are for the most part white; and Mountain wines—*Vins de la Montagne de Reims*, which are red. The former are mostly brisk or sparkling wines, and distinguished by their delicate flavour and aroma. But the brisk wines are not always the best; and unless they are very strong, much of the alcohol is carried off with the carbonic acid gas which occasions the froth. Hence the slightly frothing wines—*cremans*, or *demi-mousseux*, are preferred by persons of *haut goût*. Sillery, which has obtained its name from the vineyards which yield it, holds the first rank among the white wines of Champagne. It was brought into vogue by the peculiar care bestowed on the manufacture of it by the *Marchale d'Estrees*, and was long known by the name of *Vin de la Marchale*; and has always been much in request in England. The most celebrated of the river wines, strictly so called, is that of Ay. Of the Reims mountain wines, those of Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, Bouzy and St Basle, are most esteemed. But the Clos St Thierry furnishes the only red wine that can be said to unite the rich colour and aroma of Burgundy with the delicate lightness of Champagne.

The choicest of the Burgundy wines—for which the Dukes of Burgundy deservedly merit their ancient designation of "*princes des bons vins*"—is that of Romanée-Conti, a wine scarcely known in England, and produced in small quantities only; the vineyard being not more than six and a half English acres in extent. Chambertin, another Burgundy wine, almost rivals Romanée-Conti. It was the favourite wine of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon. It is the produce of a vineyard of that name, situated seven miles to the south of Dijon, and furnishing each year from 130 to 150 puncheons, from an extent of about 65 acres. Chambertin wine is of a full body and colour. The next was that of the Clos Vougeot, when that small domain was the property of the Church; but it is now considered as the third or fourth growth, and is surpassed by those of Romanée de St Vivant, Mosigny, Clos de Premeau, and some others. Under the name Mâcon, which is the red Burgundy best known in England, are comprehended not only the growths of the Mâconnaise, but also the chief wines of the Beaujolais, forming part of the department of the Rhone. These wines are all red; but the white wines of Burgundy, although less known than the red, maintain the highest rank among the French white wines. The best is the Mont Rachet wine, famous for its high perfume and agreeable nutty flavour; but there are three varieties of it, *ami*, *chevalier*, and *bataud Mont Rachet*, the last of which sells, or used to sell, for only one-third of the price of the first.

The wines of Dauphiny are among the most ancient in France; but the celebrity of some of them, the Condrieux, the Hermitage, and the Côte Rotie, is of very ancient date. The hermitage, which derives its name from the ruins of a hermitage on the rock on which the vineyard is situated, is both red and white; the former being the production of the *siras* and the latter that of the *marcasse* and *rousanne* grapes. The Côte Rotie resembles the hermitage in flavour and perfume; and the department of Vaucluse furnishes a few growths analogous to both, but inferior in quality. Dauphiny yields also a luscious wine, resembling the best Constantia. It is made from the richest grapes, which are hung up or spread upon straw for six or eight weeks, or until they become half-dried, from which circumstance the liquor obtained from them is named "Straw Wine," or *Vin de paille*.

The wines of Languedoc, Provence, and Roussillon, are superior only in the class of sweet wines. The wines of Travel, Chuzclan, St Geniez, Lirac, and St Laurence, are the best of the red wines of Languedoc. They have a bright rose tint. The red wines of Roussillon are the strongest and most durable that France produces; the choicest are those of Bagnols, Cosperou, and Colloure. The wines of Provence are of very ordinary quality. Among the dry white wines of these districts are the Rivesaltes and the Frontignac. The wines of Gascony and Guienne are better known by name in England than any other of those of the French vineyards; the names Lafite, Grave, Château, Margaux, Sauterne, and Barsac, being familiar to most ears on this side of the Channel; yet these wines are understood to be seldom seen on the table in this country, owing to the various processes to which they are subjected by the merchants of Bourdeaux, in adapting them for the English market. Thus we drink an artificial wine called *Claret*, which is made up by adding to each hoghead of Bourdeaux wine three or four gallons of Alicante, or Benicarlo, half a gallon of stum wine, and sometimes a small quantity of hermitage. This mixture undergoes a slight fermentation; and when the whole is sufficiently fretted in, it is exported under the name of claret.

The wines of Spain are distinguished by high flavour, aroma, strength, and durability; but, from the mismanagement of the fermentation, the red wines in particular are dull and heavy on the palate; and, except in dry white wines, none of the Spanish wines will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France. The most perfect are the produce of Xeres, from which our *Sherry* takes its name. The Spanish wines, when not exported, are stored in skins smeared with pitch, which gives them a peculiar and disagreeable taste, called the *oler de bota*, and renders them more liable to become muddy. The principal vineyards at Xeres are in the hands of British and French settlers, and to these the great improvement, of late years, in the manufacture of sherry, is attributed. In making this wine, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately, and dried to a certain extent before they are pressed. The fermentation is allowed to be continued from October till the middle of December, before it is racked from the lees; and that intended for exportation receives a certain proportion of brandy, which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt. The nutty flavour, so highly prized in this country, is produced by infusing bitter almonds in the wine. Good sherry is of a deep amber colour,

and has a fine aromatic odour; its taste is warm, with some degree of agreeable bitterness. When new, it tastes harsh and fiery; it is mellowed by being allowed to remain four or five years or longer in the wood; but it does not attain to its full flavour and perfection until it is kept fifteen or twenty years. It is a very strong wine, containing about 19 per cent. of alcohol. Perhaps no wine is so much adulterated as sherry. Its consumption is very large, amounting to above 2,000,000 of imperial gallons.

In Portugal, the principal wine district is the province of Upper Douro, in which port wine is grown to a great extent, and shipped at Oporto, whence its name. Besides the Douro, other districts in Portugal supply wine. The growths of Alenquer, Torres Vedras, Lamego, and Mogaon, furnish wines resembling the second growths of the Bordelais. The Colares port, which is grown near Cintra, is the only one which has found its way to this country. Bucellas, Setuval, and Carcavellos, are the best of the Portuguese white wines. To return to port. When this respectable and substantial liquor arrives in this country, it is of a dark purple or inky colour, has a full rough body, with an astringent bitter sweet taste, and a strong flavour or odour of brandy. After it has remained some years longer in the wood, the sweetness, roughness, and astringency of the flavour abate; but it is only after it has been kept ten or twelve years in bottle, that the odour of the brandy is completely subdued, and the genuine aroma of the wine developed. When kept to too great an age, it becomes tawny, and loses its peculiar flavour. During the process of mellioration, a considerable portion of the extractive and colouring matter is precipitated on the sides of the vessels in the form of crust. In some wines this change occurs much earlier than in others. A large quantity of brandy is always mixed with the wine shipped from Oporto to England. Genuine unmixed port wine is very rarely met with in this country. We have been so long accustomed to the compounded article, that, were it possible to procure it unmixed, it is doubtful whether it would be at all suited to our taste. According to Mr Brande's analysis, port wine, as used in England, contains about 23 per cent. of alcohol; consequently, nearly the fourth part of every glassful is pure spirit. It should, however, be observed, that this proportion of spirit is not injurious, as the other matter in the wine neutralizes its effects. In purchasing good port, as in other liquors, a very great deal depends on the respectability of character of the merchant. The quality is understood to be injured previous to its shipment, in consequence of a monopoly long enjoyed by an association, called the Oporto Wine Company, under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The quantity of port shipped annually from Oporto to Britain, amounts to above 20,000 pipes, or above 2,300,000 imperial gallons, being about the same quantity that is used of sherry.

The wines of Italy and Greece are but little imported into England. They are, without a single exception, in all respects very inferior to those of France. The natives of Italy bestow no care upon the culture of the vine; and their ignorance, obstinacy, and want of skill in the preparation of wine, are said to be almost incredible. In some districts the art is, no doubt, better understood than in others; but had the Falernian, Cecuban, and other famous ancient wines, not been incomparably better than the best of those that are now produced, they never would have elicited the glowing panegyrics of Horace.

Madiera wines, the produce of the island of that name, have long been in extensive use in this country. There is a considerable difference in the flavour and other qualities of the wines of Madeira. The best are produced on the south side of the island. Though naturally strong, they receive an addition of brandy when racked from the vessel in which they have been fermented, and another portion is thrown in previously to their exportation. This is said to be required to sustain the wine in high temperature, to which it is subjected in its passage to and from India and China, to which large quantities of it are sent; it being found that it is mellowed, and its flavour materially improved, by the voyage. Madeira wines may be kept for a very long period. Indeed, they cannot be pronounced in condition until they have been kept ten years in the wood, and afterwards allowed to mellow nearly twice that time in bottle; and even then they will hardly have reached the utmost perfection of which they are susceptible. The Madeira wines unite great strength and richness of flavour with an exceedingly fragrant and diffusible aroma; they have latterly fallen into disrepute in England. The growth of the island is very limited, not exceeding 20,000 pipes, of which a considerable quantity goes to the West Indies and America. Hence, every sort of deception was practised with respect to it, and large quantities of spurious trash were disposed of for the genuine vintage of the island. This naturally brought the wine into discredit; so that sherry has for several years been the fashionable white wine. Malmsey, a very rich luscious species of the Madeira, is made from grapes grown on the rocky grounds exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, and allowed to remain in the vine till they are over ripe.

Teneriffe wine, the produce of the island of Teneriffe, is used to a moderate extent in England. It resembles Madeira, and is not unfrequently substituted in its place; but it wants the full body and rich flavour of the best growths of Madeira.

The wines of Germany imported into England are principally produced on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Rhine wines constitute a distinct order of themselves. They are drier than the French white wines, and are characterised by a delicate flavour and aroma, quite peculiar, and which would be reckoned *sourness* by the uninitiated. The vineyards of Johannisberg, Steinberg, and Grafenberg, yield the choicest vintage on the Rhine. The hock, or hocheimer, is a Mayn wine. In the Austrian states, the wines are almost all of an inferior quality, being sharp and often entirely acid. Tokay is a Hungarian wine, and is merely the juice which exudes from the half-dried grapes by the pressure of their own weight. It is luscious, and at the same time possessing a high degree of flavour and aroma.

Of the remaining wines imported into England, those of the Cape of Good Hope form the largest proportion; the quantity annually entered for home consumption being about 540,000 imperial gallons. The famous Constantia wine is the produce of two contiguous farms of that name, at the base of the Table Mountain, between eight and nine miles from Cape Town. Cape wines are all inferior in quality to those produced in Europe; some are indeed execrable, but being admitted at half the duty of other wines, they are largely imported as a menstruum for adulterating and degrading sherry, to which they bear

a resemblance. In cookery, Cape wines, from their cheapness, are also sometimes used instead of sherry.

The total amount of wines of every description used annually in the United Kingdom, is about 7,000,000 of imperial gallons, from which the government derives a duty of about £1,500,000.

In former times the chief and most fashionable wine drunk in 'Merry England' seems to have been Canary, a "stoup" of which cheering liquor mingles in all our descriptions of the "olden time." Canary wine, the produce of the Canary Islands, is now little heard of, being almost as obsolete as Sack. With regard to the last-mentioned wine, which has been immortalised by Shakespeare, little is satisfactorily known. It has been ascertained that the wines called Sacks were imported from Spain, and that the name is derived from *sec*, signifying dry. We are informed by Venner that "Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body." This description accords with the epithet "sprightly," usually bestowed on it by the old writers, some of whom extol it as "the elixir of wines." Falstaff complained that there was time in his Sack, which has been thought to allude merely to the adulteration of Sack by the vintners, but, in fact, it throws much light on its genuine qualities, and proves it to be of the same nature as the wines still manufactured in Spain and other countries, from the ripest grapes, which receive a sprinkling of gypsum, or burnt lime, before they are pressed and introduced into the vat. Of Sacks there were different species, as Canary-sack, Palm-sack, and Malaga-sack, &c. Sacks of all kinds are now among the liquors which have been; and, alas, "we ne'er shall look upon their like again."

THE BLUFF MUTTONEER.

Tantus amor ovio, atque gloria!

VIRGIL.

Definition.—MUTTONEER is a term founded upon the word BUCCANEER, and is used to denote a man who is constantly going about seeking what he may devour in the way of good mutton; pursuing this end with all the pertinacity and eagerness with which a buccaneer follows the small craft which he makes his prey, and scarcely to be turned aside from his purpose by any ordinary obstruction.

You may talk of your dandies, your bloods, and fine fellows,
And of all the gay creatures of Princes' Street tell us;
But in my estimation there's none that can peer
With that jolly good fellow, the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

The Bluff Muttoneer! would you have him before ye,
In all his majestic proportions and glory?
Do you wish that the genuine man should appear?
Then look, and I'll show you the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

More sturdy than tall, to the fat just inclining;
A belly whose jet shows some good capon lined;
A swell arriere, over which dangle clear
The gauzy coat-tails of the Bluff Muttoneer

Derry down, &c.

A visage as broad and as bright as the moon,
When she rises in autumn nine nights alike soon;
And like her when half-risen, half-hid, you would swear,
In the web round the neck of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

A hat o'er this visage cocks somewhat aje,
As it was in the year eighteen hundred and three;
A mouth for a jeer and an eye for a leer,
And a cane in the hand of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

And then of the causeway he walks on the crown,
With a sough on the air, would knock any man down;
My faith, ye had better take care how ye steer,
When ye come near the track of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

For every thing's big 'bout this wonderful blade,
His look is a stare, and his voice a cascade;
Ye had better shake hands wi' a Spitzbergen bear,
Or with a smith's vice, than a Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

Yet the Bluff Muttoneer has his softnesses too;
To the friends of his heart he's both kindly and true;
And good wether mutton he holds very dear,
And he's had his attachments—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

On port, now, and mutton, are placed his affections,
And for meaner things he has few predilections;
That he still "likes the gals," he sometimes will swear,
But it's all to no good with the Bluff Muttoneer,

Derry down, &c.

Should you ask him to dine, yet, forgetting his taste,
Give him only some kickshaws surrounded with paste;
Alas, my good friend, they'd be viewed with a sneer,
Being nought in the hands of a Bluff Muttoneer,

Derry down, &c.

In case such an error you e'er should commit,
I'll tell you what things will his appetite hit,
So that you may invite him without any fear
Of affronting—and starving the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

First have a good jigot—be sure it's a wether—
Five-year-old—Teviot-fed—and a smack of the heather
A glass of good sherry—a glass of good beer—
Then port, at the will of the Bluff Muttoneer,

Derry down, &c.

See him planted at table with knife and with fork,
With what practised adroitness he gets through his work!
How he knows when the moment of gorging is near,
And fills to a hair-breadth—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

With what constitutional horror he sees
Fellows keeping a corner for pancakes or cheese!
Such vile disregard of the principal cheer
Seems treason—or worse—to the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

After dinner he talks of some Jockey Club case,
Or what yesternight at the *Shakie** took place!
Or he sings them a song with his whistle so clear,
"If they'll join in the chorus"—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

His songs are the songs of his own early day,
"Dear Tom, this brown jug," or, "In Trafalgar Bay,"
Such things as "Young Love," or the "Calm Bendemeer,"
Are all to de rol with the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

When at nine the young men make a move from their chairs,
And say something 'bout joining the ladies up stairs,
He gives them a look that their livers might spear,
And "the more I won't come," thinks the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

At length when the time has roll'd on to eleven,
He ends with a glee—"To Anacore in Heaven!"
And beginning to feel rather muzzy and queer,
Home staggers in glory the Bluff Muttoneer!

Derry down, &c.

* A house which formerly existed under the name of Shakespeare's Tavern, near the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh—a great house

—"in the year eighteen hundred and three."

THE VENETIAN OLIGARCHY.

The senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers—further observed that of governing with extreme rigour those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them: they supposed them ever disposed to treachery; and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The senate joined to this rigorous the perfidy and mystery which characterise an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence: he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the senate, was placed in the chair of honour: he was pressed to speak, and his discourse applauded. The day began to close; lights were not yet called for, and the General could no longer distinguish the face of those who surrounded him; when suddenly the *Sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture, rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and the answers he made to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out, his mouth gagged, to prevent any protestation of innocence, and placed between the two columns on the square of St Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror.—*Sismondi*.

BEAVERS.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously coking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half-starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prévoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the winter.—*Rose Cor's Colombia*.

GARDENING.—MAY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Thin out the young fruit of apricots, leaving double the quantity intended for the crop. Disbud all sorts of fruit trees against walls, except figs, from forenoon and side shoots, which are not required, and, where long enough, train the rest to the wall. Espalier trees must be looked over in the same manner. All curled and blistered leaves of peaches and nectarines should be picked off and burned, without suffering them to fall on the ground, and the trees washed over by the engine after the middle of the day, but not so late as to prevent the trees getting dry before sunset. If the trees are much infected with insects, and mildew appear, dust the young shoots and leaves with flour of sulphur. Strawberry buds should now be covered between the plants with short grass or straw, in order to keep the surface moist, and the fruit from being soiled by heavy rains. Thin grapes in the stove forcing house, or vinery.

KITCHEN-GARDEN.—Continue hot-beds for cucumbers and melons. Sow seeds of cucumbers under hand-glasses, and ridge out those which were sown last month, to come in for the first hand-glass crop. Sow Cape broccoli, garden and kidney beans, lettuces, peas, spinach, and turnips. Plant out love-apples against walls, poles, or banks; prick out celery, and thin out cardoons. Hoe out carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips. Transplant cauliflowers from frames and hand-glasses, and plant out winter greens.—*Lindley's Guide*.

PARENTAGE OF ROBERT BRUCE.

This great man—the saviour of Scottish independence at a most dangerous crisis—was the son of Bruce, Lord of Annandale, by a lady who was Countess of Carrick in her own right. It appears that the first acquaintance of his parents and their subsequent marriage took place through fortuitous circumstances, so that his existence, and consequently the independence of his country, may be said to have depended upon mere accident. The particulars are thus related by Mr P. F. Tytler, in his late work entitled "Scottish Worthies," published as part of Murray's Family Library:—"It appears that a short time after his return from the crusade, Bruce was riding through the beautiful domains of Turnberry Castle, the property of the widowed Countess of Carrick, who, in consequence of the death of her husband, had become a ward of the crown. The noble baron, however, if we may believe an ancient historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any view of throwing himself in the way of the Countess of Carrick; and, indeed, any such idea in those days of jealous wardship would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent and impetuous temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce, as he pursued his way through the forest alone and unarmed. The Knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants; and the Countess herself riding up, and, with gentle violence, taking hold of the horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he run, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. He here remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately marrying the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or any of her relations. Alexander III., however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on the payment of a large feudal fine, extended his forgiveness to Bruce. The eldest son of this marriage of sudden and romantic love was Robert Bruce the younger, Earl of Carrick, and afterwards King of Scotland. The second was Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, who was crowned king of Ireland in 1316; and besides this regal issue, the Countess of Carrick, who appears to have proved a faithful and affectionate wife, bore her husband three more sons and seven daughters."

A REVOLUTION ANECDOTE.

Gilbert Elliot of Craighend, and afterwards of Minto and Headshaw, ancestor to the ennobled family of Minto, was a "writer" in Edinburgh towards the end of the seventeenth century. In that capacity, he was of such service to the Rev. William Veitch, a persecuted Presbyterian clergyman, as to save his life. The eclat which he acquired by this event brought him into favour and practice. He afterwards became an advocate, and, subsequent to the revolution, was raised to the bench under the designation of Lord Minto. When Lord Minto visited Dumfries, of which Mr Veitch was minister after the revolution, he always spent some time with his old friend; and their conversation often turned on the perils of their former life. On these occasions his Lordship was accustomed facetiously to say, "Ah! Willie, Willie, had it not been for me the pyets had been picking your paw on the Nether-Bow Port;" to which Veitch replied, "Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, had it not been for me, ye would hae been yet writing papers for a plack the page."

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CULTIVATIONS.

ALL men are not agriculturists, horticulturists, or arboriculturists; but yet almost all men are *cultivators*. By this it is meant that men in general cultivate, or coax, or unduly appreciate and fandle, some particular feature of their persons, or else, perhaps, some integument connected with their persons, to such a degree as to be rather conspicuous, while to every thing else they only give the ordinary degree of attention. There are many features of human nature which remain to be detected and described; and this is one—*Cultivations*. So far as I am aware, no one ever thought of pointing it out to mankind; the subject of cultivation has hitherto remained totally *uncultivated*. So it shall be no longer.

Hair, as the only part of the person which actually grows like a vegetable, is naturally a large subject of cultivation. The Cavaliers long ago cultivated love-locks, which they kept hanging down in graceful fashion from their temples. These locks, or curls, are now changed for tufts or bunches of hair, which the young men cultivate at the same place, and are ever shaking up and tedding, exactly as if it were a crop of hay instead of hair. Mark a modern beau as he walks along the street, and you will observe at one glance that the principal part of the man—the heart—the sensorium—the cynosure—the point from which all the rest evolves—the root of the man, in short, is the tuft under the right rim of his hat. All the rest of him is a mere pendulum, vibrating from this axis. As he walks along, he hardly feels that any other part of him is in existence, besides that. But he feels his tuft most intensely. Thought, feeling, every thing, lies concentrated in that; head, body, and limbs, are all alike mere members devolved from it. If you were to cut off the side-bunch of a modern beau in his sleep, he would, for the time, be utterly ruined. If would be like the polypus, deprived of every thing but a single leg; and he would require several months of dormant-existence—that is, retirement from the streets—to let the better part of him grow out again from the worse, which had remained behind. Let not the demure Puritan, however, think that the joke lies all against the gay cavalier or beau. There may be as much of the sin of cultivation in the stroked and glossy hair of the Roundhead or *plain man*, as in the love-locks and bunches of their antipodes in sentiment. I have seen some men, who affected to be very unaffected, cultivate a peak on the top and centre of their brows as sedulously, and with as much inward gratulation on account of it, as ever I saw a dandy cultivate a tuft, or train a side-curl. It must be understood that there are cultivations of a negative character, as well as of a positive, and he who is guiltless of cultivation in his heart is alone guiltless. Next to curls stand whiskers. What a field of cultivation have we there! The whisker is a bounty of nature, which man does not like to refuse taking advantage of. The thing presses upon him—it is *there*; and to put it altogether aside, except upon the demand of temporary fashion, is scarcely to be thought of. Some men, however, are more able to resist the demon of whiskers than others. There are some men so prone to the temptations of this fiend, that they enlarge and enlarge their field of cultivation, by small and imperceptible degrees, till at length the whole chin falls a prey, excepting, perhaps, a small bit about the mouth, just enough to preserve the cultivator within the pale of the Christian church. Sometimes the Whisker Fiend makes an insidious advance or sally up towards the corners of the mouth;

and there—in those small creeks or promontories—does the sin of cultivation invariably flourish more proud and rampant than anywhere else. The whisker of the cheek is a broad, honest, candid, downright cultivation; but that down about the corners of the mouth is a sly and most impish one—a little pet sin, apt to beset its cultivator in a far less resistible fashion than any other; and it may, indeed, be said that he who has given himself fairly up to this crime is almost beyond redemption.

There are some men who cultivate white hands, with long fair nails. For nothing else do they care very particularly—all is well, if only their hands be neat. There is even a ridiculous notion that elegant hands are the most unequivocal test of what is called good birth. I can say, for my own part, that the finest hands I ever saw belonged to a woman who kept a butcher's shop in Musselburgh. So much for the nonsense about fine hands. Then there is a set of people who cultivate a ring on a particular finger—evidently regretting, from their manner of managing it, that the South Sea fashion of wearing such ornaments in the nose has not ever come into this country. Some men cultivate neat ebony canes with golden heads, which, they tell you, cost a guinea. Some cultivate a lip. A few, who fall under the denomination of stout gentlemen, rejoice in a respectable swell of the haunch, with three wrinkles of the coat lying upon it in majestic repose. Some cultivate a neckcloth—some a shirt breast—some a jewelled pin, with a lesser pin at a little distance, which serves to it as a kind of anchor. There has also of late been a great fashion of cultivating chains about the waistcoat. Some only show about two inches of a gold or silver one between the buttons and the pocket; others, less modest, have themselves almost laced round and round with this kind of tracery. There is also to be detected, occasionally, a small patch of cultivation in the shape of a curious watch-key or seal, which depends from part of the chain, and is evidently a great pet. A not uncommon subject of cultivation is a gold watch.

In our time we have known some men whose taste for cultivation descended so low as the very foot: they took a pleasure in a particular jet of the trouser at the bottom, where it joined the shoe. Then there is a class who cultivate silk umbrellas. It is a prevalent idea among many men that a silk umbrella is an exceedingly *genteel* thing. They therefore have an article of this kind, which they are always carrying in a neat careful manner, so as to show that it is silk. They seem to feel as if they thought all right when they have their silk umbrella in their hand: it is a kind of patent of respectability. With a silk umbrella, they could meet the highest personages in the land and not be abashed. A silk umbrella is, indeed, a thing of such vast effect, that they would be content to go in humble guise in every other respect, provided they only had this saving clause to protect them. Nay, it is not too much to suppose them entertaining this belief—that five-and-twenty shillings put forth on a good silk umbrella produces as much value, in dignity, as five pounds spent upon good broad cloth. How some men do fondle and cultivate silk umbrellas!

There is a species of cultivators who may, in some cases, be very respectable, and entitled to our forbearance, but are, in others, worthy of a little ridicule. I mean the health-seekers; the men who go out at five in the morning to cultivate an appetite, and regularly chill every sharp-set evening party they attend, by sitting like Melancholy retired, ostentatiously insisting that they "never take supper." When a health-seeker takes a walk, he keeps his coat wide open, his

vest half open—seems, in short, to woo the contact of the air—and evidently regrets very much that he cannot enjoy it in the manner of a bath. As he proceeds, he consumes air, as a steam-boat consumes coal; insomuch that, when he leaves the place, you would actually think the atmosphere has a fatigued and exhausted look, as if the whole oxygen had been absorbed to supply his individual necessities. Wherever this man goes, the wind rises behind him, by reason of the vacuum which he has produced. He puffs, pants, fights, strives, struggles for health. When he returns from his morning walk, he first looks in the glass, to congratulate himself on the bloom which he has been cultivating in his cheek, and thereafter sits down to solace the appetite which he finds he has nursed into a kind of fury. At any ordinary time, he could spring from his bed at nine o'clock, and devour four cups of tea, with bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks, beyond reckoning. But he thinks it necessary to walk four hours, for the purpose of enabling himself to take eight cups, and a still more unconscionable proportion of bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks. He may be compared, in some measure, to the fat oxen which are sometimes shewn about as wonders, though apparently there is nothing less wonderful, the obvious natural means being taken. These oxen, if left to themselves in a good park, would become very respectable oxen—a little *en-bon-point*, perhaps, but no more. But, being treated otherwise, they are rendered unnecessarily fat and unwieldy; and so it is with the appetite of the health cultivator.

CULTIVATIONS, it will thus be observed, is a subject of vast extent, and of great importance, not only to the landed interest, but to all the other interests of the country. I should be glad to treat it at full length in a separate volume, for which, I doubt not, ample materials might be found. But I must content myself with giving it in the mean time only a kind of *topping*, as the farmers say; and perhaps I may return to it next *harvest*.

VICISSITUDES OF THE EARTH.

No study can be more universally interesting than that which leads us to an acquaintance with the changes our earth has undergone in past ages. If it be possible to ascertain the order of those changes, and the probable periods in which they were effected, it is clear that we may form a complete history of the planet we inhabit, for the entire period necessary to produce the appearances within reach of examination, as well as to infer, with something like certainty, the course of future revolutions. With respect to the origin of the materials composing the globe, science and observation can give us no information. But the vicissitudes to which they have been subjected, and the agents which have been most energetic in operating these vicissitudes, we can easily explore, with the certainty of acquiring information more and more accurate as we prosecute the investigation.

The science which employs itself in this task is called GEOLOGY, or the study of the structure of the earth. A system, which would account for the original birth and organization of the globe, is called *Cosmogony*; but no system of this nature can be more than a series of guesses strung together in some plausible order, or an hypothesis, since nature, though she offers us abundance of signs by which we may learn the changes to which she has been subjected, gives us no indication of a period when she began to exist, or of the mode in which the material universe was brought into being.

Now, the first idea which must strike any one who looks, even in the most superficial manner, on the natural objects by which he is surrounded, is, that every portion of the earth has undergone total, and, until they are accounted for, stupendous changes. If he dig a hole in a peat-moss, he finds huge trees rooted in spots where now there is only a shrubless morass; if he cut through the soil of a verdant meadow, he may find a bed of peat enclosing the trunks of trees; if he go still lower, he discovers a bed of clay, including the beds of fresh water fish; still lower, the shells of sea-fish will be intermingled; while below this last layer, or stratum, the shells of salt water shell fish, or, as a naturalist would call them, marine testacea, which have no river or fluviatile species mixed with them. Again, a mountain stream, the sudden melting of ice, or an unusual frost, detaches a fragment from the side of a hill; and behold, similar layers of buried trees, and shells, and bones, are suddenly exposed to view on the elevated mountain precipice! The native of the district collects some of these shells; he has never seen any like them before; no such fish inhabit the neighbouring lakes, or rivers, or ocean, and he pre-erves them in silent and ignorant amazement. At length a traveller arrives; to him the unknown curiosities are shown; and he redoubles the perplexity of the possessor by informing him that he has frequently collected similar shells inhabited by living fish on the shores of the Indian Ocean, or the banks of some distant river. Ten thousand conflicting ideas now crowd upon the collector's mind. Curiosity so startlingly awakened cannot slumber until some satisfaction has been given to its restless spirit. Did these very objects before me once inhabit those distant climes where their brethren now reside? Were they swept from their original seat by the resistless force of some mighty deluge, and left to perish in these ungenial climes? He looks at the hill-side, and the regular order in which he sees layer after layer deposited, checks this conjecture. Surely, had such been the cause of their transportation, masses would have been heaped upon each other in wild confusion. Can they then have once made this their home and dwelling place? Was this once an expanse of waters fitted for the reception and support of creatures which require the heat of a tropical sun? If so, how can the climate have undergone so miraculous a change? Has the sun changed his course? Such are his probable reflections, until he puts an end to his perplexities in one of those ways, according to the character of his mind. If his intellect be restless, impatient, and feeble, after revolving the matter once or twice, and "finding no end in wandering mazes lost," he discards it altogether from his thoughts as impracticable and useless; if he be a pert, conceited, reasoning thing, ever skipping from conclusion to conclusion, with a sneer for all who do not imitate his agility, he straightway forms an hypothesis, quits his single trace of facts, and flits away to some new topic. Should another traveller pay him a visit, and detail new facts inconsistent with his theory, he gives himself no trouble about that. Ignorance and self-conceit have a ready balm for such wounds, and he contents himself with thinking, if he does not absolutely remark, with the Frenchman, that it is "so much the worse for the facts." But if he has a patient, reflecting spirit, a true desire for knowledge, and a proper sense of the united extent of his information—if, in short, he is by nature and by habit a philosopher in the true sense of the word, he treasures up his acquired knowledge, and sets diligently to work to add to his store. He digs new holes, cuts the face of other hills, carefully observes the appearances offered to his view, and procures all the information in his power from those whose observations have been more extensive than his own, or carried on in another direction. Thus he may hope in time to acquire sufficient information to enable him to form some just idea of the causes of the various and apparently inconsistent appearances he has noticed. The first of these classes are evidently incapable of inquiring with effect into any subject. Numbers of the second, and a few of the third and rarest class, have occupied themselves in geology. Among those, incomparably the most distinguished is Professor Lyell, the Newton of the science, whose views I shall now proceed to explain in as simple and as clear a manner as I can. Indeed, it would be difficult to state Professor Lyell's views of the great law which governs the changes to which the structure of the earth is liable, otherwise than simply and clearly; for simplicity is the characteristic of all the great laws of nature; and when once elucidated, they appear to have been, from the first, a most obvious solution of the phenomena or appearances.

Like all other great philosophers, or men who have been remarkably successful in developing the laws of nature, Professor Lyell has constructed his simple hypothesis upon an almost boundless accumulation of facts. In the industry with which he has amassed information respecting the state of the globe, and the cautious use he has made of his materials, he has no superior except the great master of human knowledge, Aristotle, and the reviser of the true Aristotelian mode of philosophising, Lord Bacon.

Before proceeding to explain Lyell's system, it is necessary to point out some of the errors he has to

combat. Hitherto geologists, when at a loss to account for the traces every where left on the face of the earth of gigantic change, have called in to their aid the unbridled violence of the elements. They have supposed the earth at some past eras to have been seized with convulsive paroxysms, which have dislocated all its parts, and shattered its very frame-work. That after these chaotic agitations, it has again settled down into a comparatively quiescent state. In one of these happy intervals we at present exist, warned only of the lurking energies which have wrought these tremendous results, and which may again probably annihilate, in one vast explosion, the present order of things, by the low growl of some insignificant volcano, the slight tremor of a local earthquake, or the ravages of a partial inundation. These philosophers wielded the powers of nature much in the same way as the pre-Newtonian astronomers did the frame-work of the heavens. As the latter lavished upon the celestial architecture, spheres, cycles, and epicycles, without end, "to save the phenomena," so have the former discharged the earthquake, the volcano, and the deluge, with remorseless fury over the fair face of creation. Were they at a loss to account for the elevation of a mountain ridge? Straightway the subterranean mines were charged, and an explosion which would shake creation to the centre shot the Andes up into the regions of air. Were they perplexed by the remains of marine animals on the summits of lofty mountains? Some sudden inversion of the planet hurled an ocean over the heights, and transported thither fragments and relics from the most opposite and distant regions. Such was the recent state of the science of geology. The entire theory of paroxysms and convulsions was as completely a tissue of inventions, supported by no analogy in nature to account for appearances, as the cycles and epicycles of the astronomers. However, Newton arose, and, by the announcement of the simple law of gravity, put an end for ever to the din of conflicting spheres, and the dizzy maze of centric and eccentric orbs. The simple fact announced by Professor Lyell, as the result of extensive observation and calculation, which is to dispense with these periodical returns of agitation, is, that the operations of nature, as seen around us from day to day, are fully adequate to the production of every change which we can ascertain to have taken place in the structure of the globe. He tells us that we may daily see processes going on, which, though insignificant to our limited and brief opportunities of observation, are yet sufficient, by their ceaseless operation, to level the loftiest mountains, fill the profoundest depths, dissipate existing continents, and elevate into their place the "oase and sunken bottom" of the present ocean.

To do justice to his theory, we must consider it under two divisions—the agencies by which these changes are to be effected, and the most probable popular objections to which it may be liable. These agencies are divided into two principal classes—inorganic and organic; that is to say, agents not endowed with life, and those endowed with life, or vegetables and animals. The inorganic causes of change are again subdivided into aqueous and igneous. The aqueous are streams, springs, tides, and currents. The igneous are the earthquake and volcano. These causes, incessant in their operation, are sufficient, according to Lyell, "to produce every change which can be traced in the structure of the earth, and in the distribution of sea and land. To establish this theory, he has collected an astonishing multitude of facts, comprehending almost all the remarkable earthquakes, eruptions, landslips, and floods, recorded in the annals of time. He shows us how the rivers are incessantly wearing down the hills from which they spring, and the soil through which they flow, and conveying the materials to the ocean; how tides are continually filling up arms of the sea, and conflicting currents excavating the floor of the ocean in one place, and heaping up huge accumulations in others. He tells us how earthquakes have occasioned the sudden subsidence or sinking of land in some quarters, and volcanoes have raised new mountains and islands in others. These changes have actually been effected during the very brief period of which we have any records. Now, then, if the same causes continue to operate through an indefinite series of ages, they are obviously sufficient to produce a revolution in the aspect of the globe, and, in the lapse of time, to restore it again to its present condition. Thus we can ascertain, that, within the last two thousand years, the upper part of the Adriatic has received accessions of land of many miles in extent from the deposits left in it by the Po, the Adige, and other rivers descending from the Alps. How can we, therefore, avoid the conclusion, that, in process of time, that gulf must become an alluvial valley, bounded by the Apennines on the west, and its present mountainous shores on the east, and irrigated by the lengthened Po wandering through the centre? Having once pictured such a result in our imagination, as the certain consequence of causes now in operation, we have only to turn our eyes to the great valleys through which many existing rivers flow, to recognise at once the process of their formation.

A recent intelligent traveller in the Highlands and

* Principles of Geology. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S.
2 Vols. 8vo.

Islands of Scotland describes to us his astonishment and delight in discovering the seas on the west coast filled with living creatures, all of which were engaged in the process of forming land. He perceived that the sea, from Shetland to the Mull of Cantyre, was filled with animals like glittering sand, each of which, on inspection, was found to consist of a minute spiral, resembling the worm of a ramrod, but not the hundredth of an inch in diameter. So numerous were these, that the water seemed muddy with their presence; and he calculates, that if all the hairs on the heads of the men, women, and children, born since the beginning of the world, were enumerated, and all their separate hairs were lives, these would not amount to one generation of this spiral people, born on Monday morning to die on Wednesday night, and so on for ever and ever. Such an infinity of number is absolutely appalling. But even this is nothing, when it is found that the intervals between these are filled by fifty different kinds of creatures, each of them fifty times smaller, and all engaged in the same endless occupation. The invisible, insensible toils of these ephemeral points, conspiring with others in one great design, working unseen, unheard for ever, guided by one volition, by that One Volition which cannot err, converts the liquid water into the solid rock; their bodies die, sink, and concrete; the bottom of the ocean, and the shores of islands, are gradually elevated by the morbid deposit; the deep ocean is at length converted by them into dry land, and extends the dominion of man, who sees it not, and knows it not, over regions which even his ships had scarcely traversed. Thus the Great Pacific, by other means than that of the alluvium of inflowing rivers, is destined, at some future day, to be a new continent.

Facts like these are enough, in my estimation, to indicate the principle of Professor Lyell's theory—a principle which was in fact recognised by some of the ancient philosophers. Indeed it is not to natural objects alone that the great principle of revolution, of decay, and reproduction, is applicable. Every succeeding addition to our knowledge appears to bring us back more and more directly to the views of the leading ancient philosophers, as though science, as well as the material world, had its periods of use, decay, and restoration. Every successive discovery of modern times appears to point more plainly to the principles of the ancients, as though all that we know had been known before, all that we discover discovered before, and the results only to have survived. The process by which the early philosophers arrived at those results has perished; hence doubt and contempt have been thrown upon them by conceited ignorance, until philosophy, after re-exploring the arcana of nature, appears to be finding her way once more to her original resting places. So true is it that there is nothing new under the sun.

In a limited sketch like this it is impossible to do more than indicate the line of argument followed in Professor Lyell's work. For the ample details of facts calculated to establish its truth, I must refer to the work itself.

Let us, however, consider one or two of the objections most likely to occur to plain people when the theory is first explained to them. Many persons are very ready to follow reasoning to a certain extent, who, when a more startling result is presented to them, find it impossible to assent; although it may be quite as fair a deduction as the former. For example, a man may say, "I can easily believe you, when you tell me that a peat-moss was once a forest, and that it was so less than two thousand years ago, when, in addition to the undeniable remains of trees, many of them still rooted in the ground, which I observe, I find beneath it the traces of a Roman road, and hear that the historians of that people mention the spot as a wood; but when I see a bed of coal of prodigious thickness extending quite across the bed of the Forth, at a considerable depth, and you call on me to believe that that too was once vegetable matter, I am staggered, I cannot go along with you." The only way to meet such persons is to show them some equal, or greater, wonder going on before their eyes in a manner which they cannot deny. Detail to him then what is now going on at the mouth of the Mississippi, and his incredulity must give way. In addition to the incalculable quantity of loose drift timber annually carried down and embedded in the Gulf of Mexico by that enormous stream, there is a single raft formed of torn-up trees, ten miles long, two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep, the whole of which has been accumulated, in consequence of some accidental obstruction, in thirty-eight years. How insignificant, then, must this mass of timber, enormous as it is, be, when compared to what must have accumulated in the course of centuries at the mouth of the river! When the progress daily making by the river in shallowing the gulf is ascertained, it requires no distant geological view to look forward to a time when that expanse of water will be converted into a vast alluvial plain, through the centre of which the mighty stream will roll its extended course towards "the bated and retiring waters" of the Atlantic. Our objector will now at once perceive, that, whenever such a time shall come, there must be found beneath the bed of the river strata of vegetable origin, more extensive than imagination can conceive.

There may be no analogy between the actual cases, but the one is not more wonderful than the other; and, on the other hand, they might have been similar. A single fact may sometimes occur so intelligible and undeniable, as to have greater weight with many minds than the most ample evidence collected from quarters less accessible and obvious. Thus, the tree lately found in Craigleith quarry, near Edinburgh, was enough to make a Lyellist of the most obstinate of misbelievers. There it was—no child could see it and doubt that it was a tree—the bark, the bend in the trunk, the spots whence branches had been rent, were all too plain to admit of a moment's mistake. Moreover, it lay embedded fifty or sixty feet in solid rock,

"How did it get there?" was the question. Plainly, the rock could not have been rock when the tree got into its bosom. What alterations of flood, earthquake, and volcano might have been brought into play for the purpose of inserting the hapless monarch of the antediluvian forest in the spot where it unquestionably was found, it is impossible to say. Fortunately, Captain Basil Hall had not long before published a volume of travels, in which occurred the following passage:—

"Some years ago," observes the Captain, "when the Mississippi was regularly surveyed, all its islands were numbered, from the confluence of the Missouri to the sea; but every season makes such revolutions, not only in the number but in the magnitude and situation of these islands, that this enumeration is now almost obsolete. Sometimes large islands are entirely melted away—at other places they have attached themselves to the main shore, or, which is the more correct statement, the interval has been filled up by myriads of logs, cemented together by mud and rubbish. When the Mississippi and many of its great tributaries overflow their banks, the waters, being no longer borne down by the main current, and becoming impeded amongst the trees and bushes, deposit the sediment of mud and sand with which they are abundantly charged. Islands arrest the progress of the floating trees, and they become in this manner reunited to the land; the rafts of trees, together with mud, constituting at length a solid mass. The coarser portion subsides first, and the most copious deposition is found near the banks where the soil is most sandy. Finer particles are found at the farthest distances from the river, where an impalpable mixture is deposited, forming a stiff unctuous black soil. Hence the alluvions of these rivers are highest directly on the banks, and slop back like a natural 'glacis' towards the rocky cliffs bounding the great valley. The Mississippi, therefore, by the continual shifting of its course, sweeps away, during a great portion of the year, considerable tracts of alluvium which were gradually accumulated by the overflow of former years, and the matter now left during the spring-floods will be at some future time removed. One of the most interesting features in this basin is 'the raft.' The dimensions of this mass of timber were given by Darby, in 1816, as ten miles in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep, the whole of which had accumulated, in consequence of some obstruction, during about thirty-eight years, in an arm of the Mississippi called the Atchafalaya, which is supposed to have been at some past time a channel of the Red River, before it intermingled its waters with the main stream. This arm is in a direct line with the direction of the Mississippi, and it catches a large portion of the drift wood annually brought down. The mass of timber in the raft is continually increasing, and the whole rises and falls with the water. Although floating, it is covered with green bushes, like a tract of solid land, and its surface is enlivened in the autumn by a variety of beautiful flowers. Notwithstanding the astonishing number of cubic feet of timber collected here in so short a time, greater deposits have been in progress at the extremity of the Delta in the Bay of Mexico."

This settled the matter at once; nothing could be plainer; the rock was sand when the tree was swept down and embedded; its very position is described as exactly as though the Captain had had his eye upon it when writing. This rock, then, was once sand; and a river capable of sweeping down trees of such dimensions as this, held its way over the spot where I am standing. This is certainly evidence of gigantic change, of revolution, which it makes one giddy to contemplate; yet, after all, the very same process is going on at this very moment on the other side of the Atlantic. I may there see actually in progress operations, to the results of which this apparent wonder before me is the fac-simile. With many minds incapable of doing justice to cumulative evidence, one fact so obvious as this would be decisive.

There is another class of objectors, whose doubts I am peculiarly anxious to remove, because, although their hesitation arises purely from ignorance, yet their motives and feelings are entitled to respect. Persons of imperfect education, unaccustomed to the contemplation of philosophical subjects, too often derive their only notion of the formation of our earth from the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. As that account is very brief and general, it is totally impossible that such persons should acquire any but the most confused and imperfect ideas. Studied, indeed, by the light of philosophy, illuminated by knowledge drawn from that ampler revelation of his works, which the Divine Being has vouchsafed to all his creatures in the great volume of nature, its unexplained announcements are felt to be invested with the unalienable sublimity which belongs to the simple enunciation of mighty truths. The revealed Word of God, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, is one only of the manifestations which he has been pleased to make of himself. Its extent has hitherto been limited; its object is clearly defined, to inform man respecting his relation to his Maker, to unfold to him his immortal destiny, and to instruct him how he may become fit for future happiness. It is in no way intended to supply us with information upon natural philosophy. The great volume of nature is spread before us, on which we may see the history of the works of God traced in characters admitting neither of obliteration nor mistake. The incidental notices, therefore, of such topics, occurring in the written Word of God, must be explained and understood by a reference to the more explicit revelation granted for that purpose. The immeasurable spaces of time required by the geologist, especially under the system we are considering, to produce results which can be undeniably shown to have taken place, will appear to any who understand the usual account, in a certain sense inconsistent with its details. Though this error may, in the present day, be confined to very ill educated, or

childish persons, yet there was a time when it was dangerous for a philosopher to give an opinion on any natural phenomena inconsistent with the ordinary expression of sentiment. Galileo was consigned to a dungeon for asserting that the earth revolved round the sun, whereas it was argued that the sun came forth from the east, and ran his course to the west. Buffon was compelled, by the doctors of the Sorbonne, to recant his theory of the formation of the earth, because it was thought contradictory to the narrative of Moses; and in our country many philosophers, little more than a century ago, were exposed to obloquy, if not persecution, from the same propensity to adduce the authority of Scripture on topics foreign to its purposes.

Let none then fear that his religious belief can be endangered by the rational and unfettered study of nature. It is our duty to study God, in his works and in his Word, and to seek in each that peculiar instruction which they are generally intended to afford. Their lessons, if read aright, will infallibly be found to reflect mutual lustre; distinct, but not discordant; differing, indeed, in dignity, but each bearing the visible impress of the same divine origin.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

No mistake could perhaps be greater than to suppose that we only can take an interest in the sorrows of very lofty and distinguished characters. Yet, upon the strength of this supposition, how exclusively, for many ages, have poets confined their efforts to the tragedies of high historic life! How inseparable is the idea of *dignity* with that of the *Tragic Muse*! No liberal person will deny that the majestic sorrows of even the remotest historical personages have a power over our sympathies; while the very remoteness of their period of existence, and their removal above the general sphere of life, give a scope for romantic sentiment and elevated poetical diction, which would in vain be sought for in the humble tales of the modern domestic world. I would contend, however, that there sometimes occur, in even "the short and simple annals of the poor," situations of more touching distress, more calculated to make the heart gush up to the mouth in a resistless tide of sympathy, than are to be found in almost the whole circle of tragic composition.

Some years ago there appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers an unpretending paragraph, respecting the death of a white mouse in the possession of a poor Italian boy. The incident occurred in George Square, in the south side of the town, upon a very cold day, immediately following a deep fall of snow. The boy was described as quite confounded with grief at the decease of the little animal, which had hitherto been the sole means of procuring his subsistence. A white mouse is perhaps but a poor wonder, and, intrinsically or otherwise, of very little value. But, trifling as it was, it was the poor boy's all. He had ventured from his Italian home, thus far into a less clement latitude, upon the strength of this little creature's life; it was his whole stock in trade; and now that he wanted it, he was reduced to utter poverty and desolation, and no hope remained for the future. The boy had sat down upon an outer stair, reckless of the cold, and the still-descending snow. He had taken the expiring creature from its unsheltered cage, and endeavoured to restore its declining strength by fondling it in his bosom. But it died in spite of all his efforts. Still unwilling to believe in the hardness of his fate, he hurried it back again into his bosom. When, at length, he could no longer doubt of the reality of death, he laid the animal upon his knee, and fixed upon it an eye, which, though filled with only one undropping tear, seemed to predicate a whole history of future sorrow. Now, this story, though not here related with the simple force of the original, is in itself superior to one-half of existing tragedies.

An incident somewhat akin took place still more recently. There is a poor old soldier who made a livelihood in Edinburgh by going about with a nondescript machine, which he employed in grinding knives and razors. The cry of this man, though probably intended to be nothing unusual, was given in such a broken-down voice as to be almost unintelligible. His wheel was employed both in moving the machine along, and in turning the stones upon which he professed to sharpen his knives. The whole was a perfect ruin, patched in all places—here with iron clasps, there with ropes, and even in some places with old rags. It would appear that a system of careful repairing will serve in such a case for a certain time; but it will not serve for ever. The machine got at length so clogged with its bandages, that, when attempted to be turned, it sometimes stood still altogether. One day, in George Street, while employed upon a boy's pen-knife, the fatal crisis arrived. The old man desperately plied the thing upon which his foot rested; but it would not do. He tried to put it to rights, when suddenly the whole engine fell to pieces, and presented only the appearance of a heap of old decayed wood, mingled with ropes and rags. Over this heap the veteran stood like a ruler Niobe. He for the first time found himself in perfect despair. His eye did not see alone that wretched pile of rubbish. It penetrated far beyond, and contemplated a home unprovided with the usual humble necessities, a wife in despair, and children who would cry for bread, and he have none to give them. For a moment there was to be seen upon that lordly street as expressive a picture of real woe as poet or painter could have conceived. Fortunately it was but for a moment. Opposite to the scene of distress lived Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, who, happening to be at the window at the time, observed the deplorable accident, and immediately came forth to the street. Sir William had himself been a soldier, and could sympathise with the sorrows of a brother in arms, however far beneath him in rank. He therefore immediately consoled the man by giving an order for a new machine. Thus, for the sum, I believe, of fifteen shil-

lings, did a man of rank purchase one of the most delightful and ennobling sensations which can warm a mortal bosom—the consciousness of having rescued a fellow-creature from undeserved misery. The last pillow of such a man cannot fail to be smooth.

Another tale of simple distress has been thus related by a country correspondent:—Jean Scott, a poor woman about seventy, lives in the neighbourhood of Hawick. She was the daughter of a small farmer, with whom she lived till her fiftieth year, as a servant. Being then left by him without any provision, she sunk into the condition of a field worker, at some such pittance as sixpence or eightpence a-day. At the age of fifty-seven, even this wretched source of subsistence failed her. She was seized with an universal rheumatism, which nearly deprived her of the use of her limbs. She was then compelled, much against her will, to accept of parochial relief, if relief it can be called, which in almost all cases in Scotland is only a weekly alms, a mere mockery of the wants of a human being. Jean lived in a small cottage in a secluded spot, and, though held in universal esteem on account of her humble goodness and piety, and in compassion for her unhappy fate, she was seldom visited. Almost the only company she could be said to enjoy was that of her cat, a large sensible-looking animal, which she had kept since it was a kitten. When the parish officers were first applied to on Jean's account, they represented that it was not proper for a pauper to support such an animal, as either it must take the bite from her own mouth, or from that of some other poor person. Jean was informed of this; but, humbled as she was, she would not hear of parting with her faithful Gibbie. "John Garlies," she said, "had little ado when he took notice she kept a cat. The poor beast had been mainly her only friend for mony a lang day; and if he were to leave her, what other friend or companion would she have? In reality," she added, "Gibbie needs nae 'parish support; he's sic a grand hunter that he can support himself; or, at maist, never expects any thing but his wee drop milk, that's neither here nor there. Part wi' Gibbie! na, ye may tell John Garlies that, rather than do that, I wad want his fourteen-pence a-week a'thegither." Jean carried the day by her energy. The relief was granted without any farther notice of the cat. At length, one severe winter, the friend who was in the habit of bringing her little weekly sum was prevented from doing so by the impossibility of making way through the snow to her secluded and remote abode. All the meal she had in the house was in time exhausted, and, as she had not many peats remaining, she thought it best to take refuge in her bed. There she lay down, with hardly any hope of being rescued from the most painful of all deaths. For a day and a night she lay thus without food. At length, on the second morning, what was her delight on seeing Gibbie come in with a hare in his mouth, which he laid down by her bed-side! It was an animal which some poacher had wounded, and which, in its subsequent distress, had fallen an easy prey to her favourite. Jean, after devoutly blessing her Maker for this supply, rose, and repairing to the burn for water to dress her meal, was now able to prepare a meal even much superior to her usual fare. She remarked to the person who first came to her in her loneliness, that it was evident that He who fed his favourite children with manna and with quails, was still able to provide food in the wilderness for the poorest of his servants. No meal, she said, was ever so delicious in her mouth, not only from the "savour" of the flesh, but from the taste of God's mercy and goodness which she enjoyed along with it.

As a conclusion to these little traits of the poor, I present the following verbatim as I have received it, from the pen of a lady:—

"As I was hurriedly crossing one of the streets of the New Town about a year ago, I was arrested by hearing a sigh, and, looking aside, I perceived an old man, who slightly touched his hat, when I paused a moment to look at him, as I was conscious the sigh had proceeded from him. I asked him if he was in distress. He spoke not, but took his hat from his head, and, with a piteous, heart-rending look, held it out to me. To my great distress, I happened not to have a farthing in my pocket that day, but I assured him that I would be owing him a penny, which I should pay the next time we should meet. I had frequently seen him before, but, from the circumstance of his never having stooped to ask alms, or attracting my attention in any other way, he had passed unheeded. About a week after this time I met him again. My heart smote me—I had no money in my pocket—I paused, and told him so—he burst into tears. I felt touched with pity, and inquired with earnestness into the cause of his distress. He shook his head mournfully, and replied, that his story was long; that I would not stay to hear the sum of his grief; that the rich were callous to the miseries of the poor—he had found it so. I said, he wronged me; that I had really intended to relieve him, but by an unfortunate chance, had no money both times. The old man saw I was serious, and immediately taking off his threadbare ragged hat, which exposed a snow-white head, told me that he was the son of gentleman, whom he had scarcely ever seen since his childhood; that he had never known his mother. He had been sent at the age of seven years to a seminary about twenty miles from Edinburgh, and had there received a liberal education. At the age of sixteen he was taken from school, and sent to the University of St Andrews. Thus, he was a gentleman and a scholar. He had always received remittances through an agent of his father, but now the agent sent for him to his house, and told him that his father had been nearly ten years in India; but as he was in ill-health, it was his wish to return to his native country for three years, and go out again; but previous to setting off, he intended to see his son fairly settled there, and begged that his departure might not be delayed. Every preparation was therefore speedily made, and he set out for India, where he arrived after a

tedious voyage of nine months. His hopes were high, but he met his father with uncertainty; he was yet a stranger to him; there was a mystery about his birth that he was never able exactly to comprehend, and into which he was almost afraid to inquire. His father received him kindly. He had a small property in India, besides a commission under the Company. He meant his son to take the management of his property in his absence, and told him that when he was in England, he would take measures to secure it to him as his successor. He then told him that he was a natural child, and an only one; his mother had died shortly after his birth. More he did not say, and more the son could not ask. It was enough. He felt the sting severely, but it would have been still more severe had he not already more than half feared the reality. After some months spent in daily occupations on the grounds, his father left him for England; but, alas! he was destined never more to see his native land—he died on his passage home. As soon as his death was reported to his friends, a nephew came forward as heir to his monies and estate. He went out to look after it himself. The poor unhappy son was despised and neglected; he had not a place whereon to lay his head. Thus do the errors of the guilty often bring punishment upon the innocent. After spending forty years in India, tossed up and down, enduring many hardships, and perils, and ill-health, he gathered as much together as enabled him to return to Scotland, where he had been wandering up and down without a friend to help him, or a relation that he knew of in the world, seeking what he could find, and occasionally making a little money by writing a few short sketches of his travels, and selling them to a country newspaper or magazine. From one thing to another he at last became a poor unhouseled wretch; and when I saw him, he had almost overcome, from mere want and destitution, all feelings of shame, and was just verging upon the condition of a common beggar. We know not half the hardships the poor go through, nor can we know, unless we make inquiry. I gave the old man my card, and begged him to come to my house, and receive some relief. He came, and regularly returned once a week, according to my desire, for two months. After that I heard nothing more of him for a long time, and I began to fear that he might be among the number of those unfortunate individuals who had lately lost their lives by the pestilence. My curiosity was strongly excited by reading in the newspapers, among other cases reported, that of an old man who died after twelve hours' illness. It was supposed he had caught the infection from going to a house where there had been three deaths the night before. I was strongly tempted to inquire into the case, and accordingly made every inquiry both from the medical man of the district, and others concerned. I was right; it was the same old man with the silver hair and dejected countenance; and I was told that when he was first aware that he was taking cholera, and they were preparing to convey him to an hospital, he made a singular confession. He had heard, he said, that persons who were suspected of having been at the houses of any who had died of cholera, were immediately taken up by the Police, and carried off to a quarantine hospital, where there was every comfort and accommodation; good meat and drink, warm fire and bed—in short, a paradise to what he had been accustomed to. This idea taking possession of his mind, he had at first wilfully visited an infected house, and then gone and surrendered himself to the Police. Alas! in seeking for a temporary haven of rest, he had rushed upon destruction. Ere he had been four-and-twenty hours in the hospital, the symptoms of the disease appeared upon his emaciated frame, and, being immediately removed to the sick hospital, he died after twelve hours of intense suffering."

OUR EAST INDIA POSSESSIONS.

THE colonies immediately dependent on Great Britain, and which are treated as provinces of the empire, however distant they may be, are all inferior in point of value and capabilities to the extensive territory of Hindostan, or the East Indies, as the place has been called. This region, which has fallen under the authority, and almost the proprietary, of a body of English merchants, in a manner immediately to be described, is situated at the southern extremity of Asia, and is principally peninsular in its form. On its northern or inland quarter it is bounded by the Himalaya Mountains, a lofty and extensive range, separating it from the Tartarian deserts. On the south it is everywhere washed by the ocean, and at its outer extremity lies the island of Ceylon. The extreme length of Hindostan has been computed to exceed 1900 miles; its extreme breadth has been taken at 1500; yet such is the irregularity of its form, that the total artificial area cannot be estimated at more than 1,280,000 English square miles. This district is marked out, as it were, by nature, into three grand divisions. The first and greatest of these, called Hindostan Proper, embraces all the provinces north of the Nerbuddah, from the river Indus in the east, to the borders of Chittagong. The second, called the Deccan, includes all within the Nerbuddah and the Kistna. The third, or India south of the Kistna, takes in the remainder of the country. The outermost, or narrowest portion of the peninsula, comprehends the districts called the Mysore and Carnatic.

Every geological feature of India is on a great scale. There are vast sandy deserts, many extensive morasses or jungles, and ranges of Ghauts or mountains of enormous proportions. There are thirteen rivers in the country of the first magnitude; the greatest of these waters being the Ganges. The seasons are periodical in India, and every degree of temperature

is to be found, from burning heat to perpetual frosts; but with the exception of an alpine tract among the northern mountains, the climate is strictly tropical; it promotes the growth of all congenial fruits, plants, and vegetables, in the most luxuriant profusion, but is generally injurious to the health of Europeans. The country is easily affected with pestilences from its hot jungles, and these carry off great numbers of the natives, who, according to one of their own writers, would soon increase to too great a number, but for the occasional destruction of life which thus takes place.

Hindostan has been, from a very remote period of history, in the possession of a race of men as singular in their moral and political habits as they are strongly marked by the peculiarity of their physical formation. Though belonging to a variety of petty principalities, the inhabitants, or Hindoos, bore a resemblance to each other; they were scrupulously divided into sects or castes, were simple but munificent in their mode of living, and were Pagans in their worship. Hindostan was overrun by hordes of Mahomedan invaders in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and these being generally successful in gaining the mastery, quite a new and severe authority was established over India. This interesting country is found to have reached a high degree of refinement, and been engaged in commercial pursuits long before it was visited by Europeans for purposes of civilization. The Greeks and Romans procured from India, ivory, spices, precious stones, silks, and cotton piece goods, in exchange for woollen cloths of a light texture, linen in chequered work, glass, and other articles. It is ascertained that the Hindoos, at an early period, were so far masters of astronomy as to be able to calculate eclipses accurately, and upon sound principles, while numeration by decimals seems to have been indigenous to their country.

While the sovereignty of Hindostan passed from one foreigner to another, or became divided among a multitude of lesser usurpers, the productions of the country, both natural and manufactured, continued to be held in high estimation by nations in the west. The luxuries or manufactured goods of India were nevertheless introduced into Europe by a tedious and expensive route. They were conveyed by land by a march of eighty or a hundred days to the banks of the Oxus, on which they were embarked in vessels which bore them to the Caspian Sea, across which they passed, not without risk, and then ascending the river Cyrus, as far as it was navigable, they were transported over land by a five days' carriage to the Phasis. From the Phasis again they passed to the Black Sea, into which the Phasis falls, while from the Black Sea itself they were conveyed by an easy and well known course to Constantinople. The hazards attending the conveyance of goods were necessarily very great, for in their journey across the vast plain extending from Samarcand to the frontier of China, caravans were exposed to the assaults and depredations of the Tartars, the Huns, the Turks, and other roving tribes which infest the north-east of Asia. Yet the trade with the east was carried on, despite of all these disadvantages, with singular perseverance and ardour. Constantinople became in consequence a great mart of Indian productions.

The Venetians at length interfered in this lucrative traffic, and had the address to secure the most of its advantages. The envy of the other nations of Europe became excited; a thousand schemes were devised with a view of gaining a share in a commerce so profitable, which in the end were successful on the part of the Portuguese. Vasco de Gama, a man of rare talents and courage, succeeded in doubling the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th of November 1497, and pushing boldly across the Indian seas, arrived at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, on the western side of the peninsula, on the 22d of May 1498.

The discovery of a road by sea to Hindostan produced an extensive traffic with Portugal for the period of a century, but led, as might have been expected, to the ultimate subjugation of the Indian powers by the Europeans. The English having fallen into the opinion that none but the Portuguese had a right to use the route by the Cape of Good Hope, they did not disturb their commerce; the spirit of the nation, however, was not dormant; it was attempted to discover new roads to India, and the adventurous voyages of Drake and Cavendish (1580-6) to Hindostan, by the Straits of Magellan, or the southernmost point of South America, in some measure laid the regions of the East open to British enterprise. In the meanwhile the Portuguese, though they added several valuable stations, particularly Bombay, to their Indian empire, were not left without a rival in the trade to the East, independent of the British. The Dutch penetrated the forbidden channel, and appeared to the dismay of the Portuguese, among the Moluccas. Here the sagacious Hollanders were not slow in supplanting their rivals in the spice trade, whilst they were very little scrupulous in the application of force, as soon as they saw ground to expect that it might be applied advantageously. After a brief but sharp struggle the Portuguese were wholly expelled from the Moluccas; establishments were next formed in Java and Sumatra; and rapid strides were made towards the erection of a new monopoly, which threatened to engross all the most valuable commerce of

these regions. Nor were the Dutch less careful in providing means for the protection of the trade, than industrious in securing the trade itself. They erected forts at convenient stations, which they filled with soldiers, while their armed fleets swept the bays and channels both of the Chinese and Pacific Oceans, with a force which even England would have found it a hard matter, at that time, adequately to oppose. It was no sooner known in London that the Dutch had penetrated beyond the Cape of Good Hope, than the English merchants determined, at all hazards, to keep pace with their rivals.

Now commences the history of the British power in India. In the year 1599, an association of merchants, consisting of a governor and twenty-four directors, was formed, and incorporated by a charter, dated 31st December 1600. The corporation was entitled "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." They were empowered to make bye-laws; to inflict punishments, either corporal or pecuniary, provided such punishments were in accordance with the laws of England; to export all sorts of goods free of duty for four years; and to export foreign coin, or bullion, to the amount of £30,000 a-year, £6000 of the same being previously coined at the Mint; but they were obliged to return, six months after the completion of every voyage, except the first, the same quantity of silver, gold, and foreign coin that they had exported. The duration of the charter was limited to fifteen years, but with and under the condition that, if it were not found for the public advantage, it might be cancelled at any time, upon two years' notice being given. Such was the origin of the East India Company, the most celebrated commercial association either of ancient or modern times, and which has now extended its sway over the whole Mogul empire.

The first adventure of the Company was exceedingly fortunate. On the 13th of February 1601, five ships, loaded with bullion, iron, broadcloths, glass, cutlery, and other goods, set sail from England, and landed at Sumatra, in July 1602. Commercial treaties were entered into with some of the native powers; a valuable cargo of pepper and other produce was taken on board, and the vessels returned home, falling in with and capturing on the way a richly laden Portuguese vessel. The expeditions which immediately followed were not so profitable. But in 1612, Captain Best obtained from the court of Delhi, at that time one of the chief Indian powers, several considerable privileges, and amongst others, that of establishing a factory at Surat, which city was henceforth looked upon as the principal British station in the west of India, till the acquisition of Bombay.

It is curious to trace the steps now pursued to secure the sovereignty of this extensive and fair territory. In establishing factories in India, the English (says McCulloch, whose excellent condensed account of the East India Company I now quote from) only followed the example of the Portuguese and Dutch. It was contended that they were necessary to serve as depots for the goods collected in the country for exportation to Europe, as well as for those imported into India, in the event of their not meeting with a ready market on the arrival of the ships. Whatever weight may be attached to this statement, it is obvious that factories formed for such purposes could hardly fail of speedily degenerating into a species of forts. The security of the valuable property deposited in them furnished a specious pretext for putting them in a condition to withstand an attack, while the agents, clerks, warehousemen, &c. formed a sort of garrison. Possessing such strongholds, the Europeans were early emboldened to act in a manner quite inconsistent with their character as merchants; and but a very short time elapsed before they began to form schemes for monopolising the commerce of particular districts, and acquiring territorial dominion. A detail of the means employed by the East India Company to secure a footing in Hindostan, and its rise to its present enormous power, will form the subject of another paper.

SAILORS AND MARINES.

The words marine and mariner differ by one small letter only: but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the "Jollies" and the "Johnnies." The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in the barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say most of their duties, are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the deck; both eat salt junk, and drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft.—*Basif Hall.*

Scottish Anecdotes.

DR WEBSTER.

THERE never, perhaps, was a man of higher convivial powers than the late Dr Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He, in the first place, could enjoy a plentiful and substantial dinner. Then, he could drink three, or even four, bottles of wine at a sitting, without injury to his constitution, or even to his senses, for the time. Lastly, his conversation, on all festive occasions, was a treat of the highest kind. In his time, the magistrates of Edinburgh used to hold frequent festivals in the Star and Garter Tavern, Writers' Court (the celebrated "Clirehugh's") and at all their meetings, they made it their endeavour to have Dr Webster. He was thus led oftener into company than the decency of his cloth could warrant; yet he was, withal, so worthy a man, and so eloquent a preacher, that it would have been a heinous fault indeed which was not forgiven him, both by his flock and by society at large. What rendered this the more remarkable was, that he not only stood high in the ranks of the orthodox, or rigid party, of the Scottish clergy, but was the pastor of a flock which had long been noted for its highflying doctrinal belief, as well as for the strictness of its moral conduct. Reader, he was the minister of that portion of St Giles's called the Tolbooth Kirk; and his congregation was commonly styled the Tolbooth Whigs, on account of their resemblance to the Covenanters of the seventeenth century. Frequent as were his indulgences, and stern as was his flock, Dr Webster lived and died respected, and almost venerated by them. He was a most noted illustration of a great truth—that sins for which ordinary men are condemned and punished with all due severity, are only smiled at, or even perhaps appreciated, in men who have acquired the good graces of the world by genius, or any other agreeable quality. There seemed actually to be a conspiracy among the citizens of Edinburgh to wink at the failings of this popular clergyman. Sometimes, when he was observed walking through the streets of the city, at two or three o'clock in the morning, the people would only observe, "Ah, there's Dr Webster, honest man! He's been ta'en out o' his warm bed, I see warrant, at this untimely hour o' night, to see some puir body. Worthy man!—zealous Christian!—he doesna weary in weel-doing, I trow. It maun be sair on the puir man's health, this night wark; but it will a' tell to his ain guid in the end o' the day."

On one particular occasion, when, rather later and rather more intoxicated than usual, he was stepping softly along the pavement, a friend who met him could not help remarking, "Ah, doctor, doctor, what wad the Tolbooth Whigs say if they saw ye just now?" "Deed," answered the doctor, with his wonted readiness of reply, "they just wadna believe their ain een;" that is to say, they were so prejudiced in his favour, that they would not trust the evidence of their own senses to condemn him.

The history of Dr Webster's marriage is romantic. When a young and unknown man, he was employed by a friend to act as go-between, or, as it is termed in Scotland, black-fit, or black-foot, in a correspondence which he was carrying on with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment. Webster had not acted long in that character till the young lady, who had never entertained any affection for his constituent, fell deeply in love with himself. Her birth and expectations were better than his; and however much he might have been disposed to address her on his own behalf, he never could have thought of such a thing, so long as there was such a difference between their circumstances. The lady saw his difficulty, and resolved to overcome it, although at the expense of her own delicacy. At one of these interviews, when he was exerting all his eloquence in favour of his friend, she plainly told him that he would probably come far better speed if he were to speak for himself. He took the hint, and, in a word, was soon after married to her. He wrote upon the occasion an amorous lyric, which exhibits in warm colours the gratitude of a humble lover for the favour of a mistress of superior station, and which is perhaps as excellent altogether in its way as the finest compositions of the kind produced in either ancient or modern times. There is one particularly impassioned verse, in which, after describing a process of the imagination, by which, in gazing upon her, he comes to think her a creature of more than mortal nature, he says, that at length, unable to contain, he clasps her to his bosom and—

"Kissing her lips, she turns woman again;"

one of the finest amatory ideas ever committed to song.

As may be easily supposed, Mrs Webster was not by any means disposed, like the rest of the world, to regard her husband's convivial propensities with indulgence. On the contrary, she endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent him from remaining abroad too late at night; never permitting him to get home on any of these occasions without questioning him very closely as to the where, the wherewithal, and the wherefore, he had been thus besotting himself. It is well known, that if wives will ask impertinent questions of that kind, husbands will tell dreadful lies, to avoid the wrath which they know must fall upon them in case of their divulging the truth. It was a frequent custom of the doctor to answer, that

he had "just been down calling for Dr Erskine [a brother clergyman,] and the doctor had insisted upon him staying to supper." Dr Erskine, who was a clergyman of great worth, but withal not averse to a joke, happened eventually to learn that his friend Webster was in the habit of making him his stalking-horse in this manner; and he resolved to expose the defaulter, in a good-humoured way, to his much-deceived wife. One night, therefore, when Dr Webster was actually in his house, in an accidental way, he made an excuse to retire, and, leaving Webster to sup with Mrs Erskine, went up to the Castle-hill to call for Mrs Webster. Dropping in, as if nothing unusual was in the wind, he consented to remain with Mrs Webster to supper; and thus the two clergymen mutually supped with each other's wife, and in each other's house, neither of the said wives being aware of the fact, and Webster equally ignorant of the plot laid against his character for veracity. Long before Webster's usual hour for retiring, Dr Erskine took leave of Mrs Webster, and returned to his own house, where he found the reverend object of the hoax as yet only as it were pushing off from the shore of sobriety. When his time was come, Webster went home, and being interrogated as usual, "Why," answered he, now at least speaking the truth, "I've just been down at Dr Erskine's." Let the reader conceive the torrent of indignant reproof, which, after having been restrained on a thousand occasions when it was deserved, at length burst forth upon the head of the unfortunate, and for once innocent doctor. The violence and copiousness of the torrent was such, that for some time the intellects of its devoted object were fairly swept away and buried beneath the inundation. When it had at length subsided, and left some points of dry land above the flood, the doctor discovered the hoax which had been played off upon him; and the whole affair was explained satisfactorily to both parties next day by Dr Erskine's confession. But Mrs Webster declared, that, from that time forth, for the security of both parties from such deceptions, she conceived it would be as well, when Dr Webster happened to be supping with Dr Erskine, that he should bring home with him a written affidavit, under the hand of the said Dr Erskine, testifying the fact.

THE LOST WIG.

While Lord Coalstown lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstown was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His Lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His Lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned: but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.

RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION

The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also told the following traditional anecdote connected with the subject:—A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister

on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of —, some miles off (not that of Mr Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Na; he's no at hame yeno," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall baptizee my bairn." Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting." Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsan a wean!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber. "The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle." "The minister is at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himsell that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night, before gangin to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate: it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could." "That the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If he does this, what may the rest no do! Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!" — From Chambers's Scottish Anecdotes.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

The habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous. Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pens, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Harmonicon*, a respectable musical periodical, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of Champagne by his side, he wrote his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious, dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Mohnara*, and other chefs-d'œuvre of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the Fathers of the Church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

AMONG men who have distinguished themselves in literary pursuits, and been remarkable for the difficulties which they overcame in attaining a deserved eminence in society, none can be more worthy of being made known to my juvenile readers than the late amiable Dr Blacklock, a Scottish poet of the last century, and a person who, from his earliest youth, laboured under the irremediable calamity of total blindness.

Thomas Blacklock was born on the 10th of November 1721, at Annan, a town in Dumfries-shire; his parents were natives of Cumberland, his father a bricklayer, and his mother the daughter of Mr Richard Rae, an extensive cattle-dealer. Before he was six months old, he lost his sight in the small-pox, and was thus rendered incapable of learning a mechanical trade, while the poor circumstances to which a series of misfortunes had reduced his father, placed equally beyond his reach an education for any of those professions where the exercise of the mental faculties is principally required. His affectionate parent seems to have been aware, however, that the happiness of his son, shut out from so many of the enjoyments afforded by the external world, must mainly depend upon his intellectual resources; and, in order to form these, he devoted part of his leisure hours to such instruction as his poor blind boy was susceptible of;—he read to him at first the books adapted to the understanding of a child, and afterwards those fitted for a maturer capacity, such as Milton, Spenser, Prior, Pope, and Addison. His companions also, who pitied his want of sight, and loved him for his gentle disposition, lent their assistance in this task of kindness; and by their help he acquired some little knowledge of Latin. Thomson and Allan Ramsay were his favourite authors; and it was as early as his twelfth year that he evinced still more decidedly his love of the poetical art by the composition of an ode, addressed "To a little Girl whom I had offended"—a production not remarkable solely on account of the future celebrity of its author, but because it displays at once his mildness of temper and lively fancy.

Thus early did Blacklock show, that in the course of reading chosen for him, his father had not mistaken the bent of his inclination. But though, as I have mentioned, some of his comrades delighted to forward his favourite studies, and, by their assiduous attentions, to make him forget the deprivation under which he laboured, there were others who took pleasure in rendering him bitterly conscious of his misfortune, and exulted in the success of such practical jokes as it was easy to make him the subject of. It is but too obvious that his own experience at this period, when exposed to the insults of unfeeling boys, suggested the reflection introduced in the article "Blind," afterwards written by him for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—"Parents of middle or of higher ranks," he there remarks, "who are so unfortunate as to have blind children, ought by all possible means to keep them out of vulgar company. The herd of mankind have a wanton malignity which constantly impels them to impose upon the blind, and to enjoy the painful situation in which these impositions place them. This is a stricture upon the humanity of our species, which nothing but the love of truth and the dictates of benevolence could have extorted from us. But we have known some," he adds, evidently referring to himself, "who have suffered so much from this diabolical mirth in their own persons, that it is natural for us, by all the means in our power, to prevent others from becoming its victims." The very means taken to alleviate Blacklock's misfortune in some sort increased its force; for as his mind expanded, it taught him to feel with greater keenness his own dependent condition: familiar with some of the noblest flights of genius, and himself become a poet, he would probably have exchanged all his intellectual stores for the ability of earning his bread by handicraft labour. Lamenting his blindness, he thus closes an enumeration of the miseries it entailed upon him—

"Nor end my sorrows here: The sacred fane
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
With heart-consuming anguish I behold;
Knowledge for which my soul insatiate burns
With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
Nature this wretched being, and supply
Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know."

Alternately depressed by a sense of his own helplessness, and comforted by that piety with which he seems to have been from first to last most deeply imbued, Blacklock lived at home till his nineteenth year. A fresh misfortune then overtook him in the loss of his father, who was crushed to death by the fall of a malt-kiln, with eighty bushels of grain upon it, belonging to his son-in-law. Blacklock's affection for his parents must have exceeded that of other children; for that anxious solicitude about his safety and comfort, which other boys begin to forget when the business of the world removes them from its immediate influence, had been to him extended over those years when to the helplessness of a child he added the sense and feelings of a man. To his keenly susceptible mind this stroke must therefore have been peculiarly afflicting. And it was attended not only with regret on account of remembered benefits, but

also by the anticipation of future evils. A means of livelihood was indeed suggested by Blacklock's love of music. As he played well on the violin and flute, and even composed pieces with taste, it was proposed that he should follow this art as a profession. "But the unhappy situation in which he was then placed," says the authority upon which this statement is given, "made him dread consequences to which he could never reconcile his mind. The very thought that his time and talents should be prostrated to the forwarding of loose mirth and riot inspired him with an honest indignation." Unable to bring down his mind to this occupation—the only one which seemed within his reach—deprived of the stay on which he had hitherto leaned, blind and feeble, no wonder that the fate of a houseless beggar sometimes presented itself as what might possibly happen to himself. Burns occasionally indulged in similar forebodings; but when he depicts his unhappy fortune, and doggedly exclaims

"The last o't, the worst o't,
Is only but to beg!"

we must be excused for iron-heartedly recollecting that he was an able-bodied man, who, as his brother Gilbert records, never met with his match in mowing—the hardest of all rustic labour. A man so gifted, yet so complaining, meets with little sympathy, as he is entitled to none; but with poor Blacklock the dread of dying a houseless wanderer was more than a mere rhetorical flourish, or the indulgence of a groundless querulousness. While we read the lines in which he unfolds his fears, we perceive that anguish wrung his heart in writing them, and we know that his situation justified his apprehensions.

"Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
May come—perhaps this moment it impends—
Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
Naked, and beat by all the storms of heaven,
Friendless and guideless, to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor unsheltered head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire."

Although gloomy anticipations like these sometimes intruded, Blacklock did not permit them to overwhelm him, but calming his fears, and resting with a pious confidence in the awards of a protecting Providence, he continued to live with his mother for a year after his father's death.

Some of his poems had by this time got abroad, and made him known beyond his own immediate circle of friends. I shall not pretend to deny that the circumstance of his blindness had some effect, in addition to the intrinsic merits of these productions, in making them be sought after and dispersed among literary persons. On account of their being the verses of a blind poet, they were no doubt read by many who were little able to appreciate their real excellences, and who, having gratified their curiosity, did not concern themselves about the condition of the author; but still by this means the fame of Blacklock's genius was extended; and at last it reached a gentleman, who to curiosity added benevolence of heart. This was Dr John Stevenson, a physician in Edinburgh, who, while on a professional visit in Dumfries, saw some of our author's pieces, and resolved to afford the young man's talents the opportunity of expanding in avocations and amid society more congenial to one so much restricted to pleasures of an intellectual kind. Accordingly, Blacklock was, in 1741, induced to remove to the metropolis, where he attended a grammar-school for some time, and afterwards entered as a student in the college, Dr Stevenson supplying him with the means necessary for the prosecution of his studies. To the friend who thus so efficaciously patronized him, he afterwards inscribed an imitation of the ode to Mæcenas, which occupies the first place in his poems as it does in those of Horace; and that he never forgot the benefits bestowed upon himself is manifested by the ready zeal which his future life at all times displayed for the encouragement of unnoticed genius.

Blacklock's studies were interrupted by the expedition of the Highlanders, in 1745; and during the distractions consequent upon that memorable campaign he resided in Dumfries with Mr M'Murdo, his brother-in-law. On the re-establishment of peace, he returned to college, and studied six years more. In this period he acquired a good knowledge of all those branches of education where he was not hindered by the want of sight, and became better skilled than was common in the French language, from being on habits of intimacy with the family of Provost Alexander, whose wife was a Parisian. It may well inspire wonder that latterly there was no science with which Blacklock had not made himself acquainted—no learned language which he did not master—and no modern tongue, of any acknowledged use to a man of general literature, with which he was not more or less familiar.

Amid the severer studies of classical learning, philosophy, and theology, his attachment to poetry was not forgotten. In 1746, a volume of his verses in 8vo. was published at Glasgow. A second edition followed at Edinburgh, in 1754; and two years afterwards, a quarto edition, with an account of his life by Mr Spence, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, came out by subscription in London.

Hume the historian was among the friends who early interested themselves in the fortunes of Blacklock, and was of considerable service in promoting the subscription to the London edition of his poems; but all intercourse between them was subsequently broken off.

The course of study followed by Blacklock at college was that usually gone through for the purpose of entering upon the ministry; but it was not till after the abandonment of a project (which he began to entertain in 1757, and from which he was dissuaded by Mr Hume, after making considerable preparations towards it) for delivering lectures on oratory, that he finally adopted the resolution of becoming a clergyman. Having applied himself for some time exclusively to the necessary studies, he was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery of Dumfries, in 1759. He soon acquired considerable reputation as a pulpit orator, and took great delight in composing sermons, a considerable number of which he left behind him; these it was at one time the intention of his friends to publish, but for some reason or other this has never been done.

I have already adverted to the unthinking insults to which his blindness exposed him while a boy, and it appears but too certain that many who had arrived at manhood in respect of their outward frame, did not treat him with greater tenderness in his maturer years. They did not, perhaps, decoy him to the edge of a ditch that they might have the satisfaction of seeing him flounder into it, or offer prickles to his grasp that they might be diverted by the contortions of countenance which the unexpected wounds occasioned; but they went to see the blind poet, and induced him to recite his verses, from the same kind of motive that takes people to witness the exhibition of a learned pig. Blacklock's position in regard to such visitors was peculiarly painful: he was in a great measure dependent upon his talents for support; and to have indignantly refused to display them, would have been to raise up obstacles to his own success. His feelings were at the same time the most nicely wrought, and even the triumphs of genius did not afford him perfect gratification; for he knew that his hearers were not carried away by his enthusiasm, but listened with a cold and critical attention, noting every peculiarity of tone, look, and gesture. He has himself told us how exquisitely painful was the consciousness of being the object of such unfeeling curiosity.

In 1762, the Earl of Selkirk procured from the Crown a presentation to the parish of Kirkcubright in favour of Mr Blacklock, who, having thus the prospect of a competent income, married Mrs Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries. But, though not disappointed in the happiness he expected to derive from this union, the gleam of fortune which seems to have induced him to form it, forsook him immediately after the step was taken. He was ordained a few days after his marriage; but the people of the parish refused, on account of his blindness, to acknowledge him as their pastor; and a lawsuit was commenced, which, after two years, was compromised by Blacklock retiring upon a moderate annuity. From the first moment of opposition, it had been his wish to make this arrangement, not from any conviction of incompetency to the duties of a parish minister, but because he saw it was needless to contend against a prejudice so strongly maintained.

In 1764, after the connection between him and the parish of Kirkcubright was dissolved in the manner just mentioned, Blacklock removed to Edinburgh, where he received boarders into his house, superintending the studies of those who chose to have such assistance. "In this occupation," says Mackenzie, "no teacher was perhaps ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Dr Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young people committed to his charge; while the society which esteem and respect for his character and his genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. The writer of this account has frequently been a witness of the family scene at Dr Blacklock's; has seen the good man amidst the circle of his young friends, eager to do him all the little offices of kindness which he seemed so much to merit and to feel. In this society he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy, which, at other times, it might produce. He entered with the cheerful playfulness of a young man into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humorous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and, above all, lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of Dr Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, or distance of place, had ever estranged him."

In these hours of social relaxation, Blacklock found one of the greatest pleasures of his existence. Music also afforded him a lively gratification; for he sang with taste, and performed tolerably well on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He had learned to play on the flageolet in consequence of a dream in which he supposed himself to listen to the most enchanting melody, produced by a shepherd on a hill-side from that instrument; and he always carried one in his pocket, on which he was by no means averse from being asked to perform—"a natural feeling," says Mackenzie, "for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society."

Finding that his increasing years and infirmities required repose, Dr Blacklock discontinued the keeping of boarders in 1787. But though his bodily vigour began to fail, he experienced no diminution of that benevolence which had ever characterised him. His own genius having been greatly indebted to patronage, he was ready to acknowledge it in others, and especially to

cultivate and bring it into reputation where he found it struggling with obscurity. Nor were his efforts for this purpose confined to occasional acts of liberality—they were laborious and long-continued. He had taken a boy from a village near Carlisle to lead him, and perceiving in the youth a willingness to learn, taught him Latin, Greek, and French, and having thus fitted him for a situation superior to that in which he was born, procured for him the situation of secretary to Lord Milton, who was chief active manager of state affairs in Scotland for many years. This young man was Richard Hewitt, known to the admirers of Scottish song as the author of "Roslin Castle." Hewitt testified his gratitude to his instructor by a copy of complimentary verses, in every line of which may be traced the chief excellence of compositions of that description—sincerity; but he did not long enjoy his change of fortune, having died in 1764 from the fatigue of the office to which he had been elevated.

But we find a still more eminent example of Blacklock's solicitude to promote the interests of the sons of genius, in his being the first man among the literary circles of Edinburgh who appreciated the poetry of Burns (perhaps, indeed, because he had the earliest opportunity of becoming acquainted with it), and kindled in the author the ambition of a prize beyond that of provincial fame. The Rev. Mr Lawrie of Newmills had transmitted to Blacklock a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems. It is not easy for a modern reader to understand with what wonder and delight Blacklock must have perused them. In our time, the pleasure felt from his most perfect pieces is damped by the recollection of their author's melancholy fate. What reflecting mind can turn from the perusal of the "Mountain Daisy," with any other feeling than that of sorrow that Burns was not a better and a happier man? But while his career was yet to run, with what enviable anticipations must such a perusal have inspired a generous heart! Here was poetry the purest and most genuine: he who produced it was of no note; but to what a high place in his country's esteem might he not rise! The world was then all before him; and he capable of attaining whatever fame the most ardent imagination could desire. With calmness, yet with energy, the enthusiastic Blacklock indicated his own admiration and the certainty of the poet's future fame:—"I had taken the last farewell of my few friends," says Burns; "my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Scotland—"The gloomy night is gathering fast"—when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction."—"Blacklock received him," says Dr Currie, "with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends; he consulted his interest; he emblazoned his fame; he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance."

Besides the miscellaneous poems by which Dr Blacklock is best known as an author, he published several other works. In his latter years he was occasionally afflicted with deafness—in his case a double calamity, as at the period when it visited him, he was in a manner shut out from all communication with the external world. In this forlorn condition—old, blind, and sometimes deaf—it was more difficult for him than formerly to bear up against the depression of spirits to which he had always been more or less subject; but his gentleness of temper never forsook him, and though he could not altogether avoid complaint, he was not loath to discover and state some alleviating circumstance along with it. He died from fever, after a week's illness, on the 7th July 1791, and was buried in the ground of St Cuthbert's Chapel of Ease, where there is a tombstone erected to his memory, with an inscription by Dr Beattie.

It has been said of Dr Blacklock that "he never lost a friend nor made a foe;" and perhaps no literary man ever passed through life so perfectly free from envious feeling, and so entirely respected and beloved. His conversation was lively and entertaining; his wit was acknowledged, but it had no tinge of malice; his temper was gentle, his feelings warm—intense; his whole character was one to which may be applied the epithet of amiable, without any qualification.

To Dr Blacklock as a poet, the rank of first-rate excellence has not been assigned, and is not claimed; but his works possess solid merits, which will always repay a perusal. The thoughts are for the most part vigorous, seldom less than just; and they are conveyed with a certain intensity of expression, which shows them, even when not uncommon in themselves, to be the offspring of a superior genius. As the production of a blind man, they present a study of the very highest interest, and have frequently been viewed as a problem in the science of mind.—*Abridged from Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

There are at least one million and a quarter of scholars belonging to Sunday schools in the united kingdom; and, taking the population at twenty-one millions, that will give one child to Sunday schools out of every seventeen persons of the population. The average expense of conducting a Sunday school, of two hundred children, is about L.5 per annum for lessons and books, if purchased at the Sunday School Union Depository, and about L.15 per annum for rent: the chief part of which sums are, in most cases, contributed by the teachers themselves, in addition to their gratuitous labour. So that the children can be instructed in the Sunday school for two shillings per annum.—*Imperial Magazine.*

Column for Little Boys and Girls.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,

AGAIN I return with pleasure to the agreeable duty of furnishing for your instructive entertainment a relation of certain remarkable things well worthy of your attention, and which, I have no doubt, your little sisters will be quite as glad to hear something of as yourselves. Run, therefore, to the door, and call Elizabeth, and Mary, and Emma, and all the rest of them, and tell them that the gentleman who puts the nice trustustories into the Journal for boys has just called, and brought a pretty little book in his pocket, containing a variety of delightful pieces, which it will be quite charming to read by the fire-side. Ay, now that is right—there you are all gathered; so sit down in quietness; and see you, Tom, you who are a clever little chap, and are said to be the best reader, take this handsome volume, which you perceive is entitled "ART IN NATURE,"—an ingenious and pleasing production, just published, for the special use of all good boys and girls; and commence reading, in a clear soft voice, the account given by the author of the character and habits of Bees. The chapter, I think, is that called "The Confectioners"—a subject which is prettily introduced.

"Spring walks over the earth clothed in beauty as with a garment, and thousands of lovely flowers arise in her footprints."

There the rose unveils

Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and his own brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star:
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty;
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.

How delighted are children with them! See, they come joyously with what they have gathered! but they have loaded themselves too much;—one blue flower, and then a yellow one, and now one of crimson, falls from the pinafore to the ground; and in the meadows, some are bounding about "to gather king-cups," or make of them a little heap, and then sort or bind them together, with many a sly antic and merry gambol.

And this feeling seems sometimes "to grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength." People of early times and distant spots showed its powers. Flowers were used at banquets, scattered in the temples, presented on the altars, strewed in the path of conquerors, and offered by the young and the aged as the expression of friendship and of love.

With such thoughts as these, Mr and Mrs Elwood were walking, preceded by their two children, one fine morning towards the end of May, when, as they were about to pass a garden in which there was a snug and rose-covered cottage, Mr Elwood desired his children to stop and observe what was going on. A boy, who had been set to watch the hive, had just given notice of the flight of its inmates, and forthwith a ringing commenced with pans and fire-shovels, to "charm them down," as the country people say. Happily, the queen-bee quickly alighted on the end of a bough, and the rest of the bees clustered about her, when the neatly-dressed and healthy-looking cottagers spread a cloth on the table, and holding an empty hive under the swarm, suddenly shook them into it, and placed it, with its captives, on the cloth. Then they were carried to the spot they were to occupy, on the edge of a flower-bed; and in a few hours, Mr E. remarked, they would be perfectly contented with their new home.

Frederick and Emma wished to know all about these wonderful little creatures at once; but their father said he could give the best account of the hive bee when he was at home, because he had some books there from which he should like to read the remarks of those who had attentively studied the subject; and, as they were about to return, their patience would not long be exercised.

Accordingly, Mrs E. had no sooner taken off her bonnet and shawl, and entered the parlour where Mr E. and his son were seated, than Emma came bounding in, saying, "Now, dear papa, for the bees!"

"Or suppose we call them the confectioners," said her father. "We passed Mr Duncombe's shop just now, so full of candles, jellies, and preserves; but these little creatures were wholesale manufacturers of sweets even before the flood. In many parts of the east, honey may still be drank from the rock, in cavities of which it is frequently deposited; and doubtless it was often received from thence by the patriarchs themselves. But shall I tell you, my dears, about their making honey only, or shall I connect with this some other curious things?"

E. Perhaps, papa, making honey would be a very short story; and the longer one of yours is, the better we like it.

Mr E. Then I will begin with reading what Reaumur says about dividing a swarm—a process like that which you have just seen!—After the tumult excited by their removal into a little glass hive was calmed, and I had looked at it for ten minutes, for the first time in my life I succeeded in seeing a queen bee, which was walking at the bottom of the case. For the first few minutes in which I followed her with my eyes, I was tempted to believe that the stories of the respect paid her by the other bees, the train by which she was attended, were fables rather than facts. She was alone, and walking, perhaps, at a slower pace than the rest. The friends who were with me were pleased to discover in her gait something of gravity and majesty. She advanced unattended to one of the squares of the hive, up which she mounted to join a group of her subjects perched at the top. In a little time she appeared at the bottom, but still sadly neglected. She ascended a second time, and I lost sight of her for a few instants; she then appeared for the third time at the bottom of the hive. Now, however, twelve or fifteen bees were ranged around her, and seemed to form her train. In the first moments of trouble and confusion we think only of ourselves. If we were in a large saloon, and it had suddenly broken down, in the confusion we should forget that others dearer than ourselves were in the room. Thus it was with these bees; for, being huddled into the little glass hive, turned topsy-turvy, the first impulse of each seemed self-preservation; and it was only when they had recovered their composure that they began to recollect the mother, which, in their fright, they had forgotten and neglected.

In spite of my inclination to believe that the first train

which I had perceived was the effect of chance—in spite of my disposition to think that a big bee would be followed precisely because it was big—I was forced to acknowledge that there was some other foundation for the homage, the cares, and attentions, which the rest paid to her who was destined to be the mother of a numerous progeny. The queen, with her little suite, disappeared for a moment among a cluster of bees. In a short time she re-appeared at the bottom of the hive, when a dozen others hastened to join the train. A row flanked her on each side as she walked; others met her before, and made way as she advanced; and in a very short time she was surrounded by a circle of upwards of thirty bees. Some of these, approaching nearer than others, licked her with their trunks; others extended their organ, filled with honey, for her to sip sometimes I saw her stop to partake of the food; at other times she sucked when in motion.

E. But what are the other bees in a swarm?

Mr E. It consists, first, of *workers*, amounting generally to many thousands in number, and easily recognised by their smallness and their industry; and, secondly, of *males*, of which several hundreds belong to each community; these are larger than the working bee, and live idly.

F. How do they begin to work, papa?

Mr E. By searching for pollen, or yellow dust, which lies loosely in the middle of flowers. As the breast, legs, and many other parts of the bee's body are covered with a fine down or hair, it enters the cup of a flower, rolls itself round, and is soon quite covered with the yellow dust. The last joint but one of each leg is formed exactly like a brush, and these natural brushes are passed one after another over the various parts of its body to secure the treasure, and to collect it into two little heaps. The thighs of the last pair of its legs are furnished with two cavities fringed with hair; and these form a convenient little basket for its use. The dust collected from a thousand flowers is kneaded into small pellets, or balls, and stuck into these hollows, and as soon as the balls are as large as a grain of pepper, away flies the insect to place its store in the hive. On reaching it, it enters one of the cells held foremost, takes out the pellets from the cavities, and these, being moistened and mixed with a small portion of honey, are kneaded into a substance called in the country 'bee-bread,' a proper supply of which is necessary to the health and strength of the bees during the winter season. Without this, they become consumptive and die. Besides this, however, they want propolis,

F. What is that, papa?

Mr E. A resinous gum found in certain trees, such as the birch, the willow, and the poplar. Near the outlet of one of his hives, Huber placed some branches of the latter, out of which comes a transparent juice of the colour of garnet. On these some weaker bees soon perched. Having taken some of the gum, they formed it into pellets, put them into the baskets of their thighs, and, thus loaded, flew to the hive, where some of their fellow-labourers instantly came to help them in laying it down: after which the pellets were laid in a little heap as near as possible to the place where they were to be used. A bee then drew out a thread from the mass, which it cut off with its teeth, and held with the claw of one of its feet; and when he came out, one part of the cell was found by this means to be lined and soldered. Others gave him their aid, proceeding from one cell to another, until all the cells destined for the young had been soldered and strengthened by this substance, which is soft at first, and at length becomes much harder than wax.

E. Wax, papa! what is wax?

Mr E. It is a secretion found in the form of scales under the belly of the bee. Among the workers in a hive, some are architects, who plan and build, and, at the same time, nurse the young; and others only bring the materials, but do not give them shape; the former Huber calls the nurse bees; the latter, wax-workers. The wax-workers, then, having filled themselves at the flowers, hang motionless in festoons—that is, like rows of curtains one above another—and, in four-and-twenty hours, thin white scales appear under the rings of the abdomen. Huber watched some doing this, and, at length, saw a bee come out from the middle of the group, and, clearing a space about an inch round at the top of the hive, applied the pincers of one of its legs to its side, took off a scale of wax, and began to mince it with its tongue, which sometimes appeared like a bricklayer's trowel, then flattened like a spatula, or broad-bladed knife; and at other times, ending in a point like a pencil. The scale, moistened with a frothy fluid, became glutinous, and was drawn out like a ribbon. This bee, which Huber calls 'the founder,' then put all the wax it could make to the vault of the hive, and went its way; a second did the like; a third followed, but, owing to some blunder, did not put the wax in the right line, upon which another bee, as if sensible of the defect, removed the misplaced wax, and, carrying it to the former heap, placed it there exactly in the order and direction pointed out.

F. What was done then, papa?

Mr E. The result of these labours was a little block of wax, fixed to the vault of the hive, running in a straight line, with a rough surface, but round in its edges, half an inch long, a sixth of an inch high, and about the twenty-fourth part of an inch thick. The wax-workers, having got the stock of materials ready, an architect, or nurse-bee, quitted the cluster, examined both sides of the block, felt about with its antennae, or horns, and then, like a skilful mason, began to scoop out, exactly in the centre, as much of the block as equalled the size of a common cell; and, after kneading what it had removed, placed it carefully at the sides of the opening. Having done this it was succeeded by a second bee; and, in this manner, upwards of twenty workers followed each other, each one taking care to push forward the material so as to extend the walls of the cell.

F. But, papa, is not the stock of wax they make soon out?

Mr E. It would be, were not the wax-workers constantly making a fresh supply. Their dispatch is very great. When first settled in a new hive, they will sometimes form a comb twenty-seven inches long, by seven or eight inches wide, in twenty-four hours; and they will half fill the hive in five or six days; thus in the first fifteen days of their possession of a new abode, as much wax is made as they use during the remainder of the year.

E. Of what use are the cells?

Mr E. The first sort are for the larvae, or grubs of workers; the second for those of the males, or drones, which are larger, and usually placed in the middle of the comb; the third are the royal cells. Some might suppose that the various cells composing a cake are little habitations for the workers to rest in, each in his own house after the labours of the day, but it is not so;

some are filled with honey, and others are closed up. Most of the cells, indeed, contain a little worm—the young of the bee, which is an object of the greatest anxiety and care. The mode of rest is singular; four or five cling to a part of the hive, and stretch out their hind legs, to which others cling by their forefeet; these do the same for another line; and thus at all times bunches, or festoons, of bees, may be seen reposing. Huber, however, has seen the workers retire to a cell, and remain motionless for twenty minutes.

F. How long are the bees in growing, papa?

Mr E. I will read what Huber says:—“The worm of the worker takes twenty days, the male twenty-four, the queen sixteen days, in reaching maturity. The worker remains three days in the egg, and five in the grub state, when the bees close up its cell with a waxen covering; it is thirty-six hours in spinning its cocoon; in three days it changes to a nymph, or chrysalis, passes six in that form, and then comes forth a perfect bee. The male passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and on the twenty-fourth makes its appearance as a winged animal. The royal insect passes three days in the egg; is five a worm, when the bees close its cell, and it immediately begins its cocoon, which is finished in twenty-four hours. During eleven days, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth, it remains in a state of complete repose. Its transformation into a nymph then takes place, in which state four days and a part of a fifth are passed.”

F. Does she lay any eggs?

Mr E. On the fifth day after her appearance, she quits the hive; forty-six hours after she begins to lay eggs, and a hive will often contain forty thousand inhabitants, the most of them her own offspring. The first eggs of the queen always produce workers. She must be at least eleven months old before she begins to lay the eggs of males; the time she and the workers well know, and they take care to provide suitable cells.

F. That is very strange. Are the queen's cells like the others?

Mr E. No; they are like a pear with the stem downwards. When the queen lays in them, they are like an acorn-cup; after this they are quite closed up. Careful as the bees are at other times of materials and of space, when their future queen is concerned, neither is grudging. More wax goes to make the cradle of the infant queen than would build a hundred, or a hundred and fifty common cells, and on them no labour is spared.

F. Does a cell ever tumble, papa?

Mr E. Mr Walond, on looking at his bee-boxes one day, saw that a centre comb, burdened with honey, had separated, and was leaning against another comb, so as to prevent the passing between of the bees. This accident made the bees very active, but Mr W. could not see what was done. But, at the end of a week, he found they had made two horizontal pillars betwixt the two combs, and had taken so much of the honey and wax from the top of each as to allow the passing of a bee; in about ten days more there was a passage quite free.

F. How do the cells look, papa?

Mr E. As to their shape, I must talk to you another time. But, while building, they seem to be soft, not smooth, nor yet transparent, but of a dull white colour; in a few days they become tinged with yellow, and their edges become thicker, less regular, heavier, and so tough that they will bend rather than break. A glutinous substance may be seen round the opening, and threads of this are applied to various parts, as if to bind and strengthen the walls. This appears to be produced from the propolis of which I have told you. Beside painting and varnishing their cells, as I have just described, they strengthen the weaker parts with a peculiar sort of mortar. And it is remarkable, that, while our houses soon fall and decay, those of the bees grow stronger the oftener they change inhabitants. Every bee-grub, before it changes into a nymph, fastens its skin to the partitions of its cell, but without altering, in the least, the regularity of its figure. Accordingly, the same lodging may serve during summer for three or four grubs, one after the other, and next season, it may be used by an equal number. Reaumur found as many as seven or eight skins spread over one another, so that all the cells, being thus covered again and again, and well dried and cemented with propolis, daily become more solid. When, however, by these means the cells become too small, they are sometimes used as storehouses for bee-bread and honey; and, at others, bees are bred in them: these, therefore, are, of necessity, smaller, and form, in fact, the important class of *nurse-bees*.

F. Papa, how do they get the honey? For you said that, like Duncombe, they were makers of sweets.

Mr E. It is obtained from that part of a flower called the nectarium. To collect this, the bee has a trunk or tongue, which it can double up or lengthen at pleasure. It is not like a tube by which the fluid is to be sucked up, but like a tongue to lick away the honied juice, which the bee always knows where to find, though it is only lately that skillful botanists knew where it was. This sweet juice, conveyed by the tongue to the mouth, passes into the first stomach, or honey-bag; and when this is filled, the bee returns to the hive, and taking only a small part for its own use, puts the remainder into one of the cells, or delivers it to another bee at the entrance of the hive, and flies off for a fresh supply. Some honey-combs are always left open for the common use of the workers, but the greater number of cells filled during the summer are carefully stopped up until the internal supply of honey begins to fail. When, however, the honey is very plentiful, the bees lengthen their cells, or build new ones in which to store it.

F. Papa, I have just thought of something; can you tell us what is done when a queen dies?

Mr E. With pleasure, my dear, I answer your question, by relating one of the most astonishing facts in the history of bees. When a queen dies, they proceed to repair the loss. For this purpose they form several of their royal cells, and taking a common worker-worm out of the ordinary ones, they put it into a royal cell, feed it with royal food, and, in a few days, the worker becomes a queen. In many parts of Germany, the peasants, knowing this, shut up a few hundred working bees with a piece of honey-comb, containing common grubs three or four days old; the worker-bees immediately set about destroying some of the common cells, make royal cells instead, place the grubs in these cells, and give them food proper for grubs which are to become queens. This experiment never fails. In due time, a number of young queens is produced, all are destroyed but one, and she governs the hive. Thus hives are multiplied at pleasure. And now, my dears, have you any more questions to ask?

F. Not now, papa.”

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;

*Closed all her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

EMIGRATION.—UNITED STATES.

“At seven o'clock A. M. (continues Mr Fergusson, in his “Notes”), we embarked in the North America, a splendid steam-boat, of which the Americans are justly proud, to proceed up the Hudson to Albany, a distance of 145 miles. The morning was rather cold, and a strong breeze blew down the river, wind, and tide, and stream, being all against us, notwithstanding of which, the irresistible power by which we were impelled landed us in Albany within fourteen hours. It is difficult for those who have never seen an American steam-boat, to conceive its elegance and comfort. They are handsomely fitted up, well furnished, and a capital table is kept, while the total absence of coal-smoke leaves every thing tidy and clean. The North America is a day-boat, that is, she performs her voyage between sunrise and sunset, a circumstance of which travellers ought to be aware, as they may deprive themselves of the enjoyment which the highly interesting scenery of the Hudson affords, should they chance to go unawares by an evening boat. This fine vessel is propelled by two engines of ninety horsepower each; the steersman, from an elevated platform in the fore-end, guides the vessel by ropes which communicate with the rudder; a safe and admirable contrivance, universally employed in America, enabling the person at the helm to command an uninterrupted view of the ship's course, and to escape many dangers which might otherwise occur. The North America has a magnificent public cabin, with suitable private accommodation for ladies. Her length is about 225 feet, and her breadth 60. There are a lower and upper deck for promenading, with an awning when the sun is powerful, and, in short, every luxury and comfort which the best hotel could afford, not forgetting the barber's shop, where the master informed me he had frequently the honour of taking fifty gentlemen by the nose in one forenoon. This ancient craft, so greatly degenerated in our own country, seems to be here in its very zenith. Innumerable are the party-coloured poles in every town, indicating the barber's shop, and, the general practice being favourable to their calling, they are in great request. I observed, in New York, one of the sides of the shop fitted up with pigeon holes, where stood the labelled soap-boxes of Mr A, Mr B, &c., indicating steady customers. The steam-boats and large hotels have generally a barber as part of the establishment, and I found them every where maintaining the old professional character of cleanly, civil, and obliging gossip.

The fare to Albany is only 9s. 6d., and a very moderate charge for meals. Of course, it is a favourable mode of conveyance, and the company is not always remarkably select. The steward told me he had nine hundred passengers to breakfast and dinner one day last summer, and that 500 or 600 are frequent. With such a multitude some confusion must unavoidably occur, however excellent the arrangements, and these appeared to me to be very complete. Upon this occasion I think we sat down about 200 at table; many homely enough in appearance, but nothing either rude or revolting came under my notice. I was seated at dinner between Judge S—, a very intelligent man, and of much repute as a lawyer, and a plain Massachusetts farmer. We soon got engaged in agricultural conversation, for the judge was well versed in these matters, and afforded much useful advice and information to the professional farmer and his friends. After dinner he entered into more general discussion, running over the different States, and pointing out to me what he considered their relative advantages and draw-backs. He thinks well of Ohio and some parts of Indiana for European settlers, and strongly advised me, if I thought of a purchase, to prefer a farm already, in some measure, improved, and to be upon my guard against designing persons, who are every where on the look-out for strangers. He assured me that a good understanding with Great Britain was daily gaining ground in the States, and that the idea prevailed, that if the two nations stand by each other, they may rule the world.

I had a long chat with the Massachusetts farmers, who had been at New York with a drove of fat oxen, weighing about 75 stones (14 lb. to the stone) each, and for which they had got about L.22 a-head. They were in high spirits, as every thing was bearing a high price. Their sheep are Saxon and Merino, and they had refused 2s. 8 1/2d. 75 cents per pound for their wool, while last year they considered themselves well paid with 2s. 1d. 50 cents. They raise fine crops of turnips, and rear many sheep. A ewe fetches this season 9s., while last year she brought only 4s. 6d. They pay a sheep-

doctor 27s. each 100 sheep per annum for his attendance, and this man devotes himself to sheep alone, never interfering with any other stock. He came out to them from England.

Our dinner table was supplied with a profusion of good things, well cooked, and neatly served up. The captain takes the head of the table, the ladies who have no gentlemen along with them being always under his special charge; and, however large the party, or however mixed the company, scrupulous deference is paid to the accommodation of the fair; and, I am confident, the most unpolished farmer would suffer any inconvenience rather than interfere with a lady's comfort.

The fare from New York to Albany, 145 miles, is, as before observed, two dollars, or 9s. 6d., and the charge for an excellent dinner 2s. 3d., or half a dollar, including brandy, whisky, and Hollands, placed upon the table, at the discretion of the company—a latitude which, I may here observe, was never abused, upon this or any other occasion, throughout my tour. The scenery of the Hudson, between New York and Albany, is probably not to be surpassed in romantic beauty by any river scenery in the world. About forty miles above New York, the river emerges from the high lands, and, for 100 miles above that, the eye is gratified by a succession of lofty mountains, and bold rocky headlands, clothed in wood—towns, villas, farms, &c. in perpetual succession. The river itself is a noble object, covered with innumerable sloops and steamers, sometimes making abrupt turns amongst the rocks, and again stretching out like a peaceful lake.

Albany is an ancient city in American chronology. It is the capital of the State of York, and the seat of the State government, though now greatly eclipsed by *The City*, as New York is emphatically termed. A great proportion of internal commerce centres in Albany. The Grand Erie, and the Champlain, or northern canal, both find their outlet here, and numerous very large steam-boats ply to New York. The population of Albany is about 16,000. The tide runs nearly to Troy, about six miles above. In contemplating the commercial enterprise, the busy buzz of men, the large warehouses and stores, the variety of equipages, waggons, stage-coaches, &c. which are met on every hand, as a stranger proceeds through the city, it is impossible not to revert to the pictures so graphically drawn by an amiable and venerable authoress, and to contrast its present condition with the early days of Albany. “When this city was a kind of semi-rural establishment, every door had its garden, well, and a little green behind; before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being coeval with some beloved member of the family; many of their trees were of prodigious size, and extraordinary beauty, but without regularity; every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico, at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight, or the serenely clear moonlight. Each family had a cow, fed in the common pasture, at the end of the town. In the evening the herd returned altogether, of their own accord, with their tinkling bells hung at their necks, along the wide and grassy street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their masters' doors. Nothing could be more pleasing to a simple and benevolent mind than to see thus at one view all the inhabitants of a town, which contained not one very rich, nor one very poor, very knowing or very ignorant, very rude or very polished, individual; to see all these children of nature, enjoying, in easy indolence or social intercourse,

‘The cool, the fragrant, and the dusky hour,’

clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless. These primitive beings were dispersed in porches, grouped according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door were young matrons; at another the elders of the people; at a third, the youths and maidens, gaily chatting or singing together, while the children played round the trees, or waited by the cows, for the chief ingredient of their frugal supper, which they generally ate, sitting on the steps in the open air.” It is a sketch not unworthy of Rip Van Winkle himself. The mighty tide of time is ever rolling on, and such scenes as these must now be looked for in the newly reclaimed regions of the west, or the Canadian forest, where many an embryo city, destined to rear its edifices, and to diffuse riches and civilization around, is at this hour commencing its career with the saw-mill, the grist-mill, and the wooden wharf.

The local situation of Albany is very fine, the town being placed upon the declivity of a hill, overhanging the river on its western bank; and the panoramic view from the roof of the Capitol is beautiful and extensive, embracing the Catskill mountains, nearly 4000 feet high, clothed with wood to the very summit, the noble Hudson, spreading out below, and a fine country on every side.”—*Agricultural Journal*.

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FITS OF THRIFT.

NOTHING is more common in the middle ranks of life than to find housewives taking what may be called *fits of thrift*. Though sensible women in their way, excellent advisers and charming gossipers, and though by no means spenders on a great scale, they have no enduring principle of economy, but are only frugal by fits and starts. They take qualms of thriftiness now and then—sometimes from reading a string of plausible receipts for cookery on a cheap scale, or from being struck with the excellent arrangements in the household of a friend, who tells her, that, by managing in such and such a manner, salting all her own beef, and making all her own preserves, she has, one way and another, saved a good deal of money, which is really a thing of some consequence in these bad times, when so little is coming in. This chronic frugality is common to single ladies, under, as well as above one-and-twenty, and to married ladies with large families. The fits have different tendencies, although the prevailing symptoms are the same. Occasionally the furor seizes one single young lady in a family of sisters; and I have seen that it comes on most commonly in the spring. In such cases the disease perhaps takes the direction of butter and eggs. Some day about the month of April or May, and when breakfast is on the table, the young lady begins to make observations on the dearth and rancidity of the butter. I declare for my part, says she, we have been poisoned for the last six months with that stuff that we get from the woman who keeps the little shop in the area on the opposite side of the street. You know it was only out of pity to her when her husband was burnt to death at the distillery, that we said that we would take some small things from her; but you see she does not keep wholesome articles, and really, in my opinion, it is high time we were looking about for something we can trust to. With this sort of discourse the young notable opens the plan of her campaign. She says she is resolved to rise every morning at seven, and go with a basket herself to the market. The mornings, she says, are now greatly lengthened out, and, besides saving a penny a pound on the butter, and getting a better article, she is confident the walk will prove of great benefit to her health. It may always be observed that the husband, father, or elder brother of the notable, never makes any objections when such schemes of saving are propounded. They know intuitively that the whole is a delusion, which will work itself off in a week or two; that the same disease has visited the family once every year about the same period ever since they can recollect, and that it will now, as formerly, only furnish a little harmless temporary excitement in the house. Armed with a negative approval from these relations, together with a pound note, the young notable starts next Saturday morning between seven and eight o'clock, and after taking half an hour to array herself in an undress, studiously selecting for the occasion a shabbyish shawl, and a pair of shoes that she puts on only on "bad days," also a straw bonnet faded both in the material and in the ribbon, she sallies forth with her basket to the market. With what an air of knowingness she goes from cart to cart, examining, and tasting, and smelling their contents! How she tries to elicit, by cross-questioning the man in the sky-blue coat, or the blowsy girl in the dimity head-gear, sitting amidst their savoury boxes with leather hinges, every particular in the history of the butter; where and when it was made, and why it happens to be up this morning, and so forth. How she wanders amidst the egg women, holding up the eggs between her and the light, asking if they be sure they are not Orkney

eggs, and what their probable age may be? What with toiling up and down the market for three quarters of an hour, and beating down the prices in a most exemplary manner, she at last accomplishes her purchases, and brings home her cargo of native produce. When you come down to breakfast, you will be at once reminded of what has been going on, by the air of superiority and triumph assumed by Miss Notable. She thinks that by rising an hour sooner than any body else, and saving, as she thinks, the sum of two-pence, she has purchased the character of a thrifty personage, and, consequently, is entitled to look down upon the whole house. There is no end to her account of how she managed to find out the best butter in the cart, and how she higgled the man out of a halfpenny in the pound. When she places a slice of this extraordinary butter before you, she takes care to show you how fresh the colour is, and waits with impatience to hear your expected, and not to be dispensed with, praise of its taste. The butter she has bought is, in fact, her pet for the whole week. She considers it as *her* butter; and if any visiter slight it, by not paying it the necessary compliments, he is of course not indebted to her for any future invitation to the house.

A fit of thrift of this nature lasts generally three or four weeks, seldom more. I have seen it continue a fortnight in tolerable strength; it then declines, and wears off towards the fourth Saturday. The decline of this household disease is as amusing in its way as its increase. The young lady begins to find, that, so far from improving her health or strength by such morning exercise, she only "makes herself out," and is unfit to do any thing else the whole day. And then it is, after all, only to save a few halfpence. She also finds that her purchases do not always turn well out, and that she cannot coax her father, or the rest of them, to be perpetual admirers of her butter and eggs. As a get-off, she commences a eulogy on her butter, which, she says, is sold by a man in Rose Street—a person who was once a farmer, but was reduced by misfortunes to open a small shop in the town, and sell dairy produce. This man, she says, is *experienced* in butter, and imports every week as much as will serve a dozen families. She has made interest with him through the servant to be counted one of his regular customers, and he will supply the family at all times exactly at the market price, not a farthing more. This new plan helps greatly as a solace to the conscience in abandoning her morning airings with her basket and dishabille; and so she gradually subsides into the ordinary routine of domestic arrangements.

The married notable is subject to fits of thrift in a greater or less degree about the months of October and November. Some day at dinner, when there happens to be rather a poorish leg of lamb on the table, and not much else, she opens her attack by saying, in a peevishly authoritative manner, that really the family has been long enough on fresh meat; that, for her part, the lamb that they have had so often does not agree with her, and that she would rather prefer a good salt herring. "Mrs Lockhart has just been telling me that the doctor has advised them to eat twice or thrice a-week a piece of salt meat—that is to say, a piece of beef newly powdered, just the fresh taste off it, and hardly having the appearance of the saltpetre at the bone; and I do think that we cannot do better than just follow such a sensible man's advice, and get two or three pieces next Wednesday for salting—you know it will be a great saving of money." The drift of all this is, that the husband shall forthwith exhibit on the table a couple of twenty shilling notes; but as he knows that these handy pieces of paper are sometimes not

very easily got, he perhaps tries to throw an obstacle or two in the way of the salting project, and, for instance, mentions that his wife has no convenience for curing beef. You observe, says he, it requires a tub, or something of that sort, and, besides, there is a great knack in curing the meat thoroughly; and if you do not take care, you will spoil the whole. As a matter of course, these or similar observations cannot hold good in the face of a wife under a fit of thrift. All you can say is borne down, and the money is at length consigned with a groan to the steel purse of the good lady, who, next day—for she is in the fidgets till her purpose is executed—sets out in her muff and shawl (the first time for the season) on an expedition, first to lay in her beef, and then to buy a sufficient and commodious *salting can*. Well, the *can*, that darling object of a notable's ambition, is purchased. The beef is salted; and the Goodman and his family are shortly put on salt meat, whether they like such fare or otherwise. The thrifty lady all this time takes care, on every occasion, to show off her beef as well worthy of being tasted by visitors; and the short and long of it is, that the said beef is eaten up in half the time it is expected to last; fresh meat begins to show itself more frequently at your table, and the fit is put aside till another opportunity occur of playing it off.

These are very ordinary instances of fits of thrift; but there are hundreds of the same description which I could mention. Sometimes the fit takes the direction of a new gown for going out with on bad days, to save others of a better sort; at another time it is "a house gown," as "really my best black silk one is absolutely getting wasted with having to go so often into the kitchen." Occasionally it is the hiring of two maid-servants, "so that the washings need not any longer be given out;" at other times it is the buying of a crumb-cloth, to save the carpet, or the purchasing of loads of old china and crockery at auctions. I have seen all the ladies in the house manifest this phrenzy by working their own lace, or painting pictures which had to be hung in dear gilded frames. Again, I have noticed it in great vigour in a family in town resolving to have a garden, so as to grow their own vegetables. It comes on very frequently in a desire to dye old ribbons, or feathers, or "dress" shawls; in which case the lady who is affected sets out on a voyage of discovery through all the obscure courts and alleys about the town, seeking for some old woman whom they have heard of as being "the best" at these processes of renovation. It may be remarked, that the fit visits the nation, like an epidemic, towards the end of July. Almost every house in the kingdom is then thrown into an uproar by the ladies, young and old, confederating to manufacture gooseberry jam or currant jelly. Such a requisition is there then in all quarters for "brass pans," and such a deal of money is spent in this popular confectionery! At the approach, and during the continuance of the epidemic, the husbands very wisely make no remonstrance, well knowing that such would be utterly thrown away. You know, my dear, would say the thrifty spouse, we shall require at least two dozen pints this season; for nothing is more useful in a house, in case of colds; and you will remember how much good a spoonful or two did little George last February, when we thought he was going to take the fever; indeed the doctor said it had been the very saving of his life. Nothing, of course, can withstand an appeal to such authority; so the money is disbursed for the purchase of the fruit and other materials, although the Goodman never can exactly see how some pounds' worth of jelly should be laid up in store, all for the sake of needing two teaspoonfuls.

Sometimes the family is so unfortunate as to get

an oven, and a particularly economical Miss undertakes to bake what is called family bread. A great saving is expected from this source; but it soon turns out that so much of the article is given away to friends, as a kind of curiosity, or to impress them with a sense of the economy practised in the house, that a great deal more is lost than gained by the novelty. In fact, it always turns out, as in the case of the Vicar of Wakefield and his thrice notable spouse, that these chronic economists are not observed to make their husbands any richer by their contrivances, so much is lost by the expense of the experiment, compared with what is gained by the short duration of the practice.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OUR first article under this title embraced the principal Poets now alive, but who have ceased to publish poetry: the present will run over a few of those who are still in active poetical life, or have more recently aspired to poetical honours.

Decidedly the first active poet of the age is FELICIA HEMANS, a married lady verging upon middle life, who first came into public notice about twelve or fourteen years ago. Mrs Hemans has not published any long or elaborate poem. Her efforts are chiefly confined to brief lyrical pieces, developing generally one particular train of sentiment. Her poems have almost all appeared in periodical works, chiefly the *New Monthly* and *Blackwood's Magazines*; and it is somewhat remarkable that, while a single piece invariably has a most delightful effect when read amidst the other details of such works, they never have made any impression when collected into a distinct volume. Her volumes, "*Songs of the Affections*," and "*Records of Woman*," are understood to have had a very limited circulation, partly owing, no doubt, to the difficulty of publishing a volume of poetry, but mostly to the diminished effect which the fair authoress produces when many of her productions are read at one sitting. Mrs Hemans is eminently the poet of the affections—the female affections especially; she is high priestess of the nobler emotions of woman's heart. It is in describing what woman has done and suffered on greatly trying occasions, that her harp gives forth its most thrilling tones. At the same time, whatever there is meek, whatever there is holy, whatever there is pure, whatever there is beautiful in ordinary domestic life, becomes in her hands more meek and holy, more beautiful and pure, and is committed in that state to her verses. Mrs Hemans resides, we believe, chiefly in London, and is very much respected in private life.

JAMES HOGG is another of the active poets of the age, and perhaps the most wonderful of them all. Born in the cottage of a shepherd, in one of the most rude and sequestered parts of Scotland, he received hardly any education till his twentieth year. The whole of his early life was spent in the condition of a shepherd, amidst his native mountains; and if it had not been perhaps for the legendary poetry which was occasionally recited to him by his mother, his mind might have never received the impulse of song. At the beginning of the present century, when about thirty years of age, he was discovered by Sir Walter Scott, who was then collecting the materials of his *Border Minstrelsy*, and to whom he was pointed out as a young man who knew many old ballads. In the course of a few years he was gradually led from his solitude into the bustle of the capital, where he published a few volumes of his poetical compositions, without, however, meeting with great success. At length, in the year 1813, appeared his greatest work, the *Queen's Wake*; a series of poems in the ballad style, strung into a narrative of a singularly captivating nature. This volume established Mr Hogg's reputation upon an imperishable basis. As a whole, and in its parts, it was alike felicitous, novel, and beautiful. In one of the ballads, styled "Kilmory," an entirely new string, one of wild and melancholy grace, seemed added to the Scottish lyre. In the latter part of his literary history, Mr Hogg has not been so successful; but no failures in poetry or prose will ever cloud the lustre of that meritorious effort. It is the ambition of Mr Hogg to rival the fame of Burns; but there is no earthly reason why he should ever match his strength against that illustrious man, except the mere accident of his having been also born a Scottish peasant. The poetry of Mr Hogg is as original in its own way as that of Burns; and he therefore ought to endeavour rather to avoid than to court comparison with his predecessor. There is only one feature in which we should like to see him imitate the *Ayrshire Bard*—namely, that self-respect, which, amidst every external contamination, preserved even for the poor exciseman an essential personal dignity, and was alike effectual in repelling the familiarity of the mean, and the more intolerable patronage of those who affect to be exalted.

Mr Hogg has, in later life, attempted the profession of a store-farmer in his native valleys; but, not having met with success, he now resides upon a small farm, which has been generously gifted to him for life by the great territorial lord upon whose property he was born—the Duke of Buccleuch. He has just commenced a republication of his prose tales in a series of cheap volumes; and when we reflect upon the amusing nature of these stories, disfigured though they be by numberless instances of false taste, and the most glaring improbability, we cannot entertain any doubt of their renewed popularity. In the autobiography which he has prefixed to this series, he makes a confession of his feelings almost as unreserved as that of Rousseau; and among other traits of character, mentions that he delights in nothing so much as to write about himself. This is a curious acknowledgment; but if other poets were equally unconcerned about personal respect, we might see it oftener made. The truth is, vanity and egotism are at the bot-

tom of most literary exertions, and modesty is only another word for indolence. The most of literary characters, if dissected, would be found to exhibit an intense self-appreciation, side by side with the loftiest and most extended powers of reflection; and, were it otherwise, the faculties useful to mankind would in general be lost. Mental power, indeed, appears as if it often required to be set in a rather inferior character, in order to be developed—as the pearl is only found in the shell of the diseased fish. But this is a subject which would require to be treated by itself.

The present age cannot boast of many other poetical names of distinguished merit. Miss LONDON, perhaps better known by her initials L. E. L., a young lady of the metropolis, has published four volumes of poetry, respectively entitled the *Improvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, the *Golden Violet*, and the *Venetian Bracelet*. Besides these, she has been a large contributor to the periodicals of the day, especially the *Literary Gazette*, in which, indeed, her powers were first developed. Miss London's poetry is of an amorous and chivalric cast, replete with the tenderest sentiment and the most romantic association, but perhaps too often expressed in a melancholy or despairing tone. Next may be mentioned Mr BAYLEY, author of many modern popular songs, an imitator of Moore, without his perpetual glitter, but with a great deal of more genuine sentiment. There is a whole herd of lesser lights, whom we must leave to struggle a little farther forward before we advert to their efforts.

TRADITIONARY STORY OF ANNANDALE.

THE predatory incursions of the Scots and English borderers, on each other's territories, are known to every one in the least acquainted with either the written or traditional history of his country. These were sometimes made by armed and numerous bodies, and it was not uncommon for a band of marauders to take the advantage of a thick fog or a dark night for plundering or driving away the cattle, with which they soon escaped over the border, where they were generally secure. These incursions were so frequent and distressing to the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants, that they complained loudly to their respective governments; in consequence of which some one of the powerful nobles residing on the borders was invested with authority to suppress these depredations, under the title of *Warden of the Marches*. His duty was to protect the frontier, and alarm the country by firing the beacons which were placed on the heights, where they could be seen at a great distance, as a warning to the people to drive away their cattle, and, collecting in a body, either to repel or pursue the invaders, as circumstances might require. The Wardens also possessed a discretionary power in such matters as came under their jurisdiction. The proper discharge of this important trust required vigilance, courage, and fidelity; but it was sometimes committed to improper hands, and consequently the duty was very improperly performed.

In the reign of James V. one of these wardens was Sir John Charteris of Amisfield, near Dumfries, a brave but haughty man, who sometimes forgot his important trust so far as to sacrifice his public duties to his private interests.

George Maxwell was a young and respectable farmer in Annandale, who had frequently been active in repressing the petty incursions to which that quarter of the country was exposed. Having thereby rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the English borderers, a strong party was formed, which succeeded in despoiling him, by plundering his house and driving away his whole live stock. At the head of a large party, he pursued and overtook "the spoil-encumbered foe;" a fierce and bloody contest ensued, in which George fell the victim of a former feud, leaving his widow, Marion, in poverty, with her son Wallace, an only child, in the tenth year of his age. By the liberality of her neighbours, the widow was replaced in a small farm; but by subsequent incursions, she was reduced to such poverty that she occupied a small cottage, with a cow, which the kindness of a neighbouring farmer permitted to pasture on his fields. This, with the industry and filial affection of her son, now in his twentieth year, enabled her to live with a degree of comfort and contented resignation.

With a manly and athletic form, Wallace Maxwell inherited the courage of his father, and the patriotic ardour of the chieftain after whom he had been named; and Wallace had been heard to declare, that although he could not expect to free his country from the incursions of the English borderers, he trusted he should yet be able to take ample vengeance for the untimely death of his father.

Although his own private wrongs and those of his country had a powerful influence on the mind of Wallace Maxwell, his heart was susceptible of a far loftier passion.

His fine manly form and graceful air had attractions for many a rural fair; and he would have found no difficulty in matching with youthful beauty, considerably above his own humble station. But his affections were fixed on Mary Morrison, a maiden as poor in worldly wealth as himself; but nature had been more than usually indulgent to her in a handsome person and fine features; and, what was of infinitely more value, her heart was imbued with virtuous principles, and her mind better cultivated than could have been expected from her station in life; to these accomplishments were superadded a native dignity, tempered with modesty, and a most winning sweetness of manner. Mary was the daughter of a man who had seen better days; but he was ruined by the incursions of the English borderers; and both he and her mother dying soon after, Mary was left a helpless orphan in the twentieth year of her age. Her beauty procured her many admirers; and her unprotected state, for she had no relations in Annandale, left her exposed to the insidious temptations of unprincipled villany; but they soon discovered that neither flattery, bribes, nor

the fairest promises, had the slightest influence on her spotless mind. There were many, however, who sincerely loved her, and made most honourable proposals; among whom was Wallace Maxwell, perhaps the poorest of her admirers, but who succeeded in gaining her esteem and affection. Mary and he were fellow servants to the farmer from whom his mother had her cottage; and on account of the troublesome state of the country, Wallace slept every night in his mother's house as her guardian and protector. Mary and he were about the same age, both in the bloom of youthful beauty; but both had discrimination to look beyond external attractions; and although they might be said to live in the light of each other's eyes, reason convinced them that the time was yet distant when it would be prudent to consummate that union which was the dearest object of their wishes.

A foray had been made by the English, in which their leader, the son of a rich borderer, had been made prisoner, and a heavy ransom paid to Sir John, the warden, for his release. This the avaricious warden considered a perquisite of his office; and it accordingly went to his private pocket. Soon after this, the party who had resolved on ruining Wallace Maxwell for his threats of vengeance, took the advantage of a thick fog during the day, succeeded by a dark night, in making an incursion on Annandale, principally for the purpose of capturing the young man. By stratagem they effected their purpose; and the widow's cow and Wallace her son were both carried off as part of the spoil. The youth's life might have been in considerable danger, had his capture not been discovered by the man who had recently paid a high ransom for his own son, and he now took instant possession of Wallace, resolving that he should be kept a close prisoner till ransomed by a sum equal to that paid to the warden.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the grief of Widow Maxwell for her son, or that of Mary Morrison for her lover, was greatest. But early in the ensuing morning the widow repaired to Amisfield, related the circumstance to Sir John, with tears beseeching him, as the plunderers were not yet far distant, to dispatch his forces after them, and rescue her son, with the property of which she had been despoiled, for they had carried off every thing, even to her bed-clothes.

Wallace Maxwell had some time before incurred the warden's displeasure, whose mind was not generous enough either to forget or forgive. He treated Marion with an indifference approaching almost to contempt, by telling her that it would be exceedingly improper to alarm the country about such a trivial incident, to which every person in that quarter was exposed; and although she knelt to him, he refused to comply with her request, and proudly turned away.

With a heavy and an aching heart, the widow called on Mary Morrison on her way home to her desolate dwelling, relating the failure of her application, and uttering direful lamentations for the loss of her son—all of which were echoed by the no less desponding maiden.

In the anguish of her distress, Mary formed the resolution of waiting on the warden, and again urging the petition which had already been so rudely rejected. Almost frantic, she hastened to the castle, demanding to see Sir John. Her person was known to the porter, and he was also now acquainted with the cause of her present distress; she therefore found a ready admission. Always beautiful, the witness of her air, the liquid fire which beamed in her eyes, from which tears streamed over her glowing cheeks, and the perturbation which heaved her swelling bosom, rendered her an object of more than ordinary interest in the sight of the warden. She fell at his feet and attempted to tell her melancholy tale; but convulsive sobs stifled her utterance. He then took her unresisting hand, raised her up, led her to a seat, and bade her compose herself before she attempted to speak.

With a faltering tongue, and eyes which, like the lightning of heaven, seemed capable of penetrating a heart of adamant, and in all the energy and pathos of impassioned grief, she told her tale—implored the warden, if he ever regarded his mother, or if capable of feeling for the anguish of a woman, to have pity on them, and instantly exert himself to restore the most dutiful of sons, and the most faithful of lovers, to his humble petitioners, whose gratitude should cease only with their lives.

"You are probably not aware," said he, in a kindly tone, "of the difficulty of gratifying your wishes. Wallace Maxwell has rendered himself the object of vengeance to the English borderers; and, before now, he must be in captivity so secure, that any measure to rescue him by force of arms would be unavailing. But, for your sake, I will adopt the only means which can restore him—namely, to purchase his ransom by gold. But you are aware that it must be high; and I trust your gratitude will be in proportion."

"Every thing in our power shall be done to evince our gratitude," replied the delighted Mary; a more animated glow suffusing her cheek, and her eyes beaming with a brighter lustre—"Heaven reward you."

"To wait for my reward from heaven, would be to give credit to one who can make ready payment," replied the warden. "You, lovely Mary, have it in your power to make me a return, which will render me your debtor, without in any degree impoverishing yourself!"—and he paused—afraid or ashamed to speak the purpose of his heart. Such is the power which virgin beauty and innocence can exert on the most depraved inclinations.

Although alarmed, and suspecting his base design, such was the rectitude of Mary's guileless heart, that she could not believe the warden in earnest; and starting from his proffered embrace, she with crimson blushes replied—"I am sure, sir, your heart could never permit you so far to insult a hapless maiden; you have spoken to try my affection for Wallace Maxwell; let me therefore again implore you to take such measures as you may think best for obtaining his release;" and a fresh flood of tears flowed in torrents from her eyes, while

she gazed wistfully in his face, with a look so imploringly tender, that it might have moved the heart of a demon.

With many flattering blandishments, and much artful sophistry, he endeavoured to win her to his purpose; but perceiving that his attempts were unavailing, he concluded thus—"All that I have promised I am ready to perform; but I swear by heaven, that unless you grant me the favour which I have so humbly solicited, Wallace Maxwell may perish in a dungeon, or by the hand of his enemies; for he shall never be rescued by me. Think, then, in time, before you leave me; and for his sake, and your own future happiness, do not foolishly destroy it for ever."

With her eyes flashing indignant fire, and her bosom throbbing with the anguish of insulted virtue, she flung herself from his hateful embrace, and, rushing from his presence, with a sorrowful and almost bursting heart, left the castle.

Widow Maxwell had a mind not easily depressed; and although in great affliction for her son, did not despair of his release. She was ignorant of Mary's application to the warden, and had been revolving in her mind the propriety of seeking an audience of the king, and detailing her wrongs, both at the hands of the English marauders and Sir John. She was brooding on this, when Mary entered her cottage, and, in the agony of despairing love and insulted honour, related the reception she had met from the warden. The relation confirmed the widow's half-formed resolution, and steeled her heart to its purpose. After they had responded each other's sighs, and mingled tears together, the old woman proposed waiting on her friend the farmer, declaring her intentions, and, if he approved of them, soliciting his permission for Mary to accompany her.

The warden's indolent neglect of duty was a subject of general complaint; the farmer, therefore, highly approved of the widow's proposal, believing that it would not only procure her redress, but might be of advantage to the country. He urged their speedy and secret departure, requesting that whatever answer they received might not be divulged till the final result was seen; and next morning, at early dawn, the widow and Mary took their departure for Stirling. King James was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and the pair had little difficulty in obtaining admission to the royal presence. Widow Maxwell had in youth been a beautiful woman, and, although her early bloom had passed, might still have been termed a comely and attractive matron, although in the autumn of life. In a word, her face was still such as would have recommended her suit to the King, whose heart was at all times feelingly alive to the attraction of female beauty. But on the present occasion, although she was the petitioner, the auxiliary whom she had brought, although silent, was infinitely the most powerful pleader; for Mary might be said to resemble the half-blown rose in early summer, when its glowing leaves are wet with the dews of morning. James was so struck with their appearance, that, before they had spoken, he secretly wished that their petitions might be such as he could with justice and honour grant, for he already felt that it would be impossible to refuse them.

Although struck with awe on coming into the presence of their sovereign, the easy condescension and affability of James soon restored them to comparative tranquillity; and the widow told her "plain, unvarnished tale" with such artless simplicity and moving pathos, as would have made an impression on a less partial auditor than his Majesty. When she came to state the result of Mary's application to Sir John, she paused, blushed, and still remained silent. James instantly conjectured the cause, which was confirmed when he saw Mary's face crimsoned all over.

Suppressing his indignation, "Well, I shall be soon in Annandale," said he, "and will endeavour to do you justice. Look at this nobleman (pointing to one in the chamber); when I send him for you, come to me where he shall guide. In the mean time, he will find you safe lodgings for the night, and give you sufficient to bear your expenses home, whither I wish you to return as soon as possible, and be assured that your case shall not be forgotten."

It is generally known that James, with a love of justice, had a considerable share of eccentricity in his character, and that he frequently went over the country in various disguises—such as a pedlar, an itinerant musician, or even a wandering beggar. These disguises were sometimes assumed for the purpose of discovering the abuses practised by his servants, and not unfrequently from the love of frolic, and, like the Caliph in the Arabian Tales, in quest of amusement. On these occasions, when he chose to discover himself, it was always by the designation of the *Gudeman of Ballengeich*. He had a private passage by which he could leave the palace, unseen by any one, and he could make his retreat alone, or accompanied by a disguised attendant, according to his inclination.

On the present occasion he determined to visit the Warden of the March *in cog*; and, making the necessary arrangements, he soon arrived in Annandale. His inquiries concerning the widow and Mary corroborated the opinion he had previously formed, and learning where Mary resided, he resolved to repair thither in person, disguised as a mendicant. On approaching the farmer's he had to pass a rivulet, at which there was a girl washing linen, and a little observation convinced him it was Mary Morrison. When near, he pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and sat down on a knoll, groaning piteously. Mary came instantly to him, tenderly inquiring what ailed him, and whether she could render him any assistance. James replied it was a painful distemper, by which he was frequently attacked; but if she could procure him a draught of warm milk, that and an hour's rest would relieve him. Mary kindly said, if he could with her assistance walk to the farm, which she pointed out near by, he would be kindly cared for. She assisted him to rise, and, taking his arm, permitted him to lean upon her shoulder, as they crept slowly along. He met

much sympathy in the family, and there he heard the history of Mary and Wallace Maxwell (not without execrations on the warden for his indolence), and their affirmations that they were sure, if the King knew how he neglected his duty, he would either be dismissed or severely punished: although the former had spoken plainer than others whom James had conversed with, he found that Sir John was generally disliked, and he became impatient for the hour of retribution.

Marching back towards Dumfries, James rendezvoused for the night in a small village called Duncow, in the parish of Kirkmahoe, and next morning he set out for Amisfield, which lay in the neighbourhood, disguised as a beggar. Part of his retinue he left in Duncow, and part he ordered to lie in wait in a ravine near Amisfield till he should require their attendance. Having cast away his beggar's cloak, he appeared at the gate of the warden's castle in the dress of a plain countryman, and requested the porter to procure him an immediate audience of Sir John. But he was answered that the warden had just sat down to dinner, during which it was a standing order that he should never be disturbed, on any pretence whatever.

"And how long will he sit?" said James.

"Two hours, perhaps three; he must not be intruded on till his bell ring," replied the porter.

"I am a stranger, and cannot wait so long; take this silver groat, and go to your master, and say that I wish to see him on business of importance, and will detain him only a few minutes."

The porter delivered the message, and soon returned, saying, "Sir John says that however important your business may be, you must wait his time, or go the way you came."

"That is very hard—there are other two groats; go again, and say that I have come from the Border, where I saw the English preparing for an incursion, and have posted thither with the information; and that I think he will be neglecting his duty if he do not immediately fire the beacons and alarm the country."

This message was also carried, and the porter returned with a sorrowful look, and shaking his head.

"Well, does the warden consent to see me?" said the anxious stranger, who had gained the porter's good will by his liberality.

"I beg your pardon, friend," replied the menial, "but I must deliver Sir John's answer in his own words: he says if you choose to wait two hours he will then see whether you are a knave or a fool; but if you send another such impertinent message to him, both you and I shall have cause to repent it. However, for your civility, come with me, and I will find you something to eat, and a horn of good ale to put off the time till Sir John can be seen."

"I give you hearty thanks, my good fellow; but, as I said, I cannot wait. Here, take these three groats; go again to the warden, and say that the *Gudeman of Ballengeich* insists upon seeing him immediately."

No sooner was the porter's back turned than James winded his bugle-horn so loudly, that its echoes seemed to shake the castle walls; and the porter found his master in consternation, which his message changed into fear and trembling.

By the time the warden had reached the gate, James had thrown off his coat, and stood arrayed in the garb and insignia of royalty, while his train of nobles were galloping up in great haste. When they were collected around him, the king, for the first time, condescended to address the terrified warden, who had prostrated himself at the feet of his sovereign.

"Rise, Sir John," said he with a stern and commanding air. "You bade your porter tell me that I was either knave or fool, and you were right, for I have erred in delegating my power to a knave like you."

With a faltering tongue and a quivering lip the warden attempted to excuse himself, by stammering out that he did not know he was wanted by his majesty.

"But I sent you a message that I wished to speak with you on business of importance, and you refused to be disturbed. The meanest of my subjects has access to me at all times; I hear before I condemn; and shall do so with you, against whom I have many and heavy charges."

"Will it please your majesty to honour my humble dwelling with your presence, and afford me an opportunity of speaking in my own defence?" said the justly alarmed warden.

"No, Sir John, I will not enter beneath that roof as a judge, where I was refused admission as a petitioner. I hold my court at Hoddam Castle, where I command your immediate attendance; where I will hear your answer to the charges I have against you. In the meantime, before our departure you will give orders for the entertainment of my retinue, men and horses, at your castle, during my stay in Annandale."

The king then appointed several of the lords in attendance to accompany him to Hoddam Castle, whither he commanded the warden to follow him with all possible dispatch.

Sir John was conscious of negligence, and even something worse, in the discharge of his duty, although ignorant of the particular charges to be brought against him; but when ushered into the presence of his sovereign, he endeavoured to assume the easy confidence of innocence.

James proceeded instantly to business, by inquiring if there was not a recent incursion of a small marauding party, in which a poor widow's cow was carried off, her house plundered, and her son taken prisoner; and if she did not early next morning state this to him, requesting him to recover her property.

"Did you, Sir John, do your utmost in the case?"

"I acknowledge I did not; but the widow shall have the best cow in my possession, and her house furnished anew; I hope that will satisfy your Majesty."

"And her son, how is he to be restored?"

"When we have the good fortune to make an English prisoner, he can be exchanged."

"Mark me, Sir John! If Wallace Maxwell is not brought before me in good health, within a week from this date, you shall hang by the neck from that tree waving before the window. I have no more to say at present; be ready to wait on me in one hour when your presence is required."

The warden knew the determined resolution of the king, and instantly dispatched a confidential servant, vested with full powers, to procure the liberation of Wallace Maxwell, at whatever price, and to bring him safely back without a moment's delay. In the meantime, a retinue of men and horse, amounting to several hundred, were living at free quarters in Sir John's castle, and the visits of the king diffusing gladness and joy over the whole country.

Next morning James sent the young nobleman, whom he had pointed out to the widow at Stirling, to bring her and Mary Morrison to Hoddam Castle. He received both with easy condescension; when the widow, with much grateful humility, endeavoured to express her thanks, saying that Sir John had, last evening, sent her a cow worth double that she had lost; also blankets and other articles of higher value than all that had been carried away; but, with tears in her eyes, she said all these were as nothing without her dear son, assuring them that their request had not been neglected. James dismissed them, with the joyful hope of soon seeing Wallace, as he would send for them immediately on his arrival.

The distress of the warden increased every hour, for he was a prisoner in his own castle; and his feelings may be conjectured, when he received a message from the king commanding him to come to Hoddam Castle next day by noon, and either bring Wallace Maxwell along with him, or prepare for a speedy exit into the next world. He had just seen the sun rise, of which it seemed probable he should never see the setting, when his servant arrived with Wallace, whose liberty had been purchased at an exorbitant ransom. Without allowing the young man time to rest, Sir John hurried him off to Hoddam Castle, and sent in a message that he waited an audience of his Majesty.

To make sure of the youth's identity, the king sent instantly for his mother, and the meeting called forth all the best feelings of his heart, for maternal affection triumphed over every other emotion; and it was only after the first ebullition of it had subsided, that she bade him kneel to his sovereign, to whom he owed his liberty, and most probably his life. Wallace gracefully bent his knee, and took heaven to witness that both should be devoted to his majesty's service.

James was delighted with the manly appearance and gallant behaviour of Wallace; and after having satisfied himself of the sincerity of his attachment to Mary, he ordered him to withdraw.

He next dispatched a messenger for Mary, who, the moment she came, was ushered into the presence of Sir John; James marking the countenance of both—that of Mary flushed with resentment, while her eye flashed with indignant fire. The pale and deadly hue which overspread the warden's cheek was a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt. "Do you know that young woman, Sir John? Reply to my questions truly; and be assured that your life depends upon the sincerity of your answers," said the king, in a determined and stern voice.

"Yes, my liege, I have seen her," said Sir John, his lip quivering and his tongue faltering.

"Where?"

"At Amisfield."

"On what occasion?"

"She came to me for the release of Wallace Maxwell."

"And you refused her, except upon conditions which were an insult to her, and a disgrace to yourself. Speak; is it not so?"

"To my shame, my sovereign, I confess my guilt; but I am willing to make all the reparation in my power; and I leave it to be named by your majesty."

"You deserve to be hanged, Sir John; but when I look on that face I acknowledge your temptation; and it pleads a mitigation of punishment. You know that Mary loves and is beloved by Wallace Maxwell, whom you have already ransomed; you shall give him a farm of not less than fifty acres of good land, rent free, during his life, or that of the woman he marries; and farther, you shall stock it with cattle, and every article necessary, with a comfortable dwelling;—all this you shall perform within three months from this date. If you think these conditions hard, I give you the alternative of swinging from that tree before sunset. Take your choice."

"My sovereign, I submit to the conditions, and promise that I shall do my best to make the couple happy."

Wallace was now called in, when Mary clasped him in her arms, both falling on their knees before their sovereign. He raised them up, and said, "I have tried both your loves, and found them faithful. Your Mary is all that you believed her, and brings you a dowry which she will explain. I shall see your hands united before I leave Annandale, and preside at the feast. Let your care of the widow be a remuneration for what she has done for both, and I trust all of you will long remember the *Gudeman of Ballengeich's* visit to Annandale."

SCOTTISH MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

SCOTLAND possesses its manufacturing districts as well as England, and the degree of industry and ingenuity displayed in the latter country now meets with a parallel in this northern kingdom. The comparatively recent rise and rapid progress of manufactures in Scotland well merit attention. The prospe-

* The above tale is reprinted from the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, July 4, 1829.

city of the country in this branch of its affairs is coeval with the revival of agriculture, and may be dated within the period of a century. England had its extensive cloth and other manufactures in the reign of Henry the Seventh; Scotland had not made the same advances till the reign of George the Third; yet such have been the activity and care bestowed on its manufactures within the period of the last seventy or eighty years, that in many processes of labour it already rivals its more favoured and more precocious sister nation. It may justly be said that no country in the world—the United States of America excepted—has made such extraordinary strides in the career of prosperity, in all that concerns it, as Scotland. Under the manifest disadvantages of a worse climate than is found in the greater part of England; a mountainous uneven territory, ill adapted for roads and canals; an unfortunate local situation, rather out of the way of European commerce; a most serious want of capital; and a recent rise from barbaric usages and the affliction of civil broils—it has fallen upon judicious means, through the energy of its character, of establishing a reputation highly worthy of respect, and of placing itself as much as possible on a par with its southern neighbour. There are some countries—Ireland for instance—where the mechanism of society, and every thing relative to national institutions, trade, and commerce, are continually going wrong; whereas in Scotland no beneficial practice has ever yet been introduced, from the epoch of Malcolm Canmore downwards, which has not readily taken root and been a source of national advantage and gratulation.

The principal manufacturing district in Scotland is that of Lanark and Renfrew shires, lying on the western side of the island, and intersected by the Clyde. The manufacture of lawns, cambrics, and other articles of a similar fabric, was introduced into this district about a century ago, but was not of any moment till the decade of 1770-80. A very flourishing commerce with the American colonies having then been checked, the attention of the trades of Glasgow was directed to other objects of enterprise; and being assisted by the discovery made by Arkwright of the improved process of spinning cotton wool, they commenced the manufacture of muslins. The late Mr James Monteith of Anderston was the first person who warped a muslin web in Scotland. The progress of the cotton manufacture at Glasgow after this was very rapid; dyeing and printing linen and calico were brought fully into practice; and soon the goods of Glasgow were exported to all parts of the world. Since the use of steam power commenced in Glasgow, about 180 engines, having the power of at least 3000 horses, and in the proprietary of upwards of 150 manufacturers, have been established within two miles of the Cross of that city. The cotton manufacturers of Glasgow have also water mills and establishments in a number of places throughout the adjoining country, and the goods they produce rival those of the Lancashire manufacturers. The manufactures of Paisley, in Renfrewshire, differ from those of Glasgow. About the year 1760, the making of silk gauze was first attempted in Paisley in imitation of those of Spitalfields. The success was beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who engaged in it. The inventive spirit, and the patient application of the workmen, the cheapness of the labour at the time, and the skill and taste of the masters, gave it every advantage for being naturalized there. The consequence was, that nice and curious fabrics were devised, and such a vast variety of elegant and richly ornamented gauze was issued from the place, as to outdo every thing of the kind that had formerly appeared. Spitalfields was obliged to relinquish the manufacture, and companies came from London to carry it on in Paisley, where it prospered, and increased to an inconceivable extent. In 1784 the manufacture of silk gauze, lawn, and linen gauze, and white sewing thread, amounted to the value of L.580,000, and no fewer than about 27,000 persons were employed. Since that epoch the gauze trade has declined: but the manufacture of cotton thread, cambric, shawls of silk and cotton, shawls of silk and Merino wool, scarfs, plaids, Canton crape shawls, and handkerchiefs, has risen, and been carried on with more or less vigour. The manufactures of Glasgow and Paisley engage the labour of a dense population, scattered over the whole of the villages in the west of Scotland, and reaching even into more distant parts of the country. The outlet for those manufactures is chiefly by the Clyde and by Greenock. The increase of the population of Glasgow and Paisley within the last fifty years has been very striking. In 1780 the city of Glasgow contained only 42,332 individuals; and in 1831 it possessed a population of nearly 233,000. Paisley and its environs in 1782 contained 17,700 inhabitants; in 1831 the population was nearly 60,000.

Lanarkshire has a variety of other manufactures; machinery to a great extent is made at Glasgow, and there are iron works in the upper vale of Clyde, within the shire. In an alpine region of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, amidst a wilderness of heathy mountains, lie the villages of Leadhills and Wanlockhead, both celebrated for their lead-mines. The annual produce of the Scotch lead-mines is 65,000 bars, or 4120 tons, which, at the value of lead, on an average of the last twenty years, amount to L.82,400.

Let us now proceed to other parts of Scotland. Dumbartonshire is now the seat of a number of print-

works, which have been established on the Leven, in consequence of the exceeding purity of its water,

“That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polished pebbles spread.”

The county is likewise noted for the manufacture of glass for windows, both plate and common, an article begun to be made here in 1777. The glass-works of Dumbarton give employment to 19,000 tons of shipping, and pay from L.40,000 to 60,000 of excise duties per annum. Ayrshire, which is contiguous to Renfrewshire, has for a number of years taken the lead in woollen manufactures. The chief seat of this trade is at Kilmarnock, a rapidly improving town, possessing a population of about 18,000. In this thriving inland town about 1200 weavers and 200 printers are engaged in the manufacture of harness and worsted printed shawls, which are annually produced to the value of L.200,000. In the manufacture of Brussels, Venetian, and Scottish carpets and rugs, the quality and patterns of which are not surpassed by any in the country, there are upwards of 1000 weavers employed. The annual amount of this important branch of manufacture cannot be less than L.100,000. The town is noted for the manufacture of striped woollen night-caps and bonnets; of the latter, 224,640 are made yearly, the value of which is L.12,090. Kilmarnock is also a mart for boots and shoes; about 2400 pairs are made every week, three-fourths of which are for exportation; annual value about L.32,000. The thriving village of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, enjoys a large share of the manufacture of Highland bonnets, regimental and otherwise. A considerable portion of the population of this county is engaged in weaving for the Glasgow and Paisley manufacturers. Ayrshire has other two articles of manufacture worth mentioning—iron and snuff-boxes. The seat of their manufacture is at Muirkirk, where there are blast furnaces for pig iron, and an extensive forge for bar iron. The pig iron made here is soft, easily melted, and of the best quality. The bar iron is superior to any in Britain, and not inferior to Swedish iron. There are also some coal tar works at Muirkirk. Cumnock, a village in the heart of Ayrshire, on the Lugar water, is celebrated for the manufacture of those beautiful wooden snuff-boxes now so common, a species of trade carried on nowhere else in Scotland, except at Laurencekirk and Montrose. It is little more than twenty years since some ingenious individuals commenced the making of these curious little cabinets. There are now upwards of one hundred persons, men, women, and children, employed in the trade, all of whom get more considerable wages by their labour than most other artisans. Planetree is the wood used in the manufacture, and great ingenuity is evinced in adorning the lids with devices. The very nice manner in which the hinges are constructed, so as to be almost invisible, is deserving of the highest credit. It is calculated that a piece of rough wood, costing only twenty-five shillings, will make three thousand pounds' worth of snuff-boxes.

Stirlingshire has some manufactures peculiar to itself. These consist of carpets, coarse woollens of divers kinds, tartans and cottons, which are principally made in the town of Stirling, and the adjacent villages of St Ninians and Bannockburn. There are also establishments at different places for manufacturing paper, copperas, alum, Prussian blue, soda, and whisky. Some of the villages are celebrated for the excellence and quantity of the nails which they manufacture; and the article so produced has long had a command of the Scottish market. But the grand staple manufacture of Stirlingshire is iron goods, cast and malleable, at Carron, on the banks of the river of that name, near Falkirk. This establishment, which is celebrated all over Europe, manufactures all kinds of cast-iron goods, for use in war, agriculture, domestic economy, or any other purpose. Cannon, mortars, howitzers, and carronades, of every description, are here made in the greatest perfection. The outlet for these heavy goods is the Frith of Forth, or the canal which communicates with the Clyde. Including those employed in the works, and those engaged in the mines and pits, with the individuals employed in the coasting and carrying trade, the whole will amount to between 2000 and 3000 persons, who subsist directly by the works.

No county in Scotland surpasses Fifeshire in point of industry, general intelligence, and comfort. This peninsular county (including part of Kinross-shire) is the busy seat of the Scottish linen manufacture, which was introduced into it about sixty years since, when the London trade was opened up. In the course of the intervening period of time, the county has been overspread with spinning-mills, bleach-fields, weaving-rooms, and other essentials for carrying on a great trade. From time to time, considerable changes have occurred, according as the demand for particular articles varied; and in the present day the weaving of fine diapers and shirtings is the chief employ. Some of the most meritorious improvements in the art of bleaching and hand-weaving have been the discovery of natives of Fife. Dunfermline, in this county, enjoys the reputation of being the first town in Scotland for fine linens. The yarns used are from foreign flax, and are mostly spun and bleached on the river Leven. The Kirkland spinning-mills, near the seaport town of Leven, are the most extensive in the county. In the weaving of linens, whole towns, vil-

lages, and hamlets, are constantly employed. The cloth produced is, for the greater part, exported to London, as the Scotch themselves wear almost none of their own goods, being contented with the cheaper linens of Ireland. Blankets and plaidings are also manufactured in this shire. The operative weavers of Fife form an independent respectable class of artisans, thoroughly national in their habits and sentiments; and being, in most instances, provided with gardens and potato grounds, if not pigs and cows, near their cottages, they live in a state of peace and comfort, I venture to assert, nowhere equalled, at least not surpassed, among the working classes in any portion of the united kingdom. In no part of the country are there seen fewer idlers, fewer ill-clad people, or fewer public houses—solid testimonials of the sobriety, the industry, and the intelligence of the natives.

Forfarshire, which lies immediately north from Fife, has the chief trade in manufacturing coarse flaxen and hempen goods, principally from Baltic produce. The seat of this lucrative branch of manufactures is at Dundee, a town which, like Paisley and Glasgow, has made extraordinary advances within the last fifty years. Brown linen, sailcloths, bagging, and coarse household stuffs, are the staple branches. In the year ending Whitsunday 1830, the exports of lint and hempen goods amounted to 464,752 tons. The wealth diffused by a commerce of such magnitude may well be conceived to be great. Steam power is applied very extensively at Dundee, and all the towns and villages within many miles are kept busily engaged in weaving. Dundee is also famous for the excellence of its manufacture of kid gloves.

In that portion of Scotland lying betwixt the Borders and the Frith of Forth, manufactures are thinly scattered. Hawick in Roxburghshire began to manufacture woollen stockings in 1771, and since that period it has risen to be the chief town in this line in Scotland. There are now upwards of twenty manufacturers in the place, and these employ between five and six hundred looms. It was lately calculated that there were about 900,000 pounds weight of fine wool spun into yarn, three-fifths of which were wrought up into hose, &c., and the remainder sold to manufacturers of stockings in Leicester, Derbyshire, Glasgow, &c. Galashiels, a small thriving town in Selkirkshire, has for a number of years been making considerable advances in the manufacturing of cloths, plaidings, flannels, hosiery, &c. The town had recently ten woollen mills, or factories, which wrought about 30,000 stones of wool per annum, value L.22,000. The cloth made here is remarkably strong and durable.

The district of Mid-Lothian, of which Edinburgh forms the centre, has a great variety of manufactures. Printing papers are now made to a vast extent at a number of mills on the Esk and other streams; pottery and salt are made at the towns on the shore of the Frith of Forth; glass or crystal is made to a large amount at Leith; and among other manufactures, those of refined sugar, ale, beer, leather, and chemical preparations, have a conspicuous place. The Edinburgh ales are deservedly celebrated; its silk shawls are also well known; and it has recently put forth some of the finest carpets. Edinburgh is, however, chiefly known as a mart for literary productions. Though not employing a dense population like Lanarkshire, the county possesses those vital principles of action which enable it to put the whole machinery of improvement in motion over the kingdom. Its banking establishments supply capital to nearly the whole of Scotland, and rouse the spirit of industry in the most distant isles.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT

THE biography of James Watt, a man to whom mankind has been greatly indebted for the ingenious improvements he effected on the steam engine, having been brought under the notice of my readers, I now propose to give some account of Sir Richard Arkwright, an individual in some measure associated with the great inventions of Watt; his rise from a very humble origin to affluence and distinction being the result of his persevering attention to the improvement of machinery connected with the cotton manufacture.

“Arkwright (says his biographer, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge) was born on the 23d of December 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he ever was at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred—that of a barber. This business he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age; and this first period of his history is of course obscure enough. About the year 1760, however, or soon after, he gave up shaving, and commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting the commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then, after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig-makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article than any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, we are told, of the secret method of dyeing hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits; and perhaps, in his accidental acquaintance with this little piece of chemistry, we may find the germ of that sensibility he soon began to manifest to the value of new and unpublished inventions in the arts, and of his passion for patent-rights and the pleasures of monopoly.

It would appear that his first effort in mechanics, as has happened in the case of many other ingenious men, was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. It was in inquiring after a person to make him some wheels for a project of this kind, that in the latter part of the year 1767 he got acquainted with a clockmaker of the name of Kay, then residing at Warrington, with whom it is certain that he remained for a considerable time after closely connected. From this moment we may date his entrance upon a new career.

The manufacture of cotton cloths was introduced into this country only towards the end of the seventeenth century; although stuffs, improperly called Manchester cottons, had been fabricated nearly three centuries before, which, however, were made entirely of wool. It is generally thought that the first attempt at the manufacture of cotton goods in Europe did not take place till the end of the fifteenth century, when the art was introduced into Italy. Before this, the only cottons known had been imported from the East Indies.

The English cottons, for many years after the introduction of the manufacture, had only the web of cotton, the warp, or longitudinal threads of the cloth, being of linen. It was conceived to be impracticable to spin the cotton with a sufficient hard twist to make it serviceable for this latter purpose. Although occasionally exported too in small quantities, the manufactured goods were chiefly consumed at home. It was not till about the year 1760 that any considerable demand for them arose abroad.

But about this time the exportation of cottons, both to the Continent and to America, began to be carried on on a larger scale, and the manufacture of course received a corresponding impulse. The thread had hitherto been spun entirely, as it still continues to be in India, by the tedious process of the distaff and spindle, the spinner drawing out only a single thread at a time. But as the demand for the manufactured article continued to increase, a greater and greater scarcity of weft was experienced, till, at last, although there were 50,000 spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they were found quite insufficient to supply the quantity of thread required. The weavers generally, in those days, had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family; and now "those weavers," says Mr Guest, in his *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, "whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and, even with this disadvantage, very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon or gown was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner."

It was natural, in this state of things, that attempts should be made to contrive some method of spinning more effective than that which had hitherto been in use; and, in fact, several ingenious individuals seem to have turned their attention to the subject. Long before this time, indeed, spinning by machinery had been thought of by more than one speculator. A Mr Wyatt, of Litchfield, is stated to have actually invented an apparatus for that purpose so early as the year 1733, and to have had factories built and filled with his machines, both at Birmingham and Northampton. These undertakings, however, not being successful, the machines were allowed to perish, and no model or description of them was preserved. There was also a Mr Laurence Earnshaw, of Mottram, in Cheshire, of whom "it is recorded," says Mr Baines, in his *History of Lancashire*, "that, in the year 1753, he invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbours, and then destroyed it, through the generous apprehension that he might deprive the poor of bread"—a mistake, but a benevolent one.

It was in the year 1767, as we have mentioned, that Arkwright became acquainted with Kay. In 1768, the two friends appeared together at Preston, and immediately began to occupy themselves busily in the erection of a machine for the spinning of cotton-thread, of which they had brought a model with them. They had prevailed upon a Mr Smalley, who is described to have been a liquor merchant and painter of that place, to join them in their speculation; and the room in which the machine was fixed was the parlour of the dwelling-house attached to the free grammar-school, the use of which Smalley had obtained from his friend, the schoolmaster. At this time Arkwright was so poor that, an election contest having taken place in the town, of which he was a Burgess, it is asserted that his friends, or party, were obliged to subscribe to get him a decent suit of clothes before they could bring him into the poll-room. As soon as the election was over, he and Kay left Preston, and carrying with them their model, betook themselves to Nottingham, the apprehension of the hostility of the people of Lancashire to the attempt he was making to introduce spinning by machinery having, as Arkwright himself afterwards stated, induced him to take this step. On arriving at Nottingham, he first made arrangements with Messrs Wrights, the bankers, for obtaining the necessary supply of capital; but they, after a short time, having declined to continue their advances, he took his model to Messrs Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers of the place, the latter of whom was a particularly ingenious man, and well qualified, from his scientific acquirements, of which he had possessed himself under many disadvantages, to judge of the adaptation of the new machinery to its proposed object. An inspection of it perfectly satisfied him of its great value; and he and Mr Need immediately agreed to enter into partnership with Arkwright, who accordingly, in 1769, took out a patent for the machine as its inventor. A spinning-mill, driven by horse-power, was at the same time erect-

ed, and filled with the frames; being, unless we include those erected many years before by Mr Wyatt, the first work of the kind that had been known in this country. In 1771 Arkwright and his partners established another mill at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, the machinery in which was set in motion by a water-wheel; and in 1775 he took out a second patent, including some additions which he had made to his original apparatus.

In what we have hitherto related, we have carefully confined ourselves to facts which are universally acknowledged; but there are other points of the story that have been stated in very opposite ways, and have given rise to much doubt and dispute.

The machinery for which Arkwright took out his patents consisted of various parts, his second specification enumerating no fewer than ten different contrivances; but of these the one that was by far of greatest importance, was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and harder twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft. This was most ingeniously managed by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was in the first place drawn off from the skewers, on which it was fixed by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of the first and coarser quality; but at a little distance behind the first was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others, the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every one revolution of the first pair, or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did, they could obviously only obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance, which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes what is called the water-frame or throstle.

Of this part of his machinery, Arkwright particularly claimed the invention as his own. He admitted, with regard to some of the other machines included in his patent, that he was rather their improver than their inventor; and the original spinning-machine for coarse thread, commonly called the spinning-jenny, he frankly attributed in its first conception to a person of the name of Hargrave, who resided at Blackburn, and who, he said, having been driven out of Lancashire in consequence of his invention, had taken refuge in Nottingham; but, unable to bear up against a conspiracy formed to ruin him, had been at last obliged to relinquish the farther prosecution of his object, and died in obscurity and distress.

There were, however, other parties who had an interest as well as Arkwright in these new machines, and who would not allow that any of them were of his invention. As to the principal of them, the water-frame, they alleged that it was in reality the invention of a poor reed-maker, of the name of Highs, or Hayes, and that Arkwright had obtained the knowledge of it from his old associate Kay, who had been employed by Highs to assist him in constructing a model of it a short time before Arkwright had sought his acquaintance. Many cotton-spinners, professing to believe this to be the true state of the case, actually used Arkwright's machinery in their factories, notwithstanding the patent by which he had attempted to protect it; and this invasion of his monopoly was carried to such an extent, that at last he found himself obliged to bring actions against no fewer than nine different parties.

It would be needless to enter here into the history of Arkwright's legal contests, which, after various success, he finally lost. Whatever conclusion may be come to on the subject of his claim to the invention of the machinery introduced by him into his spinning factories, it is incontestable that to him alone belongs the merit both of having combined its different parts with admirable ingenuity and judgment, and of having, by his unwearied and invincible perseverance, first brought it into actual use on anything like an extensive scale, and demonstrated its power and value. The several inventions which his patent embraced, whether they were his own or not, would probably but for him have perished with their authors; none of whom except himself had the determination and courage to face the multiplied fatigues and dangers that lay in the way of achieving a practical exemplification of what they had conceived in their minds, or to encounter any part of that opposition, incredulity, ridicule, of those disappointments, repulses, losses, and other discouragements, over all of which he at last so completely triumphed. When he set out on this career he was poor, friendless, and utterly unknown. We have already stated that, on his coming with Kay to Preston, he was almost in rags; and it may be added, that when he and Kay made application immediately before this to a Mr Atherton for some pecuniary assistance to enable them to prosecute their plans, Arkwright's appearance alone was enough to determine that gentleman to have nothing to do with the adventure. Can we have a more exciting example, then, of what a resolute heart may do in apparently the most hopeless circumstances?—of what ingenuity and perseverance together may overcome in the pursuit of what they are determined to attain? And this is the grand lesson which the history of Arkwright is fitted to teach us—to give ourselves wholly to one object, and never to despair of reaching it. Even after he had succeeded in

forming his partnership with Messrs Need and Strutt, his success was far from being secured. For a long time the speculation was a hazardous and unprofitable one; and no little outlay of capital was required to carry it on. He tells us himself in his case that it did not begin to pay till it had been persevered in for five years, and had swallowed up a capital of more than twelve thousand pounds. We cannot doubt that it required all Arkwright's dexterity and firmness to induce his partners to persevere with the experiment under this large expenditure and protracted disappointment. But it was the character of the man to devote his whole heart and faculties to whatever he engaged in. Even to the close of his life, the management of his different factories was his only occupation, and even amusement. Although he had been from early life afflicted with severe asthma, he took scarcely any recreation—employing all his time either in superintending the daily concerns of these establishments—which were regulated upon a plan that itself indicated in its contrivance no little ingenuity and reach of mind—or in adding such improvements to his machinery, from time to time, as his experience and observation suggested. And thus it was, that from a poor barber he raised himself to what he eventually became—not merely to rank and great affluence, but to be the founder of a new branch of national industry, destined in a wonderfully short space of time to assume the very first place among the manufactures of his country."

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL PLAGUE.

The different plagues which had visited Great Britain within the last five hundred years, were summarily adverted to in the first number of the *Journal*, particularly that in London in the year 1665. It was there stated that one of the greatest of these pestilences occurred in the reign of Edward III.; and as this was perhaps the most dreadful and most universal plague which is related in modern history, it is worth while to present a more lengthened description of its character and duration. For this purpose I take the liberty of abridging an excellent account of this great plague from a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

"This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the east. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by contemporary writers to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air, and load it with pestiferous vapours. Thus it came into England in the end of the year 1369; and it rained from the previous Christmas till midsummer, almost without ceasing. Great inundations followed, and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. It appears that in many countries there were also earthquakes and tremblings of the earth. In many of the accounts given of these convulsions of nature, we may presume there was a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from Abyssinia to the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, India, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago, almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have decimated the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of *nine* in place of *one*, out of ten. The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke out into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope, though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. France next became exposed to its ravages, and the mortality was horrible. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August 1348 it appeared in the seaport towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford, and about the 1st of November reached London. Finally, it spread over all England, scattering everywhere such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive. Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annals. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 persons who died of the plague were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 67,374 persons died in six months. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. In London, the dead were thrown into pits—forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last

office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which were also covered. The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and, among them, principally on old men, women, and children. [In these respects, this plague seems to have differed from some of the plagues in the seventeenth century, which fell particularly upon the upper classes.—See Journal, No. 1.] It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague, and of the English nobility and people of distinction very few were cut off. Among the higher orders of the church, the deaths were rare. It appears that no precautions could prevent the influence of the contagion. The bonds of society were loosed; parents forsook children, and children parents; some fled to the country, others locked themselves up in their houses, and many went on board vessels. But everywhere the fugitives were followed, for the destroying angel had a foot on the waters as well as on the land. "The pestilence spread into Wales and into Ireland. As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England [or rather resolved to avenge the injuries they had suffered under the Edwards], they made a hostile irruption with a large force into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the plague overtook them. They perished in thousands, and carried the disease with them into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as they were in England. Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap and gather it in. The last drags of this great plague were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and in many places they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were at first produced in some parts of the Continent by the cholera panic."

ON HOME.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

That is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hour away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here;
Cheerless I leave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
The infant's on his mother's breast—
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound:
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear;—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefin'd,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;—
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shared with thee.

Scottish Anecdotes.

LORD MELVILLE.

Ere the late Lord Melville had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was by no means popular in that country. On the contrary, he was, oftener than once, in danger of his life from mobs in Edinburgh. Paying a visit to the capital on one occasion, after having been concerned in some odious public measure, he sent for a barber, in the morning, to shave him at his hotel. The tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice, "We are much obliged to you, Mr Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."—"What!" replied the secretary, "you are a politician, I find? I sent for a barber."—"Oh, yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly;" which he did, until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!" and off he ran, down stairs, into the street. Whether Mr Dundas felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of Mr Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the faculty, of all degrees—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron, and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution, it was found to be in a perfectly whole state, there not being even a scar visible! Though Mr Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen; which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more barbers—he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

WILKES.

At the period of Wilkes's popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with much glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings every where but where he ought!" Wilkes passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed.

GARRICK.

On one occasion, Garrick dined in the beef-steak room at Covent Garden, ready dressed in character for the part of Ranger, which he was to perform the same night at the other theatre. Ranger appears in the opening of the comedy; and as the curtain was not drawn up at the usual time, the audience began to manifest considerable impatience, for Garrick had not yet arrived. A call-boy was instantly dispatched for him, but he was unfortunately retarded by a line of carriages that blocked up the whole of Russell Street, which it was necessary for him to cross. This protracted still farther the commencement of the piece; and the house evinced considerable dissatisfaction, with cries of "Manager, manager!" When Garrick at length reached the green-room, he found Dr Ford, one of the patentees, pacing backwards and forwards in great agitation. The moment the doctor saw him, he addressed him in a strong tone of rebuke. "I think, David, considering the stake you and I have in this theatre, you might pay more attention to its business."—"True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "I should have been in good time; but I was thinking of my *steak* in the other." The appearance of their favourite soon pacified the audience, and Garrick went through the character with more vivacity than ever.

POLITICAL BON MOT.

Some one jealously observed to the Marquis Wellesley, that in his arrangements of the Ministry, "His brother the Duke had thrown him overboard."—"Yes," said the Marquis, "but I trust I have strength enough left to swim to the other side."

THE PRETENDER'S HEALTH.

There was not much wit, but there was some good humour in the reply George II. made to a lady, who, at the first masquerade his Majesty was at in England, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the *beaufêtes*: With this he readily complied, and the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

MESS-ROOM GOSSIP.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

THE FAMILY OF ELIBANK.

Every body is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the way-side, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression, "By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too." A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very fact. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. "Are you mad?" said her ladyship; "would you hang the young laird of Harden, you that has sae many unmarried daughters? Na, na, it'll be a handle mair wisely to mak the young laird marry ane o' them." The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance;" that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. "Weel, weel, young man," says the laird of Elibank, "ye's get 'till the morn's mornin' to think about it," and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections. In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.—*Chambers's Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

LIVING ABROAD.

I will endeavour to enable any one to judge how far it may be worth his while to come to reside in France from motives of economy. The French are sometimes puzzled to make out why the English come abroad; perhaps the English, if they were asked, would be equally puzzled themselves. The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France, since the beginning of the revolution; the taxes have been trebled. The result of between three and four years' experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or, that a franc (10d.) will go as far as a shilling. Set against the saving the expense of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life. House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woollen cloth for coats, and linen and cotton for shirts, are equally dear; tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates; provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third, and instead of small beer, my children now drink wine.—*Four Years in France.*

Column of Serious Reading.

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND BY CHRISTIANITY.

IN the eleventh number of the Journal, I took the liberty of offering to my juvenile readers a concise comparative view of the philosophies of the ancients, and the religion of Christ; in which, in the spirit of impartiality, I showed the marked superiority of the latter, simply as regarded its moral efficacy. Since writing that paper, I have fallen in with an exceedingly pleasing and edifying production, in a small compass, entitled, "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*," by Robert Ainslie—a gentleman whose name is associated with reminiscences of the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis towards the end of last century, and the author of a similar previous work, designated "*A Father's Gift to his Children*." It is the characteristic of this author to exhibit Christianity under its most alluring, and what I would humbly imagine to be, its most correct form. While he instructs by the extent and familiarity of his details, as well as by the clear simplicity of his style, he invites our sympathy by depicting religion in such an attractive garb that he cannot fail in fixing the attention of the wavering, and securing the respect even of the avowed sceptic. It is not my present purpose to offer an analysis of the evidences of natural and revealed religion here so plainly laid down, or enlarge on the various other topics introduced; as I trust that families will lose no time in procuring the volume for a patient perusal, seeing that it is particularly adapted to the young: it is more my design to follow up my former comparative view, by presenting an extract from one of the most interesting chapters, illustrative of the *Improvement effected on mankind through the permanent establishment of Christianity*.

"In taking a view of the morality and feelings of ancient and modern times (says the author), a material difference between them generally presents itself, and we perceive a great superiority of the latter over the former. Instead of the barbarity of the old world, we now find wars carried on with less ferocity; humanity towards the vanquished when the conflict has ceased; domestic slavery abolished or mitigated; suicide abated; the desperate evil of human sacrifices over; protection given to the helpless; institutions abounding for the sick and destitute; revenge forbidden and discountenanced; and philanthropy considered as the greatest virtue. True religion has of all things the most steady and lasting influence on the human mind; and we will find no difficulty in discovering in it the causes of such changes in sentiment and conduct. This we shall do on contrasting the beneficent system introduced by the Saviour, with those which prevailed under the heathen superstitions, and their grossness, their cruelties, and their fostering the worst of human passions.

As the world came to be Christianised, the humane and benevolent doctrines of the Scriptures became, in sundry different countries, the foundation of, or engrafted with, their municipal laws. Thus many parts of those of Theodosius and Justinian were taken from the Gospels. Those of the Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, and other rude races of men, were amended by the fine spirit which portions of the word of God had infused into them. Alfred the Great transcribed into his civil institutions the ten commandments, and several chapters of the Book of Exodus; and many of the laws of Charlemagne and Louis were taken from the books of Moses. It was impossible that nations should not receive general culture and civilisation from such excellent sources. That they did so, I shall now proceed to show.

The horrors of war have been extremely mitigated through the prevalence of Christianity, and the injunctions of the pious and the good. Thus Constantine, the first of the Christian Roman Emperors, expressly enjoined his soldiers that mercy should be made by them to follow victory; and finding, in some instances, his orders little attended to, he himself ransomed his own prisoners even from his own troops. When Attila, the barbarous King of the Huns, who was styled the "*Scourge of God*," had laid waste Italy, and resolved to march straightway to Rome, where the greatest devastation would have ensued, he was turned aside from his fatal purpose by the admonition of a pious Archbishop; and even the terrible Alaric, the Goth, when he had stormed the Imperial City, respected the churches, and saved those who fled there for refuge; exhorting his soldiers, in the midst of their conquest, to spare unresisting citizens who had so sheltered themselves. The middle ages of Europe were extremely improved by *chivalry*, where gallant knights fought for the Cross of Christ, and the safety of the destitute. Although the romance of that noble institution is now long over, yet modern times still feel its benign influence, and are bettered by the humane and gentle manners and sentiments which were imperceptibly introduced by it; and these have shown themselves in many an interesting instance. Now, no such things are to be found in the histories of the ancients; but probably the finest instance of all, of the striking difference between them and the moderns, and of the merciful feeling in the heart of the brave, is found in the prayer of Nelson, composed by him immediately before his entering into the battle of Trafalgar; and which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, for the sake of all future ge-

nerations. It was in the following terms:—"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet." Such in modern times have been the sentiments and the conduct of the gallant and the good towards their fallen foes. And let this be compared with the ferocity of the ancient heathens. The victorious legions of Rome, when they were directed by Scipio, at the sack of Carthage, to put to death all without distinction, were told by him "that such was the custom of Rome." Julius Cæsar, besides all his slaughter in the field, and in subduing of nations, stormed a thousand cities with the usual ferocity, and reduced a million of people to abject slavery. But where, in an especial manner, is the source of such wonderful difference? It is found in the admonition of the Son of God, "*Love your enemies, and be merciful, as your Father in Heaven is merciful*."

Infanticide, or the slaughter of young children, to replace too numerous a population, was not only sanctioned by the customs of the ancient world, but was recommended by its sages, and even enacted by its legislators. Thus Plato and Aristotle both enjoined the practice, and Lycurgus made it a part of the law of Sparta. In the Roman world, during the reign of Caligula, it was common; and so general must it have been among the nations connected with it, that Tacitus, in treating of the Germans, mentions it as a remarkable circumstance that the custom was not found with them. The same dreadful expedient to restrain what is considered an inconvenient increase of mankind, has been adopted also, to a great extent, in more modern times, where Christianity has not prevailed. Such systematic murder of helpless children has given way gradually before the increasing light of the Gospel.

Human sacrifices were extremely prevalent in the ancient world. Of old it was a rule with every Grecian state before their armies were marched against an enemy, to immolate human victims; and it is well known that the Athenians had a custom of sacrificing a man every year, after loading him with dreadful curses, that the wrath of the gods might fall upon his head, and be turned away from the rest of the citizens. Such sacrifices prevailed also at an early period among the Romans. In the time of Porphyry, a man was every year sacrificed at the shrine of Jupiter Latiaris. All barbarous nations have followed this practice. The annual sacrifices of the Mexicans required some thousands of human victims; and in Peru two hundred children were devoted to the health of the Inca, and sacrificed. But these, and all other immolations, ceased in the light of the Gospel, and before that One Great Sacrifice offered for the sins of all mankind.

Suicide was not only extremely prevalent in the old world, but was countenanced by the philosophy of the times. Gladiator fighting was also very common in the old world. Very little attention was likewise paid to strangers, but the use and promulgation of these blessed words, "*I was a stranger and ye took me in*," gave rise in after ages to many pious institutions for their protection and relief. In the same manner the state of all descriptions of prisoners was deplorable of old. Whipping and putting to death of debtors were permitted by the early laws of Rome. The first being who seems to have felt for the fate of those in prison was Christ, and the words which he uttered "*I was in prison and ye visited me*," laid the foundation of merciful laws in every Christian country for diminishing the captive's misery, and cheering the gloom of his melancholy dwelling.

The protection of widows and orphans, and the healing of the sick and wounded, also attracted the attention of the early Christians, and produced in the more modern world what the ancients altogether wanted, viz. charitable institutions of all kinds for these humane purposes. Christianity has reformed the general conduct of men. But not only has it reformed their morals—it has been the means of also enlightening and instructing them. Suffice it to notice, that when the world was overrun with barbarism on the fall of the Roman empire, learning found a safe asylum in the Christian sanctuaries, from which it afterwards came forth to bless mankind; that connected with it have arisen noble institutions for the instruction of the rich and the middle ranks of Europe, while the constant perusal of the Scriptures, which now takes place in the most of its countries, and the hearing of their exposition, lay open to all a truer theology, a purer morality, and more just views of human nature, than what the greatest of the ancients ever knew. This necessarily brief enumeration of the essential benefits occurring to mankind from the beneficent influence of Christianity, may be wound up in the appropriate language of a recent American writer. "*The Christian religion*," says he, "*has been a rich blessing to every country which has embraced it; and its salutary effects have borne proportion to the care which has been taken to inculcate its general principles, and the cordiality with which its doctrines have been embraced. If we cast our eyes over the map of the world and inquire what nations are truly civilised? where does learning flourish? where are the principles of morality and the dictates of humanity best understood? where are the poor and afflicted most effectually relieved? where do men enjoy the greatest security of life, property, and liberty? where is the female sex treated with due respect, and exalted to its proper place in society? where is the education of youth most assiduously pursued? where are the brightest examples of benevolence? and where do men enjoy most rational happiness? I say, if we were called upon to designate those countries in which these advantages are most highly enjoyed, every one of them would be found in Christianity; and the superiority enjoyed by some over the others would be found to bear an exact proportion to the practical influence of pure Christianity.*"

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ARMIES.

THE following succinct account of the amount of the Spanish and Portuguese regular armed forces, is given by Dr Browne in his valuable article *ARMY*, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—

"The Spanish army, which, under Charles V., Pescara, the Duke of Alba, and the Constable of Bourbon, had proved itself so formidable—extending the theatre of its exploits from the Pyrenees to the Po and the Adige on the one hand, and to the Elbe, the Meuse, and the Waal on the other—degenerated rapidly under the disastrous reigns of the last princes of the House of Austria. When Philip, V. ascended the throne at the beginning of the last century, it scarcely amounted to 15,000 men. By that prince and his successors, however, it was gradually increased, until, in the year 1792, its establishment amounted to 116,000 infantry, 12,200 cavalry, with upwards of 10,000 artillery, and its effective force to about 120,000 men of all arms. At present its effective amounts to 90,000 men, and its disposable force to 75,000 combatants. It is composed of the general active staff, of the staff of the fortresses, of the household troops and royal guard, of the infantry and cavalry of the line, with artillery, engineers, and veterans. Its staff consists of 6 captain-generals, 77 lieutenant-generals, 122 major-generals, 350 brigadier-generals, with inferior officers in proportion. There are 15 captives, viz. 12 territorial and 3 colonial. In Spain, and its possessions contiguous to the Peninsula, there are 150 fortresses, posts, forts, citadels, or open towns where troops are in garrison. The household troops consist of six squadrons of the body guard and a company of halberdiers; of these, four squadrons are Spanish, and two foreign, called Saxons, in honour of the queen. The royal guard is organized like that of France, and consists of two divisions of infantry, one division of cavalry, and three companies of artillery, one of which is horse-artillery. The first division consists of four regiments of grenadiers, each composed of two battalions, divided into eight companies of 120 men each; and the second of two regiments of the elite of the provincial militia, divided into three battalions of four companies each. The cavalry forms a division of two brigades; and the artillery consists of three companies of 100 men each; serving a battery of six pieces mounted. The infantry of the line consists, first, of 10 regiments of three battalions each; secondly, of the Swiss regiment Wimpfen, one battalion only; thirdly, of a regiment, fixed at Ceuta, composed of four companies of 100 men each, the refuse of the army. Seven regiments, of two battalions each, of the same number and composition as those of the line, form the light infantry. The militia consists of 42 regiments of one battalion each, which is divided into eight companies. The cavalry consists of 13 regiments, of which 5 are of the line, and 8 light horse, each of four squadrons, composed like those of the royal guard; together with two companies of cuirassiers at Ceuta, one formed of native Spaniards, and the other of Moors. The royal corps of artillery is divided into the theoretical and practical. The troops of this arm consist, first, of 6 battalions of foot artillery, in garrison at Barcelona, Carthagena, Seville, Corunna, and Valladolid; secondly, of 4 companies of horse-artillery, in garrison at Carthagena and Seville; thirdly, of 5 companies of artificers; fourthly, of 6 battalions of the train; fifthly, of 3 brigades and 15 companies fixed in garrison, but exclusive of the personnel in America. This arm has a splendid museum at Madrid, besides a theoretical and practical school, directed by a brigadier-general or colonel, in the principal town or place of each province. The engineers are a corps of officers not regimented or brigaded, consisting of an engineer-general, 10 directors sub-inspectors, 17 colonels, 20 lieutenant-colonels, 34 captains, and 56 lieutenants; together with a regiment of sappers, consisting of 2 battalions of 3 companies each, viz. 5 of sappers, 1 of miners, 1 of pontoneers, and 1 of workmen. The establishments of this arm are, a topographical depot-general, or collection of maps, plans, and military memoirs; a museum, containing representations in relief of the fortresses, and different models of fortifications; and an academy for the instruction of young officers intending to enter this branch of the service, after they have passed through the primary school of Segovia. All these establishments are situated in the capital.

The Spanish army is recruited by voluntary enrolment, and, in case of insufficiency, by ballot or conscription. The term of service is eight years for the first enrolment or ballot, and two or four for the second, when the soldier becomes entitled to an increase of pay. Before the war of independence no one could attain the rank of officer without having been a cadet; and each cadet was bound to prove his nobility. But since the return of Ferdinand these proofs have been dispensed with, and serjeants now obtain a third of the sub-lieutenancies; the other two-thirds being reserved for the *élèves* of the military school of Segovia, who have passed the customary examinations at the end of their course of study. The dress and equipment of the Spanish army are in the worst state; the pay of the troops is exceedingly irregular; and their discipline is, in consequence, as bad as it is possible to imagine, or rather, there is scarcely such a thing known.

After the general peace of 1814, when all the powers of Europe had reduced their military establishments, Portugal alone did not follow their example, but fixed the peace establishment of its permanent army at 49,268 infantry and 5290 cavalry; which, with the militia, made a force of 59,325 men, or about 22 soldiers for every 100 inhabitants. Such a state of things, however, was much too violent to be durable. Accordingly one of the first cares of the constitutional government of 1821 was to reform a military system so disproportionate to the population and the financial resources of the king.

dom. The armed force since that period has therefore consisted exclusively of the permanent army and the militia. The permanent army is composed of a general staff, an engineer corps, 24 infantry regiments of the line of 1 battalion each, 6 regiments of *chasseurs à pied*, and 12 regiments of *chasseurs à cheval* of 3 squadrons each, 4 regiments of artillery, a battalion of engineer artificers, a company of soldiers of the train, a police guard, and 30 companies of veterans. The general staff consists of an indeterminate number of lieutenant-generals, 16 major-generals, 24 brigadier-generals, 6 superior officers, 6 subalterns, 12 aids-de-camp, 12 secretaries, 10 employés, and a veterinary surgeon-in-chief; in all 100. The engineer corps (*corpo de engenheiros*) is composed of 4 colonels, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 8 majors, 12 captains, 12 lieutenants of the first class, 12 of the second; in all 64. Each regiment of infantry of the line and of light troops consists of 44 officers and 780 non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The effective strength of a regiment of artillery is 551 men, including 33 officers. The corps of the train of artillery (*artilheiros conductores*), reduced to a single company by the organization of 1821, is composed of 12 officers, 80 soldiers, and 70 mules (*bestas muaras*.) The battalion of engineer artificers consists of 201 men, including 12 officers. Each of the 30 companies of veterans is from 70 to 80 strong, including 2 officers. The police guard of Lisbon consists of a battalion of infantry of 8 companies and 980 men, including officers; together with a battalion of *gens d'armes à cheval* 230 strong, divided into 4 companies. The effective force of the permanent army on the peace establishment is therefore 29,645 foot, and 4411 horse. But the events of which Portugal has since 1821 been the theatre, and the circumstance of six battalions having been sent to Brazil, render it probable that, at the period of the insurrection of the Marquis de Chaves, the regular army did not exceed 24,000, or at most 25,000 men. The militia form 48 regiments of infantry, of the same strength and composition as those of the line; together with six separate corps, of which three are infantry, two cavalry, and one artillery: amounting in all to 38,542 men, and, with the army of the line, making the total of land forces, 68,187 men of all kinds and arms."

VALUE OF PROPERTY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE Editor has already alluded to the vast accumulation of capital, or savings of labour, which annually takes place in Great Britain under any circumstances—whether of national prosperity or adversity—and which will, in all probability, ever act as a safeguard against great or irremediable misfortunes. The late Mr Colquhoun, in his work on the wealth of the British empire, estimated the amount of property which was thus annually created within the United Kingdom, its colonies, and dependencies, as follows. The period more particularly alluded to is 1812, since which time the amount of property in the empire has greatly increased.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Agriculture,	L.216,817,624
Mines and minerals,	9,000,000
Manufactures,	114,230,000
Inland trade,	31,500,000
Foreign commerce and shipping,	46,373,748
Coasting trade,	2,000,000
Fisheries (exclusive of the colonial fisheries of Newfoundland),	2,100,000
Banks, viz. chartered banks, and private banking establishments,	3,500,000
Foreign income,	5,000,000
Dependencies in Europe,	1,818,000
	L.433,339,372

British possessions in North America,	L.13,215,474
British West India colonies,	28,712,466
	41,917,940
British settlements in Africa,	800,300
British colonies and dependencies in Asia,	6,194,230
Territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company,	211,966,494
	218,160,724
Total,	L.693,228,336

The same eminent statistic calculated the amount of property in the British empire, or the value of the United Kingdom and all its colonies and dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company, in 1812, as follows:—

EUROPE.—Great Britain and Ireland, including the navy	L.2,736,640,000
Dependencies	22,161,330
AMERICA.—British possessions in North America	46,575,360
British West India colonies	100,014,364
Conquered West India colonies	75,220,000
AFRICA.—British settlements	550,500
Conquered idem	4,220,100
ASIA.—British colonies and dependencies	11,280,000
Conquered idem idem	27,441,090
Territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company	1,072,427,751
Total property in the British Empire	L.4,096,530,895

(The above summary is extracted from *Bell's Population and Scientific Geography*.)

TEA DRINKING.

THERE is a certain class of people who take every opportunity of sneering at their neighbours for indulging in the "folly" of drinking tea, which they tell you is poisonous, and for the use of which the Chinese, as they say, make a point of laughing at us. I have generally remarked, that those who in this manner condemn the use of tea are themselves addicted to the drinking of intoxicating liquids of some kind or other, and that, in most instances, they are not a bit more healthful or more innocent than the unhappy tea drinkers whom they affect to pity. In the way that tea is usually made with a large mixture of sugar and cream, both which ingredients are highly nutritious, it is fully more salutary, and a great deal more refreshing, than any other light liquid that could be poured into the stomach. With all due deference to Cobbett, milk, even entirely divested of its creamy particles, is *heavy*, and though it may be used with advantage as a meal, when work is done in the open air, it can never suit the appetites of the great mass of the people, who are confined by sedentary employments. Milk is the food of men in a rude state, or in childhood; but tea or well-made coffee is their beverage in a state of civilisation. It would seem that the civilised human being must use a large quantity of liquid food. Perhaps solid meat is more nutritious; but there are cases in which a small degree of nutriment is quite sufficient. A lady or a gentleman of sedentary habits does not require to feed like a ploughman, or a fancy man training for a pedestrian excursion. They can subsist in a healthful state with a small quantity of solid food, but they do not do well unless with a large quantity of liquids, and these of a light quality. Good beer has been recommended as a substitute for tea; but beer is at the best a cold, ungenial drink, except to robust people who have much exercise. Beer may certainly be made almost as light as water itself, but in that case it is filled with gaseous matter or confined air, and it cannot be drunk with comfort as a simple refreshment.

It will always be remembered that there are different kinds of tea, and that some are more salutary than others. Green tea ought by all means to be avoided by persons of weak nerves. Black tea is the preferable for general use, and, if properly made, will prove antispasmodic, and relieve pains or cramps in the bowels. In some instances tea does not suit the particular state of the stomach, and it should then be abandoned, the taste naturally pointing out when it should be taken. But no species of prepared fluid seems so suitable to the palates and the stomachs of the people of this country. No kind of drink is so refreshing after a journey or fatigue as tea. It restores the drooping spirits, and invigorates the frame for renewed exertion. No other kind of liquid with which we are acquainted has the same remarkable influence morally and physically. Fermented or distilled liquors, taken under the same circumstances, either induce intoxication or sleep. It is preposterous to say that tea is poisonous. As there is an astringency in its properties, I believe it would be most injurious were we to live upon nothing else, or drink it as a tincture. But who does either? As it happens to be prepared and used, it answers merely as a refreshing and pleasing drink, either to the solid bread and butter taken along with it, or after a recent dinner of substantial viands. How idle it is to say that this harmless beverage is ruining the constitutions of the people of this country! The very reverse can be demonstrated. The inhabitants of Great Britain use nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds weight of tea annually, which is about the rate of 1 lb. 9 oz. on an average for every individual. From thirty to forty years ago they used a great deal less than the half of this quantity, yet the average length of human life has been greatly extended since that period. The English and Scotch now use more tea than all the rest of Europe put together, and yet they are the healthiest nation on the face of the earth. The North Americans are also great tea drinkers, and human life among them is of nearly an equal value. Who would for a moment compare the thin wretched wines of France and Germany, or the sour kroust of Russia, to the "comfortable" tea of Great Britain, and who would lose time in calculating the different effects of these liquids on the constitution?

Tea has other excellent properties. At this present moment it is putting down the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, and evidently limiting the extent of after-dinner potations. It seems to be impossible that a regular drinker of tea can be a lover of ardent spirits; and it is generally observed that as a man (or

woman either) slides into the vice of tippling, he simultaneously withdraws from the tea-table; so true it is that the brutalized feelings of the drunkard are incompatible with the refined sentiments produced by

"The cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

It is hence to be wished that tea, or some other equally simple prepared fluid, should be still more brought into use. Do not let it be urged as an objection that tea is expensive, for even under its excessive dearth, compared with its original cost, it is the cheapest beverage in use. With respect to price, it should not be placed against water or milk. It comes in place of some other indulgence—intoxicating liquors for instance—respecting the price of which we never heard any complaints from the lower walks of life. Tea is thus not entirely a superfluity. The clamours as to its fostering habits of evil and light speaking are so antiquated as hardly to deserve notice. Formerly, when tea was exclusively a luxury among women, the tea-table was perhaps the scene where scandal was chiefly discussed. But while I suspect that the same amount of scandal would have been discussed if there had been no tea-tables whatever, I must observe that teas no partaken of under greatly different circumstances. From being the favourite indulgence only of women, it is now an ordinary domestic meal, and there is no more disposition to draw forth the failings of our neighbours over tea than over roast beef or punch, at seven o'clock any more than at five. In the upper classes of society, what with late dinners, routs, and frivolities of every description, tea-drinking may be put aside as a vulgarism; but as being, in point of fact, a powerful agent in humanising the harsh feelings of our nature, and cultivating the domestic affections, I trust it will long hold a place in the dietetics of the respectable middle and lower classes of Great Britain.

THE COSSACK AND THE PANTHER.

Mogul Tartary (says Holman, the blind though enterprising traveller) is cold and rugged in the extreme, and often dangerous to the traveller, in consequence of the great number of wild animals that inhabit it. A singular rencontre took place some time since in the neighbourhood of the Chinese frontier between a Cossack and a panther, an animal which is exceedingly rare in this country. A young Cossack, inspecting one day a track in the woods, and observing the footprints of an animal which were strange to him, returned to communicate the circumstance to his father, who mounted his horse, with an axe in his hand, and, followed by his dog, went in search of him. He was soon discovered between some rocks, whence he retreated to another lair, but pursued by the Cossack. As the latter approached, the animal made a spring upon the horse, placing one foot on his fore part, and the other on his hind part, with his mouth between, widely open upon his pursuer, who, from the dreadful urgency of the case, thrust his left hand and arm down his throat, and, with his axe, at length destroyed him. The intrepid fellow's arm was, however, so much lacerated, that he has entirely lost the use of it. The animal, which proved to be a panther, was subsequently sent to St Petersburg, where it is now preserved in the museum; and his Imperial Majesty directed that the Cossack should be provided for, as a reward for his bravery, and a recompence for the injury sustained in this extraordinary combat.

It was announced in the Prospectus of the Journal, and subsequently notified, that no communications in verse or prose were wanted; and to save trouble to all parties, as well as a considerable expense, such a peculiarity in the conducting of this paper is again respectfully made known.—In reference to a communication on the subject, it has to be mentioned, that the articles on the British Colonies, &c. were written partly from accurate information furnished by the printed circulars of the Canada Company, from Parliamentary papers, and from the very valuable digest by J. R. Macculloch, entitled "*A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*,"—a work which cannot be sufficiently appreciated by the mercantile classes of Britain for the extent of its statements, and which the Editor of the Journal, who proposes speedily to offer an analysis of its details, has been in many instances considerably indebted to.

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FLITTING DAY.

OUR readers will perhaps recollect something of a former article in the Journal, in which we treated of the subject of removals—that is to say, the practice so general in Scotland (though otherwise in England) of shifting almost every year from one house to another, in a constant expectation of finding the *TO KALON*, as the Greeks call it, or, as we shall rather style it, the *QUITE THE THING* of house accommodation, which, however, is discovered at one year's end to be exactly as remote as it was a twelve-month before, and still, like general happiness, is "on before"—far looming over the horizon, like a vessel bound for some distant part of the globe, and not to be caught or overtaken, let us speed after it as we may. We have heard various individuals acknowledge that there were some good *home truths* in that article, though we rather believe the housewives in general were surprised at our blindness to the beauties of a good back-green. Let that be as it may, there was one thing in which that article was totally deficient—to wit, an account of the particular horrors of *removing day* itself, or, as we in Scotland call it, *flitting day*—a day styled in the calendar Whitsunday, and dedicated to we don't know what sacred use, but which, without regard to its sacred use, whatever that may be, we think men might wish that, above all others, it were fairly blotted out of the calendar—expunged from the very year itself—utterly annihilated and forgotten, because of the unhappy secular use to which it has been put from time immemorial. The 25th of May, or Whitsunday, old style, is indeed a day of peculiar agony amongst us. It is a day consecrated to the disruption of all local ties, to the rending of every kind of pleasant association, to the discomfiture of all the household gods. The very week in which it occurs is black with its atmosphere of pain.

It may be surprising to persons unacquainted with Scotland, that the people should be so fond of removing, since the day on which that event takes place is apt to be so very disagreeable. They might as well wonder that people should ever marry, when they know so very well that the charge of a family is apt to be burdensome. Candlemas day, on which people take their houses, is a day of heedless joy, a day of fond and delirious anticipation; and Whitsunday is to it what execution-day is to the particular time when an unfortunate man was tempted to enrich himself at some other body's expense. On Wednesday I killed my wife, on Saturday I was hanged, as the child's rhyme goes: no one can doubt that Wednesday was in this case a very pleasant day, whatever might be the state of the honest man's feelings at the end of the week. So it is with Candlemas and Whitsunday. On the former of these days we are actuated by a spirit of spite and dissatisfaction with our present abode; it is every thing that is disagreeable, and we must at all hazards get quit of it. Accordingly, the taking of another, and, as we think, better habitation, naturally appears as the opening of a haven of relief, and, of course, we have a great deal of either positive or negative pleasure in the day. Nor is this satisfaction confined to the day on which the new house is leased: it extends up to the very commencement of that week of suffering which involves Whitsunday—up to the first material disarrangement of furniture preparatory to removal. During the time which elapses between the leasing of the new habitation and our removal to it, we abandon all care for our present abode. Any thing that goes wrong about it must just remain so. If a lock were required for

the door, we would scarcely put ourselves to the trouble of getting it, but remain content with some provisional system of security, such as putting a table behind it. A large piece of plaster might fall down from the ceiling, or half of the floor of the dining-room sink into the kitchen—a whole gable or side wall, almost, might fall away, but we would never think of troubling ourselves with any attempt at repairs. It is a horrid house at any rate, and, for all the time we are to be in it, it does not matter. We'll soon be getting into our nice new house, and I'll warrant you no plaster will fall down from the ceiling *there*, nor either floor or gable give way. Every thing will be right when we get to — Street. The house, under this system of feeling, begins to wear a desolate look. Every thing is permitted, according to the old Scottish phrase, just to hang as it grows. The whole bonds of household discipline are relaxed. The servants, who are to be changed too, perhaps, as well as the house, begin to do things *any way*, and yet the mistress hardly chides them. The fact is, she has given up all idea of comfort in the condemned house, and lives entirely on the hope of seeing every thing trig in her new abode. She would make no great complaint, as we verily believe, if the servants obliged her by their carelessness to spend all the remaining part of the lease up to her knees in water. Every thing will be right when we get to — Street, so we'll just put up with it. Every now and then one of the children comes in, like the messengers in Macbeth, to tell her of the progress of mischief. One has to mention, that a boy throwing stones has just broken two panes in the drawing-room window, the lower chess having been up at the time. No matter; all will be right when we get to — Street. Another "cream-faced loon" rushes in to say, that the girls in the kitchen have just broken down the grate, and snapped the poker in two. No matter; all will be right when we get to — Street. Nay, it is not too much to suppose that, although she were told of the house having just begun to sink into the earth, she would take it all with the most philosophic coolness, and console herself for every present mishap by a reference to the joys which are to be experienced in that home of promise. The prospect of a removal, it will be observed, is thus enough even to revolutionise human nature. People abandon their most cherished objects of care, and disregard that of which they are in general most solicitous, under the influence of this prospect. Like the pilgrim of Bunyan (not to speak it profanely), they thrust their fingers in their ears, in order to shut out all lateral subjects of thought, and rush on—on—on towards the new house.

At last the throes of actual removal begin to be felt, and, for the time, all happy anticipation is deadened within us. You have long ago ascertained, by a ceremonious call upon the present tenants of your new mansion, that they cannot remove an hour before Whitsunday at noon, which gives you the comfortable assurance that your flitting will be, like a sharp fever, soon over. The lady who is coming to *your* house, soon after makes a ceremonious call upon *you*, and ascertains, of course, that you can only remove at that hour also. If matters should happen otherwise—if you are either going to a house altogether new, or to one which can be vacated a short while before the term-day, then what a convenience it is! we shall have the painters in, and get it all put to rights before we fit a single stick; and after it is all right, we shall move quite at our leisure. By this plan we shall not only avoid the risk of breaking things, which is always the case in a hurried flitting, but we

shall get porters and carters a great deal cheaper, for these fellows, you know, charge three wages on the actual term day, when every body is flitting. But if it should happen, as above mentioned, that you are limited to a few hours, so that your furniture, as it goes out, will meet the furniture of another person coming in, and, as it goes in, will meet, in tug of war, that of another person coming out, then the blessed anticipation of your future comforts in "that nice house" reconciles you to every thing, and you make yourself think that, after all, it is better, when one is flitting, to have it all over in the shortest possible space of time.

Sometimes, even when you have a vantage space, you are strangely jockeyed out of it before you are aware. Say the house is to be painted before you go into it. Being quite at your ease, you are satisfied that the painters are engaged about two months before the term. You know very well that these men are the greatest of all rascals; that, indeed, they have no other principle within them but just to put people to as much trouble as possible. But two months! that must surely be sufficient. Well, the painters come all this time before the term, and, like the ancient Spanish navigators, take possession of a newly discovered country, mark the job for their own, by planting a nasty pail in one room, and setting up a brush on end against the wall in another. You look in about a week after, and see the pail and the brush *in statu quo*: the fellows have as yet done nothing but taken *seisin*.* You think this is not just quite right, and, calling in a cool easy way at the master's as you go home, express your wish that the job should be immediately proceeded with, being anxious to get into the house as long before the term as possible. The painter is all politeness, and promises to *put men upon the house* next morning, so that it will be got ready for your reception in *no time*—by which he appears to mean a space of time so brief as not to be worth defining, but which you eventually find to have signified that the job would be finished *not at all in time*. As you come home to your dinner next afternoon, you take a turn that way to see how "the men" are getting on. The house is as empty and desolate as ever; but, from a change in the relative situations of the pail and the brush, you see that they *have been* there. On inspecting things more minutely, you find that one bed-room has been washed down, and is now, to use a kitchen phrase, *swimming*. Well, this is a beginning, you think. The men have been doing what they could to-day, and to-morrow they would be a good way advanced. On this supposition, you take no more thought about the house for three or four days more, when, dropping in as before, you have the satisfaction of seeing that there is *another pail*, and that the ceiling of the dining-room has been whitewashed. Still, dilatory as the rascals evidently are, you hardly think there is a sufficient *casus fœderis*, or breach of treaty, to entitle you to go and blow up the polite man at headquarters. You suffer for another day, and, then dropping in again, you find a little Flibbertigibbet of a boy exerting himself with his tiny arms to whitewash the ceiling of the parlour. Well, my boy, where are "the men?" This is your question; but for answer you only learn that there have never been any men in the matter—nobody has ever been here but Flibbertigibbet himself. You feel, at this intelligence, almost as much bewildered and obfuscated as George the Second was when he asked an Irish serjeant at a review, after the seven years' war, where was the — regiment? and was answered, "Please your Majesty, I see the — regiment," the Hibernian being in reality

* A ceremony in the law of Scotland by which a man becomes invested with a piece of land or house property.

the only man that had survived the last campaign. Is this *the men*, you say to yourself, that Mr ——— promised to put upon the house? You go of course instantly, and Mr ——— being, by his own good fortune, from home, you leave a note for him, expressed in such terms as you are sure must bring him to his senses, if any thing will. Dropping in next day to see the effect, your ire is soothed at finding three men at work besides Flibbertigibbet, and every thing seems going on so well that you trouble them no more for a week. But it is needless to pursue this painful theme any farther. Suffice it to say, that, having once got these artists into the house, you feel by and bye as if they were never again to be got out; you fear that, contrary to the catastrophe of the well known jest, there will be no letting go the painter. Their pails, and buckets, and brushes, and all their slopery, are just as rife in the house a week before the term as they were a month earlier; and still to every remonstrance Mr ——— replies, that all he can do is to *put on more men next Monday morning*. It is all you can do, perhaps, to get the odious varlets trundled out, "pots and all," on the very day before you are compelled to remove; so that, instead of having ample scope and verge enough, as you expected, you find that you will be just as much hurried and flurried as if you had been going to a house not previously vacated.

Well, whatever be the foregoing circumstances, flitting day at last arrives in all its horrors. The lady of the household has for several days been storing all kinds of small things by into drawers and boxes, that they might the more safely be transported, so that the family finds itself already deprived of the half of those things which are necessary to comfort, and the whole of what minister to luxury. Your shaving-box is amissing two mornings before flitting day, and has to be fished up, like a "drowned honour," from the bottom of some abyss of well-regarded trifles. When you come home to dinner on flitting-day-even, it is any money for a bootjack. You take your meals that evening without tablecloths; and unless you can bring down your proud stomach to a brown kitchen bowl, any thing like a comforting drink is out of the question. The crepuscular anguish of the day is already felt. You go to your bed that night off an uncarpeted floor, and in the midst of all kinds of tubs covered up with packsheet, and looking-glasses swaddled up in linen. If you get a nightcap, you may consider yourself lucky above all mortal men. You go to bed; but sleep there is none, for you have to rise next morning long before the usual hour, and the anticipatory sense of what you have to go through that day fills every nook and cranny of your mind. You awake to a rush of children and servants on the stairs; and though you exert every nerve of your memory to recollect the new geography of things in the room, it is ten to one but you stumble over some tub or chest in the dark, where you thought no tub should be; and, upon the whole, the feeling with which you thrust your poor cold distressed shanks into your vestments is not much short of that which must possess a man about to walk to the scaffold. A breakfast composed of every thing but the proper materials, and taken out of every thing but the proper vessels, collects such a group of shabby slatternly figures as you did not before think yourself husband, or father, or master to. The meal is gulped in agonies of haste, for the carts were to be at the door at seven exactly, and it is now within a few minutes of the hour. Well, the carts come; one by one are your household gods displaced and packed up on those vehicles. Grates are placed on the breadth of their backs at the bottom, by way of ballast. Then mattresses go over them, to make an agreeable flooring for other things. Tables are tumbled a-top, with their legs reared high in the air, like cart-horses enjoying themselves in their Sunday pastures; and to the ropes with which the heaps are bound down, are attached fry-pans, children's toys, and other light articles, all by way of garnishing. Though far above such things in general, you are obliged on this occasion to see after very mean details, lest your property should suffer some dreadful damage. The more delicate articles are necessarily entrusted to porters or other serviceable individuals, who carry them separately to your new house. "The boys," glad to escape the school for a day, are employed, to their great satisfaction, in transporting single things "which don't break;" and the servants see after certain baskets of crystal and crockery "which do." To see all things properly disposed of—each to the individual best fitted for it—is your business, and no easy one it is. At length, after every thing is fairly packed off, the lady and yourself walk away together, the cat following in a pillow-slip under the charge of your second eldest daughter.

Before three in the afternoon, the whole of your furniture, broken and whole, has been thrust, higgly-piggly, into your new house, where you find all things in the most chaotic state of confusion. Kitchen things repose in the dining-room; drawing-room chairs are deposited in the kitchen; and a huge chest of drawers stands in the vestibule, with a shoulder thrust so far out into the *fair way* as to render it almost impossible to pass. The kitchen grate is only to be built in after six o'clock in the evening, when the masons are released from their day's work; so there is no possibility of cooking any thing. A *provisional* arrangement is therefore made on this point. You, and your wife, and your children, and all your assistants, bivouack in some shabby parlour, and regale yourselves (*absit elegancia*)

with rolls and porter. Henry, your eldest son, who has wrought like a Turk all day, leads the feast with his coat off, and the scene can only be compared to a rough-and-tumbling in the back woods of America. No ceremony as to knives. Rolls, and even large loaves, are torn through the middle, and large mouthfuls dug out from the mass by the thumb or fore-finger. The liquor goes round in some ordinary vessel, never before appropriated to such a purpose, and all feeling of discomfort being stolen away by the novelty and strong natural feeling of the occasion, the jest and laugh abound. Even in the midst of all the disarray, great hopes and expectations are expressed regarding the new mansion. Such capital high ceilings! Such a broad elegant lobby! So different from that dismal hole we have left! Or, if the ceilings are low and the lobby narrow, while in the former house they were the reverse, the contrast is drawn in reference to some other point, where superiority is indisputable, while the demerits of the new abode are cast discreetly into shade, only to be brought out and complained of at the approach of next Candlemas. You either have left a good view from the windows, or you are entering upon one. Suppose your former house, being in the centre of the town, had hardly any view, then your wife thus comments upon it:—"Such a dark confined place! Nothing to be seen from the windows but the opposite houses, or else the chimney-stalks and *old wives*. Now, here we are quite in the country. The drawing-room commands Fife and North Berwick Law, and even from the bed-rooms we catch a great lump of the Dalmahoy hills. If we just step to the end of the house, we are into the fields; and then we'll be so very quiet here, compared with what we were. Not a carriage or a cart passing from morning till night. We'll get some rest at last; and truth to tell, my health is in great need of it. How truly delightful thus to get fairly out of that black, smoky, noisy town, to a place where we can enjoy all the pleasures of the country, and yet be within reach of every convenience of the city! And just consider how much benefit the walk must be to your own health. We formerly lived so near your place of business, that you got no exercise at all, seeing that I never could prevail upon you to take a walk on purpose. But here you *must* walk, and the good it must do you will be visible in a week's time," &c. &c. &c. If the case has been totally the reverse, you are addressed as follows:—"How delightful to get fairly away from that cold, out-of-the-world, dull place, and once more feel ourselves snug in the town! We've no prospects here from the windows; but, 'deed, when folk have prospects, I never see that they make much use of them. For my part, I never looked out of the drawing-room windows once in the month; for what are the Fife hills or North Berwick Law after one has once seen them? [What philosophy we have here!] And then, what good did we get from the garden? It was just a fash to keep right; and I'm sure, when we had paid the gardener, we did not make a penny off the vegetables. Now, here, although there be little prospect from any of the windows, we're at least a great deal better protected from the wind. If we have not a garden of our own, have we not the green market almost at the door? And such a weary distance you had to walk every day! No more of that now. Here, when you want a walk, you can take one; and when you don't like, you can let it alone. Walks are very well, perhaps, in good summer weather; but I've no idea of seeing you plash through a long dirty road twice every day through the whole winter. Whenever we want either a walk or a prospect, we'll get it in the Queen Street gardens; for you know Mrs ——— has told me that we may have her key whenever we like. In our old ill-contrived house we had no place to put any thing off our hand; not so much as a cupboard in the whole house; but now, you see, we have as many presses as rooms, and a capital cellar for coals and lumber. And how near we are here to all the best shops! If it were for nothing but the convenience of getting tea-bread at a minute's warning from Mr Littlejohn, the baker's, whenever any person calls upon us in the evening, it would have been worth while to remove to this house. The lass likewise tells me that there is a very obliging woman, quite at hand, who keeps a mangle for the use of the neighbourhood, which will be a great convenience to the family; and that she will take in hand to supply us with milk or cream at any hour of the day," &c. &c. Thus, it will be observed, neither the spirit of discontent nor the spirit of hope is ever without material for feeding its particular necessities.

You have now got fairly into your new house, bag and baggage. It is after the manner, however, of a certain pound of comfits which a carrier once brought from a city confectioner to a country customer. The paper bag having proved insufficient in the journey, the contents had dispersed themselves throughout all the other packages in the cart. Every parcel, and bag, and box, had to be shaken clear of the lurking carry, till the whole of the bulky articles having been discharged and laid off, the little white particles were found at the bottom mingled with straws, fragments of rope, and paper, and all other kinds of trash. The whole having been swept out, however, the honest old carrier brought them to the owner in a large platter, saying, with the air of a man who has relieved his conscience of some uncommon weight, "Here they are, mistress; ye ha' them a' for me." Just like the comfits are all your goods and chattels—your ox, and your ass, and your children, and your every thing else—the whole are there; but in such a state! Perhaps, to add to your distresses, you have to delay putting the principal rooms to rights till the painters have to be with you. This, of course, adjourns the termination of your agonies *sine die*. Perhaps, about three months after, when you have battled the rascals out of one room into another, much after the manner of the siege of St Sebastian, you get at last into the enviable attitude, "as you were," resolving of course never again to remove as long as you live, but still as ready before next 2d of February to take that step as ever.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE. FIRST ARTICLE.—INTRODUCTORY.

IN the present number of the Journal, a new, and, it is hoped, a most agreeable feature of the work, is developed. Encouraged by the favourable manner in which the papers entitled "Popular Information on Literature" have been received, the Editor now offers the first of a series of articles on scientific subjects, which will be treated in the same humble and unpretending style, and be thereby adapted to the capacities and the tastes of even the most unlearned of his readers. In this age of intellectual excitement, innumerable means have been devised for the purpose of diffusing the blessings of education throughout all classes of society; and schools of art have been judiciously instituted, and popular lectures delivered, with the view of communicating, in the most easy and familiar manner, those principles of science which explain the different phenomena of nature, and the process of art by which we can supply the wants and the luxuries of life. But so advantageous an opportunity as this widely disseminated paper offers, of opening the treasures of scientific knowledge to the people at large, never before occurred. Henceforward, therefore, the Journal will at intervals bring home to every fireside in the kingdom a portion of that species of information which has hitherto been confined to schools and lecture rooms, or published in an expensive and too elaborate form for general use. A perfect simplicity of diction will be a guiding rule in the composition of these articles. Scientific knowledge has unfortunately often been neglected from an idea that it can only be obtained by those who already possess considerable information. But this is an error; for nature is simple in all her operations, and these may be rendered as intelligible to the mind of the humble and unlettered peasant, as to that of the erudite and high-born philosopher. It is true that formerly, partly from ignorance, or the imperfection of language, and partly from an ungenerous desire to fetter the progress of the human mind, the simplest truths were studiously veiled in obscurity; but the fanciful signs and figures—the crude and complicated phraseology—the harsh and unmeaning technical terms which were then in vogue, have been exploded, and the path to the temple of science is now open, easy of access, and even strewn with flowers.

Science admits of two general divisions; the first comprehends investigations into the nature and operations of our own minds; the second into the various properties and conditions of matter, or the objects which we observe in the external world. It is by examining these that we become acquainted with the laws of nature, without some knowledge of which we must continually pass over unnoticed numerous objects and events that would otherwise excite the greatest possible interest and admiration. Nor is this all; for when any event does occur of so uncommon and striking a kind as must arouse our attention, and so disturb this repose of ignorance, being unable to explain it on fixed principles, we must have recourse to the suggestions of fancy, which invariably lead to the most absurd and extravagant superstitions. Comets, meteors, thunder and lightning, northern lights, rainbows, every phenomenon of nature, has in its turn excited those superstitious feelings which appear natural to man in a state of ignorance. Comets at a very early period were regarded as prodigies, which appeared in the heavens to forebode the most dismal calamities, such as wars and pestilence, the dethronement and death of kings, and the destruction of empires. Thus, in the history of Rome we observe how much undue importance was attached to the comet that appeared before the Augustan war, and to that which attended the battle of Pharsalia; nor has the Jewish historian Josephus been sparing of them at the destruction of Jerusalem. At this period it was imagined that they were merely flaming meteors. But the progress of discovery has enabled astronomers to examine their nature more accurately, to point out the orbits they describe, and to predict with certainty the periods of their return. Hence they have prognosticated the re-appearance of a comet of six years and a half duration in the November of the present year; and already the voice of superstition has been raised in Germany, where some have ignorantly predicted that it will destroy our earth. But no such event is likely to happen, as it will in its nearest position remain at a distance of sixteen millions of leagues from it, according to the calculation of the most distinguished astronomers in France. Meteors, which so much more frequently occur, have also excited the apprehension of the vulgar, who have fancied them to bear along the spirits of the departed, and to be the certain precursors of death. The account, says Mr M'Pherson, given to this day by the ignorant, is very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die in, and then goes along the road through which the burial is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last the meteor and the ghost disappear above the burial-place. Thunder and lightning have also been regarded as occurrences out of the ordinary course of nature. The Jews were accustomed to open their doors and windows during a thunder-storm, as they expected amidst this commotion of the elements the appearance of the Messiah. In Athens, when a person was struck dead by lightning, the spot

on which the accident occurred was railed in, and an altar raised for sacrifice to the Gods. The Catholics in Suabia, and other districts of Germany, toll the bells of the churches during the continuance of a thunder-storm. The apprehensions of the ignorant, which gave rise to such customs, have, from the advancement of science, been dispelled, and we now have learned, by a very simple contrivance, to rob the cloud of its lightning, and to protect our houses and public buildings from its otherwise disastrous effects. Northern lights have in like manner given rise to many absurd conjectures and predictions. If of a pale appearance, they were supposed to be the precursors of famine; if of a brilliant crimson colour, to be ominous of pestilence and war. Even the rainbow, which "compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle," has given rise to numerous fanciful notions. Altars were raised to it by the Athenians; and even in the earlier ages of Christianity, to the colours it exhibits was assigned a mysterious interpretation. The red and green colours were considered to be significant of the destruction of the world by water and fire; and in others were recognised typical allusions to the mysteries of baptism and the holy Eucharist. These, and other superstitions we might enumerate, shew that without some knowledge of the elementary principles of science, we not only fail to observe and appreciate, but are apt to place an absurd and mischievous interpretation on the most interesting and beautiful phenomena of nature.

By the aid of scientific principles, derived from the observation of a few facts of the most simple kind, and which are capable of immediate demonstration, we are enabled to explain the properties and effects of light—the sources, operations, and various applications of heat—the composition of air and water, and the various kinds of earths, minerals, metals, and other substances, which enter into the structure of the globe we inhabit. Besides which, there are numerous phenomena of very frequent occurrence which claim peculiar attention—the varied and often lovely colours that are seen reflected along the sky—the formation and varieties of clouds—the condensation and fall of snow, hail, rain, and dew—the motions of the air, sea and land breezes, trade winds, whirlwinds, the hurricane, the tornado, and the simoon—the various appearances which prognosticate change of weather—the transparency, the glowing tints and depths of the ocean, with the motion of its waves, its tides, its currents, and its whirlpools—the lakes, rivers, and springs which so beautifully diversify the face of nature—the terrible convulsions which, under the form of earthquakes, lay the proudest cities in the dust, and overwhelm with fear the heart of man—these, and innumerable other wonders of creation, are calculated to arouse even in the most languid mind a spirit of inquiry, which, once excited, will go along upon its path rejoicing, fully conscious that at every step it is gathering power and enlarging the boundaries of human happiness. Natural historians, moralists, poets—all mankind, are accustomed to speak of the exceeding beauties of nature; but these cannot be felt nor sufficiently appreciated without being properly understood; and this therefore is one of the strongest inducements for us to cultivate such knowledge, for whatever may be the sphere of life in which we have been destined to move—whatever may be the occupations or the duties we may have to perform, or the cares and anxieties that may oppress us—there are times when we escape from these into the free open air, to wander perhaps through the fields or along the sea shore, or through the suburbs or streets of a city; and the mind so informed then carries with it a talisman by which it can always summon up the most interesting subjects for its contemplation. But besides the above inquiries, which relate principally to what is called inorganic matter, when we have examined the irregularities of the earth's surface, its plains and its vallies—its hills and mountains—its level shores and stupendous rocks, it will remain for us to consider the numerous tribes of organic beings which in these different regions find their appropriate habitations. We shall find that the vegetable creation alone opens up to us a world which first bewilders us with the multitude of its beauties and wonders, and then charms us into meditation. All plants, from the humble moss clinging to its barren rock, to the majestic oak of the forest—from the neglected weed on which we tread, to the lovely flower it is our pride to cultivate, are under the influence of the same immutable laws—they all require light, heat, air, and moisture; they all possess a living principle, and require a certain quantity and kind of nutriment, which is elaborated into sap, and converted into different kinds of matter for the leaves, flowers, and fruit; they have all the faculty of reproduction, whereby the same species is continued, and they all grow, attain maturity, and then die; and their decayed remains, even as human dust, then contribute to the formation of the soil of the earth, which is always by such means in the course of renewal. The seeds and fruits of some of these plants, by processes of art, are converted into food, instances of which we have in the numerous kinds of grain now cultivated in Britain; others into materials which supply us with the means of clothing, examples of which we recognise in the hemp, flax, and cotton plants; others yield important medicinal substances, by which we are enabled to mitigate and often subdue the sufferings and

progress of disease; besides which, we need scarcely add that timber of different kinds is applied to so many common purposes of life, that it forms a most important article of commerce.

Thus the vegetable kingdom not only adorns the world with verdant loveliness, but all its productions, its grasses, herbs, shrubs, and trees, are adapted to supply the numerous conveniences of man. But not man alone thence derives support and enjoyment; the plants that grow beside rivers, the shrubs that adorn the sides of rocks, the trees that are grouped together, and form extensive forests—all afford nutriment and protection to myriads of living beings. Here tribes of insects that have as yet escaped the notice of the naturalist, and birds whose notes of melody no human art can rival, fly at liberty; there, too, secure from the usurpation and dominion of man, animals, in their wild and undomesticated state, find shelter. As the principle of life which exists in plants does not lead to the obvious manifestation of any sentient or thinking principle, they have been placed at the lower part of the scale of organized beings, ascending from which the numerous living beings that inhabit the air, the waters, and the earth, and which exhibit a regular chain of gradation from the most simple to the most complicated structures, engage our attention and interest. These we likewise find governed by certain general laws—they all require light, heat, air, and food—they all have the power of multiplying their individual and distinct races—they all grow and enjoy the power of locomotion—they have all senses which warn them of the approach of danger, and enable them to select the substances which are most proper for their nutriment—they have all their appropriate regions of distribution, some being the inhabitants of hot, others of cold climates, some being destined to live on the heights of mountains, others in the bosoms of vallies—they have all habits which are connected with certain peculiarities visible in the structure of their several physical frames—they all endure only a temporary existence, some of them living only for a few minutes, others for many hundred years. Finally, the remains of their disorganising bodies, like the plants of which we have spoken, contribute to the formation of the soil on which we tread. The naturalist, finding himself perplexed by the multitude of these animated beings, has arranged them according to their respective forms and habits into certain general divisions, and these again he has subdivided into particular classes, genera, species, and varieties. At the head of these, pre-eminently distinguished by the faculty of speech, and the powers of his mind, we find man, whose knowledge, when tempered with humanity, teaches him humility, forbearance, and gentleness to all living things. In his uncivilized state man is perhaps a more abject and helpless being than any other that moves on the face of creation; nor is it until the light of reason dawns that he can perceive how to minister to his numerous necessities and comforts. Naked, unarmed, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, he seeks only to redress his immediate physical wants. His hunger he satisfies by eating the fruits of the trees, or the roots of herbs—his thirst he slakes at the river's side, and his only habitation is the depth of otherwise unfrequented woods. In this state he has no language to articulate his ideas; but we turn from a picture humiliating to human vanity, to contemplate man in his more civilized state, enjoying all the luxuries which have been conferred upon him by the progress of the arts and sciences. It is said that Rome itself originally consisted only of a few mud cottages irregularly scattered, and Vitruvius informs us that even in his time the Temple of Romulus was preserved, thatched with straw. Such was the origin of that proud city, which afterwards became the mistress of the world, and this is only a type of the great changes, improvements, and contributions to happiness that have been, and will be effected, by the progress of the human mind.

Great Britain itself, which has held so pre-eminent and commanding an attitude among other nations, has in like manner arisen from a humble origin; and to what may her glory and prosperity be principally attributed? To the advanced state of the arts and sciences; it is this which led to her conquests both by land and by sea; it is this which at the present moment forms the broad basis of her commerce. The application of the principles of science to her different manufactures has brought many of them to a state of most wonderful perfection; nay, it is impossible to examine them without experiencing the highest gratification. When, therefore, it is considered that the knowledge of a few principles of chemistry will enable us to understand the most interesting processes of art, surely it is a desirable attainment, more especially as it requires no very great sacrifice of time nor intense application to study. By the union of potash and a certain kind of sand, and the application of heat, glass is formed, which supplies us with the means of enjoying light in our habitations, at the same time that it excludes the inclemency of the weather. The old English historian, Bede, informs us that in the seventh century it was not known how to make window-glass in England; and we read in Henry's History of Great Britain that before this period the windows of houses, and even of cathedral churches, admitted light through fine linen cloths, or lattices of wood. The greatest im-

provements have taken place in the mode of manufacturing glass, which now forms an important part of British trade. The arts of bleaching, dyeing, and tanning, are likewise chemical operations, which may be understood without difficulty. The process of bleaching is one of great antiquity; for we learn from Theophrastus, who lived 300 years before Christ, that lime was then employed in bleaching. Here again the bleacher has been considerably indebted to the progress of science, without knowing the elementary principles of which, it is not possible to understand the action that takes place in this process. In dyeing, not a colour can be imparted unless an affinity or attraction exists between the cloth and the dye; and if this is not present, the dyer is obliged to have recourse to some other agent, which he then employs as a bond of union between them. If we digest some indigo in a little common vitriol, and dilute it largely with water, and then insert into the solution a piece of silk, linen, or cotton, we shall find, on taking it out immediately, that the indigo combines with the cloth, and gives it a blue colour. But if, instead of indigo, we make an infusion of cochineal, logwood, or madder, and immerse the cloth in the coloured liquid, we shall find that there is so slight an attraction exerted between the colouring matter and the fibres of the cloth, that it only receives a stain, which may be removed by washing. In this case the third substance is requisite to combine the colouring matter with the cloth, and render the dye permanent: this is what is termed the mordant or basis, which generally consists of a certain preparation of iron or tin. Here, therefore, we perceive that the process of dyeing depends on a chemical action, which admits of a very simple explanation. The act of tanning can likewise only be understood by having recourse to the science of chemistry, which has taught us that, in the barks of trees, more especially of the oak kind, a substance is obtained called tannin, which may be made, by a very simple process, to combine with skins, so as to form leather. Besides these, the mode of extracting metals from their different ores, in order that they may be converted subsequently into various utensils, and the important art of agriculture, require a knowledge of chemical principles. Even the most simple culinary processes, daily going forward in our kitchens, proceed likewise on principles of chemistry, which we ought to understand. Accordingly, that distinguished philosopher, Count Rumford, did not disdain to exercise the powers of his scientific mind in devising means to improve the art of cooking. He endeavoured to ascertain how the greatest quantity of nutriment could be obtained from food at the least possible expense; and so well did he succeed, that in one of his establishments at Munich, three women were sufficient to prepare a dinner for a thousand persons, and they burned only ninepence worth of fuel. He went so far in his improvements as even to economise all the heat of the smoke; and hence it was said that he would soon be found cooking his dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's fire. We might here adduce numerous other examples to illustrate the universal application of the principles of science, but sufficient has been said to show how much there is to amuse and interest the mind as it advances along the path of useful knowledge. In conclusion, we may observe that the information which thus qualifies us to appreciate the beauties of nature, and which enables us to understand the different processes of art, should exert the happiest and most beneficial effects on human character; for such meditations are calculated to elevate the thoughts, refine the feelings, enrich the imagination, and render us happier as we proceed on our pilgrimage through the world.

ITINERATING LIBRARIES.

I HAVE much pleasure in bringing under the notice of the people of Great Britain generally, an institution calculated to be of the greatest service in the diffusion of knowledge, but which is as yet little known beyond the limits of a particular district in Scotland. About forty years ago, or shortly after the impulse given to the public mind by the revolution in France, an urgent demand began to be manifested over most parts of Scotland for the perusal of instructive publications, less limited in their range in literature than had prevailed throughout the preceding age. Reading associations sprung into existence, frequently under the fostering care of the landed gentry and clergy; and it will be recollected by my readers, that our national poet, Burns, whose active genius appreciated this scheme of widening the scope of human intelligence, was instrumental in forming one of those book societies in a country part of Dumfriesshire. Since that epoch, libraries in the proprietary of a body of subscribers, chiefly in the middle and lower ranks of life, have, with much advantage, been set on foot in every town and populous village in the kingdom. Scotland has therefore for at least a quarter of a century been in the enjoyment of a very beneficial system of mental cultivation by local libraries, and this alone has formed a most interesting feature in its intellectual statistics.

But no human institution is perfect. The country libraries labour under a natural defect, for which no ingenuity can offer a remedy, unless by a total alteration in the character of the institution. It has been found that in almost every instance the desire for knowledge, through such means, has been quenched in the limited amount of the volumes; or, in other words, that the subscribers have read the library out, and that more speedily than new books can be added for their gratification. Thus, stationary country libraries cease to ex-

cite much interest after a few years, and the objects of so valuable an institution are, in a certain sense, as completely frustrated as if the library were altogether removed. A remedy has, however, been found, most effectual in its design and tendency. Arrangements have in some places been made to establish libraries in a series, moveable from place to place, so that as soon as the inhabitants of a village have read one library, it moves off, and another supplies its place. These are called *ITINERATING LIBRARIES*, and I now purpose to say a few words regarding them. To whom the merit is due of inventing this almost magical mode of circulating books, I have never heard; but whoever he was, his name deserves to take its place alongside of the inventors of paper and printing. With an obscurity hanging over the origin of the practice, it can be stated with precision, that it was first made known in East Lothian, and very greatly improved by the indefatigable and philanthropic exertions of Mr Samuel Brown, merchant in Haddington, son of the late Dr John Brown of that place. According to Mr Brown's mode, there is a head station (which seems absolutely necessary), where the books lie for some time, after which they are sorted and put in operation, always coming back to the head station at the end of every two years before they pass on to another district. This appears to be necessary, for the purpose of repairing the damaged volumes, and infusing new books into the stock. The system pursued by Mr Brown, I give by an extract from a communication with him on the subject. "The plan of itinerating libraries (says he) was introduced in 1817, and it has been attended with a degree of success unexampled in the history of reading associations. It commenced with five divisions (or libraries) of fifty volumes each; and there are now, in 1830, upwards of 2000 volumes belonging to the institution. The new books are kept for a few years at the head library at Haddington for the use of subscribers, and afterwards they are arranged into divisions of fifty volumes, and stationed in the towns and villages of the country for two years, when they are removed and exchanged. The regular removal and supply of new divisions has excited and kept up such a disposition to read, that in several stations there is frequently not a volume left in the library box. To persons acquainted with the issues from the usual settled libraries of 2000 volumes, or even of a much smaller number, and of thirteen years' standing, the following statement will appear almost incredible:—The issues of books at Haddington to the subscribers have been nearly eight and a half times per annum for every volume kept in them. The gratuitous issues at Haddington have been seven and a half times every volume; at Gifford, Salton, Aberlady, North Berwick, Belhaven, and Spott, they have been seven times every volume; and the issues of the whole establishment, so far as reported, have been on an average five times for every volume, or 10,000 issues of 2000 volumes." It may be explained, that the divisions of books are all kept in boxes, or presses, and deposited with careful individuals. In all cases these librarians have acted gratuitously. The books are purchased chiefly from the accumulation of voluntary subscriptions, or small annual charges. I believe it is now proposed to issue the books the first year that a division is in the place, at the rate of a penny a volume; but as a subscription, however small, might essentially impede the success of the scheme, and as it is of immense consequence to bring the books within the reach of the whole population, particularly of the young, they will continue to be issued gratuitously the second year. It is mentioned in a memoir relative to these itinerating libraries, that a single library of fifty volumes, with book-case, catalogue, labels, advertisements, and issuing books, may be procured at from L.10 to L.12. A series of fifty divisions for one of the Scottish counties might perhaps be formed for L.500. Hitherto these East Lothian libraries have been in some measure made up by donations of books; and I am confident that when gentlemen who have large libraries, containing many books they do not often require, are aware of the prodigious benefit which may result to the country by assisting the institution in this manner, they will hasten to present the head establishments which may be formed with liberal donations. A single volume lying unnoticed in a corner of their book-shelf may be thus made to diffuse its concentrated knowledge over the peasantry of a whole country. Mr Brown has published a number of reports relative to the libraries under his charge, from which it appears he possesses very sanguine notions as to the extension of his scheme over the whole United Kingdom, nay, even over the West India and American colonies, if not the whole world. Now, it is quite evident that the progress of these beneficial establishments can only follow in the tread of the schoolmaster, and be successful where a certain degree of mental cultivation has been already effected. He speaks of a great head institution in London, something like the Central Bible Societies, as being necessary in the development of his plan. I would admonish him and all others to drop so crude and preposterous a project. Great head institutions are in general great jobs, for they are conducted by men who serve merely for pecuniary emolument, and care little for the *morale* of their establishments. Let the plan of the East Lothian itinerating libraries be copied from county to county; let local excitement only be put in force; let a few spirited and liberal minded men, belonging to different classes of the community, but club their intelligence to set the libraries agoing in their vicinities, and there can be no question that the whole country will, in a brief space of time, be covered with the desired establishments. In the success which has attended Brown's itinerating libraries in Haddingtonshire, another useful lesson is read to mankind. We find that in this, as in almost every other great good bestowed on the species, the benefit has been conferred by a *single individual*, and not by a society, the drivelling formalities of which, in rare instances, prevent everything like an efficiency of action, and retard far more than they quicken the genius of human improvement.

THE PECHS.

EVERY child in Scotland has heard of the Pechs, a race of small red-haired men, who are said to have lived long ago, and built all the huge castles and bridges in the country.

The Picts, whom antiquaries suppose to have been the same as what are called the Pechs, are understood to have been the people who lived in the country north of the Forth, about a thousand years ago. They had a king of their own for many ages; but at length a race of Irish adventurers, who came in upon Scotland by the west, got the better of their monarch, or else succeeded to his crown by marriage, so that there was never any more heard of them as a separate nation. This event is said to have taken place in the year 843.

Tacitus, a Roman historian of the second century, describes these Picts as a tall and fair race; but tradition now speaks differently of the Picts. Both in the border counties, and in those which the Picts once occupied, they are represented by the common people, and in all nursery stories, as a squat and robust race of men, with red hair, and arms of such length, that they could tie the latches of their shoes without stooping. The Scottish peasant ascribes all old public works of which he does not know the origin to the Pechs, and their plan of working, according to his creed, was to stand in a row between the quarry and the building, handing forward stones to one another. When a person has either red hair, long arms, or a very sturdy body, it is common to say to him tauntingly, "Ye maun be come of the Pechs." Yet there is also a very prevalent understanding that they are now entirely extirpated, at least as a nation; and there are some popular tales which even speak of the death of the last individual of the race.

The inhabitants of Lammermoor, a lonely mountain region between East Lothian and Berwickshire, have a tradition that the last battle fought by the Pechs against the Scots, by whom they were oppressed, took place near a hill called Manslaughter Law. So dreadfully were they cut up, that only two persons of the Pictish nation survived the fight, a father and a son. These were brought before the Scottish king, and promised life on condition that they would disclose the secret, peculiar to their nation, of the art of distilling ale from heather. But this was a secret upon which the Pechs prided themselves very much, so that, it is said by Boece in his history, they never would divulge it except to their own kindred. Both had refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and they were about to be put to a painful and torturing death, when the father seemed to relent, and proposed to yield up the secret, provided that the Scots would first kill his son. The victors, though horrified at the unnatural selfishness of the old man, complied with his request, and then asked its reward. "Now," said the ancient Pech, "you may kill me too, for you shall never know my secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me." The king of Scots could not help admiring this firmness of principle, even in so small a matter as small ale, and he condemned the veteran savage to life. It is further related by the tradition of Teviotdale, that his existence, as a punishment from heaven for his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal life. When some ages had passed, and the last of the Pechs was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the early times, which were now only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron instead of a wrist, that they might enjoy the expressions of indignation which they thought he would be sure to utter. But he seized the huge bar, and, snapping it through like a reed, only remarked very coolly, "It's a bit gey gristle," but naething to the shackle-banes o' my young days." The feelings of the young men may be imagined. Into such forms as these do historical facts become transmuted after a long series of ages; and such is the popular remembrance of a nation which once occupied the greater part of this country, but the very existence of which is now a matter of historical certainty.

THE LADY OF WOODHOUSELEE.

ON the left bank of the North Esk, betwixt Roslin and Auchindinn, stand the few remaining ruins of the old house of Woodhouselee, which seems to have been a castellated mansion of a commanding appearance. The scenery around, which is exceedingly beautiful, has furnished a theme for many a romantic ballad, and the locality is connected with a tragic circumstance of more than ordinary interest, which occurred in the year 1569, during the troubles of the reign of Queen Mary. Crawford, in his memoirs of the affairs of Scotland, relates the event in the following words:—"With regard to Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, he was one of those who, among bold and loyal men of that clan, fought for the Queen at Langside, was then taken prisoner and sentenced to be hanged, but afterwards made his escape, and was forfeited. His wife, who was heiress of Woodhouselee, not thinking her husband's crimes would affect her estate, willingly abandoned that of Bothwellhaugh, in Clydesdale, which was his ancient patrimony, and took possession of her own property; but the Earl

of Moray being informed of the matter by Sir James Ballandine (a mighty favourite of his, to whom he had gifted Woodhouselee), sent some officers to take possession of the house, who not only turned the gentlewoman out of doors, but stripped her naked, and left her in that condition in the open field, in a cold dark night, where, before day, she became furiously mad, and insensible of the injury they had done her." From this moment, Bothwellhaugh, her husband, resolved on putting Moray, the Regent, to death, which he accomplished, as is well known, at Linlithgow, by firing upon him from a balcony, on the 23d of January, 1569. From the place of assassination Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the house in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Moray's army, were yet smoking. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having revenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. The carbine with which he shot the Regent is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match lock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted. To return to Woodhouselee, the scene of the above melancholy event: The country people around were long possessed of the idea that the ruins of the mansion were tenanted by the restless spirit of the Lady of Bothwellhaugh, and which spectre is said to have been so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and even of very late years has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, the seat of the respectable family of the Fraser Tytlers, is situated on a slope of the Pentland Hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. In Pinkerton's Collection of Scottish Songs he gives one from tradition, entitled the Laird of Woodhouselee, the substance of which is, that at a great feast, where there were present full twenty "golden dames," every one with her knight, each lady being called on to give to the minstrels the name of her favourite, in order that they might celebrate his prowess and accomplishments in verse, the Lady of Woodhouselee commanded them to sing Salton's praise. Her Lord, taking offence at such an order, expressed his anger in a manner which alarmed her; whereupon she consulted her nurse, who advised her to poison him, and prepared the poison, which the lady administered in a glass of wine. News coming to the father of his son's death, and the supposed cause, he immediately repaired to the King, and, throwing himself at his feet, besought just vengeance on the murderess. The King, incensed at the lady's crime, ordered her to be burnt at the stake; and the ballad closes with her lamentation, and admonition to take warning from her fall.

THE RESOLVE.

In imitation of an old English Poem.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.
Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.
Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.
The haunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.
Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again;
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.
And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH. CLEANLINESS—BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats.

THOMSON.

THE enjoyment of sound health of body, next to that of sound health of mind, is one of the greatest of terrestrial blessings, and a few plain observations on the best mode of attaining this state of physical comfort may be perused with advantage. The science of preserving health is generally comprehended under the term *Dietetics*, which has a reference to cleanliness, the preparation and consumption of food, air, exercise, rest, the passions, sleep, and other matters connected with the functions of the body. Among the lower animals, who are governed by an unerring instinct, there is no need for the correction of abuses in the healthful preservation of the body; but man, who is the creature of circumstances, and who has been left to be governed by his reason so as to suit his taste and convenience, stands constantly in need of advice on the general heads just referred to. Our artificial mode of living, the prodigious variety of our employments in and out of doors, our different modes of dwelling and dressing, the endless variety of substances used as food and drink, the great diversity of national customs and manners, the difference and changeableness of climate, and our vicious indulgences, have all a powerful influence on our physical welfare. By our present mode of living we are certainly stronger in frame and of greater longevity than savages (though there is a prejudice to the contrary), but we pay the penalty of this superiority in our liability to numberless complaints originating in the artificial habits of social life.

I do not imagine that persons who live in ordinary intercourse with society can pretend to exist like anchorites, or follow every rule laid down for the preservation of their health; but I do believe that, with a little firmness and no great sacrifice of feeling, a very excellent state of health may be obtained, even with our present artificial practices. All who have studied the condition of the human body lay down *personal cleanliness* as the first thing to be attained in the pursuit of health, and without this all other means will prove abortive. The outer skin of the human body is composed of the most minute scales, between which are interstices, or openings, called pores, from whence constantly exude the liquid matter which we denominate perspiration, but which is, in fact, the refuse of the internal blood. The quantity of perspiration daily exuded, under ordinary circumstances, is from one to two pounds weight, and it is essential to our existence that this should be projected outwards. As the clothes worn next the body act as sponges for the receipt of perspirable matter, they should invariably be preserved in the most cleanly condition; for if they be soiled or impure, they will not receive the liquid effusion, which is consequently lodged on the skin, and returned to the internal parts by the absorbents, greatly to the injury of the health. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this most important fact in dietetics. The clothes, whether of woollen or linen, worn next the skin, should be frequently changed—the oftener the better; but even this precaution, excellent as it is, will not preserve uniform sound health, unless the skin be from time to time thoroughly purified with water. The inhabitants of this country, and indeed of most countries, are culpably negligent in not generally attending to this point in cleanliness. Almost all the great law-givers and founders of religion, from the remotest antiquity, seem to have been aware of the influence of personal cleanliness upon the moral character of man, and have strongly inculcated it. In many cases it has been interwoven with the most solemn rites of public and private worship; and is so still, in a particular manner, in Mahomedan countries.

Let all clothes, linen, beds, blankets, and other articles coming in contact with the body, be kept in the most cleanly condition—that is, free of the perspired matter. Let the body, and particularly the joints, be frequently washed with pure water, especially in summer. The face, neck, and hands, ought to be daily washed, both morning and evening. In washing the face, the cold water should be always laved behind the ears and on the back part of the neck, by which practice toothach will in a great measure be prevented. The mouth should be well rinsed every morning with water, and the teeth simultaneously rubbed with the finger, which is considered to be better than a brush. It has been found that frequent shaving of the beard is conducive to free perspiration, and, consequently, to health. I would particularly recommend that the feet be very frequently washed. If bathed every morning in cold water, the complaint of *cold feet*, now so prevalent, would seldom be heard.

Bathing of every description is the basis of cleanliness, and may be pronounced one of the most beneficial restorers of health and vigour. To persons enjoying a perfect state of bodily vigour, the frequent use of the bath is less necessary than to the infirm, as the healthy possess a greater power to resist infirmities by means of their unimpaired perspiration, the elasticity of their minute vessels, and the due consistence of their circulating fluids. The case is very different with the infirm, the delicate, and the aged. In these the slowness of circulation, the viscosity or clamminess of the fluids, the constant efforts of nature to propel the impurities towards the skin, combine to render the frequent bathing or washing of their bodies an essential requisite to their physical existence. Although most persons acknowledge the propriety of frequent bodily ablution, there are not many who are fond of putting their belief in practice; they will tell you that they have no time, no convenience, for bathing. But these are frivolous excuses. It is their indolence which afflicts them; and rather than clean themselves, they will run the chance of having their health impaired, and live in a state of perpetual bodily discomfort. Every one has the use of

water, and could easily spare a few minutes for so highly beneficial a process as washing themselves. On the other hand, those who indulge in the judicious practice of bathing enjoy a more active state of body and more durable state of robust health than those who do not. Bathing may be performed with hot or cold water, according as feelings dictate, or circumstances permit. The lukewarm or tepid bath, from 85 to 95 degrees of heat, is always safe; and the temperature may be raised to 102 degrees without danger to healthy persons. So far is the hot bath from relaxing the tone of the solids, that it may justly be considered as one of the most powerful restoratives with which we are acquainted. Instead of heating the body it has a cooling effect, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse. Hence, tepid baths are of eminent service, where the body has been overheated, from whatever cause, whether after fatigue from travelling, severe bodily exercise, or after violent exertion and perturbation of mind. By their softening and moistening power, they greatly contribute to the formation and growth of the body of young persons.

Bathing in rivers, as well as in the sea, is effectual for every purpose of cleaning the body; it washes away impurities from the surface, opens the cutaneous vessels for a due perspiration, and increases the circulation of the blood. For these reasons it cannot be too much recommended, not only to the infirm and debilitated, under certain restrictions, but likewise to the healthy. The apprehension of bad consequences from the coldness of the water is in reality ill-founded; for, besides that it produces a strengthening effect by its 'astringent' property, the cold sensation is not of itself hurtful. In a recent publication, entitled "The Economy of the Human Body," the author makes the following judicious observations on cold bathing:—"The best time for bathing is about noon, or two or three hours after breakfast. Cold bathing should never be practised when the body is loaded with food. For invalids, the morning is improper, as being chiller, and the body not having been invigorated by a slight meal. This is another popular error which ought to be corrected. Invalids and the delicate should plunge twice or thrice into the water, then come out, and have the body immediately rubbed dry with cloths. Practice will gradually enable a person to remain longer in the water; and the robust may enjoy the luxury for a considerable time with the most perfect impunity; but whenever chilliness, drowsiness, and inactivity, are felt after coming out, these are sure indications that either cold bathing does not agree with the constitution, or that too long time has been spent in the water. Sea water is most efficacious as a cold bath, for there is a stimulating quality in the salt which gives a grateful glow to the skin. There is a popular belief that it is necessary to plunge head foremost into the water, else a determination of blood to the head takes place, and headaches, &c. follow. Nothing can be more erroneous. A sudden plunge is often productive of mischief, but it is not necessary to wet the whole head in bathing, especially if there be too much hair, which, afterwards, taking a long time to dry, is often inconvenient. Whenever after a short immersion in the cold bath the individual feels chill, his skin pale, and the lips and nails of a purplish hue, it is a proof that cold bathing does not agree with him." With these useful observations I may here close this first branch of the subject of Dietetics.

A GLANCE AT ENGLISH HUSBANDRY.

WHEN a Scotchman travels for the first time through England, he sees much to engage his attention in the landscape not peculiar to his own end of the island. Independent of the general levelness of the land, and the other more prominent features of the country, he marks the difference in the disposition of the fields and the ordinary arrangements of the rural *manège*. Two things he particularly notices—the singular smallness of the enclosed fields, which seem no bigger than a common-sized kitchen garden, and the great quantity of them laid in grass. In some counties these peculiarities are not observable; but taking the country in the mass, they are essentially its most striking characteristics. Accustomed in Scotland to see fields of a large extent under an active process of husbandry for grain crops, he cannot well make out the cause for occupying so considerable a portion of the English soil with thick thorn hedges, and he is perhaps informed that much of the land is preserved under grass, so as to be free of a certain description of tithes. In all the arts of trade and commerce, England entered on its illustrious career several centuries before its northern neighbour; in the arts of agriculture it also obtained the advantage of priority; but it is indisputable that in this branch of industry it has been perceptibly outstripped, and may award the merit to Scotland. The revival of agriculture in Scotland—I say its revival, for it retrograded in consequence of the wars of the succession—though only of a date within the period of the last century, has been followed up with a most unprecedented energy and a signal success. Within the compass of ninety or a hundred years almost every instrument of husbandry of an ancient construction has disappeared, and been succeeded by implements formed on an efficient scientific principle. Thrashing machines, some moved by steam, are universal. A Scotchman acquainted with these distinctions in the husbandry of North Britain, is amused in beholding in the south instruments of field labour, waggons for conveying grain to market included, evidently as ancient and clumsy in construction as they were in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. In Northumberland, some parts of Yorkshire, Norfolk, and other places, this is certainly not the case; but over the greater part of England and Wales it would appear that the public mind has not yet been roused to the value of the improvements I mention.

Yet how glorious is the appearance of this noble country in the verdant and luxurious months of summer, with its endless flourishing fences, its fields dotted with trees, its beautiful lawns and orchards, and its hearty ho-

nest peasantry, with their trim cottages and gardens. Let us take a glance at this highly favoured region. Entering by the "Eastern Marches," we find Northumberland, distinguished as an agricultural district, and in this respect bearing a resemblance to the Merse, on this side of the Tweed. The size of the farms is said to vary from L.50 to L.500 in rent. In Cumberland, grazing has long been the principal object of the farmers; extensive enclosures, however, have been recently made, and considerable quantities of flour and oatmeal are now exported. The dairies are small, but the butter is of excellent quality. There is much hilly, bleak land in Westmoreland and Cumberland, suitable only for sheep pasture. The Durham farms are in general small in extent, but excellent and powerful horses are bred here, and the cattle, by suitable feeding, are brought to a large size. In the East Riding of Yorkshire, particularly upon the wolds, agriculture is conducted upon a large scale, and has arrived at a high pitch of perfection. Half a century ago barley and oats were the principal kinds of grain produced here, and oat-bread was chiefly used by the inhabitants; now the valleys and the slopes of the hills wave with wheat. The western levels, also, have received great improvements. Within less than thirty years vast commons in its southern part have been enclosed and cultivated; and a dreary and swampy waste is now covered with well-built farmsteads. The horses of Yorkshire have long been justly celebrated; they are bred principally in the East and North Ridings.

Proceeding into Lancashire, we find it generally more backward in its agriculture, and famous only for its potatoes. In Cheshire we find agriculture well understood, but the land chiefly devoted to the feeding of cattle for dairy produce. The cheeses of Cheshire, including those made in Shropshire, are the best in Britain. Agriculture is the essential and almost the whole pursuit of the inhabitants of Herefordshire; they also devote great attention to their orchards, which we find in every situation. Cyder and perry are produced to a great amount. Hops are cultivated on the borders of Worcester, and at the centre of Nottinghamshire. Staffordshire is not remarkable for its agriculture. Grazing, or breeding and feeding stock, is the great object of the Leicestershire farmer. More than half the land is constantly in pasture. Cheese is made to a great extent. Leicestershire is also eminent for its breed of beautiful black horses. In Northamptonshire dairies are numerous and extensive. Cattle are fed in great numbers. Agriculture is in a low state. The country here grows wood for dyers. The rich vales of Gloucestershire are chiefly devoted to the produce of the dairy and the rearing of cattle. The Gloucester and double Gloucester cheese are the produce of different districts. In a part of this county called the Forest, there is much oak and forest trees, and one place has furnished 1000 tons of ship timber annually for a course of years. The husbandry of Oxfordshire is not of an approved character. In Buckinghamshire, vast numbers of oxen are fed, and butter is made in great quantities. The chief produce of Bedfordshire are corn and butter.

In the eastern district of England lies Lincolnshire, remarkable for its flat land or fens, formerly inundated by the sea, which, being now protected by great embankments, form one of the richest tracks in the kingdom. The drainage of them has been chiefly accomplished within the last 40 or 50 years, and is still going on. Upwards of 150,000 acres have in this manner been reclaimed, yielding annually L.150,000, exclusive of all expenses. The fertility of the improved lands is in many places extraordinary, owing, it is supposed, to their great impregnation with sea salt. They are all adapted to ordinary crops, but are chiefly devoted to grazing. In the summer season they are covered with innumerable flocks and herds, which, from the luxuriance of the pastures, grow to an amazing weight. In winter, much of the land being overflowed, nothing is to be seen but a wide expanse of water, varied with a number of sea-fowl. Many of the fens are devoted to the breeding and rearing of geese, which here form a highly valuable stock. Their quills and feathers are sent in immense quantities to the London and other markets. The northern part of Cambridgeshire forms the Isle of Ely, which is almost a complete marsh. In these low lands, the towns and villages, built upon elevated spots, appear like islands. The soil is extremely fertile, and produces luxuriant crops of wheat and oats. The aspect of Norfolk, though in some places diversified by little swells, is generally uninteresting. The soil is not naturally fertile, but has been greatly improved by cultivation. Agriculture is here conducted upon the most improved system. Suffolk is in general level, and the climate is reckoned the driest in the kingdom; the cows of this county are excellent milkers. Hertfordshire is reckoned the first corn county in England. Essex is level, but in general sufficiently elevated to be dry and arable. In Kent, hops are grown to a great extent, and also various other horticultural plants and roots. Almost the sole business of the Middlesex agriculturists is to provide articles of necessity for the metropolis, in the vicinity of which the land is mostly rented by cow-keepers, gardeners, and nurserymen. Surrey is behind in its agriculture. Sussex is one of the most beautiful counties in England, being richly clothed with wood, covered with orchards, and disposed in fertile fields.

In the southern district of England, we find Hampshire, distinguished for its agriculture. Wiltshire, especially in its south division, is almost entirely devoted to sheep pasture. Dorsetshire is also pastoral. Proceeding into the west of England, the traveller will be pleased with the appearance of Somersetshire, which possesses every gradation of surface. The plains are remarkable for their luxuriant herbage. Possessing a climate mild and genial, this county stands high in reputation for its agricultural produce. Devonshire is partly open and uncultivated, and partly fine vales, laid out in orchards, or cultivated in a style of improvement. The Devonshire cyder rivals that of Herefordshire. In conclusion, the agriculture of Cornwall is rude, the

mines attracting the chief attention of the inhabitants. I have thus rapidly sketched the local characteristics of English husbandry, which, even under the most improved modes, is in a general sense inferior to that seen in the best agricultural districts of Scotland, where the new scientific instruments of labour, the ingenuity and educated habits of the peasantry, the scheme of leasing land on an enlarged principle, the rotation of cropping, and many other advantageous circumstances, have combined to bring farming in the north to the very height of perfection.*

SCENES IN PALESTINE.

On the following day (says Carne, in his letters from the East) we ascended the side of Carmel, next to the sea, into which it almost descends; and on this part of its summit tradition says that Elijah the prophet stood when he prayed for rain, and beheld the cloud rise out of the sea. The next day we ascended the mountain in another part, and traversed the whole of its summit, which occupied several hours. It is the finest and most beautiful mountain in Palestine, of great length, and in many parts covered with trees and flowers. On reaching at last the opposite summit, and coming out of a wood, we saw the celebrated Esdraelon beneath, with the river Kishon flowing through it; Mounts Hermon and Tabor were in front; and on the left the prospect was bounded by the hills of Samaria. On the following day we arrived at Nazareth, which we could not perceive till we were at the top of the hill directly over it, as it stands at the foot and side of a kind of amphitheatre. Its situation is very romantic; the population amounts to about twelve hundred, who are mostly Christians. The Spanish Catholic convent, in which all travellers are accommodated, is a large and excellent mansion. The church of the convent is rich, and contains a fine organ. Below the floor, and entered by a flight of steps, is the cave or grotto where the angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary; a granite column was rent in twain by the appearance of the angel; the lower part is quite gone, but the upper part, which passes through the roof, is suspended in the air. "There is a handsome altar in this grotto. We next visited a small apartment which is shown as the workshop of Joseph; this stands at a short distance from the church; part of it only remains, and is certainly kept very neat. Not far from this is the school where our Lord received his education, and which looks much like other schools. But as curious a relic as any, is a large piece of rock, rather soft, about four feet high, and four or five yards long, its form not quite circular;—on this our Lord is said to have often dined with his disciples.

About a mile and a half down the valley is shown a high and perpendicular rock, as the very spot where our Lord, according to St Luke, was taken by the people to be thrown over the precipice. About midway down, in the face of the rock, is the spot where his descent was arrested, and the mark of his hands, and part of his form, are shown, where he entered into the rock and disappeared. Such are the tales of the fathers of the convent. But of far higher interest than traditions and relics is the scenery around Nazareth; it is of the kind in which we would imagine the Saviour of mankind delighted to wander and to withdraw himself when meditating on his great mission; deep and secluded dells, covered with a wild verdure, silent and solemn paths where overhanging rocks shut out all intrusion. No one can walk round Nazareth without feeling thoughts like these enter his mind, while gazing often on many a sweet spot, traced perhaps by the Redeemer's footsteps, and embalmed by his prayers.

The next day we rode to Mount Tabor, about six miles distant; it stands alone on the plain, and is a very small and beautiful mountain, rising gradually on every side; about the fourth part of the ascent towards the summit is covered with a luxuriance of wood. The top of Mount Tabor is flat and not of large extent; the view from thence is most magnificent. At the foot is shown the village, amidst a few trees, that was the birth-place of Deborah the prophetess. Hermon stands in the plain about six miles off, and at its foot is the village of Nain. We next proceeded towards Cana by a narrow and rocky path over the mountains. This village is pleasantly situated on a small eminence in a valley, and contains two or three hundred inhabitants; the ruins of the house are still shown where the miracle of turning the water into wine was performed. The same kind of stone waterpots are certainly in use in the village; we saw several of the women bearing them on their heads as they returned from the well.

Proceeding on our journey, we wound along the coast, passing by the site of Cæsarea, and arrived at Joppa or Jaffa. The appearance of Jaffa is singular, being situated on so steep a declivity that the houses almost climb over each other up the face of the hill. A dark and naked room is shown as having been the residence of Simon Peter, the tanner. We were now only twelve hours' journey from Jerusalem, and rode to Ramtha early on the following day: this place is finely situated on an extensive plain, and has some woods and olive trees around it. By moonlight next

morning we were on the way to the sacred city: for about three hours it led over the plain, and then ascending the hills, became excessively disagreeable, in some parts so narrow that one horse only could proceed at a time, and that not always with safety. At the end of nine hours, however, as we proceeded over the summit of a rugged hill, we beheld Jerusalem. Its aspect certainly was not magnificent or inspiring, but sad and dreary. On reaching the gate of Bethlehem, we were speedily admitted, and, after some research, procured a lodging in the house of a native, not far from the walls, and near the tower of David. The morning after my arrival was a very lovely one, and, though it was in February, perfectly warm. I passed out of the gate of Bethlehem, and, traversing part of the ravine beneath, ascended the Mount of Judgment, on the south side of the city. How interesting was her aspect, beheld over the deep and rocky valley of Hinnom! her gloomy walls encompassing Mount Zion on every side; and as yet there was no sound to disturb the silence of the scene. The beautiful Mount of Olives was on the right, and at its feet the Valley of Jehoshaphat, amidst whose great rocks and trees stood the tomb of Zacharias, the last of the prophets that was slain; the only stream visible flowed from the fountain of Siloam, on the side of Zion opposite. It is true the city beloved of God has disappeared, and with all its hallowed spots once contained within its walls; and keen must be the faith that can now embrace their identity. Yet the face of nature still endures—the rocks, the mountains, lakes, and valleys, are unchanged, save that loneliness and wildness are now where once were luxury and every joy; and though their glory is departed, a high and mournful beauty still rests on many of these silent and romantic scenes. Amidst them a stranger will ever delight to wander, for there his imagination can seldom be at fault. The walls of Jerusalem can with ease be walked round on the outside in 45 minutes, as the extent is scarcely three miles. On the east of the city runs the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the south and west that of Hinnom, and into these descend the steep sides of Mount Zion, on whose surface the city stands. To the north extends the plain of Jeremiah, the only level space around; it is covered partly with olive trees. It does not appear probable for the ancient city to have covered a larger space than the present, except by stretching to the north, along the plain of Jeremiah; because the modern walls are built nearly on the brink of the declivities of Zion and the adjoining hill. But the height of the hill is very small, for Jerusalem is on every side, except towards the north, overlooked by hills higher than the one whereon it stands. The circumstance that most perplexes every traveller is, to account for Mount Calvary's having been formerly without the city. It is at present not a small way within; and in order to shut it out, the ancient walls must have made the most extraordinary curve imaginable. Its elevation was probably always inconsiderable, so that there is little to stagger one's faith in the lowliness of its present appearance.

AMERICAN LUMBERERS.

The timber trade, which, in a commercial as well as a political point of view, is of more importance in employing our ships and seamen, and the occasioning a great addition to the demand for British manufactures, than it is generally considered to be, employs a vast number of people in the British colonies, whose manner of living, owing to the nature of the business they follow, is entirely different from that of the other inhabitants of North America. Several of these people form what is termed a "lumbering party," composed of persons who are all either hired by a master lumberer, who pays them wages, and finds them in provisions, or of individuals, who enter into an understanding with others, to have a joint interest in the proceeds of their labour. The necessary supplies of provisions, clothing, &c., are generally obtained from the merchants on credit, in consideration of receiving the timber which the lumberers are to bring down the rivers the following summer. The stock deemed requisite for a "lumbering party" consists of axes, a cross-cut saw, cooking utensils, a cask of rum, tobacco and pipes, a sufficient quantity of biscuit, pork, beef, and fish, pease and pearl barley for soup, with a cask of molasses to sweeten a decoction usually made of shrubs, or of the tops of the hemlock-tree, and taken as tea. Two or three yokes of oxen, with sufficient hay to feed them, are also required to haul the timber out of the woods. When thus prepared, these people proceed up the rivers, with the provisions, &c., to the place fixed on for their winter establishment, which is selected as near a stream of water as possible. They commence by clearing away a few of the surrounding trees, and building a shanty, or camp, of round logs, the walls of which are seldom more than four or five feet high, the roof covered with birch bark, or boards. A pit is dug under the camp to preserve any thing liable to injury from the frost. The fire is either in the middle, or at one end; the smoke goes out through the roof; hay, straw, or fir branches, are spread across, or along the whole length of this habitation, on which they all lie down together at night to sleep, with their feet next the fire. When the fire gets low, he who first awakes or feels cold springs up, and throws on five or six billets, and in this way they manage to have a large fire all night. One person is hired as cook, whose duty is to have breakfast ready before day-light, at which time all the party rise, when each takes his "morning," or the indispensable dram of raw spirits, immediately before breakfast. This meal con-

sists of bread, or occasionally potatoes, with boiled beef, pork, or fish, and tea sweetened with molasses; dinner is usually the same, with pease soup in place of tea; and the supper resembles breakfast. These men are enormous eaters, and they also drink great quantities of rum, which they scarcely ever dilute. Immediately after breakfast, they divide into three gangs, one of which cuts down the trees, another hews them, and the third is employed with the oxen in hauling the timber either to one general road leading to the banks of the nearest stream, or at once to the stream itself; fallen trees, and other impediments in the way of the oxen, are cut away with the axe. The whole winter is thus spent in unremitting labour. The snow covers the ground from two to three feet from the setting in of winter until April, and, in the middle of fir forests, often till the middle of May. When the snow begins to dissolve in April, the rivers swell, or, according to the lumberer's phrase, the "freshets come down!" At this time, all the timber cut during winter is thrown into the water, and floated down until the river becomes sufficiently wide to make the whole into one or more rafts. The construction of the vast masses of timber floated down the St Lawrence, and other great rivers of America, is nearly on all occasions similar, but bound proportionally stronger together as the rafts increase in size. The raftsmen commence by floating twenty or more pieces of timber alongside each other, with the ends to form the fore-part of the raft brought in a line, and then bound close together by logs placed across these, and by binding one log to another with poles fastened down by withes plunged firmly into holes bored in the logs for the purpose. The size of the raft is increased in this manner by adding pieces of timber, one after another, with their unequal lengths crossing the joints, until the whole lot of timber to be rafted is joined together in one flat mass on the river. The water at this period is exceedingly cold, yet, for weeks together, the lumberers are in it from morning till night, and it is seldom less than a month and a half, from the time that floating the timber down the stream commences, until the rafts are delivered to the merchants. No course of life can undermine the constitution more than that of lumberer and raftsmen. The winter, snow, and frost, although severe, are nothing to endure in comparison to the extreme coldness of the snow-water of the freshets, in which the lumberer is, day after day, wet up to the middle, and often immersed from head to foot. The very vitals are thus chilled and sapped; the intense heat of the summer sun, a transition which almost immediately follows, must further weaken and reduce the whole frame, and premature old age is the inevitable fate of a lumberer. But notwithstanding all the toils of such a pursuit, those who once adopt the life of a lumberer prefer it to any other. They are in a great measure as independent, in their own way, as the Indians. After selling and delivering up their rafts, they pass some weeks in idle indulgence, drinking, smoking, and dashing off in a long coat, flashy waistcoat and trousers, Wellington or Hessian boots, a handkerchief of many colours round the neck, a watch with a long tinsel chain and numberless brass seals, and an umbrella. Before winter, they return again to the woods, and resume the laborious pursuits of the preceding year. The great number of the lumberers and raftsmen in Canada and New Brunswick are from the United States. Many young men of steady habits in our colonies are in the habit of joining the lumbering parties for two or three years, for the express purpose of making money; and, after saving their earnings, purchase or receive grants of lands, on which they live very comfortably, cultivating the soil, and occasionally cutting down the timber trees on their lands for market.—*McGregor's British America.*

MY SISTER KATE: A MORAL TALE.

There is a low road (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly round about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland: and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above you; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam-boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because the Comet and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the Firth; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland reaper girls were also run down in the night-time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough lighthouse hard by; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any summer afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourcock, you would say, as you looked across to the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dumbarton castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Dunoon, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyle; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and cowering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, there stand, or stood, two or three

* For the facts in the above paper, my authority is "*Bell's Geography, Popular and Scientific*,"—a work I cannot sufficiently commend for the accuracy and comprehensiveness of its details.

small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them, looked just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, assisted them in their healthful employment; and that the girls, of which there was a number, were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green mending their father's nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and inquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of the fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourrock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent well disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyllshire, named Martin M'Leod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably and even delicately beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought anything about the beauty of Catharine M'Leod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbours what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the brekans on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough lighthouse at the point. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourrock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not very far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking her arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Baillie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, an' lace edging, an' mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin M'Leod, who looked sharply after Kate, behaved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and masters being appointed to teach her right things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman, after a time, were actually married in Greenock new church, and set off for London.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else (for pretty maidens must always be in love), or, at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle-people who could afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a half-penny each; and also from the traditionary literature of Argyllshire, which was couched in the mellifluous numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catharine M'Leod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourrock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr Pounteney, and that little Kate M'Leod was now Mrs Pounteney, and a great London lady;

but what quality of a gentleman Mr Pounteney really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a very great gentleman—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora M'Leod went, but about "my sister Kate;" and she was quite in request everywhere, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs Pounteney's house in London, therefore, Mrs Pounteney's grand husband, and Mrs Pounteney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic sea coast and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people live upon their fish, and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs Pounteney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune, that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora M'Leod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she, with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one-pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust to her, to be specially returned into the hand of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora M'Leod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and inquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest somebody from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all;—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance.

But she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora curtsied low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs Pounteney.

"And what can you want with Mrs Pounteney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman,

nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth: at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tiptoe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite; with a face that need not be described, further than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr Pounteney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old one," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manoeuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam, it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what!"

"No, madam; she wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly."

"Ah, John!" said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law: "How dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs Pounteney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate M'Leod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me."

"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the *old one*: "This young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room; pray ma'am, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give your orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of *your mistress*, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while I am here! I wonder what sister Becky would say, or Mr Pounteney, if he were at home?"

"Who is it, John? Do just bring her here, and put an end to this!" said Kate, imploringly, to the man.

"Madam," said John at last to his trembling mistress, "it is your sister!"

"Who, John!" cried Kate, starting to her feet; "my sister Flora, my own sister, from Clyde side! Speak, John, are you sure?"

"Yes, Madam, your sister from Scotland."

"Oh, where is she, where is she? let me go."

"No, no; you must be mistaken, John," said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate; "John, this is all a mistake," she added, smoothly; "Mrs Pounteney has no sister! John, you may leave the room;" and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished.

The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pounteney came forward, and stood in renewed rage over the fragile melancholy Kate, and burst out with "What is this, Kate? Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house? That it is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connections, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their beggarly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this. I will not, I shall not;" and she stamped with rage. "Oh, Miss Pounteney," said Kate, with clasped hands, "will you not let me go and see my sister? Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora! I will go to a private place—I will go to another house, if you please; I will do any thing when I return to you, if I ever return, for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!" and, uttering this, almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister.

Meantime Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and, fancying her little Kate wished to forget her, because she was poor, had worked herself up into a reso-

lution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth, with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstasy of sisterly love.

"Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear happy Flora!" cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; "have you really come all the way to London to see me? poor me!" and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her. "Kate, my dear little Kate!" said Flora, "this is not the way I expected to find you. Do not grieve so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!"

"But you are happy, Flora," said Kate, weeping; "and how is my good highland father, and mother, and my brother Daniel? Ah! I think, Flora, your clothes have the very smell of the seashore, and of the bark of the nets, and of the heather hills of Argyshire. Alas! the happy days you remind me of, Flora."

"And so, Kate, you are not so very happy, after all," said Flora, looking incredulously in her face, "and you are so thin, and pale, and your eyes are so red; and yet you have such a grand house, Kate! Tell me if you are really not happy?"

"I have no house, Flora," said Kate, after a little, "nor, I may say, no husband. They are both completely ruled by his two vixen sisters, who kept house for him before he married me, and still have the entire ascendancy over him. My husband, too, is not naturally good tempered; yet he once loved me, and I might enjoy some little happiness in this new life, if he had the feeling or the spirit to treat me as his wife, and free himself and the house from the dominion of his sisters, especially the eldest. But I believe he is rather disappointed in his ambitious career, and in the hopes he entertained of matches for his sisters, and is somewhat sour and unhappy; and I have to bear it all, for he is afraid of these women; and I, the youngest in the family, and the only one who has a chance of being good tempered, am, on account of my low origin, forced to bear the spleen of all in this unhappy house."

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie seaside himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me! and can people be really so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. O that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a' the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourcock Point. I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. "When did ye see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron?—Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had not given it to me for you, for you're vexed enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vexed enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch. "Tell Allan Cameron that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! I just tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you, Kate!" said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bedside, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and anxious was Flora M'Leod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sundown, on a Saturday evening, shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steam-boat had come in; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora M'Leod, just down from London. The boat as it passed had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the Firth; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the Clough to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. "Ah, Flora! is this you!" cried the whole at once; "and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place!"

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the West of Scotland. But it was observed that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood.

It was observed in the hamlet that the unhappy Mrs Poutney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seemed quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own in humble and pious contentment.—From the "Dominie's Legacy," a series of Tales, in three volumes, illustrative of Scottish Life.

Column for Housewives.

Choice Receipts for Plain Cookery, selected from *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by MRS MARGARET DODS.

TO BOIL A ROUND OF BEEF.

A ROUND or BUTT of salted beef may either be boiled whole, divided into two, or cut into three pieces, according to the size of the meat, and the number of the guests or family. It is a common error of vanity to boil too much of a ham or round at once. If boiled whole, the bone may be cut out; if divided, it is desirable to give each piece an equal proportion of the fat. Wash the meat, and, if over salt, soak it in one or more waters till it be sufficiently softened or freshened. Skewer it up tightly, and of a good shape, wrapping the flap or tongue piece very firmly round. Bind it with broad strong tape, or fillets of linen. The pot should be roomy, and the water must fully cover the meat. A fish drainer is convenient to boil this and other large pieces of meat on. Heat very gradually; take off the scum, of which a great deal will be thrown up, till no more rises, and throw in some cold water to refine the liquor, if needful; cover the pot close, and boil slowly, but at an equal temperature, allowing about three hours to from 12 to 16 pounds, and from that to four or five hours for a weightier piece. Turn the meat once or twice during the process. Put in the carrot and turnip about two hours after the meat. If the liquor is to be afterwards used for soup, these roots, instead of hurrying, will improve the flavour. Greens may be either boiled in the same pot, or better separately in some of the pot liquor. When the meat is dished, take off with a clean sponge, or a cloth moistened in the pot liquor, any scum or films which, in spite of the most careful skimming, will often hang about salted meat; garnish with large sliced carrots (or with greens or carrots instead), and serve washed turnip and greens in separate dishes. The meat must be cut in smooth, thin, horizontal slices, keeping the surface level. The soft fat eats best when the meat is warm, the firm fat when it is cold. By good management, the meat will, in cold weather, keep for a fortnight or more.

TO ROAST A LEG OF MUTTON.

Mutton intended to be roasted may be kept longer than mutton for boiling, as the colour is of less importance. Cut out the pipe that runs along the backbone, which taints so early; wipe off the moistness that gathers on the surface, and in the folds and doublings of the meat, and below the flap. This and every other piece of meat may be lightly dusted with flour, or with pepper or pounded ginger, which, by excluding the external air and keeping off flies, helps to preserve the meat, and can be taken off in the washing previous to roasting. A leg, a chine, a saddle, a loin, a breast, a shoulder, and the haunch, or gigot, are the roasting pieces of mutton. Joint the roast well, whatever be the piece. Most of the loose fat should be cut from the loin, which may be stuffed, and must be peppered at first to preserve the kidney-fat. This roast requires a rather quick fire to concentrate its juices. A juicy leg of mutton requires no sauce save its own gravy.

TO ROAST TURKEY, FOWLS, OR GAME.

A turkey will keep a fortnight, a fowl a week. By care they will keep much longer; that is to say, if drawn, hung in a cool dry air, wiped often, and seasoned with pepper in the inside. The sinews of the legs must be drawn (those of fowls should all be drawn, especially when the birds are old); press down the breast-bone even more than in a fowl, to make the bird look plump; be careful, in drawing, to preserve the liver whole, and not to break the gall-bladder. For stuffing to fill the craw, take a breakfast cup full of stale bread finely grated, two ounces of minced beef meat, or marrow, a little parsley parboiled and finely shred, a tea spoonful of lemon peel grated, a few sprigs of lemon thyme, a little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Mix the whole well in a mortar, with a couple of eggs. Do not stuff too full; and with another egg work up what remains into balls, to be fried and served with the turkey. Paper the breast. Score the gizzard. Season it highly with pepper, salt, and cayenne, and drop in melted butter, and then bread-crumbs. A very large turkey will take nearly as long to roast as a sirloin. These are not the most delicate. A moderate-sized turkey will take from an hour and a half to two hours. The fire must be clear and sharp; dredge with flour when laid down. Fresh butter is always best for basting. Keep the turkey far from the fire at first, that the stuffing and breast may be done through. Hen turkeys are the most delicate, and the whitest; they are consequently preferred for boiling.

TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON WITH TURNIP, &c.

A leg of mutton—the gigot of the French and Scottish kitchen—may be kept from two days to a week before boiling. The pipe, as it is technically called, must be cut out, and the moistness which gathers on the surface, and the folds and soft places rubbed off occasionally. It is whitest when quite fresh, but most delicate when hung a few days in the larder, though not so long as to allow the juices to thicken, and the flavour to deteriorate. Hill wether mutton from four to seven years old is far the best, whether for boiling or roasting. Choose it short in the shank, thick in the thigh, and of a pure, healthy brownish red. Chop but a very small bit off the shank; if too much is taken off, the juices will be drained by this conduit in the boiling. If you wish to whiten the meat, blanch it for ten minutes in warm water. Boil in an oval-shaped or roomy kettle, letting the water come very slowly to boil. Skim carefully. Boil carrots and turnip with the mutton, and the younger and more juicy they

are the better they suit this joint. Be sure never to run a fork or any thing sharp into the meat, which would drain its juices. All meat ought to be well done, but a leg of mutton rather under than over, to look plump and retain its juices. About two hours of slow boiling will dress it. Garnish with slices of carrot. Pour caper-sauce over the meat, and serve washed turnip or cauliflower in a separate dish. To make the caper-sauce, take two table spoonfuls of capers and a little vinegar. Mince the one-half and stew the whole of them into a half-pint of melted butter, or of strong thickened gravy. To prevent the butter from oiling, stew the sauce for some time.

TO BOIL POULTRY.

Be careful, in picking, not to break the skin. Let the fowls hang from two to five days; for the most delicate fowl will be tough and thready if too soon dressed. When to be used, draw, singe without blackening, and wash thoroughly, passing a stream of water again and again through the inside. Boiled fowls must be very neatly trussed, as they have small and firm sinews. Put them on with plenty of water, a little warmed. Having, as usual, skimmed very carefully, simmer by the side of the fire from twenty-five minutes to an hour, according to the age and size of the fowl.

TO BROIL BEEF STEAKS.

In England, the best steaks are cut from the middle of the rump. In Ireland, Scotland, and France, steaks which are thought more delicate are often cut, like chops, from the sirloin or spare rib, trimming off the superfluous fat, and chopping away the bone. This is the piece of meat usually cut into steaks in the shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow, rump beef being used for minced collops, sausages, &c. Beef for steaks must be killed for from three to five days, or more, to act tender, but it does not require to be kept so long as a large piece to be roasted. Cut the steaks of equal thickness (about three quarters of an inch); beat them out to a level, though much beating is not recommended, as it expresses the juices from the meat. Let them be from three to four inches in breadth, and from four to six in length. Sirloin steaks shape themselves. When the gridiron is hot, rub the bars with suet, sprinkle a little salt over the fire [which ought to be very clear], and lay on the steaks. Turn them frequently, to do them equally and keep in the juices. When the fat blazes and smokes very much, quickly remove the gridiron for a second, till the blaze is past. From ten to twelve minutes will do a steak. Have a hot dish, rubbed with eschalot, placed by the side or over the fire, on the edge of the gridiron. When turning the steaks, if there be on the top any gravy that would fall on turning, drop it quickly into this dish to preserve it. Steaks are generally preferred underdone. Sprinkle them with a little salt just before they are dished in the hot dish. Turn the steaks over once or twice in the dish to express the gravy. Those who enjoy a well-dressed beef-steak discard all sauces save the native juice of the meat.—Beef-steaks ought not to be prepared till the moment they are to be eaten.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

Procure the head of a middle-sized well fed cow calf, with the skin on; scale it; split and take out the brains and the gristles and bones of the nose; blanch it well in several waters, to draw out the slime and blood. Place it in a stew-pan, and cover it with cold water; boil it, and skim without intermission while any scum continues to rise. When the head has boiled gently for three quarters of an hour, take it out, and, as soon as cold enough to cut, carve it into small neat pieces, in the shape of diamonds, dice, triangles, &c. Peel the tongue, and cut it into cubes of an inch thick. Meanwhile, put the broken bones and trimmings of the head into your stock-pot, with a large knuckle of veal well broken, and three or four pounds of a shin of beef well soaked. Let this boil very slowly, having carefully skimmed it, for at least four hours, and take care it does not stick to the bottom of the pot; then strain for future use, and lay aside a quart of this stock for gravy. Thus much may be done the evening before the soup is wanted. When the soup is to be made, take off the cake of fat which will be formed on the top, and put the stock, holding back the sediment, into a large stew-pan. If the stock is good it will be a jelly, or nearly so. When it is again skimmed, put to it a dozen onions sliced, and browned in the frying pan, with a half-dozen sprigs of fresh mild sage, also chopped and fried. Thicken the soup with butter kneaded in browned flour; and season highly with ground black and Jamaica pepper, a little cayenne, two blades of mace, an eschalot, four leaves of fresh basil, and the parings of one large and two small lemons. When the soup is strong and well coloured, strain it through a hair sieve very gently into a fresh stew-pan, and put the hash of the head to it. Add wine when it is nearly finished in the proportion of a half glassful to the quart. Madeira or sherry are the wines commonly employed. When to be dished, slip in two dozen of small force-meat balls, made of veal or veal kidney, minced parsley and crumbs; also hard boiled yolks of eggs, or egg balls, and the juice of two lemons squeezed through a strainer.

TO FRY HADDUCKS AND OTHER FISH.

The following is an excellent mode of preparing fish. Clean and skin the haddocks. If they be too large, cut them in two or three pieces, or split them, or slit the backs. When the fish are dried, rub them with flour, and, if to be higher dressed, rub off the flour, and with a paste-brush wash them over with beat egg; stew finely grated crumbs over them, and fry in a deep pan in plenty of clarified dripping or lard, heated to such a degree that it may neither scorch the fish, nor yet stew them. Turn and lift them carefully, and keep them hot by the fire, on a sieve and paper, to absorb the fat, till the whole are finished. The bone may be cut out, particularly in large fish. [I think it is always an improvement.] The same fat will fry more than once, if strained.

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

"DEBTORS AND CREDITORS."

THE common feeling respecting debtors and creditors is very erroneous, and, as is common with popular fallacies, it imposes with double force upon the young and inexperienced. Debtors are represented in all works of fiction, and in the ordinary language of a large portion of society, as a set of amiable, unfortunate, and most interesting persons: Creditors, on the other hand, as an unmingled generation of execrable wretches, with a hardness of heart that would not disgrace the executioner, and indeed only one remove from another stony class of men, the much misrepresented jailors. Now, the person who writes this article has known many debtors and creditors, and he can say that, in by far the most cases, the latter were the better class of men. He alludes, of course, not to commercial men at large, who are in their own persons, in general, as much of the one thing as the other, but to cases where the creditor is a tradesman, and the debtor a customer; that is, where the debt is not incurred in the intercourse of business, but for the personal use and benefit of the debtor. In these cases, so far from the creditor being an unfeeling and relentless tyrant, as he is generally represented, he is only the indignant victim of the imprudence or guilt of the debtor. The latter may be an amiable and interesting person, for we often find these characteristics united to consummate folly and disregard of the rights of others. But the young must beware how they set down debtors, in a class, as purely estimable and entitled to sympathy, while they at the same time look upon creditors as only ruthless persecutors, worthy of the bitterest execration. They may depend upon it that no notion could be more erroneous, no error more apt to be fatal to them in their course through life. They must be informed that to incur debt for their own gratifications, without the ability to discharge it, is just another thing for selling themselves as slaves to their creditors. After doing so, they are no longer entirely free: part of themselves becomes the property of another, and thus they lose the respect of the world, which cannot see one man indulge in enjoyments at the expense of his fellow, without thinking of him very meanly. The incurring of debt for personal gratification is odious, for many reasons. In the first place, it violates that rule of nature which appoints every man to work for himself, and only enjoy as he works. It also tends to occasion the ruin of innocent persons. Creditors are not invariably rich, as one would suppose them to be, from reading novels. They are more frequently poor, industrious persons, who, in losing money by their debtors, are apt to be made debtors themselves, and thereby ruined. In fact, the case stands generally thus:—An idle or extravagant person procures support for his bad appetites, and is enabled to show himself off as a very fine fellow, at the expense of a humble-minded honest trader, who confines himself constantly to his business, and forbids himself almost every indulgence, in order that he may be able to pay every one to whom he is indebted, and discharge all the other duties of a good citizen. Now, if young people will bring their naturally generous feelings to bear upon this point, they will see that the debtor, and not the creditor, is alone worthy of execration. And they may be assured that where creditors show a severity to their debtors, it is generally either merited by the latter, or is dictated by a justifiable consideration of the danger into which they are thrown by the non-payment of the money which is their due, and which they may be owing in their turn to some other person.

In every rule there are exceptions; but it is necessary to guard against the breaking down of *great rules* by allowing for *trifling exceptions*. Because good men sometimes incur debt, and become insolvent, through no fault of theirs, we must not infringe upon the majesty of the great maxim, that debt ought to be paid, and that its non-payment is an evil. Young people, if they wish to prosper in the world, will do well not to excuse all contraction of debt for the sake of the few who contract it innocently. They must have impressed forcibly upon their minds, that every pleasure in which they indulge themselves, without the reasonable prospect of paying for it, though it be but to the amount of one penny, is a step in error, and apt to be the beginning of their destruction. They must have it impressed upon their minds that no man of good feelings can enjoy the least comfort, if he be not conscious of working for, or being honestly come into the possession of, fully as much as he spends. To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty and to subsist on the industry of relatives, as is sometimes the case with the idle and the dissolute, is worse still, for it involves an excessive meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and hard-heartedness—thus adding depth to the crime, and will be sure to be visited some day with feelings of anguish and remorse.

A predominating error among the junior classes of society, is a disinclination to wait for a short time till they be enabled to compete in the enjoyment of luxuries with others they see around them, and who it is more than probable have toiled long and painfully before they arrived at their present apparently prosperous condition. This impatience of reaching a certain height in the ladder of fortune, without taking deliberation to mount a number of preliminary and difficult steps, cannot, indeed, be sufficiently reprehended where it occurs, as it leads to that fatal resource of incurring debts never to be paid, and that supposed harshness of creditors, which a disordered process of reasoning brings into view. I would here tenderly admonish the youthful part of the community to refrain from indulgences they cannot honestly command. Let them believe one who has had some experience, when he tells them that there is not the least chance of the world running away from them; that the present generation of grown men will not consume all earthly enjoyments, but will leave a boundless variety of every thing which can please the senses, or gratify an honourable ambition. They need, therefore, be in no hurry whatever, and take time to build their fortune on a firm and secure basis. The rising generation cannot lay these things sufficiently to heart. They cannot be sufficiently taught, that suffering under the consequences of imprudently incurred debts does not necessarily make them heroes—is not entitled to unmingled sympathy, no more than a robber at the gallows is a martyr; but that, while pity is perhaps due to them, as to all who err in this frail world, the larger share of sympathy ought to be bestowed on their unfortunate victims, the creditors, whose families may be suffering from their criminal follies, and who are apt to be by far the better and honestest men.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

Few of the ancient families of Scotland can trace their genealogy to so distinguished a foreign source as that of Vans, or more properly Vaux, or Vaux. On the Continent of Europe the De Vaux family have been Dukes of Andrea, Princes of Joinville, Taranto,

and Altamara, Sovereign Counts of Orange and Provence, and Kings of Vienne, and Arles, as well as Lords de Vaux in Normandy. Members of the Norman branch of the family accompanied the conqueror to England in 1066, and there their descendants became Lords de Vaux, of Pentney and Beever in Norfolk, of Gilsland in Cumberland, and of Harrowden in Northamptonshire. It is mentioned by Sir David Lindsay, in his Heraldry, that Vaux was "one of the surnames of thame that came furth of Ingland with Sanct Margaret," the wife of Malcolm Canmore. According to Sir James Dalrymple, one of the family came to Scotland in the reign of David I.; and in the reign of his grandson and successor Malcolm IV., mention is made of Philip de Vallibus or Vaux, who had possessions in the south, and soon after the family is found proprietors of the lands and barony of Dirlerton, in East Lothian. The chief remaining branch of this ancient house has long been that of the Vanses of Barnbarroch in Wigtownshire. The change of the name from Vaux to Vans, though curious, is not singular, as many Scottish surnames have been gradually altered in a similar manner, chiefly from a peculiarity in writing them down.

The noble family of Loudon in Ayrshire originated in James the son of Lambin, who obtained from Richard de Morville the manor of Loudon, in Cunningham. Here he settled as the vassal of Moreville, and assumed the designation De Loudon, according to the practice of the age. The estate and name merged, by the marriage of a female heir, into the Crawford of Lanarkshire. The Vetrepointes, an Anglo-Norman family, settled in Scotland in these early times; but though they extended themselves over the country, they did not arrive at any eminence, and have bequeathed no surname. The distinguished name of the Frasers first made their appearance in Scotland about the reign of David I., their earliest place of settlement being in East Lothian, where they held lands as vassals of the Earls of Dunbar. From these Frasers were descended families of the same name, who acted a conspicuous part in the troublous period consequent on the death of Alexander III. Symon Fraser, a descendant, became possessor of extensive estates in Peebles-shire, and has been famed as one of the most gallant soldiers during the struggle which the Scotch maintained against Edward I. In time, the Frasers of East Lothian and Peebles-shire sunk through female heirs, or transferred themselves to the north, where they have ever since been found. During the reign of Robert Bruce, they proceeded northward into the Mearns, Aberdeenshire, and Inverness-shire, and from this stock branched off Fraser Lord Salton, Fraser Lord Fraser, and Fraser Lord Lovat.

The Cummings, or Cumyns, were also settlers in Scotland under David I., having come from the county of Northumberland. From Earl Henry, the son of David, Richard Cumyn received a grant of the estate of Linton Roderick in Roxburghshire, which was thus their first place of settlement. The Cumyns, like the Frasers, spread northward; one became Lord of Badenoch, and another, by marriage, Earl of Monteith. The name of Cumyn figures conspicuously throughout the disastrous period of the thirteenth century. Their ambition led them to put forth their claims to the Scottish crown, but they at length fell before the fortune of Bruce, and their surname has never since emerged from obscurity. Connected with these eminent persons, was another great family of Norman origin, the Baliols of Bernard Castle, in Durham, who obtained some lands in Scotland under David I. They became conspicuous under William

the Lion, and his son Alexander II. In 1233, John Balliol of Bernard Castle married Devorgoil, the youngest daughter of Allan, the lord of Galloway, by his second wife, Margaret, the daughter of David the Earl of Huntingdon. By this marriage he obtained, on the death of Allan, vast opulence; and on the demise of Alexander III. his family was involved in lasting misery. His son, John Balliol, it will be remembered, obtained the crown through his mother, his grandmother, and great-grandfather; had his claims allowed by Edward, and, after a bloody struggle, died in France in 1316. The various families of Balliols in Scotland seem to have become extinct after these disasters. The family which now falls naturally under notice is that of Bruce. Robert de Bruis was an opulent baron in Yorkshire, at the early epoch of Domesday Book. His son Robert appeared in the court of Henry I. with Earl David, being nearly of the same age; and soon after the accession of King David in 1124, he obtained from him a grant of the district of Annandale. The charter by which David conferred this large domain is of a curious nature. It establishes the tenure by the sword; that is, gives a right to Bruce to take possession and retain by force of arms. It may thus be supposed that the English baron, in thus making good his settlement, would bring with him knights and yeomen from Yorkshire, as indeed might be shown by tracing to this source some respectable families—the Johnstons, for one, in Dumfriesshire. The baron, who in this manner acquired the district of Annandale, died in 1141; his son Adam inheriting his English estates, and becoming the progenitor of the Bruces of Skelton, and his youngest son Robert inheriting the property in Scotland, and laying the foundation of the royal house of Bruce in this kingdom. Robert, his grandson, married Isabel, the second daughter of David, the Earl of Huntingdon; and it was in consequence of this marriage that their son Robert entered into the competition for the crown, and that their great-grandson ascended the throne. In the genealogy of these Bruces, it appears that there had been nine persons in direct descent from Robert Bruis of Domesday Book, to Robert Bruce the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, inclusive, and that there were eight of them named Robert, and one of them called William.

This superficial sketch may here be closed by some account of the not less distinguished family of Stewart. During the troublous conflicts of Maud and Stephen, in their competition for the crown of England, Walter, the son of Allan, the son of Flaald, fled from the family-seat at Oswestry, in Shropshire, and settled in Scotland. David I. made him his steward, and gave him lands to support the dignity of his office. By the charter we learn that these lands were those of "Passaleth (Paisley), Polloc, Talahae, Ketkert, le Drop, le Mutrene, Eglesham, Louchwinnock, and Inverwick." These estates in Renfrewshire (then a portion of Lanarkshire) were confirmed by Malcolm IV. in 1157, when he made the office of steward hereditary, and granted, in addition, various other estates in the same quarter. Besides these possessions, Walter acquired the western half of Kyle in Ayrshire, which hence was called Kyle Stewart. At this period the country was in a semi-barbarous state; but Walter the Stewart introduced new and civilised usages. He settled many of his military followers on his lands, and, founding the Abbey of Paisley, introduced a body of instructed men, who taught the ancient people domestic arts and foreign manners. By the marriage of one of these Stewarts with Margery Bruce, Robert the Stewart was born, and became King of Scots, 1370-1. We thus perceive that the Cumyns, the Balliols, the Bruces, the Stewarts, all claimants or inheritors of the Scottish crown, were the descendants of Englishmen, who at the distance of a very few generations had had no connexion whatever with Scotland. A fact still more curious may be mentioned. The illustrious family of Wallace was of the same recent English extraction. The first of the name, which appears to have been variously written Walense, or Waleys, was an Anglo-Norman, who settled under the Stewarts in Ayrshire and Renfrew. Richard Walense acquired lands in Kyle, where he settled, and named the place Ricard-tun, which till this day is the name of a village and parochial division. Another branch of the family of Walense took root in Renfrewshire under Walter the Stewart, in the early part of the thirteenth century; and from this branch was descended Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie. In this manner, the great-grandfather of this distinguished Scottish patriot must have been an Englishman by birth.—*To be continued.*

EUROPE EMERGING FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE least interesting period in the history of mankind occurs from the fourth till the twelfth centuries, a period entitled by historians "the middle ages," from the circumstance of its being preceded by the enlightened epoch of Roman history, and succeeded by the revival of arts and learning consequent on the crusades. The overthrow of the empire of Rome was begun to be effected by the warlike inroads of barbarous tribes in the course of the fourth century, and it was two hundred years before Europe recovered tranquillity under an entirely new system of government. The Saxons were by that time masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of

Britain; the Franks, of Gaul; the Huns, of Pannonia; the Goths, of Spain; the Goths and Lombards, of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature, remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were introduced. The magnificence of Rome was followed by the rudeness of savage races of men, whose temper long kept Christendom in a state of mental darkness. In these middle ages arose the feudal system—a plan of holding land by military service, and of introducing a perfect principle of vassalage, from the lowest serf up to the sovereign or conqueror. During this dark epoch, the great dominant power was the Church of Rome, and in whose clergy a knowledge of letters alone found a refuge.

The disorders in the feudal system, together with the corruption of taste and manners consequent upon these, which had gone on increasing during a long course of years, seemed to have attained their utmost point of excess towards the close of the eleventh century. From that era we may date the return of government and manners in a contrary direction, and can trace a succession of causes and events which contributed, some with a nearer and more conspicuous, others with a more remote and less perceptible influence, to abolish confusion and barbarism, and to introduce order, regularity, and refinement. The crusades, or expeditions in order to rescue the Holy Land out of the hands of infidels, seem to be the first event that roused Europe from the lethargy in which it had been long sunk, and that tended to introduce any considerable change in government or in manners. It is natural to the human mind to view those places which have been distinguished by being the residence of any illustrious personage, or the scene of any great transaction, with some degree of delight and veneration. To this principle must be ascribed the superstitious devotion with which Christians, from the earliest ages of the church, were accustomed to visit that country which the Almighty had selected as the inheritance of his favourite people, and in which the Son of God had accomplished the redemption of mankind. As this distant pilgrimage could not be performed without considerable expense, fatigue, and danger, it appeared the more meritorious, and came to be considered as an expiation for almost every crime. An opinion which spread with rapidity over Europe about the close of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century, and which gained universal credit, wonderfully augmented the number of credulous pilgrims, and increased the ardour with which they undertook this useless voyage. The thousand years, mentioned by St John in the second and third verses of the twentieth chapter of Revelations, wherein it is told that the devil was to be loosed after having been bound for that period of time, were supposed to be accomplished, and the end of the world to be at hand. A general consternation seized mankind; many relinquished their possessions, and, abandoning their friends and families, hurried with precipitation to the Holy Land, where they imagined that Christ would quickly appear to judge the world.

When the minds of men were thus prepared, the zeal of a fanatical monk, who conceived the idea of leading all the forces of Christendom against the Mahomedans who held possession of the Holy Land, and of driving them out by violence, was sufficient to give a beginning to that wild enterprise. *Peter the Hermit*, for that was the name of this martial apostle, ran from province to province with a crucifix in his hand, exciting princes and people to this holy war, and, wherever he came, kindled the same enthusiastic ardour for it with which he himself was actuated. The council of Placentia, where upwards of thirty thousand persons were assembled, pronounced the scheme to have been suggested by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. In the council of Clermont, still more numerous, as soon as the measure was proposed, all cried out with one voice, "It is the will of God." Persons of all ranks caught the contagion: not only the gallant nobles of that age, with their martial followers, whom we may suppose apt to be allured by the boldness of a romantic enterprise, but men in the more humble and pacific stations of life; ecclesiastics of every order, and even women and children, engaged with emulation in an undertaking which was deemed sacred and meritorious. It is related that no less than six millions of persons assumed the cross, which was the badge that distinguished such as devoted themselves to this holy warfare. All Europe, torn up from the foundation, seemed ready to precipitate itself in one united body upon Asia. Nor did the fumes of this enthusiastic zeal evaporate at once; the frenzy was as lasting as it was extravagant. During two centuries, Europe seems to have had no object but to recover, or keep possession of, the Holy Land; and through that period vast armies continued to march thither.

The first efforts of valour, animated by enthusiasm, were irresistible. Part of the Lesser Asia, all Syria and Palestine, were wrested from the infidels; the banner of the cross was displayed on Mount Zion. Constantinople, the capital of the Christian empire in the east, was afterwards seized by a body of those adventurers who had taken arms against the Mahomedans; and an Earl of Flanders and his descendants kept possession of the imperial throne during half a century. But, though the first impression of the crusaders was so unexpected that they made their conquests with great ease, they found infinite difficulty in preserving them. Establishments so distant from Europe, surrounded by warlike nations animated with fanatical zeal scarcely inferior to that of the crusaders themselves, were perpetually in danger of being overturned. Before the expiration of the thirteenth century (1294), the Christians were driven out of all their Asiatic possessions, in acquiring of which incredible numbers of men had perished, and immense sums of money had been wasted.

But from these expeditions, extravagant as they were, beneficial consequences followed, which had neither been

foreseen nor expected. In their progress towards the Holy Land, the followers of the cross marched through countries better cultivated and more civilized than their own. Their first rendezvous was commonly at Italy, in which Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and other cities, had begun to apply themselves to commerce, and had made considerable advances towards wealth as well as refinement. They embarked there, and, landing in Dalmatia, pursued their route by land to Constantinople. Though the military spirit had been long extinct in the Eastern Empire, and a despotism of the worst species had annihilated almost every public virtue, yet Constantinople, having never felt the destructive rage of the barbarous nations, was the greatest as well as the most beautiful city in Europe, and the only one in which there remained any image of the ancient elegance in manners and arts. The naval power of the Eastern Empire was considerable. Manufactures of the most curious fabric were carried on in its dominions. Constantinople was the chief mart in Europe for the commodities of the East Indies. It was not possible for the crusaders to travel through so many countries, and to behold the various customs and institutions, without acquiring information and improvement. Their views enlarged, their prejudices wore off, new ones crowded upon their minds; and they must have been sensible on many occasions of the rusticity of their own manners, when compared with those of a more polished people. These impressions were not so slight as to be effaced upon their return to their native countries. A close intercourse subsisted between the east and west during two centuries; new armies were continually marching from Europe to Asia, while former adventurers returned home, and imported many of the customs to which they had been familiarised by a long residence abroad. Accordingly we discover, soon after the commencement of the crusades, great splendour in the courts of princes, great pomp in public ceremonies, a more refined taste in pleasures and amusements, together with a more romantic spirit of enterprise spreading gradually over Europe; and to these wild expeditions, the effect of superstition or folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarism and ignorance.

The crusades were in a particular manner beneficial to the Italian states. The Venetians made themselves masters of part of the ancient Peloponnesus in Greece, together with some of the most fertile islands in the Archipelago. Many valuable branches of commerce, which formerly centred in Constantinople, were transferred to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa. Thus a succession of events, occasioned by the Holy War, opened various sources, from which wealth flowed in such abundance into these cities, as enabled them, in concurrence with another institution, immediately to be mentioned, to secure their own liberty and independence.

The institution here alluded to was the forming of cities into communities, corporations, or bodies politic, and granting them the privilege of municipal jurisdiction, which contributed more, perhaps, than any other cause, to introduce regular government, police, and arts, and to diffuse them over Europe. The feudal government had degenerated into a system of oppression. The usurpations of the nobles were become unbounded and intolerable; they had reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude. Nor was such oppression the portion of those alone who dwelt in the country, and were employed in cultivating the estate of their master. Cities and villages found it necessary to hold of some great lord, on whom they might depend for protection, and became no less subject to his arbitrary jurisdiction. The inhabitants were deprived of those rights which, in social life, are deemed most natural and inalienable. They could not dispose of the effects which their own industry had acquired, either by a latter will, or by any deed executed during their life. Neither could they marry, or carry on law-suits, without the consent of their lord. But as soon as the cities of Italy began to turn their attention towards commerce, and to conceive some idea of the advantages which they might derive from it, they became impatient to shake off the yoke of their insolent lords, and to establish among themselves such a free and equal government as would render property secure, and industry flourishing. Encouraged by their distance from the seat of government of the German emperors, and other circumstances, the inhabitants of some of the Italian cities, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, began to assume new privileges, to unite more closely, and to form themselves into bodies politic under the government of laws established by common consent. The rights which many cities acquired by bold or fortunate usurpations, others purchased from the emperors. The increase of wealth which the crusaders brought into Italy occasioned a new kind of fermentation and activity in the minds of the people, and excited such a general passion for liberty and independence, that, before the conclusion of the last crusade, all the considerable cities in that country had either purchased, or had extorted large immunities from the emperors.

This innovation was not long known in Italy before it made its way into France. Charters of community were granted, enfranchising the inhabitants of towns, abolishing all works of servitude, and forming them into corporations or bodies politic, to be governed by a council and magistrates of their own nomination. Much about the same period the great cities in Germany began to acquire like immunities, and laid the foundation of their present liberty and independence. The practice spread quickly over Europe, and was adopted in Spain, England, Scotland, and all other feudal kingdoms. The first community of this description formed in Scotland is understood to have been that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which received its charter from William the Lion. Towns, upon acquiring the right of community, became so many little republics, governed by known and equal laws. The inhabitants being trained to arms, and being surrounded by walls, they soon began to hold the neigh-

bouring barons in contempt, and to withstand aggressions on their property and privileges. The monarchs of Europe, in general, thus found these burghal communities of great service in opposing the overgrown power of the nobility, and, consequently, continued to load them with additional immunities. But another great good, of fully more importance, was produced. These free communities were speedily admitted, by their representatives, into the great council of the nation, whether distinguished by the name of a Parliament, a Diet, the Cortes, or the States-General. This is justly esteemed the greatest event in the history of mankind in modern times. Representatives from the English boroughs were first admitted into the great national council by the barons who took up arms against Henry III. in the year 1265; being summoned in order to add to the greater popularity of their party, and to strengthen the barrier against the encroachments of regal power. I notice this circumstance merely as a matter of history, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from an event which ultimately had the effect of revolutionizing the whole framework of society, and of rearing that great respectable body of the people styled "the middle classes."

The enfranchising of burghal communities led to the manumission of slaves. Hitherto the tillers of the ground, all the inferior classes of the country, were the bondmen of the barons. The monarchs of France, in order to reduce the power of the nobles, set the example, by ordering (1315-18) all serfs to be set at liberty on just and reasonable conditions. The edicts were carried into immediate execution within the royal domain. The example of their sovereigns, together with the expectation of considerable sums which they might raise by this expedient, led many of the nobles to set their dependents at liberty; and servitude was gradually abolished in almost every province of the kingdom. This beneficial practice similarly spread over the rest of Europe; and in England, as the spirit of liberty gained ground, the very name and idea of personal servitude, without any formal interposition of the legislature to prohibit it, was totally banished.*

THE STRANGER GUEST.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

THERE was in my neighbourhood a farm-house which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure, as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was very ancient, and had the appearance of being of Saxon architecture. The farm attached to it was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the country, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, in a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying any indication of anger or sorrow; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject—but, from that hour, he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play; but, although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with his pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the House; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence, and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants, among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm at the period of which I am writing was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and, although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had

two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one and twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town.

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons; and in the formation of our race, has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of any thing in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter, which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright, and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is Nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents, and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm, at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met his reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest galloway to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented, was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true, the wayfarer man never passed the door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependent, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney corner; but there were many who were left bitterly to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance, and the voice of innocent hilarity, were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in His mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuser hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road, which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out; a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin, which however did

not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly at it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes, without uttering a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours; and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain; he added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and 'when he foams at the mouth,' you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing considerably stiff; I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for the assistance of Mr Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me, for some seconds, with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severely sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

Agreeably to my promise, I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined, perhaps, with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was more conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until one day when the unlucky cur whose freak had occasioned it, happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger, and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain, he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which, by the way, she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than

* The above paper is little else than an abstract of Dr. Robertson's View of the State of Europe, prefatory to his Life of Charles V.

to the occupation of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late discountenanced, although he did not altogether forbid, his visits. But the prudent caution of age and the generous devotion of youth are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honourable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him, that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride; and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked that his attentions increased as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him, by the orders of his Lordship, to distraint for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists, the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you, that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from the farm." "What, Master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" responded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, Master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said any thing to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority, on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, Master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not so hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see only your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my Lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold, instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man: no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclaimed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older, you shall be left without a wisp of straw that you can call your own;" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred that on the same evening the stranger, pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and, being unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and, it may be, without a friend to help them—oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and, passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir," rejoined Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Be-

sides, he leaves every thing to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but, as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should have been grateful to Providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing on towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made, under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse. You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and, if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now, I see you have some valuable articles of plate—that vase, for instance."—"Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, having never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a ploughing match; it will grieve me to part with it." "No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too—that ladle—those massive old-fashioned spoons; they are all very portable." "Well, sir," said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know any thing of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir," said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take every thing away from you." "No, they won't; they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with one of them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a teaspoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wont, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked to the window which commanded the road every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected, but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to use in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall every thing about you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer, losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting pro-

posal, shook off the tempter (who, in his earnestness, had taken him by the arm), and said, "Villain, do your worst, for not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Dotard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began on the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this, before the steward and his retainers entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office, without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He turned as pale as death, and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person from whom the voice proceeded was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room, and confronted the steward, who, somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measureless liar," said the earl; "a fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and, having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward. "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him; "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, abuse the powers with which I entrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction, that you should, on no account, distraint upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates; and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all dispatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you. Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued: "Mr Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent, that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which, I fear, I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget; nor your honourable adherence to your mistress and her family in their adversity, Mr Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg; you must give me that tierrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so inauspicious an event, produced a most beneficial effect upon his mind: he became a better, and consequently, a happier man. His lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr Jenkins, who, it is almost needless to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination if I finish my story with a marriage; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in her Robert's affections.

* The above story is from "Tales of a Physician," by W. H. Harrison, London, 1839, 2 vols. and in all likelihood has furnished the plot of the popular dramatic piece, entitled "The Rent Day."

JUNE.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear.

SPENSER.

JUNE, the sixth month of the year, is understood to derive its name from Juno, a heathen goddess, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month. According to the old English distich,

"Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed anew."

"Thus," says Leigh Hunt, "sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which is its own music." The temperature of the air, however, is still mild, and in our climate sometimes too chilly; but, when the season is fine, this is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the year. The hopes of spring are realised, yet the enjoyment is but commenced: we have all summer before us; the cuckoo's two notes are now at what may be called their ripest—deep and loud; so is the hum of the bee; little clouds lie in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or on the flowering banks, to read or write; the grasshoppers click about us in the warming verdure, and the fields and hedges are in full blossom with the clover, the still more exquisite bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the fox-glove, the mallow, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of delicate red and white. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. Towards evening, the bat and the owl venture forth, flitting through the glimmering quiet; and at night, the moon looks silveriest, the sky at once darkest and clearest; and when the nightingale, as well as the other birds, have done singing, you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through the leafy channels. "It ceased," says the poet, speaking of a sound of heavenly voices about a ship—

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on,
A pleasant noise, till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

"There is a greater accession of flowers in this month than in any other. In addition to those of the last, the garden sparkles with marygold, golden-rod, larkspur, sun-flowers, anaryths (which Milton intermingles with sun-beams for his angel's hair), lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, holyhocks, ladies' slipper, annual stocks, campanulas, or little bells, martagons, periwinkles, wall-flower, snapdragon, orchis, nasturtium, apocynum, chrysanthemum, corn flower, gladiolus, and convolvulus. The rural business of this month is made up of two employments, as beautiful to look at as they are useful—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former; and in the south-west of England, the custom, we believe, is still kept up of throwing flowers into the streams—an evident relic of paganism; but, altogether, the holiday is but a gleam of the same merry period in the cheap and rural time of our ancestors.

GARDENING.—The operations in the open garden during June are chiefly cleaning and refreshing; that is, hoeing, weeding, stirring, and watering. No main crops are now sown; but peas and beans may be put in the ground every two weeks, or ten days. Pickling cucumbers and gourds may be sown in the open garden, or on hillocks of hot dung, covered by a bell or hand-glass. New planted wall-trees to be trained in the horizontal manner, may have their leading shoots stopped about the middle, or towards the end of the month.

TOWN PIPERS.

In ancient times, almost every town, especially in the south of Scotland, had a piper, whose office was often hereditary, and who was generally attached to the burgh establishment of the place. These functionaries, who are supposed to have been the last remains of the minstrels of a more early age, were frequently the depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn. They received a livery and small salary from the community to which they belonged; and, in some burghs, they had a small allotment of land, called the Piper's Croft. It was the custom of James Ritchie, the town-piper of Peebles, who was among the last of his order, to make his rounds annually on *Handsel Monday*, or the first Monday of the year, for the purpose of receiving a gratuity from the different householders. His uniform consisted of a pair of red breeches and coat, of an antique fashion, with a looped-up cocked hat, and, till the last, he wore a plated queue. Robin Hastie, the last town piper of Jedburgh, and a contemporary of

Ritchie, died about the beginning of the present century. His family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him. This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggy Lauder*, who thus addresses the piper—

"Live ye upon the Border."

Habbie Simpson, to whom the lady farther alludes, was not a piper in a bordertown; he belonged to Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, where the author of the song, Robert Sempill, the son of Sir James Sempill, the ambassador to England in 1599, had an opportunity of being acquainted with his name and character. From the notoriety which Habbie thus acquired, the people of Kilbarchan have had some reason to be proud of having possessed such a personage; and his statue, copied from an original picture, has lately been affixed to the steeple of the school-house of the town.

WAT OF HARDEN.

WE may form some idea of the style of life maintained by the border marauders from the anecdotes handed down by tradition concerning Walter Scott of Harden, or, as he was usually styled, *Auld Wat of Harden*, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century. This ancient laird was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil which they carried off from England or from their neighbours was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out *Harden's cow*. "*Harden's cow!*" echoed the affronted chief; "is it come to that pass? Bymy faith, they sell sune say Harden's kye" (cows.) Accordingly he sounded his bugle—mounted his horse—set out with his followers—and returned next day with a "bow of kye and a bassened bull." On his return with this gallant prey, he passed a very large hay-stalk. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial, "By my conscience, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there."

Wat of Harden was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse and man's meat, at his tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow, the Laird of Harden had six sons; five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters now representing Harden, Reburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray in a hunting match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower—hurried to Edinburgh—stated the crime—and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and shewed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession; the lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold by John Scott of Harden, to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch.

EMIGRATION.

THE Editor has been occasionally called upon to offer some information and advice in regard to the subject of emigration to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. He, however, studiously refrains from exciting any desire to emigrate to these regions. He has perused the works of almost every writer on these countries, as well as various detached papers, and consulted with persons who have been in the colony, and it is now his deliberate opinion that emigration towards that quarter of the empire is most improper under almost any circumstances. Both New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land are crowded with a population formed of the offscourings of every town in England, Scotland, and Ireland—ruffians who break away in bands from their employers, and scour the settlements as freebooters. The natives are also more ferocious and troublesome than the savages of any other part of the known world. The emigrant who settles in these distant countries generally bids adieu to comfort and peace of mind. Unless in some favoured spots, he will find an absolute necessity of being constantly armed—a pair of loaded pistols must be his pillow and table companions! Who would not much rather

descend to the meanest employment at home than endure the horrors of such a life? The distance from Great Britain, and the difficulty of carrying on trade with Europe, the great seat of consumption of produce, are also serious drawbacks. A good climate, soil, &c. can never compensate for the miseries of a settlement in such a place. Almost no country has been so shamefully overpraised as New South Wales. Books have been written to decoy settlers; and it is lamentable to state, they have been generally too successful. The work of the chief writer, it is confidently related by those who know the country from sad experience, is a tissue of exaggerated statements and fallacies. As these countries must necessarily undergo many important changes in their moral as well as in their physical condition, before they be fit for the settlement of families accustomed to enjoy a peaceful state of life, even though it be a poor one, those who feel inclined to seek a more profitable and pleasing scene for the development of their manful energies must look across the Atlantic, and either in the United States of America, or Upper Canada, find their place of abode. In these favoured lands they need never lack the means of a humble and comfortable subsistence, provided they be but industrious; and they will, in almost every case, have the gratification of leaving their families in a state of comparative ease and competence. By emigration thither, they but remove, as it were, from one part of the United Kingdom to another; they settle amidst a people speaking the same language, of kindred affections, and endowed with the same virtuous political independence. To establish themselves in this productive and salubrious country, they do not pay a heavy penalty. They leave an island choked with a population of paupers; and perhaps from a bleak ungenial moor, which it would require millions of pounds to cultivate and render useful in the production of food, they are transferred to broad fertile prairies, which, by the slightest exertion, can be made to wave with the yellow grain of autumn.—Intending emigrants will find much useful information for their purpose in the previous numbers of the Journal. The Editor would also recommend them to purchase a small publication entitled, "*Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada*, by Martin Doyle," which is sold for one shilling, and may be obtained from booksellers in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. It is the best manual on the subject.

The following extract from this little work, though perhaps too highly coloured, will give the reader an idea of the strain in which it is written. The recommendation given as to the place best adapted for settlement agrees with that which I have already offered.

"What a country will this yet become! Its free navigation, from the remotest parts of the interior to the ocean, commanding the export of the finest wheat the world produces; timber of the best descriptions, and all the other produce which the industry of man can raise in this most fertile region.

The rise and fall of nations and of empires are under the control of infinite wisdom. If with the new settlers, religious and moral habits be introduced, it may please that Mighty Power, whose impartial judgment decides on ruin or prosperity, to use this secondary cause of emigration, as the great instrument of rewarding individual merit, and raising up to a commanding eminence this once savage and benighted country, through the light of truth and the blessings of civilization. And it must naturally occur to the well disposed settler, that though his lot may perchance for a short time be cast beyond the reach of regular religious instruction, yet that the good Christian has always a *Friend above*, to whose willing ear he may address himself; nor will the anxious parent pass over without thankfulness the blessing of comparative solitude, if it shall have removed the objects of his affection from demoralizing scenes of bad example, and placed them where the good result of religious exercise will not be defaced by evil communications, and where a patriarchal life of faith and holiness, with industrious self-exertion, cannot fail (under God's blessing) to produce prosperity and happiness."

But to proceed with my details: there are various other lakes which have not been mentioned—lake Simcoe, and many others on the northern side of lake Ontario, and the St Lawrence, which will at no very remote period, it is probable, be connected by canals with each other and with the ocean. One great water-course is now almost completed from Kingston at the eastern extremity of Ontario, 133 miles in a northerly direction, consisting of a chain of lakes, joined by canal work, which unites them with the grand, or Ottawa river, so as to avoid the navigation of the St Lawrence from thence to Montreal; that portion of it being full of dangerous and troublesome rapids. The Ottawa meets the St Lawrence a few miles above Montreal, from which place to the ocean there is an uninterrupted sea navigation; this canal lengthens the distance from Montreal to Ontario very considerably; but the saving in time and expense will be very great indeed; and should was unhappily occur with the States, it secures a free intercourse between Quebec, through Montreal, to the Upper Province, which might otherwise be frequently interrupted by the Americans, who possess one side of the St Lawrence. In time of war such a passage could not be thought of—without this canal you could not feel security—with it you have the certainty, at all times, and under all circumstances, of communication with Quebec, and consequently with your native country.

From Upper Canada, the colonists can send their timber and corn either to Montreal by the lakes, &c. (the course of which I have already pointed out), or by the Erie canal to New York; having two great outlets for the productions of their lands, and for the return of purchased articles—clothes, furniture, implements, &c.—they can, according to the rates of freight, and comparative state of sales at Montreal, Quebec, or New York, select the most advantageous market.

With regard to the soil. From the authority before quoted, we have these observations:—

"Upper Canada is blessed with as productive soil as

any in the world, and it is easily brought into cultivation. The nature of the soil may be invariably discovered by the description of timber it bears. Thus, on what is called hard timbered land, where the maple, beech, black birch, ash, cherry, lime, elm, oak, black walnut, butter-nut, hickory, plane, and tulip tree, &c. are found, the soil consists of a deep black loam. Where the fir and hemlock pine are intermixed in any considerable proportion with other trees, clay predominates; but where they grow alone, which is generally on elevated situations, sand prevails. This also happens where the oak and chestnut are the only trees. These sandy soils, though naturally unfavourable to meadow and pasture, are found to produce the brightest and heaviest wheats, and can, with the assistance of gypsum, which abounds in many parts of the province, be made to bear the finest possible crops of clover and Indian corn. In moist seasons the clays furnish the greatest burthen of grass. Perhaps there does not exist in any quarter of the globe a country of the extent of Upper Canada, containing so small a quantity of waste land, either of marsh or mountain, yet there is not any deficiency of water; for, independently of the numerous rivers and streams which flow through the country on every side, good springs are universally found either on the surface or by digging for them.

The country is generally level, and covered with timber. Every description of soil can be had, so that the settler has it in his power to choose the description which he likes best; but unless he is an infallible judge of the qualities of land, I recommend his taking one who is perfectly so along with him, when about to make his selection. The surface is composed of a rich coat of vegetable mould, the deposit of decayed leaves, and wood from unnumbered ages, which, when tilled, yield several successive crops of great luxuriance, without manure. In some places, on the banks of rivers, are to be met rich and extensive tracts of alluvial soil, and beyond these, rise, in beautiful elevation, portions of land the most tempting in their situations.

This excellent soil, however, is very unfairly treated by being kept under an unceasing succession of corn crops, without manure, and any land so treated, however naturally fertile, must be at length impoverished. There is less marshy or swampy land, it has been just now said, for its extent, in Upper Canada, than in any other part of the world; there are, however, some low and swampy grounds, and these, until the progress of population and improvement shall make it worth while to drain them, are the only situations from which I warn you to keep clear, while high and dry land, prudently chosen near the lakes or rivers, can be purchased out and out—in fee, as it is termed—for such a trifle as ten shillings an acre!!

Just fancy yourselves possessed of *real property*, on such terms—no yearly tenancy—no terminable leases to breed interminable jealousies at the change of occupants, but pure fee simple—no rent to pay—after labouring here for a shilling, or tenpence, or eightpence, or sixpence, a-day. What a happy change would this be, and how irresistible the temptation to make the experiment! And only think of the advantage of working a rich, maiden soil, that will yield abundantly, instead of ploughing or digging a worn out one at home, without manure to mend it, and which, without abundance of it, will not yield a crop sufficient to pay its labour.

In trying the new country and the fresh soil, mind to fix yourselves near water carriage. I myself should prefer the banks of Lake Ontario, but there are excellent quarters about Lake Huron, where the climate is still milder, and the soil is said to be admirable; in either of these districts you can procure lots of land, of sand, loam, or clay—please yourselves—no compulsion to buy one lot if you like another better. The soil in the Huron territory is a rich sandy loam, suited to the culture of tobacco, of which much is grown there.

The Huron territory is a tract of 1,100,000 acres, in the shape of a triangle, its base being about sixty miles in length, resting on Lake Huron, and having a direct navigable communication, through Lakes Erie and Ontario, with the Atlantic.

The chief town in this district, called Goderich, is at the confluence of the river Maitland with Lake Huron, which promises, from its local advantages, to become one of the most important and flourishing settlements in the province.

Several enterprising colonists, attracted by these advantages, have left their farms in the neighbourhood of York, to settle at Goderich, with the intention of erecting a brewery, distillery, brick-kilns, and a grist-mill; a tavern and saw-mill have already been erected. The harbour, the only one on the Canadian side of the lake, is capable of containing vessels of the burden of 200 tons; and it has been established as a port of entry, which will insure to the inhabitants a great share of the trade with the upper countries, and their opposite neighbours in the new settlements in the United States.

The scenery on the river Maitland has been described as more like English than any other in America. There is abundance of brick-earth and potters' clay in every direction round the town.

Roads are in progress, an important preliminary to civilisation, which will connect the Huron Tract with Port Talbot and the various settlements and towns on Lake Erie and the Niagara frontier. Cattle and provisions can be obtained in abundance by this route, or by the still more easy water communication between Goderich and the old well-cultivated settlement of Sandwich, Amherstburgh, and Detroit. A road has also been completed, as before mentioned, from Goderich, by Wilnot and Guelph, to the head of Lake Ontario and York; and it is intended to improve and maintain all these communications, under the direct inspection of the officers of the government, so as to make them in every respect equal to the best roads in the oldest settlements in the province.

With respect to the important considerations of climate

and soil in the Huron Tract, there is every reason to believe the former as good as the best in Upper Canada; and upon the latter point, it is only necessary to quote the words of the surveyor who has been employed to lay out the line of road through the heart of the tract:—"The quality of the soil through the whole thirty-three miles, is such, that I have not seen its equal in the province; the soil is generally composed of a deep, rich, black loam, thinly timbered. For the purpose of the intended road, there is not one mile in the whole distance otherwise than favourable; and there are four permanent streams, branches of main rivers."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HERSCHEL.

ONE of the very greatest names in the modern history of astronomical discovery is that of the late illustrious Sir William Herschel; and he also was self-instructed in the science in which he earned his high reputation. Herschel was born at Hanover, in 1738, and was the son of a musician in humble circumstances. Brought up, as well as his three brothers, to his father's profession, for which it has been said that he qualified himself without much teaching, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, in the band of the Hanoverian Guards. A detachment of this regiment having been ordered to England in the year 1757 (or according to another account, 1759), he and his father accompanied it; but the latter returned to Germany in the course of a few months, and left his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in London. For a long time the young man had to struggle with many difficulties; and he passed several years principally in giving lessons in music to private pupils in the different towns of the north of England. At last, in 1765, through the interest of a gentleman to whom his merits had become known, he obtained the situation of organist at Halifax; and next year, having gone to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed to the same office in the Octagon Chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and, from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object.

But long before this his active and aspiring mind had begun to direct its attention to other pursuits offering a wider scope for the exercise of its talents. While yet only an itinerant teacher of his art in country towns, Herschel had assiduously devoted his leisure, not only to the making himself more completely master of the language of his adopted country, but also to the acquiring of a knowledge of the Italian, the Latin, and even the elements of the Greek. At this time, probably, he looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr Robert Smith's 'Treatise on Harmonics'—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to make himself a mathematician, before he could make much progress in following Dr Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned with his characteristic alacrity and resolution to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

During his residence at Bath, although greatly occupied with professional engagements, the time he devoted to his mathematical studies was rather increased than diminished. Often, we are told, after a fatiguing day's work of fourteen or sixteen hours among his pupils, he would, on returning home at night, repair for relaxation to what many would deem these severe exercises. In this manner, in course of time, he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon the mathematics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. It has been stated that Herschel's first attempts in the fabrication of magnifying-glasses were occasioned by his reading something upon that subject in a copy of Smith's optics, which accidentally fell in his way; but this story is perhaps nothing more than a version of the fact already mentioned, that his acquaintance with the mathematics began in his study of the 'Treatise on Harmonics,' by the writer in question. Another account of the matter which has been given is, that having, in the course of his philosophical studies, applied himself to the sciences of optics and astronomy, he became desirous of beholding with his own eyes those wonders of the heavens, of which he read so much, and for that purpose he borrowed from an acquaintance a two-feet Gregorian telescope. This instrument interested him so greatly, that he determined to procure one of his own, and commissioned a friend in London to purchase one for him, of a somewhat larger size. But

he found the price was beyond what he could afford. To make up for this disappointment he resolved to attempt to construct a telescope for himself; and after encountering innumerable difficulties in the progress of his task, he at last succeeded, in the year 1774, in completing a five-feet Newtonian reflector. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same walk of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery.

Herschel now became so much more ardently attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile he continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in no longer time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about, to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape, more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labours.

It was on the 13th of March 1781 that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope (an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing) to a particular part of the sky, he observed among the other stars one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he determined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but, after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the astronomer Royal, Dr Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was, in reality, a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of *Georgium Sidus*, or Georgian Star, in honour of the King of England; but by continental astronomers it has been more generally called either *Herschel*, after its discoverer, or *Uranus*. Subsequent observations, made chiefly by Herschel himself, have ascertained many particulars regarding it, some of which are well calculated to fill us with astonishment at the powers of the sublime science which can win its way so far into the immensity of space, and bring us back information so precise and various. In the first place, the diameter of this new globe has been found to be nearly four and a half times larger than that of our own. Its size altogether is about eighty times that of our earth. Its year is as long as eighty-three of ours. Its distance from the sun is nearly eighteen hundred millions of miles, or more than nineteen times that of the earth. Its density, as compared with that of the earth, is nearly as twenty-two to one hundred; so that its entire weight is not far from eighteen times that of our planet. Finally, the force of gravitation near its surface is such, that falling bodies descend only through fourteen feet during the first second, instead of thirty-two feet, as with us. Herschel afterwards discovered, successively, no fewer than six satellites or moons, belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of three hundred a-year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes, and observations of the heavens, continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have just given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any

that had been formerly attempted, with the powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained. The largest telescope which he ever made, was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and on the 28th of August 1789 the enormous tube was poised on the complicated, but ingeniously contrived mechanism by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has recently been taken down, and replaced by another of only one half the length, constructed by Mr J. Herschel, the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch. Herschel himself eventually became convinced that no telescope could surpass in magnifying power one of from twenty to twenty-five feet in length. The French astronomer, Lalande, in his continuation of Montucla's History of the Mathematics, states, that he was informed by George III. himself, that it was at his desire that Herschel was induced to make the telescope at Slough of the extraordinary length he did, his own wish being that it should not be more than thirty feet long.

So extraordinary was the ardour of this great astronomer in the study of his favourite science, that for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in bed at any hour during which the stars were visible. And he made almost all his observations, whatever was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden, and in the open air—and generally without an attendant. There was much that was altogether peculiar to himself, not only in the process by which he fabricated his telescopes, but also in his manner of using them. One of the attendants in the king's observatory at Richmond, who had formerly been a workman in Ramsden's establishment, was forcibly reminded, on seeing Herschel take an observation, of a remark which his old master had made. Having just completed one of his best telescopes, Ramsden, addressing himself to his workmen, said, "This, I believe, is the highest degree of perfection that we opticians by profession will ever arrive at; if any improvement of importance shall ever after this be introduced in the making of telescopes, it will be by some one who has not been taught his art by us."

Some years before his death the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Herschel by the University of Oxford; and in 1816, his late Majesty, then Prince Regent, bestowed upon him the Hanoverian and Guelphic Order of Knighthood. He died on the 23d of August 1822, when he was within a few months of having completed his eighty-fourth year.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

THE BISCUIT.

[FROM THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.]

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days, and with empty stomachs. The commissary of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been dispatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply. But whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist for five days; for nothing was to be bought. If we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment of supplies of rations, managed their little stock of provisions so economically, that it lasted nearly three days, but the greater part finished it in half the time. As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the necessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their voltigeurs. The latter were troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches and half gaiters, and none of the men were more than five feet three inches high. The rifles would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the voltigeurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our picquets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast) scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for, from this house, they used to sally upon our picquets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than fifty in number, made a considerable resistance; they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house. From this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in

double-quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; and all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation. There were no upbraiding, for all were sufferers alike.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a crowd to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give farther directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down—let me speak to the captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for, in my opinion, he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady, well-conducted soldier; his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat, or rather between the shoulder and the throat; the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir," said the unhappy man, gazing upon his Captain with a look such as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer.—God bless you! You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you!" Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the Captain, nor any one around, could conceal their kindred sensation.

The poor sufferer resumed—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible—I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, Captain—have I not, Sir?" "You have, Tom, you have, and nobly done it," replied the Captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say." Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him. "I have only one thing to say, Captain," said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. I have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread; take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it—take it, Sir, and God be with you!"

The poor good-natured creature was totally exhausted as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after on the spot. The Captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after. He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The Captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but keep the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the Captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man, then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth. It is for his countrymen at home that he starves—it is for them he dies.

THE ENCHANTED SLEDGE.

ONE of the most important employments at a certain period of the pastoral year in the south of Scotland, is the digging, drying, and driving home of the peat, which is almost the only fuel in these parts. The tough surface is paired off with the turf-spade, or *slaughter*; the firmer moss beneath is cut, by means of a spade of a particular construction, into quadrangular pieces rather more than a foot in length; these are lifted and laid along, side by side, till they acquire a certain hardness, when they are set on end, into a multitude of little pyramids, something in the same

way as soldiers pile their muskets. After continuing in this position for some time, the peats are collected and built into *wind-raus* and *rickles*—small heaps, that is, through which the wind sifts, and gives them that degree of dryness that they are fit for burning. They are then driven home, built into large stacks for winter use, and covered with thatch.

As the moss best fitted for furnishing this kind of fuel is frequently found at the tops of nearly inaccessible mountains, the driving of the fuel home requires long and patient labour; for a very small load only can be removed at a time, and that by a road that every step must be looked to before it is ventured upon. Wheeled teams would be totally unmanageable on many of these trackless steeps. What is called a *slippe* is therefore used, which resembles a cart dismounted from its wheels, only the shafts have a curve upwards, so as to bring them up to the horse's sides, while the body of the vehicle *slypes*, or slides, along the ground. In places still more impracticable, where the action of shafts would bring the horse to the ground, or knock it about too unmercifully, the *sled*, or sledge, is resorted to, which has no shafts, but is drawn by chains fastened with hooks, which may be lifted out whenever the act of drawing is relaxed.

In this occupation of driving home peats in a sled, Thomas Leytyle was employed when a very odd adventure befel him. Thomas was a man that conducted his horse and cart after a most primitive manner. With the simple sort of carriage which has been described, it will readily be imagined that the harness was not of a very tasteful description. The horse was not taught with a curb-bridle to arch its neck proudly, but was led by a halter of hemp, fastened round its head, without either blinders or bit. This halter was of considerable length, and it was the shepherd's practice to hold by its extremity with both hands brought round behind him, while he walked in front of his equipage, pulling stoutly, and thereby acting in some sort as a trace horse. The head of the animal was thus brought into an horizontal position in a line with its neck, and projected very much like the mouth of a piece of ordnance over its carriage.

In this way the good man saw any obstacle which the rough tract presented, and avoided or removed it. Many a time did he push over with his foot a large stone, which bounded off down the side of the mountain, to the no little risk and very great terror of the sheep that happened to be feeding there—and all because he was a merciful man to his beast. He seldom looked back. When the horse wanted a few moments rest, it made a pause of its own accord, as, to be sure, it best knew when such a pause was necessary; and its conductor good naturedly halted, too, till it was the horse's pleasure to move forward again. Thomas did not alter his position upon these occasions, but stood in the middle of the path, keeping the halter at the stretch, and ready to proceed whenever he found the mass behind him in motion. If, as it sometimes happened, the horse was disposed to lengthen out these breathing-times rather unreasonably, it was admonished by one or two tugs at the halter, and a "Pull, Croppy, pull!"

One day that Thomas was bringing home a load, he stopped when he came near the door of his hut, and called out as usual, "Eppie, come and help me to coup!" His wife, thus summoned, came accordingly to assist in unloading; but when Thomas turned round for that purpose, there was nothing to be seen but his venerable white horse standing peacefully behind him; the load he had piled up at the peathill was gone; the vehicle he had piled it in was gone too. This to the reader may appear strange—and so it was, no doubt; but Thomas understood at once how the case stood; the fairies, he knew well, were playing a prank with him, and had cast glamour in his eyes; and, in order to confound him more, had left all other things visible, while they concealed the sled from his sight. It often happens, however, that no more than one person is bewitched at one time in this way; and Thomas made no doubt that the sled, though not discernible by him, was in its proper place, and palpable to his wife's organs. He therefore saw no use it would serve to make an ado about so simple a matter; and walking round to the place where the sled should have been, he desired his wife to lift out the one hook while he lifted out the other, that the horse might go at liberty till the sled should be emptied. An idea similar to that which had occurred to the husband struck his wife also; namely, that her eyes were under a spell; and she passed her hand across them, without moving from the spot on which she stood. Finding that this operation did not help her vision any thing, she was compelled to say, but with some hesitation, "Really, Thomas, I canna just say that I see the sled."

"Ye canna say that ye see't, can ye no?" said Thomas, groping in the empty space, evidently afraid that he should knock his shins against something. "An that be the case, I canna say that I see it clearly myself."

Comparing notes, the couple now agreed that it was most advisable to let the good folks of Faery finish their frolic; and that, if they themselves adjourned to their mid-day repast (for it was about the hollow and hungry hour of noon), it was highly probable the charm would be dissipated on their return, and the load of turf restored to its place, visible as well as tangible. The careful peasant observed, however, that it would be an awkward thing if the horse should go picking of grass among the knolls, overturn the load, and perhaps break the sled in some inconvenient spot. To prevent this, he tied the halter to the door-post; and then both went into the house together.

The pair cautiously abstained from showing any signs of impatience, or even curiosity, knowing that any thing of that kind would only tempt their tormentors to prolong the delusion. Not even a peep from the window was indulged; but, in return for this exemplary submission, they fully expected to find all as it should be when the time for resuming the business of the day came. The time did come; but it did not bring the realization of their expectations. The horse, which they had left tied to the door-post, was still there, and stood patiently with its head dropped from the accustomed horizontal level, and one of its hind feet lifted a little way from the ground; but no sled nor peats appeared. Thomas did not rest satisfied with appearances; he knew how deceitful these often are, and, repeating the proverb, that "seeing's believing, but feeling's the truth," he made assurance doubly sure, by cautiously groping all about the spot which the vehicle should have occupied.

He did murmur a little on finding that the case was hopeless. "Granting that the creatures had porridge to make, and pots to boil," he said, "and did need fires in the winter season, to be sure they must have fuel, and he would not have grudged them the peats—no, nor twice as many; but to take the bit sled too! It was probable the wasterful things would just break it up for firewood, and it would take him a week to make a new one—that is, it would have taken him so long if he had had wood for the purpose, but he had used the last spar about the house to mend the handbarrow the week before." He went on with these melancholy reflections—"Winter was coming on, and the greater part of the peats were out on the hill. It was true, his wife and himself might sit in the nook, and try to keep their fingers warm by blowing on them; yet what method they were to fall upon to make the water boil for their porridge, he did not pretend to be able to discover." In this mood he unharnessed the horse, and ordered his wife to carry the furniture within doors beside Christian folk—though, he added, it was indeed of small value, now that the sled was gone. He turned the horse to grass, and, being greatly chagrined, sat him down, and spoke more disrespectfully of the "folk in green" all the evening than ever he had ventured to do before. According to his view, such conduct was far from being creditable to them; for, though he had shown a willingness to acknowledge their power, and to bear a harmless joke at their hands, they had done him a serious mischief. This, he knew, was quite contrary to their usual practice; for, though freakish, they are not malicious, and if their frolics are patiently submitted to, it commonly procures for the prudent rustic a speedy cessation of them.

But if Thomas's despondency was for some time great, it happened shortly after, to his unspeakable satisfaction, that, being out on the hill to look after his flock, he discovered his sled, filled with peats, as he had loaded it, standing about half way on the road between the peat-hill and his house. He was at first chagrined at believing that the thing was real; for he argued, legitimately enough, that if the fairies had the power to prevent him from seeing what did exist, they might also be able to make things appear which were not; and the malicious spirit which they had already displayed led him to suspect that their persecution was not at end. Having satisfied himself, however, by repeated inspection and handling, that it actually was his lost sled which he now saw and grasped, he determined not to trust it again out of his sight, and, having unloaded it, drew it home with great labour, and then called his wife to watch it, whilst he ran to put the horse in yoke.

It was now that he repented of the harsh expressions he had lately used towards the "good neighbours." "They had played him a foul plisky," he said, "but not so bad as he once thought it, and he had spoken over rashly against them." He thought it best, however, to place as little confidence as possible in them for the future. It is supposed that the eye of a Christian person can protect any thing it is fixed upon from being made the sport or the prey of these little mischievous imps; thus, if the nurses watch a child with sufficient care, there is no danger of its being stolen: and Thomas determined to make use of this same precaution for the preservation of his sled. The idea of keeping an eye upon it, himself, however, while travelling to and from the peat hill, was one that never entered his head. A modern driver would have found no difficulty in keeping his vehicle in sight at the same time that he managed the horse; but Thomas considered the assistance he rendered, and the example he showed by tugging at the extremity of the halter, to be indispensable—and therefore he proposed that his wife should accompany him and keep up the necessary degree of surveillance. Still the couple did not avow the fears which led to this course; that would have been to forepeak the ill they dreaded. But the husband said he had observed that the sled, in descending any steep part of the road, rushed upon the heels of his horse, which, thus assailed, was apt to leap hastily forward, to the great risk of being overturned, and doing him some injury. He therefore conceived that it would be advantageous to have a person who might prevent this by pulling backwards; and his wife, who had been no less alarmed than himself at the thought of blowing her fingers in a cold corner through winter, readily acquiesced in this arrangement.

Thomas related the whole circumstances of this affair to the minister of the parish some time after they occurred. That worthy man listened attentively to the full detail, and then proceeded, with his habitual solemnity of manner, to remark, that with respect to the existence of ghosts, guardian angels, and other beings of a purely spiritual nature, he was not called upon on the present occasion to make any observations. The question before him, he said, was in regard to fairies. Now, these creatures were sometimes accounted to possess corporeal faculties, and sometimes the popular belief attributed to them feats such as could be performed only by ethereal essences, which involved a *reductio ad absurdum*; for how could matter become immaterial, and *vice versa*?

For this reason, he had no hesitation in giving it as his opinion that no such beings as fairies existed; and therefore they could neither feloniously nor *per ludibrium*, abstract, or withdraw in any manner, any goods or property of any description. In explanation of the particular case now submitted to him, he suggested that the hooks which fastened the chains to the sled might have slipped out by some accident, and the thing never have been observed, as Thomas acknowledged that it was his practice to continue his way without once looking behind him. Our shepherd, however, by no means agreed either to the argument for non-existence of fairies, or to the solution which the minister gave regarding the temporary abstraction of his sledge. "It wadna do," he said, "for learned men to confess the truth of sic cantrips, and they needs must say something against it. But the thing was as clear as day."

Column for Naturalists.

BIRDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THOUGH least in size, the glittering mantle of the humming-bird entitles it to the first place in the list of the new world. It may truly be called the bird of Paradise; and had it existed in the old world, would have claimed the title, instead of the bird which has now the honour to bear it. See it darting through the air, almost as quick as thought!—now it is within a yard of your fire!—in an instant it is gone!—now it flutters from flower to flower to sip the silver dew—it is now a ruby—now a topaz—now an emerald—now all burnished gold. Cayenne and Demerara produce the same humming-birds. Perhaps you would wish to know something of their haunts. Chiefly in the months of July and August the tree called Bois Immortel, very common in Demerara, bears abundance of red blossom, which stays on the trees some weeks; then it is that most of the humming-birds are very plentiful. The wild red sage also their favourite shrub, and they buzz like bees round the blossom of the Wallaba tree. Indeed, there is scarce a flower in the interior or on the sea-coast, but what receives frequent visits from one or other of the species. On entering the forest on the rising land in the interior, the blue and green, the smallest brown, no bigger than the humble bee, with two long feathers in the tail, are to be seen. As you advance towards the mountains of Demerara, other species of humming-birds present themselves. It seems to be an erroneous opinion that the humming-bird lives entirely on the honey-dew. Almost every flower of the tropical climates contains insects of one kind or other; now the humming-bird is most busy about the flowers an hour or two before sunrise, and after a shower of rain; and it is just at this time that the insects come out to the edge of the flower, in order that the sun's rays may dry the nocturnal dew and rain which they have received. On opening the stomach of the humming-bird, dead insects are found there.

Next to the humming-birds, the cotingas display the gayest plumage. They are of five species. Perhaps the scarlet cotinga is the richest of the five, and is one of those birds which are found in the deepest recesses of the forest. His crown is flaming red; to this abruptly succeeds a dark shining brown, reaching half way down the back; the remainder of the back, the rump, and tail, the extremity of which is edged with black, are a lovely red; the belly is somewhat lighter red; the breast reddish black; the wings brown. He has no song, is solitary, and utters a monotonous whistle which sounds like "quet." He is fond of the seeds of the hitia tree, and those of the silo-boli trees. The purple-throated cotinga has black wings, and every other part a light and glossy blue, save the throat, which is purple. The pompadour cotinga is entirely purple, except his wings, which are white, their first five feathers tipped with brown. The fifth species is the celebrated campanero of the Spaniards, called darya by the Indians, and bell-bird by the English. He is about the size of the jay. His plumage is white as snow. On his forehead rises a spiral tube nearly three inches long. It is jet black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and, when filled with air, looks like a spire; when empty, it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun reach, you will see the campaneros. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced "whip-poor-wills" from the goat-sucker, cause such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race, he pays the tribute of a morning and evening song, and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouth of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll again, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. He is never seen to feed with the other cotingas, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest.

Whilst the cotingas attract your attention by their superior plumage, the singular form of the toucan makes a lasting impression on your memory. There are three species of toucans in Demerara, and three diminutives, which may be called toucanets. The largest of the first species frequents the mangrove trees on the sea-coast. He is never seen in the interior till you reach Macoussia, where he is found in the neighbourhood of the river Tacoutire. The other two species are very common. They feed entirely on the fruits of the forest, and, though of the pie kind, never kill the young of other birds, or touch carrion. They are very noisy in rainy weather. The sound which the bouradi or the larger makes, is like the clear yelping of a puppy dog, and you fancy he says "pia-po-o-co," and thus the South American Spaniards call him piapoco. All the toucanets feed on the same trees on which the toucan feeds, and every species of this family, of enormous bill, lays its eggs in the hollow trees. They are social, but not gregarious. You may sometimes see eight or ten in company, and from this you may suppose they are gregarious; but upon closer examination, you will find it has only been a dinner party, which breaks up and disperses towards roosting time. The flight of the toucan is by jerks; in the action of flying it seems incommoded by its huge disproportioned bill; if the extraordinary form and size of the bill expose the toucan to ridicule, its colours make it amends.

The houtou ranks high in beauty amongst the birds of Deme-

rara; his whole body is green, with a bluish cast in the wings and tail; his crane, which he erects at pleasure, consists of black in the centre, surrounded with lovely blue of two different shades; he has a triangular black spot, edged with blue, behind the eye, extending to the ear; and on his breast a sable tuft, consisting of nine feathers edged also with blue. This bird seems to suppose that its beauty can be increased by trimming the tail, which undergoes the same operation as our hair in a barber's shop, only with this difference, that it uses its own beak, which is serrated, in lieu of a pair of scissors; as soon as his tail is full grown, he begins about an inch from the extremity of the two largest feathers in it, and cuts away the web on both sides of the shaft, making a gap about an inch long. Both male and female Adonise their tails in this manner, which gives them a remarkable appearance amongst other birds. The thick and gloomy forests are the places preferred by the houtou. In those far-extending wilds, about day-break, you hear him articulate, in a distinct and mournful tone, "houtou, houtou." Move cautiously on where the sound proceeds from, and you will see him sitting in the underwood, and very rarely is he seen in the lofty trees, except the bastard silo-boli tree, the fruit of which is grateful to him. He makes no nest, but rears his young in a hole in the sand, generally on the side of a hill.

The cassique, in size, is larger than the starling; he covets the society of man, but disdains to live by his labours. When nature calls for support, he repairs to the neighbouring forest, and there partakes of the store of fruits and seeds which she has produced in abundance for her aerial tribes. When his repast is over, he returns to man, and pays the little tribute which he owes him for his protection; he takes his station on a tree close to his house, and there for hours together pours forth a succession of imitative notes. His own song is sweet, but very short. If a toucan be yelping in the neighbourhood, he drops it, and imitates him. Then he will amuse his protector with the cries of different species of the woodpecker; and when the sheep bleat, he will distinctly imitate them. Then comes his own song again, and if a puppy dog or a guinea fowl interrupt him, he takes them off admirably; and by his different gestures during the time, you would conclude that he enjoys the sport. The cassique is gregarious, and imitates any sound he hears with such exactness, that he goes by no other name than that of mocking-bird amongst the colonists. At breeding time, a number of these pretty choirists resort to a tree near the planter's house, and from its outside branches weave their pendulous nests. So conscious do they seem that they never give offence, and so little suspicious are they of receiving any injury from man, that they will choose a tree within forty yards from his house, and occupy the branches so low down that he may peep into the nests. The proportions of the cassique are so fine, that he may be said to be a model of symmetry in ornithology. On each wing he has a bright yellow spot, and his rump, belly, and half the tail, are of the same colour. All the rest of the body is black. His beak is the colour of sulphur, but it fades in death, and requires the same operation as the bill of the toucan to make it keep its colours.

You would not be long in the forests of Demerara without noticing the woodpeckers. You may meet with them feeding at all hours of the day. Well may they do so. Were they to follow the example of most of the other birds, and only feed in the morning and evening, they would be often on short allowance, for they sometimes have to labour three or four hours at the tree before they get at the food. The sound which the largest kind makes in hammering against the bark of the tree, is so loud, that you would never suppose it to proceed from the efforts of a bird. You would take it to be the woodman, with his axe, trying, by a sturdy blow often repeated, whether the tree was sound or not. There are fourteen species here; the largest the size of a magpie, the smallest not bigger than the wren. They are all beautiful, and the greater part of them have their heads ornamented with a fine crest, moveable at pleasure. It is said if you once give a dog a bad name, whether innocent or guilty, he never loses it. It sticks close to him wherever he goes. He has many a kick and many a blow to bear on account of it, and there is nobody to stand up for him. The woodpecker is little better off. The proprietors of woods in Europe have long accused him of injuring their timber, by boring holes in it, and letting in the water, which soon rots it. The colonists in America have the same complaints against him. Had he the power of speech, he could soon make a defence. "Mighty lords of the woods," he would say to man, "why do you wrongfully accuse me? Why do you hunt me up and down to death for an imaginary offence? I have never spoiled a leaf of your property, much less your wood. Your merciless shot strikes me at the very time I am doing you a service. But your shortsightedness will not let you see it, or your pride is above examining closely the actions of so insignificant a little bird as I am. If there be that spark of feeling in your breast, which they say man possesses, or ought to possess, above all other animals, do a poor injured creature a little kindness, and watch me in your woods only for one day. I never worried your healthy trees. I should perish for want in the attempt. The sound bark would easily resist the force of my bill; and were I even to pierce through it, there would be nothing inside that I could fancy, or my stomach digest. I often visit them, it is true, but a knock or two convinces me that I must go elsewhere for support; and were you to listen attentively to the sound which my bill causes, you would know whether I am upon a healthy or an unhealthy tree. Wood and bark are not my food. I live entirely upon the insects which have already formed a lodgement in the distempered tree. When the sound informs me that my prey is there, I labour for hours together till I get at it; and, by consuming it, for my own support, I prevent its further depredations in that part. Thus I discover for your hidden and unsuspected foe, which has been devouring your wood in such secrecy, that you had not the least suspicion it was there. The hole which I make, in order to get at the pernicious vermin, will be seen by you as you pass under the tree. I leave it as a signal to tell you, that your tree has already stood too long. It is past its prime. Millions of insects, engendered by disease, are preying upon its vitals; ere long it will fall a log in useless ruins. Warned by this loss, cut down the rest in time, and spare, O spare, the unoffending woodpecker."—*Wanderings of Charles Waterton in South America.*

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

"PRAY, do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you." Such is the kind invitation one is apt to get from considerably intimate acquaintances, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of fowls, end in disappointment; and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in this world who think every thing as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:—

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr and Mrs Currie, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a bit of cheese just sent home by Nicholson, and understood to be more than excellent. But, as the old Scots song says, the *tid* had come over us, and forth we must go. No sooner said than done. Five minutes more saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly on such an occasion the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we were fully into the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if any body was at home. The servant girl, surprised by the forward confidence of our *entrée*, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room as clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of Eolus in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs Currie entered with a flurried surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr Currie; he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavouring, by the advice of Dr Boak, to get some repose.

"It will be such a disappointment to him when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was unquestionably the *desperatio cibi*—the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs Currie, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments, and condolences, and "hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last slamming after us with a noise which seemed to say, "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but, being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home, *re infecta*, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. "Well," said Mrs Balderstone, "there are the Jacksons! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them. I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house." The very last time I met Mrs Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come if we liked, and *when we liked*. Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant girl, so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on *entrée*. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr and Mrs Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give some people particular invitations. Her object was now to make an honourable retreat, for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we were asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and saw us, than whom, perhaps, she would rather have seen a basilisk. "Oh, Mrs Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come in this easy way at last. A few of the neighbours have just dropped in upon us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come

into this room and take off your bonnet, and, you, Mr Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing-room. You'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr Jackson will be so happy to see you." All this, however, would not do. Mrs Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of speciality in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in an easy way in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, "we would rather see you and Mr Jackson at Jericho than darken your doors again." And so off we came, with the blandest and most complimentary language upon our tongues, and the most piqued and scornful feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—yea, once again. What was to be done now? Why, said Mrs Balderstone, there is excellent old Mrs Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they supped with us in the spring), that I think we cannot do better than take this opportunity of clearing scores.

Mrs Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in a third floor in — Street. Thither we marched, with a hope, undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we would find supper. Our knock at Mrs Smiles' hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within, and when the servant appeared, I observed in the far, dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others again crossing in the opposite direction, and then there was heard a low anxious whispering, while a single dishevelled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing room. We had not been here above a minute when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs Smiles herself, and some of her young ladies. A flow of obloquy was instantly opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to any body at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be early up next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say, "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them agad-ding to-night? I suppose we must ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else—confound them! Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary accordingly came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had got enough, however,

of the Smileses. We saw that we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them about at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "These Balderstones!" The phrase was wormwood. My wife, therefore, made up a story to the effect that we had only called in going home from another friend's house, in order to inquire after the character of a servant. As Mrs Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining to supper, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affecting reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of general invitations. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and green cheese which lay in our larder, and, picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlour fireside, with a good bottle of ale toasting within the fender, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. "Do call on us some evening, Miss Duncan, just in an easy way, and, pray, bring your seam with you, for there is nothing I hate so much as ceremonious set calls," is the sort of invitations you will hear in the middle ranks of life, given to some good-natured female acquaintance, while you yourself, if a bachelor, will in the same way be bidden to call "just after you are done with business, and any night in the week; it is all the same, for you can never catch us unprepared." The deuce is in these general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Other people accept and act upon them, at the risk of either putting their visitors dreadfully about, or receiving a very poor entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest who has come on the faith of one of these delusive roving invitations, indeed, in many instances, disorganises the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be a notable, and, consequently not a regular carver of beef, or curious in the matter of fresh eggs, a hundred to one but she feels herself in an awkward dilemma, and, I have no doubt, would wish the visitor any where but where he is. The truth is, by these general invitations you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give them a definite invitation at once; a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; it is little else than an insult, however unintentional; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. In "good" society, a conventional understanding obtains in the delicate point of invitations; there is an established scale of the value of the different meals adapted to the rank of the invited. I advise all my friends to follow this invaluable code of civility. By all means let your invitations have a special reference to time. On the other hand, if a friend comes down with a request that you will favour him with your company at a certain hour of the day, why, go without hesitation. The man deserves your company for his honesty, and you will be sure to put him to no more trouble than what he directly calculates on. But turn a deaf ear, if you be wise, to general invitations; they are nets spread out to ensnare your comfort. Rather content yourself with the good old maxim, which somebody has inscribed over an ancient doorway in one of the old streets of Edinburgh, *TECUM HABITA—Keep at Home.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

LIGHT.

In the Mosaic account of the creation of the world we read, that in the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Amidst this solemn and mysterious gloom, God said let there be light, and there was light. The instantaneous fulfilment of the divine command; the sudden transition from the awful dreariness of darkness into the bright effulgence of light; the change presented over the whole aspect of the new illumined mass of waters, must fill every contemplative mind with a sense of power and sublimity which cannot be exceeded. Thus was light, so pure in its nature, and so beautiful in all its varied operations, suddenly summoned into existence; and when we consider its universal diffusion, and the blessings it scatters around us, we cannot feel surprised that it has claimed the attention of the most highly gifted and accomplished philosophers. Let us then enter on this subject, which is not one of an abstract and uninviting character, but rather one of the most animating and surpassing interest; let us then proceed to consider its sources, its nature and properties, and its effect on the animate and inanimate creation.

The sun, which has been adored as a visible God by many nations, is the most obvious source of light and heat; and every body is aware that it is the change of position which our earth, in its constant revolution, undergoes in its relation to that luminary, which causes and regulates the return and duration of day and night, and the succession and intensity of the different seasons. But the sun is not the only source of light; for, were

this the case, we should be left during the period of night in the helplessness of darkness, than which nothing can be more terrible. Instead of this, when he has sunk below the horizon, and the twilight which follows has faded away, the reflected light of the moon, and the light of innumerable stars, shed a soft and beamy radiance through the world. These heavenly bodies are the most obvious sources of natural light; but man, at a very early period, prompted by his necessities, learned to procure both light and heat artificially, to accomplish which he had recourse to various ingenious methods. It was observed, that when two bodies are rubbed pretty smartly against each other, both light and heat are evolved—thus it is obtained by friction. The artie Highlanders of Baffin's Bay obtain fire by rubbing two fish bones against each other. The Fuegians, an uncivilized race of people, inhabiting one of the coasts in the Southern Ocean, procure fire, says Captain Weddell, by rubbing iron pyrites (a combination of iron and sulphur which occurs native) and a flinty stone together, and catching the sparks on a dry substance resembling moss, which is quickly ignited. The inhabitants of New Holland take two pieces of soft dry wood; the one a stick about eight or nine inches long, the other a flat piece. The stick they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and, pressing it against the other, turn it quickly round, holding it between both their hands as we might a chocolate mill. By this method, light and heat are obtained in less than two minutes. Some American tribes, as in Kamschatka, have a machine on this principle. It is for this reason necessary to grease the iron at the axis of coach wheels, as, otherwise, from the friction, when the carriage is dragged swiftly along, they are apt to take fire—an accident which not unfrequently occurs. So likewise when the air has been very dry, even the boughs of forest trees rubbed against each other by the wind have been known to take fire. Friction, therefore, is one of the sources of artificial light. When, instead of persevering in the motion we have described, one body is struck quickly and forcibly against another, as a piece of flint against a piece of iron, light and heat are likewise produced. In this case, some particles of the metal are struck away from the mass, and so violent is the heat produced, that it melts them, and these, falling into the dry tinder usually used in this country, ignite the match that is applied to them. This is the method of producing light and heat by percussion; and we all know it is taken advantage of in the flint-locks of guns and pistols. When fire has been thus produced, we apply it to an inflammable body, during the combustion or burning of which a more or less intense light is emitted. Thus oil and tallow are inflammable substances, and, by immersing in either of these a wick or piece of cotton, in a certain manner, the oil or melted tallow, on lighting the wick, rises through its interstices, is consumed, and gives rise to a steady flame. So likewise many gases are inflammable, and, when mixed together in certain quantities, consume more or less rapidly.

Light is also produced by electricity, which is a very peculiar and subtle fluid, that seems to pervade more or less all bodies, inanimate as well as animate. When this electric fluid has accumulated in any particular region, it seeks to disperse or equalise itself, and, in so doing, evolves itself, and becomes perceptible to our sight. This is the cause of lightning, and some likewise think it is the cause of the aurora borealis, meteors, shooting stars, and many other interesting phenomena in nature. Certain animals also have the power of secreting or generating a phosphorescent kind of matter, which gives out light, examples of which we find in the glow-worm, the fire-fly of the West Indies, and some kinds of fish. It is probable that sea-water is capable of dissolving this luminous matter, which explains the reason why the waters of the ocean by night often appear luminous when agitated. Such are the general sources of light. But the most obvious and constant of them all is evidently the sun.

The human mind, naturally inquisitive, is next led to ask what is the nature of this light which is so universally diffused, and what are its properties; nor have these subjects remained uninvestigated. It was the opinion of the celebrated philosopher, Descartes, that light is caused by a certain motion or undulation of a very thin elastic medium, which he supposed pervaded space; but Sir Isaac Newton, whose discoveries established a new era in the history of science, rejected this doctrine, and, from numerous observations, came to the conclusion that light consists of very minute particles of matter, which are emitted in all directions from luminous bodies. The opinion of Descartes was afterwards advocated by many men eminent in science; but that of Sir Isaac Newton appears better founded, and is consequently more generally accepted. The particles of light are extremely small; nay, so exquisitely minute, that they do not affect the most delicate balance; but we must recollect, that as objects exist of such extreme minuteness as to escape even the powers of the microscope, so also matter exists of so subtle a nature as not to affect any scale we have yet constructed. This is the case with the matter of heat, and also with that of electricity. We may weigh, perhaps, the thousandth part of a grain; but, says Dr Thomson, we are certain that no particle of light weighs one millionth millionth part of a grain. This exquisite minuteness of the particles of light enables them to enter freely into the eye, without inflicting any injury on the structure of so delicate an organ. Admirable indeed is the adaptation of every arrangement of nature to fulfil its final end or purpose. The number of these particles which flow from every luminous body is also wonderful. It has been computed that there flow more than six million million times as many particles of light from a candle in one second of time as there are grains of sand in the whole earth. Be this as it may, the particles of light from a single candle, if there be no obstacle in their way to obstruct their passage, will fill a space of two miles distance in every direction. The velocity with which light travels has equally excited the wonder and

admiration of every intelligent mind. The sun is above ninety millions of miles distant from our earth, yet its light reaches us in about seven minutes and a half. Dr Brewster remarks, that it moves at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred miles in a second. But while we pause on this surprising velocity, it may be well to remember that all our notions of distance and time are merely comparative, and in this, as in many other instances, our ideas are confined to the limits of our own feeble and narrow experience. We know that the fleetest racer can scarcely ever run more than a mile a minute, nor can he support this speed more than five or six minutes; but the swallow does this with pleasure for nine or ten hours a-day. The golden eagle will wing its way through the fiercest storm at the rate of forty miles an hour; and Spallanzani has affirmed that one of our smallest birds, the little swift, travels at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour. We know from experiment that sound travels eleven hundred and forty feet in a second, and in all these instances the rapidity of motion is almost incredible, but we must never allow our scepticism to be excited by what at first sight appears to be beyond the range of possibility. A stream of these particles of light proceeding from the sun, or any luminous body, constitutes what is called a ray of light, which at all times proceeds, so long as it meets with no interruption, in a straight line. Thus we can see through a straight, but not through a bent tube. In aiming with a gun or arrow at the bull's eye in the centre of a target, the effort we make is to direct the projectile along the straight rays of light which proceed from that point to our organ of vision, for which reason, to take a surer and more successful aim, we often close one eye in order to exclude all the rays of light excepting those which proceed from the point to which the attention is directed. Accordingly, we say that a ray of light moves in a straight line; but if it meet with a body, such as a glass mirror, that interrupts its progress, what happens? It is unable to proceed directly onwards, and is reflected out of its course as a marble is when struck against a wall. This is what is called the reflection of light. On a bright summer's day, when the sun is shining on the bosom of a lake or river, its rays of light are thus turned or reflected back to the eye, with a lustre so dazzling as to be often intolerable. So likewise in walking on the sunny side of the street, the reflection of the rays from the pavement and houses dazzles the sight, and induces us to seek the shade. On the sandy deserts of Africa and Egypt, this continued reflection of the rays of light, from the particles of sand, gives rise to dreadful and painful maladies of the organ of sight. It is for the same reason that when we walk out after a fall of snow, if the noonday sun shine brightly, the many rays that are reflected from the snow around excite a painful sensation in the eyes. Travellers who have visited the northern latitudes have complained much of the annoyance they had to endure from this reflection of light from the snow and ice which perpetually exist in those dreary and desolate regions. The Esquimaux are not even by habit reconciled to this inconvenience, but are subjected to inflammation and other diseases of the eyes. Many persons, says Captain Lyon, had lost their eye-lashes, and were nearly blind. A very curious kind of wooden eye-shade is worn by them, and so contrived as to admit but little of the light that is reflected from the ice. But if such be the painful consequence of the reflection of the sun's rays, how comes it that we do not ourselves experience more annoyance from this cause? The reason is this—that while certain bodies do reflect all the sunlight, others take up or absorb it in a considerable quantity, so that only a part of it is reflected. Thus a soft dark earthy soil allows the rays of light to enter into it, and they there remain retained. It is this power which certain bodies have of absorbing light, that prevents our having to walk through a world in which we should otherwise be continually dazzled.

We have thus far spoken very generally of the reflection and absorption of light; now let us consider another very interesting property it possesses, and which gives rise to some of the most curious and beautiful appearances in nature. When a ray of light proceeds through the same medium, we will say the air, it moves in a straight line, and if admitted through a hole in a shutter into a dark room, appears white; but if it passes obliquely from a rarer into a denser medium, as from air into water, it is then urged out of the straight line, and appears as if it had been suddenly bent. For this reason a straight rod or stick, when immersed in water, appears to be broken at the surface of the water; and the portion immersed seems to be bent upwards. The light thus proceeding out of its straight course is said to be refracted, and our observations on objects placed in water are liable from this circumstance to considerable deception. Thus—a deep-bodied fish seen near the surface of the water appears a flat fish; a round body there seems oval; and objects seen at the bottom of the water do not seem to be so deep as they really are, from which source of error, judging of the depth of a clear river from the bank, young persons have been often tempted beyond their depth, and drowned. Now, we must recollect that light, in passing into our atmosphere, has moved from a rarer into a denser medium—that is, from the thin ether above the highest stratum of air into the denser mass of air which more immediately surrounds the earth. This air is generally loaded with watery vapour, so that the medium through which light has to pass in our atmosphere undergoes many remarkable changes. Hence the distance, height and relative position of mountains, hills, valleys, towns, often appear altered. A certain range of mountains in one condition of the atmosphere will appear nearer; in another, more remote from the spectator than usual. But in being thus bent out of its course, a ray of light exhibits a variety of beautiful colours, the cause of which may easily be explained. We have already observed that if a ray of light be admitted through the hole of a shutter into a dark room, it appears of uniform whiteness; but Sir Isaac Newton discovered that this white ray of light is a combination of seven dif-

ferently coloured rays, which, by a triangular piece of glass called a prism, may be separated easily from each other. This illustrious philosopher proceeded thus: he made a hole in one of his window-shutters, and having darkened his chamber, let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light. He then intercepted this light with the triangular piece of glass, and found that in passing through the glass, the light was so refracted as to exhibit on the wall an image of seven different colours, viz. violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. "It was at first," says Sir Isaac, "a very pleasing diversion to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby," and after varying his experiments in a most ingenious way, he established this very interesting fact, that every ray of white light consists of seven other primary and different coloured rays, each of which seven is more or less refrangible than the other. Sir Isaac Newton having obtained the seven different coloured rays, gathered them again together by the aid of a lens, and re-produced the white ray of light. Further, in corroboration of this, he mixed together one part of red lead, four parts of blue bise, and a proper proportion of orpiment and verdigris. This mixture was dun, like wood newly cut. He now took one-third of the mixture, and scattered it over the floor of his room, where the sun shone upon it through the open casement, and beside it, in the shadow, he laid a piece of white paper of the same size. Then going to the distance of twelve or eighteen feet, so that he could not discern the unevenness of the surface of the powder, nor the little shadows let fall from the gritty particles thereof, the powder appeared intensely white, so as to transcend even the paper itself in whiteness. Sir Isaac Newton's discovery, that the combination of these different coloured rays produced the white ray of light, and that each of these elementary or primary rays possessed its own specific degree of refrangibility, revealed to us at once the explanation of many of the most interesting appearances in nature. Nothing can be more beautiful than the colours with which the tops of mountains, the surface of the ocean, and the different shaped clouds, are tinged at sunrise and at sunset, the cause of which now became obvious. The white rays of the sun, entering into an atmosphere of varying density, pass through it like the sunbeam through Sir Isaac Newton's glass prism, and are in a similar way decomposed. The rays that are the least refracted or diverted out of their course, reach the earth in all the purity and beauty of their own individual colours, and enter into a thousand varied combinations. When the sun is shining in all its noon of splendour high above the horizon, its rays, falling on the wide expanse of the ocean, are reflected back unchanged in all their original silvery lustre; but when the sun is setting, and its rays fall obliquely on the waters, the red being the least refrangible of the primary rays, floods with a fiery glow the heaving billows, and the line of the visible horizon. Around the heavenly bodies—the sun and the moon—circles of light of the most varying colours often appear, which may be explained on the same principle, these halos being nothing more than the rays of light reflected and refracted by the globules of vapour through which they pass before they reach the sphere of our vision. But the most familiar instance of the decomposition of light into its prismatic colours is exhibited to us by the rainbow, which is occasioned by the light of the sun shining on the spherical drops of water falling in an opposite shower. In this instance the rays of white light are refracted or resolved into their primary rays, which are reflected in the form of an arch across the heavens. Sometimes more than one or two of these arches are formed. Captain Parry saw five rainbows, each at the same time complete. Sometimes the arches intersect each other, and they have been seen in an inverted position. Lunar rainbows also frequently occur, but do not display such variety of colours. Rainbows also often appear among the waves of the sea, when their heads or tops are buffeted by the wind, and blown into small drops. They appear, too, occasionally on the ground when the sun shines on a very thick dew. The falls of Niagara, and falls of less note—even small cascades and fountains, whose waters in falling are divided into drops, display rainbows when the spectator is in a proper position to observe them. But the most remarkable consequence of the refraction and reflection of light, is the numerous atmospherical deceptions which are thereby occasioned. Places at considerable distance are sometimes unexpectedly brought within the sphere of vision. Thus, in the year 1783, the coast of France was distinctly seen at Hastings, an account of which has been recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. Towns, hills, valleys, islands, ships, have been seen reflected in the heavens. In the county of Huntingdon, on the morning of July 16, 1820, at half-past four o'clock, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours that arose from the river Ouse were moving over a little hill near St. Neots, when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and its different grass fields, were clearly and distinctly visible in a beautiful aerial picture, which extended from east to west about four hundred yards. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the spectator as he looked at this surprising phenomenon, nor his regret at its disappearance in about ten minutes. Among the Harz mountains in Hanover, at Souta Fell in Cumberland, in the south of Italy, and in many other places, analogous appearances have been observed. In the year 1827 the Skerry Islands, situated in the sea about four miles distant from the north coast of Ireland, appeared at an extraordinary elevation, apparently 200 yards above the level of the sea, breaking off by degrees in the centre, into appearances resembling old castles, towers, and spires; an account of which appears in the memoirs of the Wernerian Society of this city. Two or three of such images in an inverted position are sometimes seen one above the other. In this neighbourhood, Inchkeith has been seen reflected in the sky in an inverted position above the island, and above that another picture of it in its proper position. In the arctic seas, owing to the peculiar refraction

tive state of the atmosphere, such appearances are of frequent occurrence. When the rays of light fall on the surface of ice, they are thence reflected into the air above, and often afford an aerial map of the ice and sea below. This is termed the iceblink. Nothing can exceed the curious, and, at the same time, splendid exhibitions, presented by the unequal refraction of light from the ice and land in these regions. Hummocks of ice, says Captain Scoresby, assumed the forms of castles, obelisks, and spires; in some places the distant ice was so extremely irregular, and appeared so full of pinnacles, that it resembled a forest of naked trees; in others it presented the character of an extensive city, crowded with churches, castles, and public edifices. This intrepid navigator also records numerous instances of ships being seen reflected one above another in the sky, at a time when the ships themselves and the images were so distant as to be recognized only by the aid of a telescope. We have already explained how the rays of light become refracted in passing from a rarer into a denser medium, and the frequency of these appearances in these regions is owing to the varying and unequal density of the atmosphere, which, when moist and warm, becomes chilled and condensed by passing over the extensive surfaces of ice.

Light produces the most important and beneficial effect on the inanimate and animate creation, and, without its benignant agency, all nature would sicken and die. Many substances—oils, mineral acids, preparations of mercury, silver, lead, &c. change their colour when exposed to light. Those parts of the walls of a room which are painted with white lead and oil, and which are defended from light by furniture, become darker than the rest, but, on exposure, acquire the same brightness. Plants raised in the open air, when put into darkness, become pale, and fade in two or three days; those which, after being raised in darkness, have been exposed for a time to sunlight, cannot support the privation of light, but die. Plants that grow beneath stones are white, soft, watery, and insipid, of which fact gardeners avail themselves to furnish our tables with white and tender vegetables, by binding up and compressing their leaves together, so as to defend them from the contact of light. The light of a lamp can, although imperfectly, replace that of the sun. The plant becomes green, and inclines to the light; but this artificial light has a more beneficial influence if reflected from mirrors, and hence many hill-sides are rendered peculiarly fertile by the similar reverberation of the light. When the sky has been long obscured by clouds, the grass and leaves of trees lose their usual bright green colour. "Clouds and rain," says a Professor, writing from America, "have obscured the hemisphere during the last six days. In that time, the leaves of all the forests which are seen from this place have greatly expanded; but they were all of a pallid hue until this afternoon, when, within the period of about six hours, during which we had sunshine, they all changed their colour to a beautiful green."

The perfect absence of light is so injurious to plants that it has been concluded, that without the light of the moon and stars, night would destroy vegetables. The complexion of man, and the colours of the different races of animals, are considerably modified by exposure to light. African ladies that live much in the house are not so dark as those persons who live much in the open air; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are lighter than parts of the body more exposed. Animals in the polar regions do not exhibit the variety of colours which those present that are natives of tropical climates. In this country, too, we observe that foxes, rabbits, hares, &c. assimilate to the colour of the soil they frequent. Birds, too, that fly by night do not display so varied and gaudy a plumage as those which fly by day. Animals, if totally deprived of light, would, like plants, languish and die. Nothing, indeed, can be more appalling than total darkness; and for this reason the threat of the Omnipotent is so terrible, which declares that the wicked shall be cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

THE RAPIDS.—A TALE.

MIDNIGHT on board a steam-boat, a full moon, and a soft panorama of the shores of the St. Lawrence gliding by like a vision! I thus assume the dramatic prerogative of introducing my readers at once to the scene of my story, and with the same time-saving privilege, I introduce my *dramatis personæ*, a gentleman and lady promenading the deck with the slow step so natural on a summer's night, when your company is agreeable.

The lady leaned familiarly on the arm of her companion as they walked to and fro, sometimes looking at the moon, and sometimes at her pretty feet, as they stole out, one after the other, into the moonlight. She was a tall, queenly person, somewhat *embonpoint*, but extremely graceful. Her eye was of a dark blue, shaded with lashes of remarkable length, and her features, though irregular, were expressive of great vivacity, and more than ordinary talent. She wore her hair, which was of a deep chestnut, in the Madonna style, simply parted, and her dress, throughout, had the chaste elegance of good taste—the *tornure* of fashion without its extravagance.

Her companion was a tall, well formed young man, very handsome, with a frank and prepossessing expression of countenance, and the fine freedom of step and air which characterize the well bred gentleman. He was dressed fashionably, but plainly, and wore whiskers, in compliance with the prevailing mania. His tone was one of rare depth and melody; and as he bent slightly and gracefully to the lady's ear, his low, rich tenderness had the irresistible fascination, for which the human voice is sometimes so remarkable.

It was a beautiful night. The light lay sleeping

on the St. Lawrence like a white mist. The boat, on whose deck our acquaintances were promenading, was threading the serpentine channel of the "Thousand Isles," more like winding through a wilderness than following the passage of a great river. The many thousand islands clustered in this part of the St. Lawrence seem to realise the mad girl's dream when she visited the stars, and found them

"—only green islands, sown thick in the sky."

Nothing can be more like fairy land than sailing among them on a summer's evening. They vary in size, from a quarter of a mile in circumference, to a spot just large enough for one solitary tree, and are at different distances, from a bowshot to a gallant leap from each other. The universal formation is a rock of horizontal stratum, and the river, though spread into a lake by innumerable divisions, is almost embowered by the luxuriant vegetation which covers them. There is everywhere sufficient depth for the boat to run directly alongside, and with the rapidity and quietness of her motion, and near the neighbourhood of the trees, which may almost be touched, the illusion of aerial carriage over land, is, at first, almost perfect. The passage through the more intricate parts of the channel, is, if possible, still more beautiful. You shoot into narrow passes where you could spring on shore on either side, catching, as you advance, hasty views to the right and left, through long vistas of islands; or running round a projecting point of rock or woodland, open into an apparent lake, and darting rapidly across, seem running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the covert channel.

It is the finest ground in the world for the "magic of moonlight." The water is clear, and, on the night we speak of, was a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into distinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well-defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable. In more terrestrial company than the lady Viola's, our hero might have fancied himself in the regions of upper air; but as he leant over the taffel, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees as the approach of the boat broke them one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh water river, in the good steam-boat Queenston.

Miss Viola Clay and Mr. Frank Gresham, the hero and heroine of this true story, I should have told you before, were cousins. They had met lately after a separation of many years, and as the lady had in the meantime become the proudest woman in the world, and the gentleman had been abroad and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a cousin's *carte blanche* for his visits, there was reason to believe they would become very well acquainted.

Frank had been at home but a few months when he was invited to join the party with which he was now making the fashionable tour. He had seen Viola every day since his return, and had more to say to her than to all the rest of his relatives together. He would sit for hours with her in the deep recesses of the windows, telling his adventures when abroad. At least, it was so presumed, as he talked all the time, and she was profoundly attentive. It was thought, too, he must have seen some affecting sights, for now and then his descriptions made her sigh audibly, and once the colour was observed to mount to her very temples—doubtless from strong sympathy with some touching distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and had, at the time we speak of, been several weeks in their company. They had spent nearly a month among the Lakes, and were now descending by their grand outlet to Montreal. Many a long walk had been taken, and many a romantic scene had been gazed upon during their absence, and the lady had, many a time, wandered away with her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more agreeable companion. She was indefatigable in seeing the celebrated places from every point, and made excursions, which the gouty feet of her father, or the etiquette of a stranger's attendance, would have forbidden. In these cases Frank's company was evidently a convenience; and over hill and dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne her delicate arm by the precious privilege of cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin. It is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk that will get tangled—and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and the long *tête-à-têtes* which are nobody's business, and the long letters of which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin!

Till within a few days Frank had enjoyed a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescensions; but their party had been increased lately by a young gentleman who introduced himself to papa as the son of an old friend, and proceeded immediately to a degree of especial attention which relieved our hero exceedingly of his duties.

Mr. Erastus Van Pelt was a tall, thin person, with

an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated till it was lost in the distance. It was evident at the first glance that he was high *ton*. The authenticity of his style, even on board a steam-boat, distanced imitation immeasurably. The angle of his bow had been an insoluble problem from his *debut* at the dancing-school till the present moment, and his quizzing glass was thrown up to his eye with a grace that would have put Brummel to the blush. From the square toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain he was a perfect wonder. Every body smiled on Mr Erastus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with an evil eye on our hero. He had the magnanimity not to cut him outright, as he was the lady's cousin; but tolerated him on the first day with a cold civility, which he intended should amount to a cut on the second. Frank thought him thus far very amusing; but when he came frequently in the way of his attentions to his cousin, and once or twice raised his glass at his remarks, with the uncomprehending 'Sir!' he was observed to stroke his black whiskers with a very ominous impatience. Further acquaintance by no means mended the matter, and Frank's brow grew more and more cloudy. He had already alarmed Mr Van Pelt with a glance of his eye that could not be mistaken, and anticipated his 'cut direct' by at least some hours, when the lady Viola took him aside, and bound over his thumb and finger to keep the peace towards the invisible waist of his adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution, the boat was bending in toward a small village which terminates the safe navigation above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coaches were waiting on shore, to convey passengers to the next still water, and the mixed population of the little village, attracted by the arrival, was gathered in a picturesque group on the landing. There was the Italian-looking Canadian with his clear olive complexion and open neck, his hat slouched carelessly, and the indispensable red sash hanging from his waist; and the still, statue-like Indian with the incongruous blanket and belt, hat and moccasin costume of the border, and the tall, inquisitive-looking Vermontese—all mingled together like the figures of a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood looking into the water with the grave intentness of a statue, and Mr Van Pelt levelled his glass at the 'horrid creatures' on shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence of their *sawagerie* in a fine spun *falsetto*. As its last thin tone melted, he turned and spoke to the lady with an air evidently more familiar than her dignity for the few first days seemed to have warranted. There was an expression of ill-concealed triumph in his look, and an uncompromised turning of his back on our *pense-ros*, which indicated an advance in relative importance; and though Miss Clay went on with the destruction of her card of distances just as if there was nobody in the world but herself, the conversation was well sustained till the last musical superlative was curtailed by the whiz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank awoke from his reverie, and announced his intention of taking a boat down the rapids. Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous experiment; but when assured by him that it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, during the whole passage, would be visible from the coach, she opposed it no further. Frank then turned to Mr Van Pelt, and, to her astonishment, politely requested his company. The dandy was thunderstruck. To his comprehension it was like offering him a private interview with a bear. "No, Sir," said he, with a nervous twirl of his glass round his forefinger. Miss Clay, however, insisted on his acceptance of the invitation. The prospect of his company without the restraint of Frank's presence, and a wish to foster the good feeling from which she thought the offer proceeded, were sufficient reasons for perseverance, and on the ground that his beautiful cap was indispensable to the picturesque effect, she would take no denial. Most reluctantly his consent was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore with an accommodating readiness to find boatmen for the enterprise.

He found his errand was a difficult one. The water was uncommonly low, and at such times the rapids are seldom passed, even by the most daring. The old voyageurs received his proposition with shrugs and volumes of *patois*, in which he could only distinguish adjectives of terror. By promises of extravagant remuneration, however, he prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French, made them comprehend that he wished to throw his companion into the river. They had no shadow of objection. For a 'consideration' they would upset the bateau in a convenient place below the rapids, and insure Mr Van Pelt's subsequent existence at the forfeiture of the reward. A simultaneous '*Gardez vous!*' was to be the signal for action.

The coaches had already started when Frank again stood on the pier, and were pursuing slowly the beautiful road on the bank of the river. He almost repented his rash determination for a moment, but the succeeding thought was one of pride, and he sprang lightly into the bateau at the '*Allons!*' of the impatient boatmen.

Mr Van Pelt was already seated, and as they darted rapidly away with the first stroke of the oars, the

voyageur at the helm commenced a low recitative. At every alternate line, the others joined in a loud, but not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes were light or deep as the leader indicated, by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or deliberation. In a few minutes they reached the tide, and as the boat swept violently on, the oars were shipped, and the boatmen, crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously forward. It was evidently much worse than Mr Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank remarked upon the natural beauties of the river, but he had no eye for scenery. He sat on a low seat, grasping the sides of the boat with a tenacity as unphilosophical as it was out of character for his delicate fingers. The bateau glided like a bird round the island which divides the river, and, steering for the middle of the stream, was in a moment hurrying with its whole velocity onward. The Split Rock was as yet far below, but the intermediate distance was a succession of rapids, and, though not much dreaded by those accustomed to the navigation, they were to a stranger sufficiently appalling. The river was tossed like a stormy sea, and the large waves, thrown up from the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon the tide, and, dashing over the boat, flung her off like a tiny shell. Mr Van Pelt was in a profuse perspiration. His knees drawn up to his head by the acute angle of his posture, knocked violently together, and no persuasion could induce him to sit in the depressed stern for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He sat right in the centre of the bateau, and kept his eye on the waves with a manifest distrust of Providence, and an anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of resignation.

The bateau passed the travellers on shore as he neared the rock. Frank waved his handkerchief triumphantly. The water just ahead roared and leaped up in white masses like a thousand monsters; and, at the first violent whirl, he was pulled down by a voyageur, and commanded imperatively to lie still. Another and another shock followed in quick succession, and she was perfectly unmanageable. The helmsman threw himself flat on the bottom. Mr Van Pelt hid his face in his hands, and crouched beside him. The water dashed in, and the bateau, obeying every impulse, whirled and flung from side to side like a feather. It seemed as if every plunge must be the last. One moment she shivered and stood motionless, struck back by a violent blow, and the next, shot down into an abyss, with an arrowy velocity that seemed like instant destruction. Frank shook off the grasp of the voyageur, and, holding on to the side, half rose to his feet. "*Gardez vous!*" exclaimed the voyageur; and, mistaking the caution for the signal, with a sudden effort he seized Mr Van Pelt, and, plunging him over the side, leaped in after him. "*Diable!*" muttered the helmsman, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek, sprang half out of water and disappeared instantly. But the Split Rock was right beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow the boat sprang through the gorge, and in a moment was gliding among the masses of foam in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a stroke or two against the current, up came the scientific 'brutus' of Mr Van Pelt, quite out of curl, and crested with the foam through which he had emerged to a thinner element. There was no mistaking its identity, and it was rudely seized by the voyageur with a tolerable certainty that the ordinary sequel would follow. All reasoning upon anomalies, however, is uncertain, and, to the terror of the unlettered captor, down went *un gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the world in his possession. He soon reappeared, and with his faith in the unity of Monsieur considerably shaken, the voyageur lifted him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick? Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young aunt, or any pretty friend who was not your sister or your mother for a nurse? And do you remember how like an angel's fingers, her small white hand laid on your forehead, and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low in your ear, and how inquiringly her fair face hung over your pillow? If you have not, and remember no such passages, it were worth half your sound constitution, and half your uninteresting health, and long life, to have had that experience. Talk of moonlight in a bower, and poetry in a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love like a sick chamber, and no poetry like the persuasion to your gruel, or the sympathy for aching head, or your feverish forehead.

Three months after Frank Gresham was taken out of the St Lawrence, he was sitting in a deep recess with the lady, who, to the astonishment of the whole world, had accepted him as her lover. "Miss Viola Clay," said our hero, with a look of profound resignation, "when will it please you to attend to certain responses you wot of?" The answer was in a low sweet tone, inaudible to all save the ear for which it was intended.

CAPRICES OF THE HUMAN APPETITE.

THE human being has been described as an animal capable of suiting himself to every description of climate, ranging from the pole to the equator, and of adapting his habits either to those of savage life, or the highest state of refinement. His power of enduring a temperature which would freeze the blood of an alligator, or melt the body of a bear, is not more remarkable than the variety of food which he can digest, and the perfect power which he possesses of suiting his appetite to the different products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In

the selection of food, he is more governed by caprice and fashion, than the excellence of the repast; and the perversity of taste in this respect is really astonishing. We are informed by Tacitus that there was a man at Colonia Agrippina, whose favourite dish was spiders; and various tribes in the ancient world are noticed as having lived on a species of soup made of snakes and scorpions. Some barbarous nations in modern times feed on locusts, fresh or pickled, while the inhabitants of Madagascar are said to prefer them to the finest fish. But what must we say of the Cochinchinese, who esteem rotten eggs as one of the greatest delicacies, and so far do they carry this desire, that putrid eggs are rated thirty per cent. higher than fresh ones. This taste, however, need not excite so much surprise, when we recollect that the upper classes in this country prefer putrid to fresh game, and would not taste it till it acquired the fashionable *gout*. It is a standing joke against the French that they dress and eat frogs, and yet I have seen Frenchmen who were partial to these reptiles sicken when they saw rook or crow pies eaten in Scotland.

A story is told of a British sailor who could swallow and digest clasp or pen-knives, sometimes pouring half-a-dozen into his stomach at a time; and by which freak he ultimately killed himself. Perhaps it will be considered nearly as strange, when I mention that the Chinese gentry are passionately fond of *birds' nests*—the real nests of birds of the swallow species. This fancy for birds' nests obtains all over China, but can be followed up only by the very wealthiest classes. Such is the extraordinary demand for this description of food, that its cost is enormous; and to say in China that a man eats birds' nests, is equivalent to saying that he is a grandee or a person of great opulence. The nests, which are thus in such repute are not formed of clay, like those of our swallows, but are made of a substance resembling isinglass in appearance, which is understood by some to be gathered by the animal from certain marine matter. Mr Crawford, in his valuable work on the Eastern Archipelago, presents us with some interesting details relative to these nests worthy of notice.

"The birds' nests (says he) are those obtained in deep damp caves, and such as are taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The coarsest are those obtained after the young have been fledged. The finest nests are the whitest, that is, those taken before the nest has been rendered impure by the food and *feces* of the young birds. They are taken twice a-year, and, if regularly collected, and no unusual injury be offered to the caverns, will produce, very equally, the same quantity, being very little, if at all, improved by the caves being left altogether unmolested for a year or two. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. In one place the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed with torch light, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock.

The only preparation the birds' nests undergo is that of simple drying, without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes. They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities. The common prices for birds' nests at Canton are, for the first sort, no less than 3,500 Spanish dollars the picul, or L.b. 18s. 1½d. per pound; for the second, 2800 Spanish dollars per picul; and for the third, 1600 Spanish dollars. From these prices it is sufficiently evident that the birds' nests are no more than an article of expensive luxury. They are consumed only by the great; and, indeed, the best part is sent to the capital for the consumption of the court. The sensual Chinese use them under the imagination that they are powerfully stimulating and tonic; but it is probable that their most valuable quality is their being perfectly harmless. The people of Japan, who so much resemble the Chinese in many of their habits, have no taste for the edible nests; and how the latter acquired a taste for this foreign commodity, is no less singular than their persevering in it. Among the western nations there is nothing parallel to it, unless we except the whimsical estimation in which the Romans held some articles of luxury, remarkable for their scarcity rather than for any qualities ascribed to them. The whole quantity of birds' nests exported from the Indian Archipelago is estimated at 242,400 lbs., worth L.284,290. The value of this immense property to the country which produces it, rests upon the capricious wants of a single people. It is claimed as the exclusive property of the sovereign, and everywhere forms a valuable branch of his income, or of the revenue of the state."

EMIGRATION.—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

WHILE the flood of British emigration has been poured chiefly into Upper Canada, whose unoccupied lands offer a boundless scope for the efforts of human labour, the American colonial possessions lying nearer home, situated in and about the mouth of the St Lawrence, have received a very considerable body of settlers, many of whom have proceeded from the Highlands of Scotland. The three principal places of settlement in this quarter are New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia. The first of these being already noticed in the Journal, I proceed to offer an account of the second, drawn from the valuable work of Macgregor on British America.

"Prince Edward Island is situated in the Gulf of St Lawrence, within the latitudes of 46° and 47° 10' north. Its length is 140 miles, and its greatest breadth 34. It is separated from Nova Scotia by Northumberland Strait, which is only nine miles abroad. Cape Breton lies within twenty-seven miles of the east point. In coming

* From "The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. Boston, 1828."

within view of Prince Edward Island, its aspect is that of a level country, covered to the water's edge with trees, and the outline of its surface scarcely curved with the appearance of hills. On approaching nearer, and sailing round its shores (especially on the north side), the prospect becomes interesting, and presents small villages, cleared farms, red head-lands, bogs, and rivers, which pierce the country; sand-hills covered with grass; a gentle diversity of hill and dale, which the cleared spots open to view, and the undulation of surface occasioned by small lakes or ponds, which from the sea appear like so many valleys.

On landing, and travelling through the country, its varied, though not highly romantic scenery, and its agricultural and other improvements, attract the attention of all who possess a taste for rural beauties. Owing to the manner in which it is intersected by various branches of the sea, there is no part at a greater distance from the ebbing and flowing of the tide than eight miles. It abounds with streams and springs of the purest water. There are no mountains in the island; a chain of hills intersects the country; and in different parts the lands rise to moderate heights, but in general the surface of the island may be considered as deviating no more than could be wished for the purpose of agriculture. Almost every part affords agreeable prospects and beautiful situations. In summer and autumn, the forests exhibit a rich and splendid foliage, varying from the deep green of the fir, to the lively tints of the birch and maple, and the character of the scenery at these seasons displays a smiling loveliness and teeming fertility. The island is divided into three counties, these again into parishes, and the whole subdivided into sixty-seven townships, containing about 20,000 acres each. The plot of a town, containing about 400 building lots, is reserved in each county. Charlotte Town, the seat of government, is situated on the north bank of Hillsborough river (east side of the island), and its harbour is considered one of the best in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The town stands on ground which rises in gentle heights from the banks of the river, and contains about 350 dwelling-houses, and about 3400 inhabitants.

The climate of Prince Edward Island, owing to its lying within the Gulf of St. Lawrence, partakes, in some measure, of the climate of the neighbouring countries; but the difference is greater than any one who has not lived in the colony would imagine. In Lower Canada the winter is nearly two months longer, the frosts more severe, and the snows deeper, while the temperature during summer is equally hot. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, the frosts are equally severe, the transitions from one extreme of temperature to another more sudden, and fogs frequent along those parts that border on the Atlantic and Bay of Fundy. The atmosphere of this island is noted for being free of fogs. A day foggy throughout seldom occurs during a year, and in general not more than four or five that are partially so. As regards the salubrity of the island, it is agreed by all who have lived any time on it, and have compared its climate with that of other countries, that there are few places where health is enjoyed with less interruption. The fevers and other diseases of the United States are unknown here; no person ever saw an intermittent fever produced on the island, nor will that complaint, when brought here, ever stand above a few days against the influence of the climate. Pulmonary consumption, which is so common and so very destructive in the northern and central states of America, is not often met with here. Probably ten cases of this complaint have not occurred since the settlement of the colony. Colds and rheumatisms are the most common complaints; the first generally affects the head more than the breast, and the last seldom proves mortal. A very large proportion of the people live to old age, and then die of no acute disease, but by the gradual decay of nature. Deaths between twenty and fifty years of age are but few when compared with those of most other countries. The diseases at present commonly known are usually the consequence of colds or intemperance, if we except consumptions, which I have observed in most cases to be constitutional; and the young women born on the island appear to be more subject to this malady than those who remove to the colony from Europe. The climate is decidedly salubrious. Bilious complaints are unknown; and I have conversed with several people who were affected with ill health previous to their settling in this colony, who afterwards enjoyed all the comforts of an unimpaired constitution. The absence of damp weather and noxious exhalations, those certain generators of disease, and the island having no lakes, and few ponds of fresh water, while it is at the same time surrounded by the sea, will account satisfactorily for the excellence of its climate.

The general structure of the soil is, first, a thin layer of black or brown mould, composed of decayed vegetable substances; then to the depth of a foot, or more, a light loam prevails, inclining in some places to a sandy, in others to a clayey character; below which, a stiff clay, resting on sand-stone, predominates. The prevailing colour of both soil and stone is red. To this general character of the soil there are but few exceptions; these are the bogs, or swamps, which consists either of a soft spongy turf, or deep layer of wet black mould, resting on white clay or sand. In its natural state, the quality of the soil may be readily ascertained by the description of wood growing on it, it being richest where the maple, beech, black birch, and a mixture of other trees, grow, and less fertile where the pine, spruce, larch, and other varieties of the fir tribe, are most numerous. The soil is fertile; and there is scarcely a stone on the surface of the island that will impede the progress of the plough. There is no limestone nor gypsum, nor has coal yet been discovered although indications of its existence are produced. Red clay, of superior quality for bricks, abounds in all parts of the island. Both the swamps and barrens bear but a small proportion to the whole surface of the island; and as they all may, with judicious management, be improved advantageously, it cannot be

said that there is an acre of the whole incapable of cultivation. The marshes, which are overflowed by the tide, rear a strong nutritious grass, and when dyked, yield heavy crops of wheat or hay.

Large tracts of the original pine forests have been destroyed by fires, which have raged over the island at different periods. In these places white birches, spruce-firs, poplars, and wild cherry trees, have sprung up. Poplars of great dimensions are plentiful. Many other trees are met with. Among the wild fruits, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries (which are very large), blueberries, and wortleberries, are astonishingly abundant. Foxes and hares are numerous. Mosquitoes and sand-flies are only annoying during the heat of summer in the neighbourhood of the marshes, and in the woods; where the lands are cleared to any extent, they are seldom troublesome. The varieties of fish that swarm in the harbours and rivers, or around the shores, and that abound on the different fishing banks in the vicinity of the island, are numerous, each abounding in great plenty.

The excellence of its soil, its climate, and the configuration of the surface, adapt the lands of Prince Edward Island more particularly for agriculture than for any other purpose. All kinds of grain and vegetables raised in England ripen in perfection. Wheat is raised in abundance for the consumption of the inhabitants, and a surplus is exported to Nova Scotia. Both summer and winter rye, and buckwheat, produce weighty crops; but the culture of these grains is scarcely attended to. Barley and oats thrive well, and are, in weight and quality, equal to any met with in the English markets, and superior to what are produced in the United States. Beans of all kinds yield plentiful returns. Peas, when not injured by worms, which is often the case, thrive well; and turnips are sometimes liable to flies and worms. In no country do parsnips, carrots, beets, mangel-wurzel, or potatoes, yield more beautiful crops. Cucumbers, salads, cabbages, cauliflowers, asparagus, and, indeed, all culinary vegetables common in England, arrive at perfection. Cherries, plums, damsons, black, red, and white currants, ripen perfectly, and are large and delicious. Flax is raised of excellent quality, and manufactured by the farmers' wives into linen for domestic use. Hemp will grow, but not to the same perfection as in Upper Canada, or some parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The principal grasses are timothy, red and white clover, and a kind of soft indigenous upland grass of which sheep are very fond; also marsh grasses on which young and dry cattle are fed during the winter months. As a few cold days and wet weather frequently occur in the latter end of April, or the first week of May, wheat or oats are seldom sown until the first of the latter month. Barley will ripen if sown before the 20th of June, although it is generally more early. Potatoes are planted about the last of May, or before the middle of June, and often later. Turnip seed is sown about the middle of July; some prefer sowing it in the first week in August, in which case the leaves are not so liable to injury from worms. Gardening commences early in May, and generally combines the different departments of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Hay-making begins in the latter end of July, and as the weather is commonly very dry at this time, it is attended with little trouble in curing. Potatoes and turnips are left undug until the middle or end of October; the first are generally ploughed up, except on new land, where the hoe alone is used. Parsnips may remain on the ground during winter, and are finer when dug up in spring than at any other period.

Milch cows, and such horses and cattle as require most care, are housed in November, but December is the usual month for housing cattle regularly. Sheep thrive better by being left out all winter; but they require to be fed, and it is necessary to have a shelter without a roof, to guard against the cold winds and snow drift. Black cattle are generally smaller than in England; a good ox will weigh from eight to nine hundred pounds, but the common run will not exceed six or seven hundred. The beef is usually very fine and tender. Sheep thrive remarkably well; but until lately very little care was observed in improving the breed. Swine seem to thrive here as well as in any country, and the pork brought to Charlotte Town by the farmers is probably equal in general to that met with in the Irish market. Little care is, however, taken of swine. The horses are, with few exceptions, small, but capable of performing long journeys, and enduring great fatigue with much spirit. The greater number of farmers, particularly the Highland Scotch, keep by far too many cattle for the quantity of provender they usually have to feed them with during winter. These people think if they can manage to carry their cattle through the winter, they are doing well; but the consequence is, that their cattle, especially milch cows, are in such lean condition in spring, that they are not in tolerable order till July. Various improvements are taking place by means of cattle shows, and exhibitions of agricultural produce, which have been established. It is also pleasing to observe the improvement in the mode of cultivating the land, which has spread over the colony during the last few years, and which may be attributed principally to the force of example set by a few of the old settlers, chiefly the loyalists and lowland Scotch, and by an acquisition of industrious and frugal settlers from Yorkshire in England, and from Dumfriesshire and Perthshire in Scotland.

The principal disadvantage connected with this island, and in fact the only one of importance, is the length of the winters, which renders it necessary to have a large store of hay for supporting live stock; and which also, from the abrupt opening of spring and summer, abridges the season for sowing and planting. These disadvantages are, however, felt with equal severity in Prussia, and over a great part of Germany, where the people employed in agricultural pursuits form the majority of the inhabitants. About a ton of straw for each, taking large and small together, is requisite to winter black cattle properly. The winter season has also many advantages—wood and firing poles are easily brought from the forests, over the smooth slippery roads made by the frosts and snows, and distances are shortened by the bays and rivers being frozen over. The ground is also considered to be fertilized by deep snow and frosts, and there are few farmers who consider the winter an impediment to agriculture, otherwise than the spring opening so suddenly upon them, and the astonishing quickness of vegetation, leaving them only five or six weeks for preparing the soil, and sowing and planting. When we consider, however, that the autumn and fall are much finer, and of longer duration, than in Europe, and the winter setting in generally much later, the former have, in reality, little cause to complain of seasons, as they have abundant time to plough all the grounds in the fall, which is, at the same time, known to be the most proper season for American tillage. The common plan of laying out farms in this colony is in lots, containing a hundred acres each, having a front of ten chains, either on the sea shore, a bay, river, or wood, and running one hundred chains back. This plan, from the farms being in strips, instead of square blocks, is often objected to; but it has many advantages, by giving a greater number of settlers the benefits of roads, shores, and running streams."

Mr Macgregor proceeds to give us an account of the mode of settling on new lands, and a variety of interesting particulars regarding the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island, but these details must form the subject of another article.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1831.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER.

THE changes effected both in the dress and manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and in the style of the city itself, since I last visited it in 1818, were to me most surprising and unexpected. Certainly the greatest portion of the imposing appearance of the Turks has been lost by the recent reform in their costume, which formerly was rich, elegant, and varied; but under this present Frank or European garb, they have become an ill-dressed, slovenly, nay, even in most cases, a ridiculously mean-looking race. The crimson stuffed cap, surmounted by a blue spread tassel, descends low on the eyebrows, and how deeply must its enemies sigh after the proud and fanciful turban! The younger and less respectable Turks who have adopted the new costume put on short round jackets with upright collars, buttoned to the chin, and, according to the season, wear very loose calico or woollen Cossack trousers. The older and more respectable classes make use of loose, long surtout coats, with stiff straight collars; waistcoats, loose trousers, and tie black shoes, complete the dress; and sometimes a dirty white neckcloth is tied uncomfortably about their throats. To conceal, however, this cruel abolition of a beautiful national dress, a military cloth cloak is worn by the Effendis, which conceals the horrors of their present habiliments. So altered are the gentry of the new costume, that I should say their next step would be to turn Christians. The European dress was never intended for a Mahomedan, or even an Asiatic.

It is astonishing the effect dress has on the habits of the human race. Thus the Turks became more dignified and slothful than by nature they were intended to have been, because they could neither manage on foot the arrangement of their heaps of clothes, nor walk with comfort in their slippers. Since the tails of their coats have been clipped, certainly they move about with more activity. The sword is much more rapid in the work of conversion than the tongue. The Sultan uses the former weapon without any remorse; and it must be confessed, after all, that the Turks are a dastardly people, easily intimidated, submissive, and cringing. This has become apparent since the destruction of the Janissaries. Military costume is the fashionable dress of the day, whilst all copying from the Sultan wear their beards of the same length as his, and pull their caps equally low over their foreheads. The national colour for the army is blue. I never saw a better-behaved body of men than the new troops, trained and regimented on the European principle; they are always ready to give assistance to foreigners when required.

The city of Constantinople is much improved by being kept very clean, by the erection of new bazaars, by the embellishment of the old ones, and by the guardianship of a very vigilant police. The streets are now free from all rubbish and offensive objects; no notice is taken of foreigners; and even European females, without the slightest change of costume, may walk through every part unmolested, and almost unobserved.

Last Friday we went to see the Sultan on his week-

ly visit to a mosque, to hear divine service. It was on the Pera side of the Bosphorus. About 5000 infantry, with a powerful band, were drawn out in one line from the entrance of the place of worship to receive him. They must have been part of a select corps, since the men were very well dressed, and remarkably good-looking, stout, and tall. They handled their arms well, and were steady. We were placed under the veranda of a coffee-house, close to which the Sultan passed. His Majesty was preceded by sixed horses, saddled and bridled in the European manner, with richly-embroidered shabracks; then came double files of mounted pages, dressed in various coloured jackets and white trousers, officers of the household, aides-de-camp, and other military attendants; and lastly, the favourite Meer Allace, or General of the Guards, Hoosain Pasha. To these succeeded the Sultan, immediately followed by a personal guard of infantry, composed of remarkably fine, handsome young men. He wore the scarlet military cap, embroidered round the sides, and surmounted by a rich gold tassel, the long bullion of which hung like a fringe over its crown. A cloak of sky-blue cloth, with straight embroidered collar, almost concealed his under-dress, a light cloth jacket, buttoned tight up to the chin, his gold-laced white kersermere trousers, and boots with spurs. On his left breast shone a most beautiful diamond star. His sabre and belt were European, as also his saddle and bridle. For a moment I could scarcely place faith in my sight, so changed was this haughty monarch "of the sea and earth," from what I had seen him some years back, moving in the full awfulness of Asiatic majesty. The waving plumes of the multitude of shatters, or running footmen, then screened him from the gaze of his subjects; he was borne on by his horse at a movement almost motionless, his eyes were fixed, countenance pale, gloomy, and most melancholy; and now I beheld the same powerful sovereign decked out in a flippant uniform, very similar to that of a light cavalry officer, with florid complexion, active, inquisitive gaze, and beard clipped almost to the chin. I must say, Sultan Mahmood seemed to enjoy his emancipation from all the thralldoms of pomp and ceremony. In about half an hour the Sultan returned, and every part of the procession was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. Though, I imagine, the Sultan must have moments of great uneasiness regarding his personal safety, he does not hesitate to move amongst the crowded streets, or apparently show occasions when attempts might be made on his life.

Persons who, by a long sojourn in Constantinople, have acquired a considerable and more than superficial knowledge of Turkish affairs, assert that the late changes and ameliorations, instead of retarding will accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman government. The spirit of the people has been broken, and both national and religious feelings humbled and outraged. It is an arduous undertaking for a monarch endowed even with great wisdom and resolution to reform a nation, particularly a nation professing the Mahomedan faith; yet I should say, that much has apparently been effected in Constantinople; and, judging superficially, we would deem it the capital of a prosperous and vigorous government. The public buildings are undergoing general repair, old edifices are removing to be erected anew, and everywhere there is a certain stir denoting activity. Yet these signs of improvements are only observable in Constantinople, whilst the provinces are oppressed, misruled, and absolutely defenceless. If the system pursued by the Sultan does not produce the results anticipated by many, even to the regeneration of his people, certainly the body of the nation has been relieved from the insolence and lawless habits of the Janissaries; and those predatory bands of horsemen, the Dehles and Hytees, no longer pillage and desolate the country. Criminals are now with facility seized and punished, and for years the Turkish empire has not been so tranquil, or so secure for foreigners, travellers, or merchants.—*United Service Journal.*

SCENERY AROUND JERUSALEM.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around Jerusalem (continues Carne, in his Letters from the East,) is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kedron; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed; it must have been very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed, but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare; no verdure grows on it, save five or six fine venerable olive trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated; you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening and solitary—for it is not often a footstep passes by—that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful hill. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Helena. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a very antique appearance, and it is a pleasing object in the valley; it is of a yellow stone, adorned

with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola. The tomb of Zecharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock.

The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south east corner of Mount Zion; they are both sprinkled with olive trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment, or of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and there the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Acladema, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying place. But the most interesting portion of this hill is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north vale; here the plain of Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighbourhood. Above half a mile from the wall is a ruined desolate building, adorned with a few trees, and said to be the tombs of the kings.

On a delightful evening, we rode to the wilderness of St John. The monastery of that name stands at the entrance; it is a good and spacious building, and its terrace enjoys a fine prospect, in which is the lofty hill of Modin, with the ruins of the palace of the Maccabees on its summit. A small village adjoins the convent, in which are shown the remains of the house of Elizabeth, where the meeting with Mary took place. The next morning we visited the wilderness; it is narrow, partially cultivated, and sprinkled with trees; the hills rise rather steep on each side; from that on the right, a small stream flows into the ravine below. The whole appearance of the place is romantic; and the prophet might have resided here, while exercising his ministry, with very little hardship. The neighbourhood still, no doubt, produces excellent honey, which is to be had throughout Palestine. High up the rocky side of the hill on the left, amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St John. A fountain gushes out close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains in Palestine, it is to be understood that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. From the east end of the wilderness you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goliath was slain by the champion of Israel. It is a pretty and interesting looking spot, the bottom covered with olive trees. Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills on which the armies stood entirely confining it to the right and left. The valley is not half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot; nature has stamped it with everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down; the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it. From the scenes of some of the battles and positions of armies in those times, it is difficult to account for the mighty numbers stated as having fought; where could they be drawn up? The rich and beautiful plain of Esdralon is the most spacious area in the country, and was the theatre of some battles; and the plain of Jericho is next in extent; but when we read that many hundreds of thousands of men fought around Mount Ephraim, and other scenes in this country, one is tempted to wonder how the confined valleys and open places one traverses could have contained them.

At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. The places within the walls of the city, which tradition would render sacred, are innumerable. Beneath the gate of Bethlehem is shown the spot where Bethsheba was bathing when the King beheld her from the roof of his palace, and the present tower of David is built on the site of the ancient edifice. A small distance within the gate of St Stephen that fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethesda; it is deep and dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and containing two or three trees. A wretched street leads from this to the governor's palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building of Roman architecture; it contains some good apartments, the windows of which command an excellent view of the Mosque of Omar and its large area. In the palace the monks point out the room where Christ was confined before his trial; and at a short distance is a dark and ruinous hall, shown as the judgment-hall of Pilate. A little farther on is the arch where the Redeemer stood, as his judge exclaimed, "Behold the man." You then proceed along the street where Christ bore his cross, in which, and in the street leading up to Calvary, are three places where, staggering under the weight, he fell. These are marked by three small pillars laid flat on the ground. Departing from Jerusalem, and after many dangers, we came in sight of the Dead Sea, whose waters cover the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. On reaching the brink of the precipices which hang over the Dead Sea, the dawn was just appearing; and in the grey and cold light, the lake was seen far beneath, stretched out to an interminable length, while the high mountains of Arabia Petraea opposite were shrouded in darkness. The descent of the heights was long and difficult, and ere we reached the bottom, the ruddy glare of morning was on the precipices over our heads. The line of shore at the bottom was about two hundred yards wide, and we hastened to the edge of the lake; but for several

yards from it, the foot sunk in a black mud, and its surface was everywhere covered with a grayish scurf, which we were obliged to remove before tasting it. There was not a breath of wind, and the waters lay like lead on the shore. Whoever has seen the Dead Sea, will ever after have its aspect impressed on his memory; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices, in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds. Its shores are not visited by any footsteps, save those of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous encrustation, which appears foreign to their substance; and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are occasionally seen flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found the black sulphureous stones out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates; and we observed encrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.

The mountains of the Judæan side are lower than those of the Arabian, and also of a lighter colour. Bitumen abounds most on the opposite shore. There is no outlet to the lake, though the Jordan flows into it, as did formerly the Kedron, and the Arnon to the south. It is not known that there has ever been any visible increase or decrease of its waters. Some have supposed that it finds a subterraneous passage to the Mediterranean, or that there is a considerable suction in the plain which forms its western boundary. But this plain, confined by the opposite mountains, is partially cultivated, and produces trees, and a rude pasture used by the camels of the Bedouins, although in some parts sandy. It has never been navigated since the cities were engulfed; and it is strange that no traveller should have thought of launching a boat to explore it, the only way that promises any success. Some stunted shrubs and patches of grass, a mere mockery of verdure, were scattered on the withered soil near the rocks. The golden and treacherous apples

That turn to ashes on the lips,

will be sought for in vain, as well as the fish in the lake, which have been also asserted to exist. The length of the Dead Sea is probably about sixty miles, and the general breadth eight. The sun had now risen above the eastern barrier of mountains, and shone full in the bosom of the lake, which had the appearance of a plain of burnished gold. But the sadness of the grave was on it, and around it, and the silence also. However vivid the feelings are on arriving on its shores, they subside after a time into languor and uneasiness, and you long, if it were possible, to see a tempest wake on its bosom, to give sound and life to the scene. The passage over the wilderness of Ziph had given us a more complete and intimate view of the lake than the usual route to Jericho, which conducts only to its commencement, at the embouchure of the Jordan. We had now to walk to its extremity along the shores, and over the plain to Jericho, in a sultry day; and we took a last look of this famous spot, to which earth can furnish no parallel. The precipices around Sinai are savage and shelterless, but not like these, which look as if the finger of an avenging God had passed over their blasted fronts and recesses, and the deep at their foot, and caused them to remain for ever as when they first covered the guilty cities.

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

The more that animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength, and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples. There are several instances on record of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, sailed nearly 4000 miles in an open boat, with occasionally a single small bird, not many ounces in weight, for the daily sustenance of 17 people; and it is even alleged, that 14 men and women of the *Juno*, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived 23 days without any food. Two people first died of want on the fifth day. In the opinion of Rhedi, animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat lived 10 days without food, an antelope 20, and a very large wild cat also 20; an eagle survived 28 days, a badger one month, and several dogs 36 days. In the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences there is an account of a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country-house, existed for 40 days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a mattress which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten. Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another large spider, equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after 14 months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for 18 months; and Baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for 3 years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr Shaw gives an account of two serpents which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.—*Encyc. Brit., new edit.*

Column for Young Women.

Of in the pleasant villages of France,
Some high-born lady crowns the rustic maid
With floral emblems of her modest worth.

It must never be forgotten by young women that mental improvement should be always conducive to moral advancement. Piety, integrity, fortitude, charity, obedience, consideration, sincerity, prudence, activity, and cheerfulness, may be presumed to define those moral properties called for in the daily and habitual deportment of young females, whether in higher or lower stations of life. The chief of these virtues is piety; but while the juvenile heart glows with devotion to the Creator, it must be taught that there are many earthly duties to be performed in the business of life, and prudence will point out that the exercise of these is not incompatible with genuine religious feeling. Piety forms a solid basis whereon to rear a superstructure of human affections and human action; and when properly indulged in, it will not interfere with the necessary and virtuous pursuits of the world. It is one of the greatest errors which a young woman can commit, when she imagines that she will fall under the anger of the Almighty by attending to the ordinary duties of life. This is the perversion of true religion, and there have been many melancholy examples of its mischievous character. I once heard of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the country, who, from mistaken motives on this score, or allowing her mind to go into a diseased state, became affected with a religious madness, if it may be so called; she spent not only whole hours but whole days on her knees in the exercise of prayer; she gave up all attention to her domestic duties; would not enter into conversation or see any company, and almost broke the heart of a fond parent. No advice nor admonition could turn the current of her feelings; she gradually pined away in her health and personal appearance, and it was obvious that she was not long for this world. While in this dismal condition, it happened that a certain clergyman called upon her father, and remarked with pain the altered aspect of his daughter; on hearing the reason, he endeavoured to show to her the impropriety of her behaviour, and how ill it accorded with that dutiful devotion to God pointed out by the tenets of our faith. Yet all would not do; the lady was obstinate. Before leaving the house, the clergyman, who was a poet as well as a divine, and is well known in the South of Scotland for the exceeding beneficence of his character, and the kindness of his manners, conveyed to her the following lines applicable to her case:—

THE PIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

Why, lovely maid, thus waste thy blooming prime,
Of earth regardless and the things of Time?
Thou may'st become an inmate of the skies,
Without dissolving Nature's tender ties;
The gracious Power who rules o'er heaven and earth
Is not the foe of youthful, harmless mirth;
And though He bids thee think on things above,
Forbids thee not to own an earthly love;
All sentient creatures happy are and gay,
In the mild morning of life's little day,
And seldom scorn to bless the cheerful light,
Thro' apprehension of the coming night;
Though Christ demands an undivided heart,
Yet kindred beings justly claim a part:
Thus heavenly objects may thy thoughts employ,
In harmony with Friendship, Love, and Joy.

It is satisfactory to add, that these simple lines had the beneficial effect of awakening the lady to a sense of her folly; and their insertion here may possibly have a similar result in cases to which they bear a reference.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A recent writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person in these words:—"Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rough, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheek, imitable by art. Ingenious candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card-playing, as well as novel-reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect, the second is the mother of wrinkles, and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and a sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house, and twirling the distaff."

A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful is it (says D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*), when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Badaeus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations: the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons. Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Badaeus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Badaeus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represents himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was philosophy, who produced books. The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same pas-

sion in her own breast as animated her husband's, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, "her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applause I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured."

MUSIC.

The study of the piano-forte, which comprises, within the compass of a single pair of hands, as much of harmony as is necessary to enjoyment, offers the greatest facilities to the improvement of the musical mind; and the amateur, who has accomplished sufficient variety of mechanical difficulty to play with freedom and ease, will find it more pleasing to extend her studies into the styles of masters, than to prosecute her practice on the piano-forte to a very high degree of perfection.—*Young Lady's Book.*

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From Poems by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American Poet.)

AN Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:—
"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.
"It was a weary, weary road,
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.
"Twas I the broidered moccasin made,
That shod thee for that distant land;
Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still, cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.
"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.
"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.
"Yet oft thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away.
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.
"And thou, by one of those still lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me has made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.
"And thou dost wait the watch and meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

BISHOP LEIGHTON.

This amiable personage, who was once Bishop of Dunkeld, in the reign of Charles II., was exceedingly charitable. One day as he was taking exercise in a secluded walk near the town, the widow of a poor clergyman, to whose support, and that of her children, his lordship had liberally contributed, broke in upon his solitude, and for a very strange reason. The good woman had been led to suppose that the real cause of the bishop's beneficence was a desire to make himself agreeable to her. Accordingly, when he asked eagerly after her children, under the impression that her intrusion arose from sudden distress on their part, she replied that they were all well, but she had been unable to rest till she disclosed to his lordship a remarkable revelation which had been made to her. "A revelation to you!" exclaimed the astonished dignitary. "Yes, my lord," said the woman; "it was revealed to me that your lordship and I are about to be married." "Indeed!" cried Leighton, "no such revelation, however, has yet been made to me: and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it is revealed to both parties."

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

"We were dispatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our army advanced upon Washington; and, consequently, we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night."

We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed a house, from the parlour of which we had filched a mahogany table for our berth; we therefore got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore, and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess—to which high situation I had been lately appointed—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging as a reason, that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the table, as that night he was to be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper, of which, however, he would not partake, but, opening his desk, he made all his oldest friends a trifling present: to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, "I have nothing to send home; but my death will be severely felt there." We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which however neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men, to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid anything like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies (the frigate being placed within about pistol-shot of the shore), instead of using the boatswain's-mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the *Nautilus*, I believe, in the Havannah) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead; thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching. That morning Sir Peter Parker (the captain), in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make remarks upon the rigging at the mizen-top-gallant-mast head, let his laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, "I much fear my head will follow this evening." From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved: he prepared his will with the purser; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid-de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig. All the boats left the ship at the same moment, and, with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the landing-place. When the gig's keel grated on the sand, and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy; but, instead of walking over the gang-board, he stepped over-board alongside in the water, and walked on shore. The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving necessary orders, diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared as animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. Sir Peter Parker mounted a steed, and, turning round to his army, gave the word, "Battalion, advance!" Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed to the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands; he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage; but now his voice failed, and he fell in my arms—a back shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. "We sent on shore a flag of truce in the morning. The Americans were aware they had killed the Captain; for they produced his shoe, which had fallen from his foot. They likewise mentioned the death of poor Sands; a grape-shot struck him just above the heart."—*From the Life of a Sailor, in the Metropolitan for April.*

EFFECT OF MUSIC.

Major Denham, when in Africa, exhibited a musical snuff-box to the Sheikh of Bornou, who was greatly astonished, and exclaimed several times, "Wonderful, wonderful!" His feelings were completely overcome by the sweetness of a popular Swiss air. He covered his face with his hand, and remained silent; and a man near him breaking the charm with a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow, which made all his followers tremble. He asked "If one twice as large would not be better." The reply was, "Yes, but it would be twice as dear." He exclaimed, "It would be cheap if it cost a thousand dollars."

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.—*Arnott's Physics.*

PHENOMENON AT ST HELENA.

IN the year 1821 I was a midshipman in his Majesty's ship *Vigo*, guardship at St Helena, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, and commanded by Captain Thomas Brown, during the latter period of Napoleon's exile. I had charge of an excellent establishment on shore, called the stock-yard, for keeping a supply of fat cattle for the squadron after the arrival of the animals from the Cape, lank and lean. My party of men always slept on board, landing the next morning at day-light. It was in the early part of May, a month rendered remarkable by the death of the Great Chainman, which took place on the 5th day, that we were pulling in as usual in the launch, with several working-parties on board, but observing that the surf was too violent for the large boat filled with men to attempt a landing, we tried to accomplish it by a few at a time in the jolly-boat. A small number, including myself, got on shore in this manner. Shortly after, I was engaged in conversation with an officer of the Honourable Company's ship *Ganges*, surrounded by native women, some children, and Lascars, when I felt myself forcibly pulled by the arm, and heard a person exclaim—"Look at the horizon, run, save yourself, we shall all be lost!" I did look, and the sight I shall never cease to remember, it was so frightfully grand. On the horizon, from the north-west, appeared an immense undulation, or swell, resembling a bank of water rolling majestically in, directly in the wind's eye.—Whether it was my anxiety for the boats, or that astonishment had paralysed me, I cannot tell, but I felt rivetted to the spot alone, and before I could attempt to save myself, as others did by climbing the rocks, I was whirled along with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of this dark wave. Almost in an instant I experienced a violent shock, which stunned me for a few moments; on recovering the perfect use of my senses, I found myself in the armourers' cave, with the forge lying across my thigh. To this circumstance I must draw attention, as, by its weight keeping me from going into the sea as the water receded, and from being dashed against the rocks, to it I owe my preservation. Near me were lying two Lascars; one was split up the middle, the other's skull was beat to pieces—both were dead. Fearing a return of the surf, as the sea usually rolls in quickly twice, and then comes with a redoubled violence, I made the best use of my lungs; the carpenter fortunately heard my cries and rescued me. My clothes were torn to shreds, my ears, eyes, and nose filled with ashes and blood; but with the exception of a few contusions, and lacerated hands, I was otherwise unhurt. One woman was drowned, and several men and children were picked up by the boats. This first swell that I have mentioned was the prelude of a gigantic surf, which lasted three days. This phenomenon (as nothing like it had ever taken place in the memory of the oldest inhabitants) was attributed to an earthquake. We had only telegraphic communication with the ship while it lasted. The fortifications were much injured in front of St James Town; huge rocks were torn up and tossed into our little bathing-place to the left of the landing; the guard-house was abandoned, the sea reaching the upper windows; the ships were rode with sails aback to keep them astern of their anchors; and, while it lasted, to see the mass of water burst upon the cliffs, as if to shake the island from its foundation, was the grandest sight I ever beheld. There may be some who would connect such a singular occurrence with the last days of the expiring Emperor. Croly, if I recollect right, in his finely written history of George the Fourth, speaks of his soul taking its flight amidst the noise of the tempest and roar of the surf, comparing it to the crash of a battle and armies meeting.—*United Service Journal*.

FIGHTS OF WILD BEASTS.

CAPTAIN MUNDY, in his work on India, presents us with the following interesting account of certain fights of wild beasts at Delhi:—

"His majesty, before he retired, informed the commander in chief that he had given orders for the wild-beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the noble spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace, in the park in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope-net-work. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy, foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuyé* against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures, even single-handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaunders. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe

it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace. A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard-gate, where he capsize a palanquin, which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports. A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely, but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist. On our return from the beast-fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace; and the white tablecloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their hookahs. Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong network for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself over-matched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat; he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but shewed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild-beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed. Before the party left the palace, his majesty took a great fancy to a hookah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle; and the king was so smitten with the novel invention, that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana. In the evening a Piedmontese conjuror, in the pay of the nawab, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an Eastern despot."

ODDS AND ENDS.

'Tis here all meet.—BLAIR.

A FIRST-RATE anchor weighs about three tons, employs twenty men for forty days in making, and costs £400.—The celebrated Dr Cullen was born at Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1710.—The milk of the whale produces cream much richer than that of the cow, and a joint-stock company to establish a whale-cheese manufactory at Spitzbergen or the North Pole would certainly be a capital speculation.—Children may be hanged in England at twelve years of age, and married in Scotland at fourteen.—The people of Hampshire singe the bristles off their pigs instead of scalding them, and in this lies the secret of the excellence of the Hampshire hams.—While Columbus was engaged in discovering America, Henry VII. of England, and James IV. of Scotland, were entering into a treaty, which ultimately led to the union of the two kingdoms.—It was in the town of Dumfries that Kean first gave an earnest of that professional eminence to which he afterwards attained.—The last three Dukes of Athol planted altogether upwards of fourteen millions of larch and other trees.—The eagle which the Americans have chosen for the emblem of their nation is described by Audubon to be an exceedingly mean and cowardly animal, and Franklin laments that such a bird should have been selected for so honourable a purpose. It is thirteen hundred years since the first house in Edinburgh was built; Glasgow is of an equal antiquity.—Mrs Jordan was an Irishwoman, and was born in the neighbourhood of Waterford, about the year 1762.—At the time when Addison was writing the Spectator, the Scotch were burning witches.—At the period that the peasantry of England were burning thrashing mills, those in Scotland were establishing scientific and literary associations.—Upwards of forty-three millions of quarters of corn were imported into Great Britain in 1831.—The origi-

nal name of Paul Jones was John Paul.—"At the Cape of Good Hope," says a traveller, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably large tails."—Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, was a slave, and fought at the battle of Lepanto.—Corns may be effectually extirpated by placing on them the scrapings of chalk mixed with vinegar.—The distance from the Land's End to Charlotte Town in Prince Edward Island is 2280 miles.—Madden mentions that the walls of Constantinople could not endure a siege of six hours.—If milk be put into vessels lined with or formed of zinc, a much greater quantity of cream will be raised than in common vessels, and the butter will be of a finer quality; why is this not practised?—Bordeaux is situated on the navigable river Garonne, about 75 miles from its mouth, and has a population of 100,000 inhabitants.—Sobieski saved Christendom from the Mahomedans about the time that Claverhouse and Balfour were fighting the battle of Drumclog.—The chief products of Owhyee are arrow-root and cocoa nut oil.—There is not a protestant place of worship in Ireland in which the native Irish tongue is preached.—All the copies of Tacitus are copied from a single manuscript, discovered in a monastery in Westphalia.—Hyder Ali died in 1782.—The population of the United Kingdom in 1831 was 24,266,989, being an increase of 14½ per cent. since 1821.—Erasmus composed in a post-chaise.—The offices in London calculate upon one alarm of fire every day, and about thirty-two serious fires every year.—There is a superstition in the west of Scotland that the earth of the parish of Rosneath kills rats, and none of these animals can live in the district.—A west India proprietor once imported a ship-load of this earth to clear his plantations of that species of vermin, but the experiment is said to have failed.—The sum of thirteen-pence half-penny is called *hangman's wages*, because the fee of the executioner used to be a Scottish merk, or thirteen pence and the third of a penny.—Auctions were first introduced into England in the year 1700.—In Spain, in the year 1826, there were 1233 men committed for murder, 1773 for attempts to commit murder, and 1620 for robbery.—The annual export of paving stones from Arbroath, a seaport in the east coast of Scotland, is from 400,000 to 500,000 superficial feet.—In the year 1565, Mary Queen of Scots sent a boy from Edinburgh to Musselburgh on an errand to the magistrates, and the fee she paid him was a Scots shilling, or a penny sterling.—The scenting matter called musk is found in a small bag under the belly of a species of deer inhabiting the alpine mountains of the east of Asia.—The palace of the Tuilleries, in Paris, takes its name from a tile work once situated on the spot.—Handel was blind for eight years before his death.—When you buy a horse, avoid those having flat feet and low heels.—The city of Pompeii was overwhelmed with showers of lava, or ashes, from Vesuvius, in the month of August, in the year 79, and remained buried for 1676 years.—In the state of New York 237 different newspapers are published.—The humorous production, *Monsieur Tonson*, was written by a Mr Taylor, a gentleman of the press in London, now deceased.—If Lander and his companions, with their flat-bottomed steamer, reach in safety the quay of Timbuctoo, the natives may look for the arrival of guns, turnips, whisky, acts of Parliament, and the small pox, in about three years thereafter.—Ben Nevis rises 4370 feet above the level of the sea.—

"Frenchmen are mostly born in France,—

Mousetraps are not county jails,—

Turkeys are seldom made to dance,—

They don't stuff geese with copper nails."

PRIVILEGES OF THE KING'S SMITH.

One of our historians observes that, immediately preceding the Conquest, the art of working in iron and steel had arisen to such a state of improvement, that even the horses of some of the chief knights and barons were covered with steel and iron armour. Artificers who wrought in iron were so highly regarded in those warlike times, that every military officer had his smith, who constantly attended his person, to keep his arms and armour in order. The chief smith was an officer of considerable dignity in the court of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh kings, where he enjoyed many privileges, and his wergeld was much higher than that of any other artificer. In the Welsh court, the king's smith sat next to the domestic chaplain, and was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor that was brought into the hall—a privilege which many artificers of his class in our own day will not be disposed to make light of.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia*.

Mr Chambers has much pleasure in announcing that the weekly impression of the Journal, in Edinburgh and London, now amounts to FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES. As the reprinting of the early numbers has hitherto been a most serious drawback on the paper, operations are now in progress to stereotype every number as it occurs, by which means sets of the Journal may at all times be obtained. The stereotyping process will take place in Edinburgh, and as duplicates of the plates will be transmitted weekly by mail to London, and there, by means of steam-presses, subjected to an impression of twenty thousand or more copies in a few hours after their arrival, the art of printing, in this humble periodical, will have secured a triumph altogether unparalleled in this or any other country.

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CONFESSORS.

It is a very general impression, that the system of auricular confession was given up at the Reformation. Such is by no means the case: every man and mother's son in the country still keeps his *confessor*. By this epithet, it may be guessed, I mean that chief and most particular friend whom every man keeps about him—who stands his best man when he is married, and becomes his second when he fights a duel—his double, in short, or second self—a creature whom you almost always find with him when you call, and who either walks under his arm in the street, or is found waiting for him while he steps into some neighbouring shop, or, as the case may happen, is waited for by him.

I make bold to say, there is not a trader any where who does not keep his confessor. The creature haunts the shop, till he almost seems the Genius of the Place, to the grievous prepossession of newspapers, and, what is more intolerable still, to the exclusive occupation of the ear of the worthy shopkeeper himself. The evening is the grand revel-time for confessors of this genus. Between eight and nine, you see them gathering to the shops of their respective victims, like fowls to roost. As you pass about nine, you observe, on looking in, that the discipline and rigour of shop-life has dissolved. Master, men, and boys, feel the approach of the moment of emancipation, with a peculiar salience of thought, alternating with a deep and tranquil delight. The confessor reigns in the spirit of this glorious hour, and his laugh, and his joke, and his news, and his proffered pinch, are listened to, repeated, and partaken of by his devotee, with a pleasure of the keenest nature, and ominous, you may make sure, of oysters and gin punch on the way home.

In some shops, confessors cluster like grapes over a vintner's door. They block up the way of custom; and it is evident, in many cases, that the devotee would rather lose the chance of a penny from a customer, by omitting opportunities of attack, temptation, and inveiglement, than lose the joke that is passing in the merry circle of his confessors, which his ear drinks in as a precious *aside*, while he only can spare a mere fragment of his attention—a corner of one auditory organ—the front shop of his mind—to the real business before him. In some shops confessors get no encouragement before dinner. The broad eye of garish day, in those fastidious establishments, could no more endure such a walking personification of idle gossip, than a ball-room, at high twelve, could tolerate the intrusion of a man in a short coat, with a pen stuck in his ear. But this is by no means the general case; and even in some instances where the front shop will not admit of such an appendage, ten to one, but, if the premises were well ransacked, you would find a specimen of the class snug in some out-of-the-way corner, filling up the greater part of his time with a newspaper, but every now and then resorted to by his votary, in the intervals of actual employment, like an Egeria receiving the visits of a Numa, and no doubt administering equally precious counsel.

The more common position of a shopkeeper's confessor is a chair opposite the door, whence he may command a view of all that passes in the street, with a full front inspection of every individual that makes bold to enter. Into this chair the confessor invariably glides as a matter of course. There he sits down, and, throwing one limb over the other, considers himself entitled to inflict his company upon the unhappy shopkeeper for any length of time. He notices, as if he were not noticing, all that goes on in the premises. Not an order is given for goods, not a payment made, or a pennyworth sold, but it is seen, and very likely made the subject of after comment. It is of no consequence to the confessor what description of customers enter the place. Were a princess of the blood to come in, he would keep his seat and his countenance equally unmoved, and a whole band of ladies, driven in to escape a shower of rain, will not stir him from the chair, to which he seems nailed, like the marble prince of the Black Islands, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The customers very naturally feel disinclined to patronise a shop which is thus, as it were, haunted by an evil spirit. Oh, how I do hate to enter that shop of Mr Such-a-thing, says one young lady to another, for every thing you do or say is noticed by that odious person who is always lounging there. And in this manner Mr Such-a-thing loses his business, almost without the

possibility of recalling it. He longs to discover a means of disposing of the confessor, but he finds a great difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. He is disinclined to be churlish to a person to whom he has confessed himself for years. Still he makes an effort. He grows cool in his civility, and makes a point of being always busy on his arrival. Perhaps he has the good luck, at length, to shake off this pest of his premises; but it is more than probable that he submits to the terrific infliction for life, his confessor only leaving him when he is fairly in his grave. I once knew a dreadful case of confessorship, in which the shopkeeper had the hardihood to expel his visitant, and by a plan so ingenious, that I think it worth while to advert to it. The shop contained four chairs, including the confessional, which stood opposite the door. One day when the confessor arrived, and, as usual, proceeded to his seat, he was a little surprised in remarking that it was filled to a pretty good height with parcels of some kind or other. But as this appeared naturally enough to be caused by a press in the stock of goods, no observation took place regarding it, and another chair was selected. However, next day when he again appeared, another chair was found covered up in a similar manner. The following day, he even found a third filled with parcels; and on the fourth day the whole were thus engaged. The confessor now saw that a conspiracy had been formed to destroy his functions, and to expel him from his ancient settlements. Like the unhappy antediluvians, who, as the flood arose, were driven from one spot of earth to another, and at last did not find a dry piece of ground whereon to rest their foot, so the unhappy confessor had been driven from chair to chair, till at last he could not discover a place whereon he could plant himself. A pang of vexation shot through his heart; a gleam of mingled shame and indignation passed over his countenance; and, with a last look of despair, he burst from the shop, and "ne'er was heard of more."

It must be allowed that some men do not stand so much in need of confessors, or do not indulge so much in them, as others; but, upon the whole, it may be taken as a general rule, that no man can altogether do without such an *official*. In the fair on-going business of life, one acts *suo more solito*, according to one's regular custom of trade, or by the common rules of the world. But occasions occur, where common practice does not furnish a rule. You are in love, and wish to interest a friend in your passion; you are about to marry, and require information about arrangements, and also some one to stand beside you, and pull off your glove, preparatory to the ceremony; you have a quarrel, and need a third party to tell you that you are in the right; you are about to enter into some commercial or other enterprise a little beyond your usual depth, and find it necessary to fortify your resolution by the sanction of a friend; or you write a poem or novel, and require to have somebody to read the manuscript, and tell you that it is sure of success. In all these cases, the confessor is indispensable. *Without him*, you would be crossed in love; get stranded in the straits of matrimony; permit yourself, after giving offence and insult, to let off the object of it with impunity for his remonstrance; break down in your new business scheme; and let your manuscript waste its sweetness on the desert scrutoire. But *with him*, all goes smooth.

Upon the whole, it is better that one's confessor should be a little poorer, as well as a little more plausible in speech, than one's self: he ought to be a man to whom meat and drink are things of some account—a broken-down Scotch licentiate—an author who has published respectable books which have never sold; in short, some idle, poor, servile individual, to whom it is of the last importance to get a good grazing ground in the back premises of a substantial trader, upon whom he may revenge that partiality of fortune, which decrees all the real comforts of life to the mercantile and common-place, while the real "clever fellows" starve.

But, after all, it must be allowed that there is a great deal of confessorship in the world, independent of a regard to cake and pudding. It is in many cases simply a fascination exerted over one mind by another; in others, the result of that very common failing, the want of confidence in one's own resources. Young men—by which I mean men in the mason-lodge time of life, say between twenty and five and

twenty—are most apt to indulge in confession. *They* think friends all in all, and for friends would give up every thing. All business and duty is to them an episode, only consented to because it is unavoidable; while the enjoyment of the countenance of their friends seems the main and true concern of life. Then are the joys of confession truly relished. Then does the vampire confessor suck deepest into the vitals of his devotee. Happy delusion—sweet morning dream—alas! too certain to wake to the conviction that it is "but a dream!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

THE institutions which have been established in different quarters of the empire, for the purpose of manufacturing and disseminating paper notes as the representatives of solid property or coin, are of that peculiar and interesting description which may well serve to excite the inquiry of those who are entering on the busy scene of a mercantile life. Establishments with designs of this nature have been formed, chiefly since the development of the national energies at the revolution of 1688, over the united kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland; but it may be impartially stated, that it is only in Scotland that banking has been carried to the height of its perfection, and erected on a basis of the most absolute security. Why the English and the Irish have failed in perfecting their systems of paper money, we need not stop to inquire with minuteness. Perhaps it has been owing to the habits and character of the people, perhaps to the comparative extensiveness of their country, or perhaps to the existence of legislative enactments injurious to a perfect and salutary freedom of trade.

Most of the peculiar institutions of the Scotch have been produced from the force of particular circumstances; and it is very possible that they have sometimes succeeded in the ends of their establishment, when the same result would not follow their erection in many other territories. The nature and limited extent of the country, the reflective habits of the people, and the long impoverished condition of the nation, have given a decided turn to the modes of action of the inhabitants. In the absence of real wealth, they have been driven to various expedients to keep on a level with their neighbours; and to this cause alone may we attribute, in a great measure, their success in processes of banking. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the measures which have been judiciously resorted to for the purpose of accomplishing a thorough paper currency in Scotland, may be adopted with propriety by other nations; but before they attempt to do so, I would recommend a patient investigation into some other accessory institutions in the country—for instance, the law of attaching heritable property for debt, and the practice of public registration, which contribute in an extraordinary degree to give strength and stability to our system of paper currency.

It has been established as a principle in poeconomy, that money, or coin, is not in itself w. It is only the representative of a commodity w from its bulk, cannot be carried about, or of the wages of labour. The real wealth of a nation is the amount of its improved lands, the produce of its agriculture, its manufactured goods, and its industrious habits. If it want the latter, it will soon go to utter poverty, whatever be the quantity of coin it happens to have. At the revolution of 1688, or thereabouts, Scotland was much in the condition of a newly-discovered country. It had lands, but they were not improved, and consequently of little use; it had very little produce of any kind; and its people were by no means industrious in their habits. At that period they were of a slothful speculative turn of mind; yet they did not want a number of persons among them who were endowed with the most patriotic motives, and who volunteered to rouse and direct the dormant energies of the country. But nothing could be done without money, or its representative. To plough the fields and drain the morasses, it was necessary to pay those employed in the task. The landlord of 1000 or 10,000 acres of hill and dale said, I am anxious to bring my lands into cultivation, and to make them produce crops of corn, but I have no horses, nor machinery, not houses for labourers, and, to tell the truth, I have enough ado to keep my own family in food and cloth-

ing. However, he continued, if I could get credit for some ploughs, harrows, horses, and other essentials for carrying on some improvements, I would begin to clear my lands immediately, and I would certainly pay back what I had got, at the end of one or two years; for before that time I would have raised a considerable produce from the ground. This was the outcry of nearly all the landed proprietors in Scotland. They wanted credit. It may be asked, why did they not purchase what they wanted on credit? The reason of this was, that the makers of ploughs and other machinery, and the dealers in different kinds of goods, were as poor as themselves, and could not afford to give away the articles on the faith of a future payment. The thing now to be desired was promissory notes, which, by being given by the landlords to the manufacturers and people they employed, these again could give them to the people they employed, and so on and on through a variety of hands. But as the issuing of promissory notes by private gentlemen could serve little purpose, as the issuers could not be very widely known or trusted, a necessity arose for establishing a national bank, or an institution empowered to manufacture and lend notes on a great scale, and the payment of which would be guaranteed by a large body of individuals, each of considerable wealth, and each a depositor of so much coin, to lie in the bank, in order to pay the notes that chanced to come back to the establishment. The notes to be put forth, it will be seen by my young readers, were thus to bear a double character: they were to be the convenient representatives of credit, as well as the representatives of solid property, pledged by the large body of individuals who originated the bank. Such being the principle on which Scottish banking originated, and such being still its prominent characteristic, I proceed to state when and how the first bank was established.

The project of a bank to effect the purposes just alluded to, was hailed with acclamation by the most patriotic landowners and citizens; and in 1695, the scheme of its constitution being submitted to King William and the Scottish Parliament, it was sanctioned by both, and the bank was instituted by a charter of incorporation, under the designation of the BANK OF SCOTLAND. The capital of the bank (or the money to be paid in to meet the payment of notes when they came back) was named at L.1,200,000 Scots, or L.100,000 sterling, which would be reckoned a very small sum in modern times. The amount was raised by shares differing in extent, from L.1000 Scots, or L.83, 6s. 8d. sterling, to L.20,000 Scots. In 1774, the amount of stock was extended to L.200,000 sterling; and now it is a million and a half sterling. The shares still remain at L.83, 6s. 8d.

The establishment of the Bank of Scotland was of great service to the nation; the landholders borrowing notes and bringing the country into cultivation, and a spur being by that means given to various branches of manufactures. The Bank of Scotland continued to be the only bank in the country till the year 1727, when a new and similar establishment was constituted, under the title of the ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND. These two establishments engrossed all the respectable banking business in the country till the year 1746, when a new association was formed, and incorporated by royal charter, with the title of the BRITISH LINEN COMPANY. The peculiarity in the designation of this banking-house deserves a word of explanation. Hitherto the manufactures of Scotland, though partially developed by the above banks, remained in a very backward condition, and in an especial manner the manufacture of linens, for which the country was well adapted. In order to encourage the manufacture of linen, a number of individuals were incorporated under the aforementioned title, with power to raise a capital by shares, to the extent of L.100,000. The company itself did not take a part in the manufacturing of cloth; it only promoted it among others, through the aid of loans. Its salutary advances in this way soon wrought a great change among the working classes, and powerfully assisted to raise the character of Scottish linens to that pitch they have now acquired. The company gradually fell into the course of common banking business, and now occupies a high station among these institutions. From L.100,000, the capital of this bank has been raised to L.500,000, where it has long remained stationary. By very adroit management, it carries on a very great deal of business, and possesses as high credit as any bank in Scotland. It is understood to have been exceedingly fortunate in purchasing government stock at very fortunate periods. For many years its stock has been of a much higher value than that of any other company in the kingdom.

These are allowed to take precedence of others erected in the subsequent part of last, and in the present century, either in Edinburgh or in the provinces. Of the other banks, there are two kinds: one constituted by an extensive copartnership of shareholders, on the principles of joint-stock companies; and another, composed of only a few wealthy partners. Among these, the bank of Sir William Forbes and Company stands prominent for its age and respectability. Of the former description, there are at present upwards of thirty; and of the latter, there are five. All the banks issue notes, with the exception of three of the last named, which act more as bill-broking institutions than banking-houses.

The constitution and internal arrangements of the different Scottish banks are by no means alike; yet in general features they are the same, and in many

cases the only difference lies in the official designations of the functionaries.

The number of partners in these institutions is various, and depends generally on the price of the shares, or the amount paid in upon them. It sometimes occurs, that a provision is made that one person shall hold only a limited number of shares, and the votes of holders are regulated by a graduated scale. It is very difficult to say what may be the exact number of shareholders in any of the banks, as it must vary continually by the transfer of stock from one to many hands, or the reverse. It may give an idea of the number, however, when I state, that some time ago there were 1238 partners in the National Bank—500 in the Commercial Bank—446 in the Aberdeen Town and County Bank—and that in three of the remaining banks, the number exceeded 100—in six it varied from 20 to 100—and in seventeen was below 20.

It seems to have been a principle in Scottish banking from the very first, to institute shares of a certain amount, and only to call up portions of the same as is felt to be necessary or convenient. In the Bank of Scotland, and the other two first-mentioned banks, the whole amount of the shares is paid up. But this is far from being the case with most others. With respect to the Commercial Bank, in which the nominal value of the shares is L.500, a fifth part, or L.100 per share, is paid in; and of the National Bank shares of L.100 each, L.10 is only paid. The amount of paid-in capital, in general, bears no feasible proportion to the nominal capital. It hence follows that, but for subsidiary checks, a danger would ensue of lowering the respectability of the holders of shares.

In the greater proportion of Scottish banking institutions, the shares have risen much beyond par. The original holders of stock, therefore, or their successors by inheritance, draw large profits from their shares; and in many instances they gain from seven to nine per cent. on their sunk capital. When shares have been acquired by purchase in recent times, the percentage, by reason of the heavy premiums paid, may be stated at about three and a half per cent. or thereabout. The amount of premium paid in purchasing shares has been known to be immense. In 1825, when the mania for holding shares in companies was at its height, the L.100 shares of the British Linen Company sold for no less than L.325—the L.83, 6s. 8d. shares of the Bank of Scotland for L.240—the L.100 (paid in) shares of the Commercial Bank for L.227—and the L.100 shares of the Royal Bank for L.235.

Dividends of the profits of Scottish banks are paid twice a year, after public advertisement has been made. But besides these half-yearly per centages, the partners or shareholders in most banks receive bonuses at intervals of from seven to ten years, generally to the amount of from L.10 to L.20 per share. Such monies are raised by the accumulation of a sinking fund, laid apart after the interest or per centage has been declared annually, in order to meet runs, should such occur; and as it is rarely that these funds are acted upon, they are of course dissipated either in whole or in part at approved periods.

No shareholder in any bank can dispose of his stock until it has been first offered to the bank in its corporate capacity, as represented by its trustees. The broker employed to sell shares must in all cases primarily offer them to the bank, and if it do not accept of them at the market price, the broker is told that he may dispose of them otherwise, which, when he does, the transfer is not complete until the name of the new owner is registered in the bank books. The real use of a provision of this nature, is for the sake of security against injury by the seller. To make this sufficiently understood, it has to be explained, that it is customary, in forming new banks in Scotland, to offer subscribers for shares a liberty of a half or third of the capital they pay in.

It is extremely probable that many are led to buy shares in banking institutions who could not well spare the whole price for any length of time; but it has the effect of procuring at once a number of good customers, who take care to keep the notes which are produced in circulation. Besides, the bank never can lose by lending these people money, because it has their paid-in stock in security, and, on this account, when they wish to sell out, by being made aware of their intention, it can thereby refuse to permit the sale till all debts which may be due are paid to the establishment. Before the licence is given to sell, all their accounts must be balanced, and every bill they have had negotiated by the bank, as drawers, acceptors, or indorsers, must be honoured.

The business done by the Scottish banking-houses is prodigiously increased by the institution of branches in the provincial and country towns. From those banks already noticed, which are situated in Edinburgh, and from two or three of the chief provincial banks, there were altogether deputed not long since about one hundred and forty branches, and this number is undergoing a regular increase. These subsidiary establishments are to be found in every town of any note; from the borders to the most northern point of Scotland. They are conducted by resident wealthy or responsible merchants and others, who give securities for intrusions, and are subjected to a very rigorous supervision by inspectors, who are continually travelling about for this purpose. By a mutual agreement between the Bank of Scotland and the Royal Bank, rivalry is prevented in agencies, by the former being conceded the minor towns, while the

latter takes the city of Glasgow. The branch of the Royal Bank at that place, it has been long understood, does much more business than the parent establishment; but there can be little doubt that the institution of the Union Bank there will greatly injure its issues in that quarter. The number of branches belonging to different houses, varies according to the enterprise or capital of the companies. The Bank of Scotland had lately seventeen, the British Linen Company twenty-eight, the Commercial Bank thirty, and the National Bank eighteen. The conductors of the branch banks give no loans or negotiate any heavy transactions without consulting with their masters. They keep beside them at all times a competent supply of notes, with which, on most occasions, they may discount bills, according to their own judgment.

The expressed value of the notes put forth by the Scottish banks is for the greater part L.1, and though notes for five, ten, twenty, and a hundred pounds, are issued, they are seldom long in circulation, and are far less frequently seen. The notes of the Commercial Bank, the National Bank, the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank, the British Linen Company, and Sir William Forbes and Company, enjoy the greatest circulation, and in a greater relative proportion, I would suppose, to their priority in the above order. They are dissipated over every county; and it is seldom that the notes of provincial banks are taken so readily from their place of issuing: provincial bank notes are at least not common in the metropolis, and their circulation is for the most part of a local nature; the community at large preferring the notes of Edinburgh bankers. All notes are declared to be payable on demand at the office from whence they are issued. It is not expressed that, though issued by the branches, they will be cashed there; yet, in practice, the agents take them in, and I never heard of an instance of the public having suffered by this provision, which is not commonly adverted to. It was at one time ordained that Scottish bank notes should not be re-issued after they were three years old, but such a regulation is abrogated, and they are now sent out as long as they are in good condition. Each of the one-pound notes costs about eight-pence, five-pence of which sum goes for the stamp. Almost all the modern notes are produced from plates of hardened steel, and of such peculiar and intricate devices, that forgery cannot be attempted with success, or remain long undetected. So little is forgery known, and in general so readily can it be recognised by the inferiority of workmanship, that nobody is imposed upon but very simple or careless persons.—*To be continued.*

THE NORTHERN LAKES.

AGAIN we find ourselves traversing the wild scenery of the Western and Northern Highlands, wandering through the gloomy recesses of the glens and passes, and pausing on the noon-day beauty of the lovely lakes of Caledonia. What a remarkable stretch of lakes do we find in the Great Glen of Scotland—Glenmorenan-Albin, as it used to be called by the Celtic inhabitants of these regions, and now suited to purposes of inland navigation, as the Caledonian Canal. At the bottom of this strath, extending from one side of the island to the other, a distance of about sixty miles, lie Loch Ness, Loch Oich, and Loch Lochy, with the rivers and artificial channels joining them in a continuous line. Loch Ness, the most northerly of the series, is a lake possessing some mysterious and even terrible characteristics. It extends about twenty-two miles in length, by a breadth of from half a mile to one and a half, but more generally nearly a single mile. Its depth is considered to be greater than most parts of the sea between the northerly part of Scotland and the north of Europe, measuring in some places 185 fathoms, and throughout its whole length, except at two points, being able to sail a ship of the line, close upon the shore. It stretches along in a perfectly straight line, between two lofty piles of hills, which rise steep as walls to a prodigious height; and the tourist looks along it from one end to the other, as through a telescope. This lake has the remarkable property of never freezing in the severest winter, and in frosty weather is covered with a thick mist, having the appearance of a dense smoke; and it is usually agitated violently when any other part of the world is undergoing the phenomena of an earthquake. This remarkable peculiarity was particularly observable on the 1st of November 1775, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon. The water rose rapidly, and flowed up the lake with amazing impetuosity, the waves being carried more than two hundred yards up the river Oich, breaking on its banks five feet above the level of the river. It continued ebbing and flowing for about an hour; at the end of which time, a wave much greater than the others terminated the commotion, overflowing the north bank of the lake to the extent of thirty feet.

Loch Ness is fed by a number of tributary streams; among others, the water of Foyers, or Fyers, on its south side. The water of Fyers and its falls form the chief wonder in this part of the country, and have long been an object of attraction to travellers proceeding by the Caledonian Canal. The river rises in a mountainous region in the district of Badenoch, Inverness-shire, and flows in a northerly course for about ten miles, through a vale abounding in beautiful scenery, to Loch Ness. At a short distance from its embouchure, it arrives at two precipices, down which its waters are necessarily poured. The upper

fall is the smaller, and nearly half a mile above the lower. The former fall makes three leaps down a fearful gulf into a pool beneath. A stone bridge, unfortunately in an unsuitable taste, has been thrown across the ravine in front. The lower fall is that which chiefly attracts attention. The water, after flowing through a narrow rocky channel, suddenly makes a sheer unbroken descent of two hundred and twelve feet. From the top of the adjoining rocks, bristling with shrubbery and bedewed with the soft spray of the descending waters, to the surface of the troubled pool beneath, the height is four hundred and seventy feet. The appearance of this cataract is truly grand. Ideas of the magnificent efforts of nature connected with feelings of romance, fill the mind of the tourist; and as he scrambles down the face of the verdant precipices, or looks aloft from the green esplanade at the bottom, he confesses, amidst the din of the rushing waters, that in Scotland are found scenes not too fondly praised in the patriotic rhymes of its bards, and surpassed by those of few foreign and similar lands.

Loch Oich, the next in the chain of lakes, is an exceedingly beautiful sheet of water, measuring about four miles in length. The banks here slope gently to the water, forming a number of beautiful bays, and possessing several pretty islets, mostly covered with wood. Loch Lochy, the most westerly of the whole, extends fourteen miles in length, and is likewise envied by some striking Highland scenery.

Since we are at this part of the country, we may, if the kind reader be not too much fatigued, take a stretch eastward towards the river Findhorn, where there are several small lakes of some beauty, and not destitute of historical interest. Of these little gems in the rugged wilderness, none pleases us so much as the pretty lake of Moy. The lake of Moy is situated in the pastoral united parish of Moy and Dalarossie, on the left bank of the Findhorn, and extends two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in breadth. This small expanse of water is not without its islands, and, as in every instance, it is the islands which afford the greatest interest to the spectator. The lake, the trees, and the chief island, form a tiny picturesque scene so pleasing, that all around the country appears more dreary by the contrast. The island of Moy, situated in the centre of the lake, consists of perhaps two acres of ground, and contains the remains of a house once a chief seat of the lairds of Mackintosh, or heads of the powerful northern clan Chattan, and which attests, from various circumstances, the opulence and consequence of this long independent dynasty. Many a terrific tale of feud and battle is related about this insular strength. Among the prevailing legends of the Celts of Badenoch, the following has obtained a traditional notoriety. It is told that in a great battle which took place between the Cummins and Mackintoshes, the former were defeated, and being unable or unwilling to renew the war, a peace was proposed and accepted. To celebrate it, the Cummins invited the Mackintoshes to a feast prepared in the castle of Moy, with all the rude sumptuousness of feudal wealth. It was the secret design, however, of the treacherous inviters, to murder their unsuspecting guests, and it was arranged that a Mackintosh should sit, under the pretence of distinction, on the right hand of every Cummin, and that at a concerted signal he was to be stabbed by his neighbour. The signal proposed was the introduction of a bull's head. Happily this base and murderous plot was made known privily by one of the Cummins to the guests; and when the signal was made, so ready and active were the Mackintoshes, that they instantly plunged their dirks into the bodies of those beside them, and so prevented this extensive scheme of assassination by a just and indiscriminate slaughter of their pretended friends.

It is surprising how little is known of some of the finest Highland lakes, even by the people of Scotland. Loch Maree, in the north-west part of the Highlands, is only known by name, or by the descriptions of at most one or two travellers. Being situated in the parish of Gairloch, in the western wilds of Ross-shire, it lies so much out of the common route of tourists, that it is perhaps thought to be unworthy of a journey across the moors and mountains. Yet it is a noble lake, extending about sixteen miles in length, by a breadth of from one to two, and emitting its redundant waters by a river, falling into a salt-water bay on the west coast, called Loch Ewe. This extensive sheet of water is studded with some fine woody islands, and is partly surrounded with the sublimest mountain scenery. In the language of Macculloch, who alone has visited it in recent times for purposes of description, "it is bounded by high mountains, and having a very varied and irregular outline, its shores present a good deal of interesting scenery, the entire lake itself being displayed from many different points, and under a great variety of aspects, so as to produce some of the finest specimens of this class of landscape in the Highlands. In point of style, it ranks rather more nearly with Loch Lomond than with any other of the southern lakes, though still very inferior. The most accessible and the finest general views may be obtained from the rocky hills that bound the exit of the river. The mountain outline, which is grand and various, presents a greater diversity of form and character than any of the Scottish lakes; but Ben Lair is always the principal—graceful, solid, and broad. The middle ground is a source of variety—splendid and wild, an intermixture of rock and wood. The winding and

wooded course of the river Ewe adds much to its loveliness. Though there is a road on each side of the lake, the circuit is both laborious and tedious. The northern margin of Loch Maree presents a great variety of close shore scenery, consisting of rocky and wooded bays and creeks, rising into noble and overhanging cliffs and mountains. In one place the remains of a fir forest, in a situation almost incredible, produce a style of landscape that might be expected in the Alps, but not among the more confined scope and lower arrangements of Scottish mountains. It was with some difficulty (continues the narrator) we explored our nocturnal way through the labyrinth of islands in the centre of this lake, as they are little raised above the water, and covered with scattered firs, and with thickets of birch, alder, and holly, while they are separated by narrow and tortuous channels. Inch Maree has been dedicated to a saint of that name; and it still continues a burial place; chosen, it is said, like all those which are found in islands, to prevent depredations from the wolves of ancient days."

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

BY MISS MITFORD.

IN a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our Village, close to a low two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill-stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in.

Many a traveller has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller, sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully descending the out-of-doors steps, and the miller's daughter, flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filbert-walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream; so that the cows, which in sultry weather came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten passers-by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation, by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear, than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and, above all, the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, "on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazel-nut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and child-like; add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse-dealer, who, having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price, and took the refusal in such dudgeon, that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended, in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a stayed, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and land-measurer, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening

as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant country, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old-world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was nowhere a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out, not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen, and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he persisted in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fireside lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood boisterous; the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel, Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesnes, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had indeed occurred between the parties; once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May: Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half-led, half-forced into the booth to look at the real living monster by the ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a ribband, an election ribband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a county candidate who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll; so that that quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and, as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favourite. She was an intelligent unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain; but there was such natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who, on

her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with their new neighbour, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey;" and now that cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her; but she was quite sure she was wretched, and then she cried again.

In the meanwhile, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret—Could it be a love secret? And the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly-mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with a bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine, and the briar-rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turf slope, green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, the blue forget-me-not, and "a thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged-robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox-glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well-known lines from the *Winter's Tale*, and the almost equally charming passage from *Philaster*.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's 'country art,' but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance; "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow; and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand, shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favour with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head and his long curling brown ears into her lap, and looked at her "with eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuller than your master, thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her

companions were hooking and landing some white water-lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and tremblingly, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet: "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water under those hazels!—come!" He put her hand under his arm, and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for, between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen; and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bride's-maid;" and the very next week they were married.—*Our Village.*

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

It will be remembered by the readers of the *History of America*, that the latter days of Columbus, the discoverer of that continent and its islands, were embittered by the turbulence of his fellow-adventurers, who succeeded him in his command, and deprived him of the lustre belonging to his valuable services. Among those ambitious and discontented, but brave Spaniards, few were an equal match to Vasco Nunez de Balboa, either for the command which he obtained over his associates, or for his daring intrepidity in facing danger. We learn from an exceedingly agreeable volume, entitled "*The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*," published in the *Family Library*, that this man was one of the most enterprising of those commanders appointed by Spain in taking charge of the colony at Darien. He was never tired of levying war against the caciques, or petty native princes, and it was on one of his expeditions of this nature, when extorting gold from one of the simple inhabitants, that he received intelligence of the existence of the great Pacific Ocean at no very great distance on the opposite side of the country. In the government of the colony, Vasco Nunez does not appear to have been much actuated by principles of moderation or justice. By his audacious conduct he at length roused the indignation of the Spanish sovereign, and was condemned in certain damages. Informed of this storm, which had arisen in consequence of the complaints laid against him, and that he would be immediately summoned to the court of Spain, to answer the criminal charge advanced against him, he at once resolved on the means to be adopted for his protection.

Vasco Nunez (says the author) was at first stunned by this intelligence, which seemed at one blow to annihilate all his hopes and fortunes. He was a man, however, of prompt decision and intrepid spirit. The information received from Spain was private and informal; no order had yet arrived from the king; he was still master of his actions, and had control over the colony. One brilliant achievement might atone for all the past, and fix him in the favour of the monarch. Such an achievement was within his reach—the discovery of the southern sea. It is true, a thousand soldiers had been required for the expedition; but were he to wait for their arrival from Spain, his day of grace would be past. It was a desperate thing to undertake the task with the handful of men at his command, but the circumstances of the case were desperate. Fame, fortune, life itself, depended upon the successful and the prompt execution of the enterprise. To linger was to be lost.

Vasco Nunez looked round upon the crew of daring and reckless adventurers that formed the colony, and chose one hundred and ninety of the most resolute, vigorous, and devoted to his person. These he armed with swords, targets, cross-bows, and arquebuses. He did not conceal from them the danger of the enterprise into which he was about to lead them; but the spirit of these Spanish adventurers was always roused by the idea of perilous and extravagant exploit. To aid his slender forces, he took with him a number of bloodhounds, which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare.

The Spanish writers make particular mention of one of those animals, named Leonico, which was a constant companion, and, as it were, body-guard of Vasco Nunez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favourite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong: of a dull-yellow or reddish colour, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nunez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him in the course of his campaigns upwards of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.

In addition to these forces, Vasco Nunez took with him a number of the Indians of Darien, whom he had won to him by kindness, and whose services were important, from their knowledge of the wilderness, and of the habits and resources of savage life. Such was the motley armament that set forth from the little colony of Darien, under the guidance of a daring, if not

desperate commander, in quest of the great Pacific Ocean.

It was on the first of September that Vasco Nunez embarked with his followers in a brigantine and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the north-westward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominion of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nunez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprises.

Vasco Nunez left about half of his men at Coyba to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but as it were unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

It was on the sixth of September that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome in the extreme. The Spaniards, encumbered with the weight of their armour and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian allies aided them by carrying their ammunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

On the eighth of September they arrived at the village of Ponca, the ancient enemy of Careta. The village was lifeless and abandoned; the cacique and his people had fled to the fastnesses of the mountains. The Spaniards remained here several days to recruit the health of some of their number who had fallen ill. It was necessary also to procure guides acquainted with the mountain wilderness they were approaching. The retreat of Ponca was at length discovered, and he was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to come to Vasco Nunez. The latter had a peculiar facility in winning the confidence and friendship of the natives. The cacique was soon so captivated by his kindness, that he revealed to him in secret all he knew of the natural riches of the country. He assured him of the truth of what had been told him about a great pechry or sea beyond the mountains, and gave him several ornaments ingeniously wrought of fine gold, which had been brought from the countries upon its borders. He told him, moreover, that when he had attained the summit of a lofty ridge, to which he pointed, and which seemed to rise up to the skies, he would behold that sea spread out far below him.

Animated by the accounts, Vasco Nunez procured fresh guides from the cacique, and prepared to ascend the mountains. Numbers of his men having fallen ill from fatigue and the heat of the climate, he ordered them to return slowly to Coyba, taking with him none but such as were in robust and vigorous health. On the 20th of September, he again set forward through a broken rocky country, covered with a matted forest, and intersected by deep and turbulent streams, many of which it was necessary to cross upon rafts. So toilsome was the journey, that in four days they did not advance above ten leagues, and in the meantime they suffered excessively from hunger. At the end of this time they arrived at the province of a warlike cacique, named Quaraqua, who was at war with Ponca.

Hearing that a band of strangers were entering his territories, guided by subjects of his inveterate foe, the cacique took the field with a great number of warriors, some armed with bows and arrows, others with long spears, or with double-handed maces of palm-wood, almost as heavy and hard as iron. Seeing the inconsiderable number of the Spaniards, they set upon them with furious yells, thinking to overcome them in an instant. The first discharge of fire-arms, however, struck them with dismay. They thought they were contending with demons who vomited forth thunder and lightning, especially when they saw their companions fall bleeding and dead beside them, without receiving any apparent blow. They took to headlong flight, and were hotly pursued by the Spaniards and their bloodhounds. Some were transfixed with lances, others hewn down with swords, and many were torn to pieces by the dogs, so that Quaraqua and six hundred of his warriors were left dead upon the field. After this sanguinary triumph, the Spaniards marched to the village of Quaraqua, where they found considerable booty in gold and jewels. Of this Vasco Nunez reserved one-fifth for the crown, and shared the rest liberally among his followers. The village was at the foot of the last mountain that remained for them to climb; several of the Spaniards, however, were so disabled by the wounds they had received in battle, or so exhausted by the fatigue and hunger they had endured, that they were unable to proceed. They were obliged therefore reluctantly to remain in the village, within sight of the mountain-top that commanded the long-sought prospect. Vasco Nunez selected fresh guides from among his prisoners, who are natives of the province, and sent back the subjects of Ponca. Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with him in this enterprise, 67 alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for this last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might

be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of day-break, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noon-tide heat.

The day had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships. About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this, Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then with a palpitating heart he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect, Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend: "Behold, my friends," said he, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chaunted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the new world, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the east? or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, inter-communing by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents, but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile; and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of 67 men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down, and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighbouring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

The memorable event here recorded took place on the 26th of September 1513, so that the Spaniards had spent 20 days in performing the journey from the province of Creta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed, the isthmus in this neighbourhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth, in its widest part, and in some places only seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this nar-

ative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.

HINDOOISM.

In a pleasingly-written volume, entitled "Indian Recollections, by J. Strathan," intended, it would appear, to advance the cause of the Indian missions for the propagation of Christianity, we are presented with the following lucid view of Hindooism:—"The Hindoo religion is so complex in its nature, that it is impossible fully to detail its various branches, being founded on superstition, all its parts are moulded on an artificial system, difficult to unravel or explain. The whole family is divided into four branches or tribes, called CASTES, and denominated Brahmins, Kytetra, Bhysya, and Soodra. The rank, occupation, and duties of these several castes, are fully explained in their Vedahs, or holy books. The Brahmins are the priests; they are required to be virtuous, learned, just, peaceable, and self-denying. If these were the distinguishing traits of their order, the very reverse are the features of their character now. The Kytetra is the military caste; the Vedahs require of them a thirst for glory; to die rather than retreat; generosity and princely conduct to captives. Bhysya form the agricultural part of the community; their duties are briefly defined as cultivators and traffickers. The fourth, or Soodra caste, consists of labourers, who are enjoined to serve with patience and fidelity; the former, I believe, they generally do, but as for the latter, it is only when constrained by fear of punishment or loss of pay. The two middle castes have almost become extinct, or rather amalgamated with the former and latter. Thus, it may almost be said that the whole Hindoo nation is now composed of Brahmins, or Soodras, both of which are divided into a great many degrees, or sub-castes: so that there are many orders of Brahmins as well as Soodras. Of the latter the Koit is the highest, and the Hurry the lowest, which caste embraces shoe-makers, mat-makers, bird-catchers, tanners, skimmers, snake-catchers, and many others. By this division of caste, no possible means exist for any person to rise in the scale of society; all motives to exertion or mental improvement are cut off; no actions, however noble, no discoveries, however important to society, would ensure honour to a person of low caste; and those of high caste lose no honour or reputation by their ignorance and vice. Whatever be the mental abilities of a Hindoo, if born a Soodra, a Soodra he must remain; if the father be a snake-catcher, all his sons must be snake-catchers too; and the influence of caste follows him through all the ramifications of life. Persons of different castes or occupations cannot eat, drink, or smoke together; neither can they intermarry, nor meddle with each other's employment. If a Hindoo loses caste, which is the case if he breaks through any of the foregoing rules, the most distressing consequences ensue: no one will eat with him, or suffer him to come near his dwelling, or marry his children; his own wife and family disown him; looked upon as an outcast of society, he is deprived of all privileges, or means of comfort, as long as he lives; and however respectable he may have been before, the meanest caste consider him a vagabond, and will not associate with him. It is caste that renders so many servants necessary to do the work which one or two might easily accomplish. They are born to one particular department of service, and no other can they perform without losing caste. Thus, the man who fetches water cannot wait at table, nor the man who cooks the dinner serve it up; neither will the person who attends the table sweep the room afterwards—and so on through all the different pursuits of life. A native embracing Christianity loses caste by partaking of the Lord's Supper; it requires, therefore, great fortitude of mind to make a profession of faith in the gospel. There are many who have no caste, having been excommunicated because of some breach of the ceremonial laws of their religion, either by themselves or their forefathers; these are all termed Pariahs, and dare not touch the person, garments, food, utensils, or dwelling of a Hindoo of caste, as contamination follows. The Brahmins are a very lordly, domineering race, and exact the most severe homage of the Soodras. They themselves are under great restrictions, as well as the Soodras, particularly in the article of food, being prohibited from eating any thing that has had life, except fish. This, I consider, arises from their belief in the doctrine of transmigration; and as they believe that although the spirits of their ancestors may have entered the bodies of all beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, yet they do not enter into another element, so that they may eat fish with impunity. Their principal diet is rice; this, with spices, milk, and ghee, is their principal repast, although they may partake of the flesh of such animals as are offered in sacrifice to the gods, the laws of men permitting this.

The Brahmins, though all eligible to the priesthood, yet do not all follow it. Some enter the military service of the Hon. Company, and others become clerks and copyists; but none are permitted to engage in menial employments, and in whatever state they are found, the same honour is paid by their associates, though perhaps not to that degree as if in priestly office. So great is the pride of the Brahmins, that they claim precedence of kings, and the noblest rajah will partake of food booked or presented by a Brahmin, whilst the meanest Brahmin will not taste that which

has been touched by the mightiest monarch, if not one of their own tribe. Many Brahmins are totally ignorant of their own Shasters, and these are always the most intolerant exactors of homage from the Soodras. Those amongst them who are at all learned are the most conceited pedants that can be possibly imagined. All pretend to a knowledge of astrology, and will calculate lucky days in which the business of life may be transacted. A Soodra always consults his teacher before he buys a cow, goes a journey, or engages in any concern, however trifling, and the Brahmins never act gratuitously. The whole system is founded in priestcraft.

The sacred writings of the Hindoos are of two kinds—the Vedas and Shasters. The former may be termed their scriptures, the latter expositions of them. The Vedas are divided into four books, all written in the Sanscrit language. The first book is called Rug Veda, which signifies the Science of Divination, concerning which it principally treats. The second is distinguished by the title of Sheeham, which signifies Piety or Devotion, and this book treats of religious and moral duties. The third is the Judga Veda, which, as the word implies, includes the whole science of religious rites and ceremonies. The fourth is denominated Obater Bah, or the knowledge of the Good Being, and accordingly this book comprehends the whole essence of theology and metaphysical philosophy. The Vedas, as also the Shasters or Commentaries, pretend to great antiquity; so much so, that many Europeans have been strangely staggered in their belief of the Mosaic chronology, by reading them. But it only requires a little consideration and research to discover a vein of imposition running through the whole details. The idea which their Shasters give of God is—that there is one Supreme Being, whom they style Bhogabon or Esher, sometimes Khodah; proceeding from him are three powers or deities, namely, Brahmha, the creator of all; Vishnu, the preserver of all; and Seeb, or Sheva, the destroyer of all. Now, whilst the latter is worshipped by all, the former has scarcely any attention paid to his temples; and Vishnu, the preserver, has few votaries, compared with the destroyer, Seeb. Subordinate to these are three hundred and thirty millions of inferior gods and goddesses, each representing some particular virtue or vice. They even go so far as to deify the waters of the Ganges, into which the whole population crowd morning and evening to bathe; and the water of this sacred stream is carried to all parts of India, and to swear by in a court of justice. At Allahabad, where the streams of the Ganges and Jumna unite, the country for many miles round is considered sacred ground; and so great is the number of pilgrims who resort thither for bathing, that the vizier has received in one year half a lac of rupees for permission to enjoy the benefit of immersion in the sacred flood. Oftentimes have I witnessed children hurrying their parents to the river side, fearful lest they should die before they reached its banks. Nothing can be more distressing to the feelings than to behold these poor expiring creatures, some calling upon Rham, some upon one of their false gods, others upon another, with their bodies half in the water and half out, the rising tide soon to overwhelm them. Many are laid where the tide cannot reach them, and their case is more pitiable still. Beneath a burning sun, they are left without food, and many of them, who would no doubt recover from their diseases if proper attention were paid to them, are literally starved to death, or devoured by jackals at night. The whole system of Hindooism is the most licentious and impure it is possible to conceive—so much so, that many of their rich men, who are very depraved, cannot but admit that it is too gross to be fully supported. The writings of the Hindoos, every class of them, even their works on ethics, are full of abominable allusions and descriptions, so that they are to-day what they were ages ago, a people unrivalled for impurity. The priests and the religious mendicants, under the dreadful profligacy which prevails, are the very ringleaders in crime. How noble, it may be added, must be the enterprise of endeavouring to reclaim the populous empire of India from these heathenish and vicious practices, and establishing in their stead the pure principles and practice of our own beneficent faith; but until some civil enactment, and a large introduction of British emigrants, have the effect of demolishing all ideas of caste, it is hopeless to expect any change worth mentioning in the debased moral condition of the Hindoos.

HEARING THE EVIDENCE.

Robert Burns dined in Edinburgh with a large party, in company with the late Lord Swinton and the Honourable Henry Erskine. Honest Lord Swinton had become extremely deaf. From time to time he observed the company convulsed with laughter; but his deafness prevented him enjoying the exquisite humour of Mr Erskine. That, however, was of little consequence: he inquired at his next neighbour, "Is that my friend Harry?" Being answered in the affirmative, he burst out into as hearty a laugh as the best of them, and in this manner partook in the general hilarity the whole evening. Burns next day mentioning the circumstance to a lady of his acquaintance, she expressed her astonishment that a man who could act so absurdly should sit as a judge on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-subjects. "My dear madam," answered Burns, "you wrong the honest man; he acts exactly as a good judge ought; he does not decide before he has heard the evidence."

Column for Boys.

The youthful Veomany are in the field—
Their tents are pitched, and every heart beats high
To join the friendly strife:—their stoutest forts
Are slender wickets;—all their entrenchments,
A popping and a bowling-crease; their weapons,
Bats;—their ammunition, a brace of balls,
In leathern and tight-fitting jerkins clad.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS,

I AM almost afraid you will be beginning to think I have forgot my promise, in not devoting a column oftener to matters connected with your sports and amusements; but the truth is, as I can assure you, I have been kept very busy writing all manner of things, not a few of which, as you may have perceived, have been put into the Journal for the perusal of no one but yourselves. I daresay you will have found a number of my essays very dull and tiresome, and not the least funny; but then you know there are many good folks who like that kind of reading, and would not for the world that all the articles were light and humorous; and I could wager—though I hate betting, for it is an exceedingly bad practice—that in time you will also say you like to read a grave piece now and then, and will perhaps go the length of searching out some old neglected numbers of the Journal, for the express purpose of reading those papers you now consider so very dry and valueless. When I was a little chap like yourselves, and ran about with a cap and a jacket, I had the very same notions of reading as you have, and could not bear the sight of a book which had no stories in it. When I fell in with a volume of old magazines, I did nothing but turn over the leaves to pick out the tales, if there were any, and you may be sure, when I did light upon a story, I was not long in going through it from beginning to end. I often in my own mind compare the condition of boys in my period of youth, with that of the boys of the present day, and I always think how much better off you are. In my time, boys were paid very little attention to, and had a sad life of it. They were generally driven to school by their fathers and mothers frequently with blows, and nearly all that they learned was thrashed into them by the schoolmasters. Many a time have I beheld little boys stripped half naked, laid across a table, and lashed over the back in the most frightful manner, all for the most trifling inaccuracy in their lesson, or what was worse, for the fault of another; and almost every man in the present day can tell how his hands used to be blistered at school by the dreadful strokes of hardened pieces of leather, administered without regard to principles of justice. The boys in these times had in fact no sort of comfort in their schools, and they had nobody to take their part when out of them. No one ever thought of writing amusing little books for them, excepting perhaps good old Mr Newbury, at the corner of St Paul's Church Yard, who got up the ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TRIP, and the HISTORY OF KING PIPPIN, and a few more delightful books of that class, in a small size, covering them with patches of gilding or Dutch metal, and selling them to boys for sixpence a-piece. Bpt, you know, boys soon get through these, and then there was not much else for them to read but fairy tales, which are all nonsense; so they spent their time frequently in very mischievous pursuits. Their case was very sad, indeed, as you may well suppose. Now, just consider how well you are off, in comparison with these exceedingly ill-used boys. All your school-books are improved and greatly simplified, and your masters, even those who belong to the old thrashing times, are generally very attentive and kind in giving you instruction. And then such lots of story-books you've got for your entertainment at leisure hours. Very distinguished authors have condescended to write historical tales for your special use, every one of which is as nice reading as BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, or VALENTINE AND ORSON, with the advantage of being true, and of showing you how this great nation, of which you have the good fortune to be members, arose from a barbarous state to be the most powerful and opulent kingdom in the whole world. And then; have you not a whole series of tales, amounting, I believe, to some dozens in number, written by that singularly good lady, Miss Edgeworth, all about the rising of poor boys into notice through their activity and good behaviour? I am sure you feel thankful to this ingenious authoress for the many happy hours you have spent in reading her stories, especially that one called LAZY LAWRENCE, which shows how a very humble but clever little boy worked for so many pence every day, to raise as much money as would pay the rent of his grandmother's cottage, and to save her from selling her old horse Blackberry, which was her chief means of support; and how he put the pence every night into a broken flowerpot in the stable, placing it in the manger to show the poor animal what was doing for his benefit; and how the money was stolen by a very naughty boy called Lazy Lawrence, who had associated with bad companions; and how the theft was detected, as thefts always are, sooner or later; and how vice was punished and virtue rewarded. You cannot but remember this excellent story; and I am equally certain you will recollect the tale called LAME JERVIS, which is the story of a boy in the tin mines of Cornwall, who, by doing his master a great service in discovering to him a valuable vein of metal when a plan had been laid to conceal it, was promoted in his service, and, being given a good education, became, from one thing to another, a gentleman of property. But, above all, you will certainly remember the excellent tale entitled To-Morrow, which discloses the history of a young man, a shop-

keeper in London, who went all to wreck and ruin several times over, entirely from a bad habit he had of putting off the doing of every thing till to-morrow. You will recollect how, when driven to America in search of employment, he completely lost the favour of a merchant by being half an hour behind in coming to dinner, all because he had spent his time foolishly in going to hear a frog concert. You will remember, also, how vexed you were for his excellent wife Lucy, who did all in her power to remedy the errors he committed, and who, as in the case of many unfortunate women who have chanced to get bad husbands, supported the family by her ability and diligence in sewing. I do not doubt but many of you have thought that when you grew up and married, you would be glad if you could get a wife as good-tempered and as clever as Lucy; and who knows but what you may, besides arriving at great eminence in your various professions, provided you but conduct yourselves with scrupulous honesty, as well as the most vigilant industry, never putting off your time in frivolous pursuits when you have any labour or duty to perform, and on no account leaving lessons to be learned or work done to-morrow. The desire to furnish you with subjects of agreeable reading, is, however, not confined to tales of this nature, but extends itself over every department of literature and science, and stoops to illustrate the most trifling sports in which you may innocently spend your unoccupied hours. You therefore see how much attention is paid to boys of the present day, not only in furnishing instruction, but also mere amusement, in comparison with what was done in former times. Of books of pastimes for the use of persons of your age, none equals in value the Boy's Own Book, from which I have already taken some extracts, and out of which I am now going to present you with a description of that capital out-of-door sport,

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

This truly English pastime, although long a favourite with the people of this country, never reached to a greater degree of popularity than it possesses at the present time. It is a favourite with the peer and the peasant—the member of the Society of Arts and the schoolboy. Royal as has before stood bat in hand at the popping-crease, surrounded by those youthful buds of nobility of which our nation has since been proud; and, strange though it may seem, yet it is no less strange than true—young matrons have played matches of cricket against maidens, without impeachment to their usual reputation, and having husbands, brothers, and sweethearts, for their spectators. In many countries, cricket is the universal pastime of the people; in others, it is rarely played, and in many scarcely mentioned. The man of Devon, who deems all sports inferior to wrestling, and the inhabitant of Somerset, who deems upon the manly game of back-sword, seldom bestow a thought upon cricket; it is, nevertheless, esteemed and enjoyed by the people of other counties, especially those about the metropolis, as a sport paramount, and practised in such degraded manner as to exclude all other manly field recreations of a similar nature.

Cricket is usually played by eleven persons on each side, though a less number is sufficient. Two umpires are to be appointed, in order to settle all disputes that may arise; they are to take their stations at each wicket, and should be well acquainted with the laws of the game. The umpire at the striker's wicket should be rather behind it, so as not to be in the way of the players; and the umpire at the bowler's wicket directly behind it, to see that the striker does not strike the ball with his leg.

BATS, BALLS, WICKETS, &c.

The bat should not be higher than twenty-one inches in the pod, and four inches and a quarter in the widest part; this is the size for men; boys must of course have bats in proportion to their size and strength.

The ball for the use of men should weigh about five ounces; for youth, however, it should be lighter. Full-sized wickets are three stumps, which are sufficiently long to leave twenty-four inches out of the ground, with a ball seven inches long, to fit the top. These, like the bat and ball, must be dressed in the skin of the young cricketeer. They should be placed directly opposite to each other at the distance of twenty-two yards for men, but varying according to the size of the player.

The bowling-crease should be in a line with the wicket, and have a return-crease.

The popping-crease should be three or four feet from the wicket, and exactly parallel with it.

THE BOWLER.

Bowling is a very important part of the game, and requires great steadiness. Bad bowling is often the cause of losing a game. A bowler should not be too systematic, but vary his balls faster or slower, according to the peculiarities of the striker. The bowler and his partner at the opposite wicket should have a secret sign, by which they may hint to each other the propriety of varying the direction or swiftness of the balls. The mode of bowling most generally approved of, is to hold the ball with the seam across, so that the tips of the fingers may touch; it should be held with just a sufficient grasp to keep it steady; by a turn of the wrist it may be made to cut and twist after it is grounded, which will frequently perplex expert players.

THE STRIKER, OR BATSMAN.

The striker should always be ready for running; when his partner is about to strike, he should stand before the popping-crease, but he must be cautious not to leave the ground before the ball is out of the bowler's hand; for if he do, the bowler may put down his wicket, and he will of course be out. As soon as the ball is delivered, the striker may follow it, but should not run too far, so that, if no runs be obtained, he may return in time to save his wicket. The bat should be kept on the outside of the opposite partner, and care taken not to run against him.

THE WICKET-KEEPER.

The wicket-keeper should not suffer the striker to move from his ground without knocking down his wicket, which is called "stumping out."

THE FIRST SHORT-SLIP.

The first short-slip should stand so as to reach within two feet of the wicket-keeper; if the latter should go from the wicket after the ball, the first short-slip should take his place until his return; but no player should take the ball before the wicket-keeper, provided it be coming straight to him.

THE POINT.

The point should place himself in the popping-crease, about seven yards from the strike. In backing up, he should take care to give the slip sufficient room.

LEG, OR HIP.

Leg, or hip, should stand a little back from the straight line of the popping-crease.

LONG-STOP.

Long-stop should stand a proper distance behind the wicket, to save a run if the ball should not be stopped by the striker or wicket-keeper. The person who is placed in this situation should not be afraid of the ball when bowled swift. He should also be able to throw in well, as it is not only to the balls that pass the wicket-keeper, but to such as are just tipped with the edge of the bat, that he will have to attend. He must also be attentive in backing up.

THE LONG-SLIP TO COVER THE SHORT-SLIP.

This player must stand about the same distance from the wicket as the long-stop, in a line with the striker, between the point and the short-slip.

TO COVER THE POINT AND MIDDLE-WICKET.

This player's place is on the off-side, so that if the ball should be hit to the point and middle-wicket man, and missed, he will be in readiness to receive it.

THE LONG-FIELD OFF-SIDE.

He should be placed on the off-side, between the middle-wicket man and the bowler, at a considerable distance in the field, so as to cover them. It is desirable to appoint a person to this situation who can throw well and judiciously.

LONG-FIELD ON-SIDE

Long-field on-side is at some distance wide of the bowler's wicket, so as to prevent a second run.

If there be more players, they may be placed to back up, or save runs, in different situations about the field.

LAWS OF CRICKET.

The bowler should deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling-stump, and with the return-crease. He should bowl four balls before a change of wickets, which he is to do but once in the same innings. He must be careful to toss the ball in such a way that the striker can play at it; for if he should toss it above the striker's head, or out of the bounds of the bowling-crease, the party which is in shall be allowed one notch, to be put down to the eyes; and such ball is not to be considered as one of the four balls. When the umpire calls "In ball," the hitter may strike at it, and get all the runs he can. When an exchange of bowler takes place, no more than two balls can be allowed for practice. If the arm be extended straight from the body, or the back part of the hand be uppermost when the ball is delivered, the umpire shall immediately call "No ball."

The striker, or batsman, is always out when the ball is knocked off the stump; when the stump is bowled out of the ground; or, if the ball should, from a stroke over or under his bat, or upon his hands (but not his wrists), be held before it touches the ground, even if it should be pressed to the body of the catcher; or if, while he is striking, or at any other time when the ball is in play, both his feet are over the popping-crease, and his wicket put down, except when his bat is on the ground within it. Likewise if he hit down his own wicket; or, if either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker shall be out; or, if the ball be struck up, and the hitter wilfully strike it again; or if, in attempting to run a notch, the wicket be struck down by a throw or with the ball in hand, before his foot, hand, or bat is grounded over the popping-crease. If the striker remove or take up his ball while in play, without being requested by the opposite party; or if, with his leg or foot, he stop a ball which has been pitched in a straight line to the striker's wicket. If "a lost ball" be called, the striker shall be allowed four notches. If the players have crossed each other in running, he that runs for the wicket which is put down, shall be out; but if they have not crossed each other, he that has left the wicket which is put down, shall be out.

When a ball is caught, no notch shall be reckoned. When a striker is run out, the notch they were running for shall not be reckoned. While the ball is kept in the bowler's or wicket-keeper's hand, it is considered no longer in play, nor are the strikers bound to keep within their bounds till the umpire has called "Play;" before a player should go out of his ground, with intent to run, he must first be asked by the umpire to do so. If a player is struck by a ball, or otherwise, during his play, he may retire from his wicket, and continue his innings; and another person may be permitted to stand out for him, but not go in. If any player should stop the ball intentionally with his bat, it shall then be considered dead, and the opposite party may add five notches to the batsman's score.

If the ball be struck up, the striker may guard his wicket either with his bat or his body. If the striker hit the ball against the wicket of his partner when he is off his ground, he is out, if he have previously touched the bowler's or any of the field-men's hands, but not otherwise.

Two minutes are allowed for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings; when, upon the umpire calling "Play," the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

The umpire should observe the situation of the bowler's foot when he delivers the ball, and if it be not behind the bowling-crease, and within the return-crease, he shall call "No ball." If the striker should run a notch, the umpire shall call "No notch." The umpire at the bowler's wicket has a right to be first applied to for his decision on the catches.

SINGLE WICKET.

The game of single wicket is not so interesting as that of double wicket; but it may be played by almost any number of persons, though it is seldom played with more than four or six on a side. The business of a bowler and striker is nearly the same as in double wicket.

When the striker runs to the bowler's wicket, and knocks the ball from off two stumps placed there, with his bat, and returns to his own wicket, without having been asked down by the umpire, he is entitled to count one notch. After he has run one notch, if he start for another, he must touch the bowling-stump, and turn again before the ball crosses the play, to entitle him to another notch. He is entitled to three notches for a lost ball.

If four or a less number are at play, then they should make all hits before the wicket with bounds, &c., and not move off the ground except by agreement. When there are more than four players on a side, there should be no bounds; and all hits, byes, and overthrows, should be allowed. It is of course to be understood that the bowler must bowl at the usual distance from the wicket. No more than one minute is to be allowed between each ball. When the striker hits the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, except behind the popping-crease, otherwise the umpire shall call "No hit." The field-man must return the ball, so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and the bowling-stump, or between the wicket and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball shall be so returned. These are the principal rules and regulations, adopted by the most experienced cricket-players at the game of single wicket. The distance between the wickets is nearly the same as in double wicket, consequently the runner has twice the ground to win, in obtaining each notch; but we would suggest that this evil might be remedied by running only a little more than half the usual distance; by this method, single wicket will be rendered much less fatiguing, and far more lively and amusing, at least to the batsman.

DIAMOND MILL OF AMSTERDAM.

The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son, a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continual revolution. Pulverized diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut, by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, the other is divided, and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle; the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

YARROW UNVISITED.

Written in 1803.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd,
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."
"Let Yarrow folk frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.
There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where, with chiming Tweed,
The liltwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?
What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!
Oh, green, said I, are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland through;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.
Let beebes and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn mill meadow;
The swan on still St Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them, will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.
Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it;
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!
If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow.

HALIFAX, IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is built on the east side of a peninsula, facing an inlet of the sea, and on the declivity of a hill which rises gradually from the water. In length it is rather more than two miles, and about half a mile in breadth. The streets are wide, and cross each other generally at right angles, but that only next the water is paved; most of the others, however, are macadamised, and, from the ascent, and nature of the ground, usually dry; but in summer, the dust, which is often whirled furiously along by the winds, is exceedingly disagreeable. The appearance of Halifax from the water, or from the opposite shore, is prepossessing and peculiar. The front of the town is lined with wharfs, alongside of which vessels of all sizes, and variously rigged, are incessantly discharging or loading their cargoes. Warehouses rise over the wharfs as well as in different parts of the town; and dwelling-houses and public buildings rear their heads over each other as they stretch along, and up the sides of the hill. The spires of different churches; the building above the town, in which the town clock is fixed; a rotunda-built church; the signal posts on Citadel Hill; the different batteries; the variety of style in which the houses are built, some of which are painted white, some blue, some red, and some built of brick and stone intermixed with those built of wood; rows of trees showing themselves in different parts of the town; his majesty's ship moored opposite the dock-yard; the establishments and tall sheers of the latter; the merchant ships under sail, at anchor, or alongside the wharfs; the woody and rocky scenery of the back-ground, with the islands and the small pretty town of Dartmouth, on the eastern shore; are all objects which strike most forcibly on the view of a stranger when sailing up the harbour. The number of dwelling-houses is estimated at about 1700, the public buildings 82, and the population, exclusive of the army and navy, about 16,000. The houses are very irregularly built, some being one, some two, some three, and a few four stories high. Hand-some stone and brick buildings are built and furnished in the English style; and many of the houses built of wood are really more imposing in their appearance, being large, neatly finished, and painted white, than the best stone houses.—*McGregor's British America.*

HIGHLAND HARDIHOOD.

JOHN, the second Lord Reay, son of the unfortunate royalist, Donald, the first Lord Reay, and chief of the clan Mackay, was long kept in confinement in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, during the troubles of the Commonwealth, but at length, as is related by tradition, effected his escape in a manner well worthy of recording. His lady, the daughter of Mackay of Scaury, was uncommonly beautiful and handsome; and having been introduced to the Protector Cromwell, she fell on her knees before him, and in the most impressive manner begged that her husband might be liberated. He was so struck with her beauty and deportment, that he said he would do all that lay in his power to gratify her. Lord Reay, he added, was a state prisoner, and he could not of himself order his liberation; but if she could manage so as to get him out of prison, he would grant him a protection or pass to secure him from farther trouble, and which he delivered to her accordingly. A great difficulty still remained, how to get his lordship beyond the prison wall. His lady and his faithful servant, John Mackay, it seems, always had free access to him. There were two grenadiers placed before the entry to the prison, as guards—a duty performed in later times by the members of an ancient civic militia, called the Town Guard. John said, if Lady Reay could get his lordship brought that length, he would, at the hazard of his life, prevent the sentinels from obstructing him in his escape. The lady got her part effected; and as Lord Reay was ready to advance towards the sentinels, John suddenly laid hold of them both, and with the greatest ease laid them prostrate, the one above the other, and then disarmed them. As his master was now under cover of the protection, John surrendered himself, and was immediately put in prison, and laid in irons. He was afterwards brought to trial, at which Cromwell himself assisted. He said that the servant had no doubt forfeited his life; but his conduct, which went to obtain his master's liberty, and perhaps to save his life, was heroic; and if this man was put to death for an act of this nature, which proceeded wholly from his fidelity to his master, and was attended with nothing hurtful in itself, it would discourage their own and other servants from entertaining that degree of attachment to their masters, which a pardon granted to this prisoner would insure. His opinion, therefore, was, that, for the sake of justice, the prisoner should be condemned to die: but that, in the circumstances of the case, the punishment should be remitted, which was agreed to unanimously. After the sentence was intimated to Mackay, Cromwell took a full view of his person, and noticing his fierce aspect and athletic frame, exclaimed to those around him, "May I ever be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp."

INSECTS IN THE STOMACH.

In the country parts of Scotland we often hear stories related of people swallowing, by accident or unwittingly, small reptiles or insects, which live and breed in the stomach, and put the unhappy person who has received them to great pain. There is reason to believe that these stories are in general fabrications, or that they are greatly exaggerated. It is found that, except in rare cases, no animal can live in the stomach, from its heat, and from the juices which prevail in it. Worms of a certain description, however, can exist with perfect security in the stomach and intestines. We are informed that 1200 species of these intestinal worms have been discovered, and that sixteen of these have been found in the human body. Some of these worms are thin, flat, like pieces of tape, and others are round, or consist of a sort of elongated cartilage in joints. "That insects were, in some rare cases (says the author of *Insect Transformations*) introduced into the human stomach, has been more than once proved; though the greater number of the accounts of such facts in medical books are too inaccurate to be trusted. But one extraordinary case has been completely authenticated, both by medical men and competent naturalists, and is published in the *Dublin Transactions*, by Dr Pickells of Cork. 'Mary Riordan, aged 28 years, had been much affected by the death of her mother, and at one of her many visits to the grave, seems to have partially lost her senses, having been found lying there on the morning of a winter's day, and having been exposed to heavy rain during the night. When she was about fifteen, two popular Catholic priests had died, and she was told by some old women that if she would drink daily, for a certain time, a quantity of water mixed with clay taken from their graves, she would be for ever secure from disease and sin. Following this absurd and disgusting prescription, she took from time to time large quantities of the draught. Some time afterwards, being affected with a burning pain in the stomach, she began to eat large pieces of chalk, which she sometimes also mixed with water, and drank. Now, whether in any or in all of these draughts she swallowed the eggs of insects, cannot be affirmed; but for several years she continued to throw up incredible numbers of grubs and maggots, chiefly of the churchyard beetle. 'Of the larvæ of the beetle,' says Dr Pickells, 'I am sure I considerably underrate, when I say that not less than 700 have been thrown up from the stomach at different times since the commencement of my attendance. A great proportion were destroyed by herself to avoid publicity; many, too, escaped immediately by running into holes in the floor.' Upwards of 90 were submitted to Dr Thomson's examination, nearly all

of which, including two of the specimens of the weal worm, I saw myself thrown up at different times. The average size was about an inch and a half in length, and four lines and a half in girth. The larvæ of the bipterous insect, though voided only about seven or eight times, according to her account, came up almost literally in myriads. They were alive and moving.' Altogether, Dr Pickells saw nearly 2000 grubs of the beetle, and there were many which he did not see. Mr Clear, an intelligent entomologist of Cork, kept some of them alive for more than twelve months. Mr S. Cooper cannot understand whence the continued supply of the grubs was provided, seeing that larvæ do not propagate, and that only one proper and one perfect insect were voided; but the simple fact that most beetles live several years in the state of larvæ, sufficiently accounts for this. Their existing and thriving in the stomach, too, will appear less wonderful from the fact, that it is exceedingly difficult to kill this insect; for Mr Henry Baker repeatedly plunged one into spirits of wine, so fatal to most insects, but it revived, even after being immersed a whole night, and afterwards lived three years. That there was no deception on the part of the woman, is proved by the fact that she was always anxious to conceal the circumstance, and that it was only by accident that the medical gentlemen, Drs Pickells, Herrick, and Thomson, discovered it. Moreover, it does not appear that, though poor, she ever took advantage of it to extort money. It is interesting to learn that, by means of turpentine in large doses, she was at length cured."

SLOGANS, OR WAR-CRIES.

THE war-cry may be traced up to the earliest ages amongst the most ancient people, and it seems, till a recent period, to have been almost universal. Sometimes the cry was of an invocatory nature for protection; at other times it was commemorative of some signal transaction; and in many cases it was a shout of allusion to a well-known place of rendezvous. The Irish, in all cases, used the interjection, *aboo*, along with their war-cries, as *Butler-aboo*, *Cromaboo*, *Leamh-dearg-aboo*, and so forth. The Scots-Irish brought with them the ancient custom of war-cries, though they dismissed the affix *aboo*; and for a long period they used a general cry before the onset began, shouting with an allusion to their native country and their generic name, *Albanich*. After the Saxon tongue was introduced into North Britain, the war-cry was called the *slogan* or *slogan*, from the word *slag*, signifying an alarm of war. The Highland chiefs were most tenacious of their war-cries. The chief of the Mackenzies had for his slogan, *Tulloch-ard*, or the high hill; the mountain particularly signified being one of the most lofty in Kintail, and being that on the summit of which a flaming beacon was shown when it was wished that the clan should gather. The chief of the numerous clan of the Grants had the war-cry of *Craig-ealachie*, or the rock of alarm, which rocky eminence is situated in the country of the Grants in Strathspey. The chief of the Macphersons had *Craig-ubbe*, or the black rock, from a small but well-known black rock in Badenoch, the country of the Macphersons. The chief of the Macdonalds had *Craig-an-Fhithich*, the rock of the raven. The chief of the Macfarlanes had *Loch Sloy*, a place in the district of Arrochar, at the head of Loch Lomond. The chief of the Macgregors had *Ard Chaillich*. The chief of the Buchanans had *Clareinch*, which is an island in Loch Lomond, where he anciently resided. The Lowland barons had likewise their slogans. The war-cry of the potent family of the Scotts of Buccleuch was *Alemoor*, from its commodious situation in the midst of the clan. The cry of the retainers of the Earls of Home was, *A Home, a Home*; that of the Douglasses, *A Douglas, a Douglas*; and that of the house of Winton, *A Seaton, a Seaton*. The Maxwells had for their cry, *I bid you bide, Ward-law*, which is the hill above Caerlaverock Castle, where the clan rendezvoused. The Johnstons, when they were the wardens of the borders, assumed for their slogan, *Light, thieves all*, which was the command of the warden to alight from their horses, and submit to the law. During the change of customs, ancient families converted their war-cries into *mottoes*, which they placed upon escrols above their crests; as the Dukes of Lennox, like the Duke of Leinster, assumed the war-cry of the family, *Aaant Darnley*, as an appropriate motto for their armorial crests.

EASTER HUNT AT EPPING.

Fitzstephen informs us that the hunting at Epping and round London, at Easter time, commenced in 1226, when King Henry the Third confirmed to the citizens of London, free warren, or liberty to hunt a circuit about their city, in the warren of Staines, Hainault forest, &c.; and in ancient times, the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of this right of chase in solemn guise. From newspaper report, it appears that the office of Common Hunt, attached to the mayoralty, is in danger of desuetude. The Epping hunt seems to have lost the lord mayor and his brethren in their corporate capacity, and the annual sport to have become a farcical show.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr W—— himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim*. "Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the quantity of commas, which Mr W—— seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with."

A LIDDESDALE OUTLAW.

The following tradition may be taken as illustrative of the character of the ancient borderers. Veitch of Dawick (a place in the upper part of Peeblesshire), a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was, it seems, upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelyer. By some accident, a flock of Dawick's sheep had strayed over into Drummelyer's grounds, at the time when *Dickie of the Den*, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale. Seeing this flock of sheep, he drove them off without ceremony. Next morning, Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a bloodhound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles, till, on the banks of Liddel, he stayed upon a very large hay-stack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the bloodhound, till Dawick pulled down some of the hay, and discovered a large excavation, containing the robbers and their spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him, when the murderer, with the address for which the border thieves were famed, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them, had he not taken them for Drummelyer's property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch's passions was the means of saving the life of the freebooter.

THE LION IN THE SCOTTISH SHIELD.

Antiquaries have found considerable difficulty in settling at what precise period the Scottish nation began to assume armorial bearings, although the obscure records of tradition assure us that they were first granted to the Scottish kings by Charlemagne. One thing is sufficiently certain, that none of the predecessors of William, who began to reign in the year 1165, adopted a court armorial, and that it was that sovereign who first assumed the cognisance of a lion on his banners, from which circumstance, as well as from his gallant bearing, he was termed *William the Lion*. We are told that the king of the beasts was anciently the cognisance of the Celtic nations, yet it is conjectured by George Chalmers, that William did not assume the red lion on that account, but rather because it was already the armorial bearing of the earldom of Huntingdon, and, as such, the cognisance of William's father. The lion is first seen on the shield of Alexander the Third, and appeared on gold coins in the reign of Robert the Third. It is said by Nisbet that the double tressure (or border) was anciently used on the royal shields to perpetuate the various leagues betwixt the French and Scottish monarchs. In the reign of James the Third, when the English faction predominated in the country, parliament was induced to ordain "that in tyme to cum their sould be na double tressour about the kingis armys, but that he sould ber hale armis of the lyoun, without any mair." Yet the double tressure seems to have maintained its place in the armorial bearings of Scotland, even to our own times.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS.

On several occasions (says Hodgskin, in his *Travels in Germany*), I have mentioned the taste for trifles and absurdities which yet so much distinguishes scientific Germans, that their country is sometimes called a madhouse of natural philosophers. This unhappy propensity has undoubtedly been invigorated by the honours bestowed on such pursuits by the numerous sovereigns of Germany. At Cassel I was informed by a physician at Heidelberg, who, in the madness of scientific or rather witchcraft experiments, prescribed human brains to be taken inwardly, as a cure for violent fevers, and he had worked something like a wonder on his patients, probably by affecting their imagination. Another celebrated man had lately adopted the entrails of cats as a specific for all disorders. And a public newspaper, while it announced the death of a child of a celebrated physician, also announced his intention of preserving it in his anatomical museum, along with some more of his children already deceased.

TOWNS IN THE DESERT.

The extraordinary strength of the buildings in some parts of Syria has excited the surprise of most travellers. "In periods of misrule," says Buckingham, "one town becomes suddenly deserted, and another re-peopled, at short intervals of time; and the edifices in each being of the most durable kind, they remain uninjured, and thus serve for the habitations of race after race, descending through many generations. For the same reasons, the houses may be said to be without permanent owners, the first occupier holding his right indisputable, until he is forced by some sudden emergency to quit it; when the next occupier enters, and retains it on the same condition, no rent or taxes being paid in either case, any more than would be if a man lived in his own tents, or in a natural cavern which he might find suited to his purpose, and adopt for his abode. As there are in general more houses in these everlasting and indestructible towns than there are persons at any one time requiring to occupy them, an ample choice is afforded to all parties, but particularly to the earliest comers; and as no one has a permanent interest in the security of any one particular dwelling, very little attention is paid to improving them. The buildings are in themselves so strong, being wholly composed of stone, including roofs, and even doors, that they never need repairs. The doors have no hinges, being attached at the top and bottom with a pivot of stone. In times of great danger, when a visit from the Arabs of the desert is apprehended, the inhabitants either retire to some other town, or barricade themselves in their houses, by heaping up loose stones to oppose the approach of horsemen to the most defenceless parts of their dwellings, while they can assail them with the same material as missiles from the terraces above."

SPANISH POLITENESS.

Near Naval-Moral, we met a Spanish family of rank travelling, a sight very uncommon. The ladies and female attendants were seated in a large, heavy, old-fashioned carriage, covered with carved work and tarnished gilding. This vehicle was drawn by eight mules, which two fine-looking men on foot guided solely by the voice, calling out their names, to which they appeared by their movements to answer with great docility. The gentlemen of the party rode with the male servants, all conversing familiarly together; and the last often put their heads into the carriage-window, and spoke to the ladies. The Spaniards, I have often observed, however exalted their rank, are exceedingly kind and affable to their servants and inferiors. And, indeed, the lower classes have much natural politeness; nor is there any thing in their language or manner which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, nor servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniards of all classes, whom chance had assembled together, and been quite charmed to mark the general good humour, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants.—*Recollections of the Peninsula.*

UN MOMENT DE PEUR.

Bonaparte lost four aide-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Napoleon to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look-out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was immediately grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity, and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late—the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his *moment de peur* (moment of fear), which lost him the countenance of his general, until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded—he was removed from the presence of the general—he was in every way discounted; in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was *superb*. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a *moment de peur*. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never felt fear."

ALWAYS DRUNK.

Lord Newton, an eminent judge in the Court of Session, about the beginning of the present century, was an extraordinary bacchanal, even at the time when all were bacchanalian. He was proposing to buy an estate; and he mentioned to his friend and crony, J——, that he should like it to be one with a well-sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it. "Weel, my lord," answered J——, "there's the yestate o' *Drunkie* in the mercat; buy it, and then ye'll no need to tak it amiss when folk say ye're *drunk aye*."

DR PITCAIRNE.

Dr Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who is yet remembered most distinctly in Scotland for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden, like some of those in this country at a more recent period, conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to the effect, that, "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having ever been conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass."

A MID-LOTHIAN TRADITION.

A tradition exists in Mid-Lothian relative to a house on the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, which has given occasion to the beautiful ballad entitled "The Gray Brother," by Sir Walter Scott, and which is said to be of the following purport:—The building alluded to, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged of old to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly-endowed abbey on the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at the house of Gilmerton Grange. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its unfortunate inmates.

THE FEAR OF ABERDEEN.

During a late jury trial at Jedburgh, in which three of the first luminaries of the bar (Messrs M-n-cr-f, J-f-r-y, and C-c-k-b-r-n) were engaged as counsel, while the former was addressing the jury, Mr J-f-r-y passed a slip of paper to Mr C-c-k-b-r-n with the following case for his opinion:—"A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer of Aberdeen*. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator, and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy—1st, The Earl of Aberdeen; 2d, The commissioners for erecting the pier at Aberdeen; and, 3d, The manager of the charity workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor, *peer*. To which of the parties does the money belong?" Mr C-c-k-b-r-n immediately wrote in answer—"To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the *Pear of Aberdeen*."

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

The common mode of salutation in Holland curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greetings bear reference to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point; so may the English, French, and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquillity and repose implied in the oriental word "*salaam*." To these and other characteristic expressions may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Even on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are amply addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

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A CHAPTER OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE BRITISH PEASANTRY.

THE monstrous absurdity, that there is a principle in the economy of nature by which population increases beyond the means of support, has been stated by men eminent in various departments of political economy, and countenanced by individuals in whom the soundest reasoning and far-sightedness might have been expected. There is *not* a principle in nature having a tendency to increase population beyond the means of subsistence, or to over-people the world. To suppose that there is, is to impugn the magnificent designs of the Creator, and to call in question his vigilant and ever-sustaining Providence. When the globe which we inhabit, and all that it sustains in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, was called into existence, and sent forth fresh from the hands of its Divine Constructor, certain fixed principles were ordained and put into unremitting action, by which all were to be sustained, and prevented alike from coming to a stand, or into collision. These principles involved the production and reproduction of food for man and beast through an incalculable series of ages, and this process of production was left to be excited or retarded in a great measure by man, for whose convenience all subordinate parts were organized, and by whose thinking faculties the increase or decrease of food was apparently to be proportioned. In a word, it was left to our free will whether to cultivate the soil, or leave it in its rude and unproductive condition.

It has happened in the course of some five or six thousand years after the creation of the world, that a small island, lying in the seas which border on the northern part of Europe, a spot of earth so comparatively small that it may be traversed from one end to the other in the space of little more than a week, has, by the artificial state of its society, and a course of injudicious regulations, increased in its population to about seventeen millions of inhabitants; and because, as must necessarily be the case from the influence of these regulations, a number of the people are in impoverished circumstances, and are not so well fed as their neighbours, it has, forsooth, pleased a few men in this large mass of humanity to impeach the God of the universe, and to tell us that He creates millions of thinking beings only to put them to death by starvation.

To show the utter fallacy of this detestable theory, I need only bring under your notice two simple facts, in which all such vicious and shallow-minded reasoning finds an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. It is a great, a comforting, and an undeniable fact, that there are immense tracts of land, islands, and even continents, which, till this hour, are lying in nearly their primeval state, with the soil untouched since the beginning of the world. So boundless are these almost uninhabited territories, so capable are they of sustaining human life, that, if the proper means were used, they would yield food, clothing, and a place of residence to more people than all that the ancient settlements of the human race at present contain. They could hold all the existing population of the earth, and not be filled. Canada itself could receive and maintain the whole of the population of Europe; and the seventeen millions of human beings belonging to the little island which has raised such alarm, might be transported to the banks of one of the mighty rivers in the United States, and it would hardly be known that they had taken up their residence in the country. "Send us over your whole population (says an American writer); we have plenty of room for you all, and a hundred millions more." But such a gratifying fact as this gives but a faint idea of the vastness, the capabilities of the world beyond the waters of the Atlantic. In a former number of the Journal, I honoured these humble pages with the account given by the ingenious naturalist Audubon, of the wild pigeons of America. Have my readers any recol-

lection of the extraordinary number of these animals, and the calculation made regarding the quantity of their daily food? Let me here repeat and extend the calculation. The number of pigeons seen on the wing by Audubon, as computed by allowing two pigeons to the square yard, was *one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand*, and "as every pigeon (says he) daily consumes half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be *eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day*." The species of food used is the produce of the trees. We thus find that, by a moderate calculation, a single flock of pigeons in the back woods of America consumes in one day as great an amount of food, whether by weight or measure, as would support the whole seventeen millions of people in Great Britain for at least a week. The mind is lost in wonder in contemplation of so magnificent a fact. The faculty of thought is bewildered in pondering on so striking an instance of the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Where, where, may we then ask, have the predictors of famine been examining the sources of food for man? On what have their eyes and their thoughts been fixed, that they have passed over this prospect of inexhaustible plenty? It would seem that they have never looked beyond the confines of that little spot of land in the ocean which I have alluded to, and whose superabundant thousands require only to be transferred to that division on the earth's surface holding out food, raiment, and residence for their gratuitous acceptance, in order that society may right itself.

The above is the *first* fact I have to offer in the elucidation of this important question; and I maintain, in direct opposition to those who have taken a contrary view of the subject—among whom I am sorry to include persons otherwise distinguished for the clearness and comprehensiveness of their views of the social compact—that until the *whole* earth has been peopled, and until it can hold no more, it cannot rationally be said that the means of subsistence are inadequate for the wants of the population. These means are no more inadequate than that the produce of a kitchen-garden is insufficient to support the family to which it belongs; and if this family be prevented from seeking its subsistence beyond its garden walls, and so be half-starved, their miserable case is exactly parallel with that of this over-populated island. Remove, I would say, all restrictions of a certain description; do not unnaturally foster population either in a particular part of the country, or at a particular time; *LET MANKIND ALONE*; and, in the same manner that fluids find their level, so will the redundant population of Great Britain and Ireland be profitably dispersed over territories hitherto untrod by the footsteps of civilised men.

My *second* fact is more hypothetical, but not less obvious to our understanding. It is an old proverbial expression, that "necessity is the mother of invention." Now, in this sentiment we discover one of the wisest provisions of Providence. It is only by necessity that mankind, in a savage state, are compelled to hunt, or otherwise toil, for their subsistence. The same feeling predominates through all the ramifications of civilised society. In proportion as the necessities of men spur them on to seek out new means of subsistence, so do these new means of subsistence open upon their view. If we cast a retrospective glance upon those steps which society has traced from its infancy to manhood—from a state of barbaric rudeness to a condition of luxury and splendour—we invariably find that all improvements have originated in the wants of the people; and that in proportion as they increased in number, so did they whet their invention, and contrive additional means of support. It is from this cause that Scotland, for instance, had no greater overplus of food when it had only a million of inhabitants than it has now, when

it supports nearly three times the number. Nay, it had much less food in proportion when it had only a million of people; and hence it is proved that mankind, by their inventions and improvements, greatly increase the means of support beyond the point at which they formerly stood. The power of seeking out, or inventing, new means of subsistence, just as the old ones are perceived to be inadequate, has been actively at work since the beginning of time, and will operate for the benefit of our race as long as sun and moon endure. It is in the exercise of this transcendent faculty of the human mind that we see the beneficence of the Creator in providing unseen means of subsistence; and it is in it that we find the cheering hope, that at no period, however distant, even when the *whole* earth shall have been covered with inhabitants, shall mankind languish for lack of food. As they go on increasing in number, so will they go on perfecting their contrivances; every succeeding generation may labour under some new difficulty, but so will it be endowed with the faculty of releasing itself from it.

I have been led into these reflections by cogitating on the probable effects of that species of elemental locomotion in which steam is the active agent, and which appears to come into use for the benefit of our species precisely at the time that the quantity of food produced in this country has begun to be felt as too limited. An exceedingly instructive volume, illustrative of the commercial, political, and moral advantages of elemental locomotion, by means of steam-carriages on common roads, has appeared in London, from the pen of Alexander Gordon, civil engineer; and on turning over its leaves, I am glad to perceive that the same idea, with regard to increasing the amount of food by the introduction of inanimate for animate power, is insisted upon both by the author and by those who have been examined on the question by a committee of the House of Commons.

"The substitution of inanimate for animate power (says Mr Gordon), if not the panacea which is to cure all the evils of our condition, is at least one that comes recommended as a matter of fact—easy of operation and effectual in its result. If want of food, or, in other words, redundancy of population, be the bane of the country, it does not propose to meet that evil by a visionary project, tending in its operation to unhinge society, tedious in its process, and ending at length in bitter disappointment; but it meets the evil directly, substantially, and effectually, by the substitution of [consumers of] food. And how are all these advantages to be effected? By the substitution of inanimate for animate power. At present, the animate power employed in the commercial transportations of this great kingdom is estimated to amount to two millions of horses. Each horse consumes as much food as is necessary for the support of eight men. Hence the conversion of its consumption to purposes of human existence would, if carried to this practical extent, amount to a quantity of food equal to support sixteen millions of people. Now, the suppression of the stage-horses upon our principal thoroughfares, and of the dray-horses in the great commercial towns, may be calculated to economise a saving of food equivalent to the supply of the above human beings. The reduction of farm consumption, the bugbear of the project, will be met and compensated by a steady and proportionate demand from other quarters; whilst in the United Kingdom the 8,100,000 acres of land now required to feed the horses, together with the capital sunk in their purchase, will, when both applied to other and general purposes, amply compensate for the change. If instead of 20,000 horses we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butcher's meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap, and so many hides lower the price of leather. Or the same quantity of land may keep 30,000 cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor, as well

as to the labouring manufacturer. The same thing may be said in favour of more sheep and woollen cloths.

"If, then, elemental locomotion can be made to supersede the expensive unproductive system of animal labour now in use, it will indubitably be for the vital interest of all classes of society that the substitution should be realised speedily and extensively. That steam can be so applied, has been satisfactorily proved by the report of the committee of the House of Commons, in which it was expressed as an opinion that 'the substitution of inanimate for animal power, in draught or common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal improvement ever introduced.'" It would be needless here to particularise the evidence adduced before the committee, and I may only refer to what was said by Colonel Torrens, M.P. "With respect (says he) to the demand for labour, that demand consists of the quantity of food and raw materials which can be cheaply obtained; and, as by the supposition the displacing of horses will leave at liberty more food, and more material, the demand for labour will ultimately be greatly increased, instead of being diminished. If steam-carriages could ultimately be brought to such perfection as entirely to supersede draught-horses on the common roads (not including horses used for other commercial and for agricultural purposes), there would be food and demand for eight millions of persons. But when we take further into consideration, that lowering the expense of carriage would enable us to extend cultivation over soils which cannot now profitably be tilled, and would have the further effect of enabling us to apply, with a profit, additional portions of labour and capital to the soils already under tillage, I think it not unfair to conclude, that were elementary power on the common roads completely to supersede draught-horses, the population, wealth, and power of Great Britain, would at least be doubled. In point of fact, superseding horses by mechanical power would have precisely the same effect in increasing the population and wealth of England, as would be produced were we to increase the extent of the country, by adding thereto a new and fertile territory, equal in extent to all the land which now breeds all the horses employed upon common roads. Such addition to the extent of fertile territory in England, suddenly effected, would, in the first instance, lower the value of agricultural produce, and be injurious to the proprietors of the old portion of the territory; but no person would therefore contend, that if we would enlarge the island of Great Britain, by additional tracts of fertile land, the public interests would be injured by such enlargement. This would be monstrously absurd. It is not less absurd to object to the increase of food available for human beings, by substituting mechanical power for horses."

My readers may now perhaps be satisfied with what has been said on a topic which has in various shapes already excited a good deal of controversy, and which appears to have been strangely obscured by the elaborate essays of a certain description of political economists. In my humble opinion, it requires neither books nor intricate disquisitions to elucidate those principles which govern the production and consumption of food by man. The very simple facts I have here chosen to bring undisguisedly forward, might, I think, convince every one who does not prefer the mystifications of theorists to plain sense and plain truth, that the doctrine as to the means of subsistence having a constant disposition to fall beneath the demand for food, rests on no sure foundation, is irrational in its character, and, in reality, amounts to a scandalous, though perhaps unintentional, libel on the beneficent designs of Providence.

"O WALY, WALY."

AMONG the ballads of Scotland supposed to refer to real circumstances in private life, we hardly find one which possesses such touching tenderness and melancholy pathos as that beginning—

"O waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly, waly, by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae!"

"Waly, waly," is a Scottish interjection of bewailment, and, with the remainder of the ballad, refers to a dark and treacherous transaction, in connection with the fate of a Marchioness of Douglas. The story on which the ballad has been founded may be related in a few words.

James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the tutor, and sometimes the laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably ad-

vanced in life at the time, was chamberlain or factor to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The Earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness.

The unhappy pair now parted, the lady lamenting her miserable fate—

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Oh, Martinian wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wears me?

Arthur's Seat is a conspicuous rocky hill rising on the east side of Edinburgh, and St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, a fountain which springs from its base, near the ruins of a small chapel and hermitage, the tenant of which it must have supplied with water. This pleasing classic spot has been shockingly abused in recent times. The explanation here given of the occasion of the ballad is countenanced by local circumstances. The forlorn Marchioness, in alluding to the period when she was an honoured wife, speaks of a visit to Glasgow, a city near to her husband's residence and estates; in alluding to her present degraded condition, when residing with her father at Edinburgh, she introduces Arthur's Seat and St Anthony's Well, two objects of note in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness, I am altogether ignorant. The ballad concludes in mentioning, that at last a reconciliation took place between her and her husband, and, for the sake of human nature and injured innocence, it is to be hoped that such was the case. Her son was afterwards a personage of some historical note. When only eighteen years of age, he raised the 20th, or Cameronian regiment, a band originally associated in 1689 for the purpose of protecting the Convention of Estates at Edinburgh, while the measure of the revolution was in agitation, but which he afterwards led abroad to fight in King William's French wars. He was killed, in the act of leading on the regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, when only twenty-one years of age. The Marquis of Douglas married a second wife, who bore him the noted Archibald Duke of Douglas, Lady Jane Douglas, and other children; and thus, what is a very strange circumstance, the venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1827, was but grandson to the "false love" who sent the heroine of "Waly, waly," to take her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670.

The traitorous Lowrie, laird of Blackwood, distinguished himself in the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II. He had been accessory to the insurrection of 1666, and was condemned to death for his concern in the affair of Bothwell Bridge, but was pardoned. Fountainhall describes him as a man disliked by people of every party and every condition. It seems that Archibald Duke of Douglas used to take great pleasure in hearing the ballad sung, and that an old woman who had been dairy-woman at Douglas Castle was frequently sent for by his Grace to sing it to him. As she doled out the verses to their slow melancholy tune, his Grace wheeled round the room in a gilded chair, muttering imprecations against Lowrie, and sometimes exclaiming aloud, "Oh, that Blackwood must have been a detestable soul." It says something for the heart of the Duke, whatever his general conduct in life says for his head, that he should have thus bewailed the treachery by which his father had permitted himself to be so grievously imposed upon. The old woman who sung the ballad to his Grace usually got a bottle of wine home in her lap, as her minstrel grandson.—(From "THE SCOTTISH BALLADS, collected and illustrated by Robert Chambers.")

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host.

The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns

seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm, "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named. "My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to loose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer—but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and, while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed Heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspicious simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead: "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous." "There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year—" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly:—"Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at his door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hotland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-Stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her, when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake." "He is so beautiful!" said old Hans. "Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. "My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness. "Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted. "He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing and departed in silence. "All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping." "So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well." "He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained which cast a doubtful light on his countenance. "Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover's face—"Brande, you have murdered him!"—"With these half articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—"Sir," said Claribell in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage contract.—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it." Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. "Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture; "shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"—"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death.—Hast thou deserved trust hitherto."

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Conings-better?"

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians! I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."—"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "I accuse him!" At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorcerer exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed.—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!"—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy; leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendent of the miners; "and that white haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."—"The woman is his widow then?" said the viceroy shuddering—"No, my lord;—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours; that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—While the humane intendat spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendat of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein—"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and

Adolphus sprang into his arms—"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.—"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."—*European Magazine.*

VICIOUS FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION.

Few, even of the greatest writers, are so perfectly conversant with the anatomy of the English language, as to be free from occasional improprieties; far less can the mass of the people be expected to avoid such errors in common speech. We think that it is impossible to write or speak too correctly, and it will be allowed that the greater part of the vicious forms of speech and composition might be prevented by a small degree of attention. We therefore submit a few corrections of the more obvious blunders in general use, for the purpose of putting every one on his guard.

Both, whether as a numeral, or as a conjunction, ought to be applied to no more than two objects or sentences.

Whether; a similar remark applies to this word, which in reality is a contraction of "which of the either," that is, which of two objects. *Whether* is too frequently applied to three objects.

Couple, which simply implies the juncture of two objects, cannot properly be used in reference to separate objects. "A couple of shillings," for instance, is an error.

The former and latter can only be used properly in respect of two objects.

Neither (or not either) is only applicable to two objects.

Every, and each, being singular ideas, ought never to be used as plurals. The error of so using them is very common.

Eat is the proper preterite of eat. Eat is now generally used as the preterite—a vulgar mistake, arising from the pronunciation. Sir Walter Scott, who is nearly the most careless writer of the day, and whose writings abound in provincialisms, uses *eat* as the preterite.

Bade is the proper preterite of bid. *Bid* is often used as the preterite, an error similar to that just alluded to.

Lay is the proper preterite of lie. It is also the present of a verb, signifying to deposit. Care ought to be taken not to use it as the present of the former verb, which is often done.

Bidden, ridden, written, spoken, are the past participles of bid, ride, write, speak. We often hear people say, "He was spoke to;" "I have wrote to him;" "Eclipse was rode by Jenkins." Nothing could be more vulgarly erroneous.

Drunk is the proper past participle of drink. Fastidious people have lately got into a way of saying, "His health was drank." Drank is the preterite, and cannot be thus used without a palpable fracture of the skull of Priscian.

Don't, won't, and can't, though admitted as colloquial English, are not good contractions. We could forgive them, however, if people would avoid using *don't* in the third person singular. "He does not" can never be properly abbreviated into "He don't." This error, vulgar as it is, advances a pace in good English society.

Had better, had rather. These are vulgar absurdities, arising, perhaps, from the desire of brevity. "I had rather" must have originally been "I would rather," contracted into "I'd rather." There is a singularly vile Scotticism—"I had oblige to do so and so." It should be I was obliged.

Short-lived, long-lived, should be short-lived, long-lived.

The above, as an adjective. "The above statement may be relied on." Above, being an adverb, can never be correctly used as an adjective. It is, however, very commonly employed in that capacity.

Then, as an adjective. "The then Earl of Winchelsea." Nothing can be more vicious.

A great many, a good many, a few; here a singular article is used with plural nouns. These are very incorrect forms of language.

Quantity is often used in reference to objects susceptible of numeration. It is only applicable to an object capable of increase or decrease, not by numeration.

Differ with, differ to, very bad. *From* is the only correct particle to use with *differ* and its derivatives. *Disagree with* is proper, because *agree* there governs, not the *dis*.

Supported by subscription, which simply means by underwriting, might be improved into "supported by contribution."

Lieutenant. Why should this be pronounced *lef-tenant* 3? Can it be because the *u* in *lieu* was once written *v*? an error similar to that which makes the Mackenysies in Scotland be called Mackenzies, and the name of Menyies be spelt Menzies, the *y* being mistaken by transcribers for *z*.

Beside means *over and above*, and occasionally *except*. To say, "sit beside me," or to use the word in any way as implying place, is incorrect.

Animal. It is generally supposed that this word is only applicable to quadrupeds, as *beast* certainly is. It is in reality applicable to any creature having life and breath.

Without, in the sense of *unless*, is certainly a vulgarism.

Often is decidedly wrong.

Men's minds, the horses' heads. Here the abbreviation of the singular *his* is used or implied for the plural *their*. Nothing can be more incorrect. "The minds of men," and "the heads of the horses," are the proper phrases.

Those sort of things ought to be *this* sort of things.

Progress, as a verb—an Americanism. What fault can be found with the good old English word *advance*?

Man-milliner seems to be both vulgar and wrong. Milliner, from its masculine termination, should certainly be applicable to males; and the word should be altered for the ladies.

Last night, last evening. These are poor substitutes for the fine old English sound of *yesternight*.

Antiquarian is often used for *Antiquary*. The former is the adjective, the latter the noun.

ITALY AND ITS SCENERY.

ITALY is a country more interesting from the historical associations connected with it than almost any other region on the globe, with the exception of Greece. The following vivid description of this beautiful territory is from the poetical pen of Vieuzeux, in his work entitled "Italy and the Italians."

"It is in the southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy; the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections; the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly in the south that belong the romantic scenes described by poets and travellers; the beautiful moonlight nights; the glowing azure of the sky; the dark blue sea; the purple tinged mountains; the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

'Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.'

There the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello, were inspired. The wonders of Michel Angelo, the Temple of St Peter, as well as the Coliseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Cæsar, and of Cicero.

The north of Italy is the country of plenty; less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Corregio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The north has given the best soldiers; the south the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition, and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the south is colossal and imposing; that of the north is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The north is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant, but monotonous; roads wide, level, and straight, never-ending avenues and trees; the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Appenines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dullness of the scene. In the south, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags; torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder—and at other scenes reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of their rocky beds; wide, uncultivated plains, strewn with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men; and, in the midst of these, the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Farther inland are seen ruinous castles and towers, perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chestnut trees and wild solitary glens. More to the south, the rich plains of Campania and of Apulia, the lovely shores of Parthenope, encircled by the frowning Appenines, which rise bolder, and higher, and wilder, as they extend farther south; until at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state; full of uncultivated ge-

nus; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic deeds.

The Italians of the north have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss, and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe; they have more the features of a modern nation, and are more likely to form one; they have, in short, the good and the bad qualities of modern civilised Europe.

The Italians of the south (with the exception of Tuscany in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from other nations; they have more of the personal independence of half-civilised people, although living under absolute governments: they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller—all three beautiful, and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian urbanity and elegance, and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of monuments, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former state. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the syren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement, the country of senses, but the country also of imagination."

CHARACTER OF FISH.

It would appear that the character of fish has been generally misrepresented or misunderstood, and Sharon Turner, in his Sacred History, recently published, takes in hand to set us right on the subject. "The general character of fish (says he) is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociality, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonising together, without any display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on, but we have no malice, or ill will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potatoe. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on molluscs, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscs, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication, which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrate animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the gaminivorous quadrupeds, which pass the day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil though ever-eating cow, who takes 100lbs. of grass in the day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that, however it may be with some particular classes or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Even the pike, which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach, an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence, for herings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent naturalist, which will lead him to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance. The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence, is

impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale pursues no other animal, leads an inoffensive life, and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief. The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oro moko manati, which has been found so huge in bulk that 27 men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chiefs of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same, mild, playful, animated, and unoffending beings, and have been so designed and organised, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament."

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC PRINCE.

Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the memoirs of Count de Maurepas, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriasm is doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artisan falling into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or disembodied spirits.

THE EARL OF CAITHNESS AND JAMES IV.

Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity is inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness to wear green, or cross the *Ord* (a huge mountain betwixt Caithness and Sutherland) on a Monday, the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland, on his way towards the south.

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

"I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others: it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our energies. The struggle after knowledge, too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away with remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another." "The high poetic talent—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild, although beautiful error of nature—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."—*Contarini Fleming*.

FIGHT WITH A LION.

A gentleman of our party had a perilous adventure with a lion, he having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. The main features of the anecdote offered a striking illustration of the sagacity of the elephant, and may be strictly depended upon. A lion had charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah (or car on the back of the elephant) suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout or servant, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and, grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it across the loins of the lion—and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold. My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up.—*Captain Mundy's Sketches of India*.

NON-BAPTISING OF THE RIGHT HAND.

In the border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of small children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in *Campion's History of Ireland*, published in 1633. "In some corner of the land they used a sinful superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."

THE MINISTER AND THE COLLIER.

A Fife clergyman, of very gentle disposition, one Sunday came upon a pair of Borrowstownness colliers, who had come over the Frith of Forth, and made a piratical descent upon one of his bean-fields. Disposed to take pacific measures with the offenders, the worthy man began to represent to them, in the first place, the sin of thus violating the sanctity of the Sabbath; in the second, the wickedness of destroying so much of his property while in an unripe state, and when it could be of so little service to themselves. "Stay," he entreated, "till the beans are ripe, and, if you will not steal any before that time, I shall willingly give you a whole peck as a sort of reward for your patience and honesty." "A peck!" cried one of the wretches, in a tone of mingled astonishment and scorn; "a peck! gae wa', man, we wadna tak your bow (boll)!"

THE EAGLE AND THE STOAT.

Brown, in his *Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*, relates the following interesting incident in relation to the stoat, a small animal resembling the weasel:—"A group of hay-makers, while busy at their work on Chapelhope meadow, at the upper end of St Mary's Loch (or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land), saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley. The eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight; but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles, that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing; he used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionably rapid. The now idle hay-makers drew together in close consultation on the singularity of the case, and continued to fix their attention on the seemingly distressed eagle, who rose perpendicularly, until he was nearly out of sight in the concave recess of the blue ether. In a short time, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth, evidently not as he ascended, in spiral curves; his descent was like something falling, and with great rapidity. As he approached the ground, they plainly perceived that he was tumbling like a shot bird; the convulsive fluttering of his wide and powerful pinions but slightly impeding the rapidity of his descent, until he fell at a small distance from the men and boys of the party, who had naturally run forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large black-tailed stoat ran from the body as they came near, turned with the usual nonchalance and impudence of the tribe, stood up upon its hind legs, crossed its fore paws over its nose, and surveyed its enemies a moment or two (as they frequently do, when no dog is near), and bounded into a willow bush. The king of the air was dead; and, what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and, upon farther examination, they found his throat cut. It was clear that the stoat must have been the regicide."

SINGING.

The American physician, Dr Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons, who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

Harmonicon.

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

A leg of mutton, in its last stage of scragginess, is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or more briefly, "a poor man." It is related by Dr Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn in London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered with a yawn, "I dare say I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his Lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.

EMIGRATION—PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"WHEN travelling through the settlements of Prince Edward Island (continues Mr Macgregor, in his work on British America), we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen, who, though fewer than any others in numbers, are found from almost every county in England; Scotchmen, who form more than one-half of the population, from the Highlands, Hebrides, and the southern counties; American loyalists; and a few Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. The whole population may be estimated at 35,000. The English settlers, although for some time discontented with their condition, are generally found to thrive, particularly those from Yorkshire; and they are much more attentive to in-door comfort and cleanliness than most other settlers."

The Highland Scotch, particularly those who settled first in the colony, and their descendants, are exceedingly regardless of domestic cleanliness or neatness, while they are at the same time in much better circumstances than they would be in their native country. The Lowland Scotch make probably the best settlers, at least those who have, during late years, removed to the island, may be considered so; and the Perthshire Highlanders, as well as those sent to the colony by the late Earl of Selkirk, may also be classed among the most thriving part of the population. The American loyalists, who removed to the island after the revolutionary war, are generally most industrious in their occupations. They live very comfortably, and are extremely ingenious, building their own houses, are carpenters and joiners, make their own shoes, ploughs, harrows, carts, sledges, cabrioles, &c. The women spin, knit, and weave linens, cottons, and woollen cloth for domestic use. The Irish emigrants soon better their condition in this colony; but they are certainly a less steady class of settlers than any other. There are about 5000 Acadian or Nova Scotian French on the island, and these profess the Roman Catholic religion. Their priests are educated in Canada. The Indians, who wander about the colony, are now few in number.

The inhabitants of the colony, particularly the old farmers, are hospitable, kind, and obliging, and, generally speaking, a moral people. Litigation, which the timber business, and the credit given by the tavern-keepers and small shopkeepers, have produced, and the low price of rum, form the sole causes of immorality, and the most baneful evils connected with the island. The farmers are employed, during the winter, in attending to their cattle, thrashing out their corn, cutting and hauling home fire-wood for winter use, and a stock of fuel for summer; these occupations, with many other little matters connected with his farm, house, and markets, engage the constant attention of a managing industrious man. The farmers' wives and daughters are generally very industrious, decorous, and correct, and strictly domestic and attentive to household duties. They assist in the labours of the farm during seed-time, hay-making, and harvest, and, during winter, prepare their flax and wool for spinning and knitting, and many of them also weave their home-spun cloth. The different denominations of religion that have places of worship, are the Church of England, as established by law, the Kirk of Scotland, Scottish Dissenters, Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Baptists. All the members of these professions associate together as neighbours, and frequently attend the places of worship of each other with great good feeling. There is in Charlotte Town a very respectable grammar-school, a school on the Madras system, and schools in most of the settlements for elementary instruction. The Legislative Assembly vote money for the partial support of these schools. The island is governed by a lieutenant-governor, a council, and a House of Assembly of eighteen representatives, elected by the people.

As to the prospects which this colony may present to persons in the United Kingdom who are desirous of emigrating, not more than 20,000 acres, if so much, are held by the crown. Woodlands in convenient situations may, however, be purchased for from 10s. to L.2 per acre; and leases, in perpetuity, or, what amounts to the same thing, for 999 years, can be obtained for the annual rent of from 1s. to 2s. per acre, and in some situations for less. So that, taking into consideration the advantages of residing in the vicinity of well-disposed society, the opportunity that is afforded of having children instructed in the rudiments of education, of roads communicating between all the settlements, of corn-mills and saw-mills being almost every where in the neighbourhood, and having the convenience and benefit, by living near the shipping ports, of ready markets for the produce of the land or sea, it may be reasonably concluded, that the terms on which lands are now to be had in this island are much more favourable than those on which they can be had in the United States.

It is curious and interesting to observe the progress which a new settler makes in clearing and cultivating a wood farm, from the period he commences in the forest, until he has reclaimed a sufficient quantity of land to enable him to follow the mode of cultivation he practised in his native country. As the same course is, with little variation, followed by all new settlers in every part of America, the following description may, to avoid repetition, be considered applicable to all the British American settlements.—The first object is to select the farm among such vacant lands as are most

desirable, and after obtaining the necessary tenure, the settler commences, usually assisted in his first operations by the nearest inhabitants, by cutting down the trees on the site of his intended habitation, and those growing on the ground immediately adjoining. This operation is performed with the axe, by cutting a notch on each side of the tree, about two feet above the ground, and rather more than half through on the side it is intended the tree should fall on. The lower edges of these notches are cut horizontally, the upper making an angle of about 60° with the ground. The trees are all felled in the same direction, and after lopping off the principal branches, cut into ten or twelve feet lengths. On the spot on which the house is to be erected, theseunks are rolled away, and the smaller parts cleared off, or burnt. The habitations which the new settlers first erect are all nearly in the same style, and in imitation of, or altogether like, the dwellings of an American back-woodsman, constructed in the rudest manner. Round logs, from fifteen to twenty feet long, without the least dressing, are laid horizontally over each other, and notched in at the corners to allow them to come along the walls, within about an inch of each other. One is first laid on each side to begin the walls, then one at each end, and the building is raised in this manner, by a succession of logs crossing and binding each other at the corners, until the wall is six or seven feet high. The seams are closed with moss or clay; three or four rafters are then raised to support the roof, which is covered with boards, or more frequently with the rinds of birch or fir-trees, and thatched with spruce branches, or, if near the sea coast, with a long marine grass, which is found in quantities along the shores. Poles are laid over this thatch, tied together with birch withes, to keep the whole securely down. A wooden frame-work, placed on a slight foundation of stone roughly raised a few feet above the ground, lends through the roof, which, with its sides closed up with clay and straw kneaded together, forms the chimney. A space large enough for a door, and another for a window, is cut through the walls; and in the centre of the cottage a square pit or cellar is dug for the purpose of preserving potatoes or other vegetables during winter; over this pit a floor of boards, or logs hewed flat on the upper side, is laid, and another over head, to form a sort of garret. When the door is hung, a window-sash, with six or nine, or sometimes twelve panes of glass, is fixed, and one, two, or three trundle beds are put up; the habitation is then considered ready to receive the new settler and his family. Although such a dwelling has certainly nothing handsome, comfortable, or even attractive, unless it be its rudeness in appearance, yet it is by no means so miserable a lodging as the habitations of the poorer peasantry in Ireland, and in some parts of England and Scotland. In a few years, however, a much better house is built, with two or more rooms, by all industrious settlers. Previous to commencing the cultivation of woodlands, the trees that are cut down, lopped, and cut into lengths, are, when the proper season arrives, generally in May, set on fire, which consumes all the branches and small wood. The logs are then either piled in heaps and burnt, or rolled away for fencing. Those who can afford the expense, use oxen to haul off the large unconsumed timber. The surface of the ground, and the remaining wood, is all black and charred; working on it, and preparing it for the seed, is as disagreeable probably as any labour in which a man can be engaged. Men, women, and children, however, must employ themselves in gathering and burning the rubbish, and in such parts of labour as the strength of each adapts them to. If the ground be intended for grain, it is sown without tillage over the surface, and the seed covered with a hoe. By some a triangular harrow is used in place of the hoe, to shorten labour. Others break up the earth with a one-handed plough (the old Dutch plough), which has the share and coulter locked into each other, drawn also by oxen, while a man attends with an axe to cut the roots in its way. Little regard is paid in this case to making straight furrows, the object being no more than to work up the ground. With such rude preparation, however, three successive good crops are raised without any manure. Potatoes are planted in round hollows, scooped four or five inches deep, and about twenty in circumference, in which three or five sets are planted, and covered over with a hoe. Indian corn, cucumbers, pumpkins, pease, and beans, are cultivated in new lands in the same manner as potatoes. Grain of all kinds, turnip, hemp, flax, and grass seeds, are sown over the surface, and covered by means of a hoe, rake, or harrow. Wheat is generally sown on the same ground, the year after potatoes, without ploughing, but covering the seed with a rake or harrow, and oats are sown on the same land the following year.

Some farmers—and it is certainly a prudent plan—sow timothy, or clover seed, the second year, along with the wheat, and afterwards let the ground remain under grass until the stumps of the trees can be easily got out, which usually requires three or four years. With a little additional labour, these obstructions to cultivation might be removed the second year. The roots of spruce, birch, and beech, decay soonest; those of pine and hemlock scarcely decay in an age. After the stumps are removed from the soil, and those natural hillocks called cradle hills, which render the whole

of the forests of America full of inequalities of from one to three feet high, are levelled, the plough may always be used, and the system of husbandry followed that is most approved of in England or Scotland. When the soil is exhausted by cropping, which, on alluvial lands, is scarcely ever the case, various manures may be procured and applied. In many parts of America, limestone, gypsum, &c. are abundant, but little less except stable dung is ever used. Composts are rarely known; and different manures, that would fertilize the soil, are so much disregarded, that, generally speaking, the cultivation of the soil is conducted in so slovenly a manner, that it appears astonishing how many of the settlers raise enough to support their families. In this island, within many of the bays and rivers, numerous banks of mussel-mud abound, which consists of mussels, shells, and mud, composed of decayed vegetable and other substances. This forms an extremely rich manure, containing about forty-five parts of the carbonate of lime, and imparts extraordinary fertility for ten or twelve years to the soil. Sea weed, or ware which is thrown on the shores, especially on the north side of the island, in great quantities, is another excellent manure, particularly for barley crops; and even the common mud which abounds in the creeks may be applied as a manure with advantage."

ENGLISH ODDITIES.

THE peculiar and odd practices of the English have been frequently satirised, and to make the satire itself an instance of oddity, it has been as often levelled by the English themselves, as by foreign writers. Goldsmith manifested a strong perception of what was ridiculous in our manners when he wrote his *Citizen of the World*; and a similar faculty has been shewn by Southey, in his *Letters of Esplanade*, from which the following passage may be quoted:—

"Yesterday I went to see a show of tulips, as it is called, about three miles from town. The bed in which they were arranged, each in its separate pot, was not less than fifty *varas* in length, covered with a linen awning the whole way, and with linen curtains at the sides, to be let down, if the wind should be violent, or the rain beat in. The first sight of this long gallery of flowers was singular and striking; and faint as the odour of the tulip is, the many thousands which were here collected together formed a very perceptible and sweet fragrance. The few persons present were brother florists, or amateurs of the science, and the exhibitor himself was a character quite new to me. Never before had I seen such perfect and complete enjoyment as this man took in his tulips; he did not seem to have a single wish, or thought, or idea beyond them; his whole business from one end of the year to the other was to nurse them up, and here they were in full bloom and beauty. The price of one, he told us, was twenty guineas; another only ten; some were forty, fifty, as high as a hundred; there was one on which no price could be set. . . he did not know its value, . . indeed it was invaluable. We saw Julius Caesar, and the Great Mogul, and Bonaparte, and St George, and the Duke of Marlborough. "This," said he, "is poor Louis XVI.;—here's Pompey; . . that's Washington; he's a grand fellow;" and he looked up in our faces with a feeling so simple, and so serious, that it was evident his praise was solely designed for the flower. I ventured to admire one, and, as you may suppose, only betrayed my ignorance; it was a vulgar flower, and had no name; they told me it was *streaky*, by which term they meant that it was veined with colours which spread into the white part of the leaf, and faded away; . . the very thing for which I had admired it. It seems, the perfection of a tulip consists in its form; the lips of the cup should just incline inwards, and just be tipped with a colour which does not diffuse itself. When I knew that standard of perfection, I began to see with the eyes of a connoisseur, and certainly discovered beauties which would never have been perceptible to me in my state of ignorance.

He and his man, he told us, sat up alternately to watch the garden; yet, notwithstanding their vigilance, some thieves had got in a few nights before: . . "The fools!" said he, "they took about fifty yards of the cloth before they were disturbed, but never touched one of the tulips." His man appeared to be as devoutly attached to the pursuit as himself. I never saw such complete happiness as both these men felt in beholding the perfections of their year's labour, such sober and deep delight as was manifest in every word and gesture. . . Never let me be told again that the pursuit of happiness is vain.

The tulip mania of the Dutch never raged in England, whatever you might imagine from this specimen; yet I have heard of one old gentleman who never was half a dozen leagues from his birth-place during his whole life, except once, when he went to Holland to purchase roots. There may be amateurs enough to make it not an expensive pursuit for the florist; and perhaps the number of persons, who, like us, give a shilling to see the exhibition, may be sufficient to pay for the awning; but I should think it can never be pursued for profit. The carnation, the ranunculus, and the auricula, have each their devotees, who have meetings to exhibit their choice specimens, and prizes for the most beautiful. These bring those flowers to a wonderful perfection, yet this perfection

is less wonderful than the pains by which it is procured. Akin to the florists are the Columbarians, or pigeon-fanciers, and the butterfly-breeders or Aurelians. . . Even as any thing may become the object of superstition, an onion or a crocodile, an ape or an ape's tooth, so also any thing does for a pursuit.

There is, perhaps, no country in which the passion for collecting rarities is so prevalent as in England. The wealth of the kingdom, the rapidity with which intelligence is circulated, and the facility with which things are conveyed from one end of the island to the other, are instrumental causes; but the main cause must be the oddity of the people themselves. There is a popular notion which has originated, Heaven knows how, that a Queen Ann's farthing (the smallest coin they have) is worth £500; and some little while ago, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers offering one for sale at this price. This at once excited the hopes of every body who possessed one of these coins, for there are really so many in existence that the fictitious value is little or nothing. Other farthings were speedily announced to be sold by private contract—go where you would, this was the topic of conversation.

The passion for old china is confined to old women, and indeed is almost extinct. Medals are in less request since science has become fashionable; or perhaps the pursuit is too expensive; or it requires more knowledge than can be acquired easily enough by those who wish for the reputation of knowledge without the trouble of acquiring it. Minerals are now the most common objects of pursuit; engraved portraits form another, since a clergyman some forty years ago published a biographical account of all persons whose likenesses had been engraved in England. This is a mischievous taste, for you rarely or never meet an old book here with the author's head in it; all are mutilated by the collectors: and I have heard that still more mischievous collections of engraved title-pages have been begun. The book-collectors are of a higher order, . . not that their pursuit necessarily implies knowledge; it is the love of possessing rarities, or the pleasure of pursuit, which in most cases actuates them; . . one person who had spent many years in collecting large paper copies, having obtained nearly all which had ever been thus printed, sold the whole collection for the sake of beginning to collect them again. I shall bring home an English bookseller's catalogue as a curiosity; every thing is specified that can tempt these curious purchasers: the name of the printer, if he be at all famous; even the binder, for in this art they certainly are unrivalled. The size of the margin is of great importance. I could not conceive what was meant by a *tall copy*, till this was explained to me. If the leaves of an old book have never been cut smooth, its value is greatly enhanced; but if it should happen that they have never been cut open, the copy becomes inestimable.

The good which these collectors do is, that they preserve volumes which would otherwise perish; and this out-balances the evil which they have done in increasing the price of old books ten and twenty fold. One person will collect English poetry, another Italian, a third classics, a fourth romances: for the wiser sort go upon the maxim of having something of every thing, and every thing of something. They are in general sufficiently liberal in permitting men of letters to make use of their collections; which are not only more complete in their kind than could be found in the public libraries of England, but are more particularly useful in a country where the public libraries are rendered almost useless by absurd restrictions and bad management.

The species of minor collectors are very numerous. Some ten years ago many tradesmen issued copper money of their own, which they called tokens, and which bore the arms of their respective towns, or their own heads, or any device which pleased them. How worthless these pieces must in general have been you may judge, when I tell you that their current value was less than two *quartos*. They became very numerous; and as soon as it was difficult to form a complete collection, . . for while it was easy nobody thought it worth while, . . the collectors began the pursuit. The very worst soon became the most valuable, precisely because no person had ever preserved them for their beauty. Will you believe me when I tell you that a series of engravings of these worthless coins was actually begun, and that a cabinet of them sold for not less than fifty pieces of eight? When the last new copper currency was issued, a shopkeeper in the country sent for a hundred pounds worth from the mint, on purpose that he might choose out a good specimen for himself. Some few geniuses have struck out paths for themselves; one admits no work into his library if it extends beyond a single volume; one is employed in collecting play-bills, another in collecting tea-pots, another in hunting for visiting-cards, another in forming a list of remarkable surnames, another more amusingly in getting specimens of every kind of wig that has been worn within the memory of man. But the King of Collectors is a gentleman in one of the provinces, who, with great pains and expense, procures the halsters which have been used at executions; these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of

virtue, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection.

You will not wonder if mean vices should sometimes be found connected with such mean pursuits. At the sale of a virtuoso's effects, a single shell was purchased at a very high price; the buyer held it up to the company; "There are but two specimens of this shell," said he, "known to be in existence, and I have the other;" . . and he set his foot upon it and crushed it to pieces."

YARROW VISITED.

Written in September 1814. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And is this Yarrow? This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd,
So faithfully a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends on Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All fruitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that did'st appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss:
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on thy true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreath my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And glad some notes my lips can breathe,
According to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights;
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to lighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow

A HIGHLANDMAN'S ANSWER.

A gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there? Donald instantly replied, "Please your honour, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!"

Column for Rural Economists.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

The golden pippin, one of the most celebrated and esteemed apples of this or perhaps any other country, has been considered by some of our modern writers on pomology to be in a state of decay, its fruit of inferior quality in comparison to that of former times, and its existence near its termination. I cannot for a moment agree with such an opinion, because we have facts annually before our eyes completely at variance with such an assertion. Any person visiting Covent Garden or the Borough markets during the fruit season, and indeed any other large market in the southern or mid-land counties of England, will find specimens of fruit as perfect and as fine as any which have been either figured or described by any writer whatever, either in this or any other country. In favourable situations, in many parts of the country, instead of the trees being in a state of rapid decay, they may be found of unusually large size, perfectly healthy, and their crops abundant; the fruit perfect in form, beautiful in colour, and excellent in quality. If the golden pippin be planted upon a good soil, on a dry bottom, and in a warm or sheltered situation, well exposed to the sun, where its blossoms are secured from cold blasts in the spring, and where it can ripen its wood perfectly, it will be found hardy, without exhibiting those alarming signs of decay which have been held out as a presage of its speedy death.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

PROPAGATING PLANTS.

The propagation of plants is effected by the arts of increasing by eyes, striking from cuttings, laying, budding, and grafting. Increasing by eyes is the simplest of all these methods; it consists in nothing but extracting a single system of life, or a bud from a given plant, placing it in due heat and moisture, and surrounding it with fitting food; and thus causing it to grow as a solitary individual, instead of as one of the community to which it originally belonged. Striking from cuttings is a slight modification of the last method. Instead of taking a single bud, a stem containing two, three, or more buds, is placed in circumstances fitted for the maintenance of its life. In this case, the chances of success are increased by the additional number of buds which are the subject of experiment. That bud which is nearest the bottom of the cutting emits its roots at once into the earth, and so establishes a communication between the general system of the cutting and the medium from which its food is to be derived ultimately; the roots of all the buds descend between the bark and the wood, until they reach the earth, into which they finally pass, like those of the first bud. Laying is nothing but striking from cuttings that are still allowed to maintain their connection with the mother plant by means of a portion at least of their stem. Budding and grafting are operations that equally depend for their success upon the property that buds possess of shooting roots downward and stems upward; but in these practices the roots strike between the bark and the wood of the stock, instead of into the earth, and form new layers of wood instead of subterranean fibres. The success of such practices, however, depends upon other causes than those which influence the growth of cuttings. It is necessary that an adhesion should take place between the scion and the stock, so that when the descending fibres of the buds shall have fixed themselves upon the wood of the stock, they may not be liable to subsequent separation. No one can have studied the economy of the vegetable kingdom without having remarked that there is a strong tendency to cohesion in bodies or parts that are placed in contact with each other. This cohesion will be always found to take place in the cellular tissue only, and never in the vascular tissue. In the stems of all such trees as are grafted by orchardists, the cellular tissue is found alive only in the medullary rays and the liber; it is therefore essential, in the first place, that those parts, both in the stock and the scion, should be placed in contact. In regard to the medullary rays, these are so numerous and so closely placed that it is scarcely possible that a portion of one stem should be applied to another, without the medullary rays of both touching each other at many points. In regard to the liber, as this is confined to a narrow strip in both stock and scion, great care must be taken that they are both placed as exactly in contact with each other as possible, so that the line of separation of the wood and bark should, in both stock and scion, be accurately adjusted. The success of grafting depends very much in attention to this.—*Ibid.*

INVERTING TREES.

In the course of ascertaining how far a circulation of sap is carried on in trees, some interesting facts have been determined by Mr Knight and others with regard to the effect of inverting stems, or, in other words, of planting the superior part of the stem, and thus converting it into a root. If the stem of a plum or cherry tree, which is not too thick, be bent, and the top be put under ground, while the roots are gradually detached, in proportion as the former top of the stem becomes firmly fixed in the soil, the branches of the root will shoot forth leaves and flowers, and in due time will produce fruit.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Oxalid acid has been successfully used to make old seeds germinate. They are put into a bottle of the acid until germination commences, which is generally in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when they are taken out and sown in the usual manner. Seeds from twenty to forty years old have been successfully treated in this way.

TO PRODUCE GRASSY LAWNS.

In the metropolis and its neighbourhood, the turf laid down in small gardens seldom lasts more than one season, and requires to be renewed at an expense, including the purchase of the turf and laying it down, of from 3d. to 4d. a square foot. Instead of being at this expense, if the ground to be turned were to be stirred up to the depth of three or four inches every spring, in the last week of March or the first week of April, and thickly sown with the following seeds, it would soon become green, and, if regularly sown, will remain as close and thick as any turf whatever during the whole summer; dying, however, in the succeeding winter, and requiring to be renewed in the spring. The grasses used for this purpose are: *Agrostis vulgaris* var. *tenerifolia*, *Festuca duriuscula*, *Festuca ovina*, *Cynosurus aristatus*, *Poa pratensis*, *Avena flavescens*, and *Trifolium minus*. These seeds are mixed together in equal portions, and are sown at the rate of from four to six bushels per acre. In lawns and shrubberies in the country, the turf frequently falls under large trees and in various other places. There is no cheaper or better mode of making good these defects than by sowing the above mixture so early every spring as the situation and the soil will admit.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

PLANTING POTATOES WHOLE.

A correspondent of the "Gardener's Magazine," writing upon the above question, recommends that potatoes should be planted whole, and adds—"As a testimony, I will state an experiment of mine in 1828. I planted four plants, containing two eyes to each; four, the crowns containing, perhaps, five or six eyes each; four small potatoes; four large whole ones (or what are termed ware potatoes.) Now for the weight of the produce of each kind: the produce of the first four roots weighed 8lbs., that of the second four, 11lbs., that of the third four, 15lbs., that of the fourth four, 16lbs. I think this will make clear to any one, that the reverse of what is generally followed ought to be practised, viz. to plant crowns, or whole potatoes, in lieu of a plant with two eyes. This is even the second trial I have made, and found it the same; but was not so particular in the first experiment as in the second, having determined by my eye the difference was so obvious. I think this of the greatest importance to the agriculturist. If it hold good for an acre, what a difference in the produce! The object of a little extra seed bears no comparison to the produce; and, beside, the labour of cutting is saved. The "Journal Etanger" gives the following economical mode of procuring early potatoes:—Towards the end of February or the beginning of March, prepare a bed of fresh manure; cover it with sand, or very light earth, to the depth of about two or three inches; when the bed shall have become heated, cover the whole of its surface with peelings of potatoes, cut thicker than when the root is intended for culinary use. Place the peelings with the skin upwards, and all in contact; cover them with light earth, from two or three inches deep. This hot-bed is to be treated in the same way as others destined for forcing early crops: viz.—to be covered with matting, exposed at proper hours to the air and sun, and to be frequently watered. Vegetation will thus quickly proceed.

BURNING WIDOWS IN INDIA.

"SINCE I left Bengal (says Statham, in his Recollections of India), the horrible practice of burning widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, called suttee, has been abolished by an order of government; and I can truly say, no intelligence was ever so grateful to me than the news of so praiseworthy an act on the part of Lord William Bentinck, who has gained more laurels by this order than any of his predecessors have done by splendid victories or advantageous political treaties. Never shall I forget the awful shrieks of expiring widows, which, in many instances, have met my ear. Sometimes I have beheld the poor aged matron, unable to ascend the pile, thrown upon it by the hard-hearted Brahmins, with as little remorse as they would have felt if they had been throwing up a log of wood, and with the same roughness too; whilst, at other times, I have beheld the youthful victim of superstition and Brahminical cupidity eagerly and fearlessly ascend the funeral pile of her deceased husband, and embrace the putrid remains, quietly submitting to be bound with flax, and to have a load of dry wood placed over her, till at length the fatal torch being applied by the next of kin, the swiftly-spreading flames have dispelled her dreams of fancied bliss. The last suttee I witnessed was attended with most distressing circumstances: the widow was young, and the mother of three children, two boys and a girl.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of one of the hottest days of July, that I heard of the death of a man, and of the determination of the widow to become a suttee. I immediately went to the house, but was refused admittance. I returned home, but went again in a short time, and then found the body of the deceased husband before the dwelling-house, and the widow sitting by it. She had taken the cloth from her own shoulders and spread it over the face of her husband, so that she was naked from the waist upwards. In her hand she held the branch of a sacred tree, with which she brushed off the flies from the dead body beside her. I immediately reasoned with her on the sin and folly of her proposed self-destruction, pointing out the sinful nature of the crime, and in forsaking the duties incumbent on a mother, as well as the excruciating pains she must endure if she persevered in mounting the funeral pile. To all entreaties to desist from her purpose, she constantly answered, "I am a suttee, a holy woman." When I asked her what she hoped to obtain by this act of self-destruction, she said, "Two millions of years of happy lives (or transmigrations) for myself and husband too." This declaration was eagerly caught at by the host of Brahmins around, who, with clamorous tongues, assured her this would be the case, at the same time advising her to answer none of my questions. This advice for some time she strictly adhered to; and when I spoke to her, instead of answering, she would frantically shout, "Hurrubhoil, hurrubhoil!" However, after reasoning with the Brahmins, and patiently and perseveringly putting questions to her, she at length returned answers to them; and I found that her mind was most fully bent on undergoing the fiery ordeal. She was the most interesting native female, in appearance, that I ever saw, and evinced a courage all through the awful scene that I seldom remember to have seen equalled. In consequence of the judge humanely desiring to prevent her burning, the perwhanna, or order, was not signed for two days, during the whole of which time she was obliged to remain without food, except a few grains of dried rice, presented by the officiating Brahmin; neither could she leave the dead body of her husband, which, long before the ceremony of burning took place, was become so putrid, that the Brahmins, who delighted in the cruel work, were obliged to keep at a good distance from it; yet the poor woman sat beside the corpse, fanning away the flies the whole time, and now and then addressing some endearing words to it. A great deal of impatience was manifested on the second day by all parties for the arrival of the perwhanna; and the brother of the deceased set out for Allipore, a distance of four miles, to expedite the business. Through the haste and anxiety of this messenger, he brought away the order without the signature of the judge. What was now to be done, puzzled them all. The relatives wished to burn the bodies, but this the Daroga forbade.

It was too late now to wait on the judge that day, as the offices were closed. Some advised that the dead body should be burned, and the woman on the same spot the next day; but the relatives said, if the body was once burnt, the woman's resolve might fail, so that it was determined to postpone the burning till the morrow.

Thinking, under the distressing circumstances in which she was now placed, another effort might succeed, I called her two little boys, who were sitting at a distance, to me, and taking one in each hand, went up to her, saying, "Can you, then, thus leave your children without a protector? Have you no maternal feelings left? Can you forsake the children to whom you have given birth? Remember how you have nursed and cherished them, and do not act so cruel, so unnatural a part, towards them." Leaping upon her feet, and lifting her hands to heaven, she exclaimed, "They are not my children; I am a suttee—a holy woman. I have no children. Take them away—take them away." The little boys, evidently in great distress of mind, fell at my feet, and, embracing my knees, exclaimed, "Sahib, our father is dead, and if mother dies, what will become of us? Don't let her burn—don't let her burn, sahib." Whilst thus supplicating, an old man, who, I afterwards learned, was their father's uncle, rushing forward, caught hold of each by the hair of the head, and, dragging them from me, constrained them to shout, Hurrubhoil! It was a lamentable sight to behold them, with tears rolling down their cheeks, thus employed.

Early the next morning I approached the fatal spot again. All nature seemed hushed in silence; a refreshing dew had invigorated the herbs and trees, and a gentle breeze played on the surface of the river. Several large vultures were perched on the summit of the tree, beneath which the devoted victim sat, whilst several large Pariah dogs were prowling around, all attracted by the noisome effluvia issuing from the putrid corpse. The appearance of the woman was greatly altered for the worse. She seemed to be quite intoxicated; her eyes rolled, and her manner altogether was quite different from what it was on the preceding day. Her long dishevelled hair floated in the breeze, and she reminded me of the fabled Hecate. In the course of the night she had been allowed some bhang, which produces the same effect as opium, and is very much liked by the natives generally.

To reason with her in this state was impossible. About eleven o'clock the brother returned with the perwhanna, duly signed by the magistrate. The pile was soon in readiness; it was about seven feet long and five feet broad, and raised about five feet from the ground, composed of dry billets laid across each other, and kept in place by strong stakes driven into the ground; the interstices were filled with flax and shavings dipped in oil, and two large bands of flax were laid across the pile. As she walked boldly towards it, I attempted to gain her attention once more; but the Brahmins were become very insulting and violent. Having proceeded seven times round the pile, during which time she had given parched rice and several little ornaments to her surrounding relatives and friends, she boldly clambered up, and frantically cast herself upon the putrid corpse already deposited there. The two bands of flax were immediately drawn tightly round both the bodies, and tied fast together; many large dry billets were then piled upon them to a great height, and flax was cast in between every layer; then over the whole a kind of liquid butter was poured in abundance; and lest the poor victim should, on feeling the fire, make her escape, two large bamboos were fixed in the ground, on one side of the pile, and, being bent over, were held down tightly by men on the other side, so that the escape of the woman was rendered impossible. Soon as this was completed, which was done in a very short time, a light was placed in the hand of the eldest child, and this poor suppliant for his mother's life was constrained to walk round the pile seven times, and then to set light to some flax beneath the heads of his dead father and living mother. The pile was instantly in a blaze, and the noise of the tomtoms and screams of the multitude quite drowned the cries of the poor widow, except to those who were close to the pile. But I heard a scream from that fire which I shall never forget! It was a cry of horrible anguish and entreaty for liberation! But in a few minutes the cry ceased, and, shortly after, nothing but a heap of burning embers was seen on the spot."

DRESS OF THE HAMBURGERS.

The dress of the men in Hamburg differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats, and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower orders is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves, and shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure. Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China-men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, the other is amputated, and the whole hair concealed. It is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Suevi probably were—remarks a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observes that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germans; while their slaves, like those of the neighbouring people, were kept shaven or close cropped. He adds that some of the other Germans braided their hair though only in youth; but the Suevi continued to do so even in old age; and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of the head (as the Sepoys do in India), to make themselves appear taller and more terrible to their enemies.—*Edin's North of Europe.*

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THESE stupendous cataracts, to which there is no resemblance in the Old World, and which form one of the greatest natural wonders of America, where the works of nature are all on a great scale, have been described a thousand times; but I have seldom seen a better account of them than that which is conveyed in the following detail of an emigrant from Scotland:—

"By casting your eye on the map of North America (says he) you will easily conceive what an immense body of waters must be disgorged from these extensive lakes, or inland seas, situated to the north and west, Erie, St Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, with their innumerable tributary streams, all of which pass through the narrow channel of the River Niagara. The outlet of Lake Erie is at its eastern extremity, at Buffalo, and is about five miles in breadth betwixt the Canadian and the United States shores, and here, properly, the river begins. Three miles farther down, at Black Rock, is the first regular ferry across, and the current runs here so rapidly that a steam-boat of the same power as those that ply on the Firth of Forth, betwixt Leith and Kinghorn, generally makes a semicircle of frequently a mile or two on her passage across. The river is here divided by a beautiful and fertile island (Grand Island) belonging to the States, about twelve or thirteen miles in length, which contains some of the finest land, and some of the most picturesque scenes that I have seen in America. The distance from the island to either shore nowhere exceeds a mile, and in some places on the States side not more than two hundred yards. The channel here is very deep, and the current runs so smoothly, at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, that boats and canoes can pass and repass with ease and safety. Beneath Grand Island, or rather dove-tailed into it, as it were, lies a small island belonging to Great Britain, a mile in length, called Navy Island, at the termination of which the river suddenly widens to about three miles betwixt Fort Slusser on the States side, and Chippawa Village, at the mouth of Chippawa Creek, which forms the entrance to the Welland Canal on the Canadian side. I mention these places so particularly, that you may be able to trace them on the map. The current here begins to run more swiftly, and continues to increase in velocity for two miles, when it arrives at what are called the Great Rapids. These constitute one of the most splendid objects imaginable, and to some they appear as beautiful, though certainly not so sublime, as the great fall itself. They are formed by numerous masses of rock that have been left alone to withstand the rude shocks of this prodigious accumulation of waters, the softer parts in some places having been washed away to a considerable depth by the constant action of the current. It is peculiarly beautiful on a fine summer evening to stand on the Canadian shore, at an elevation of a hundred feet above the river, and see the vast clouds of white foam ascending high in the air, sometimes beautifully tinged by the last rays of the setting sun, long after he has ceased to illumine the dark expanse beneath. There are also, at irregular distances, shelving rocks which appear to have been made of sterner stuff, which run completely across the river, forming numerous embankments, over which the waters roll and tumble with tremendous fury. It is altogether a magnificent scene, and what a painter would much delight to contemplate. These rapids continue battling with the current to the very brink of the great leap, a distance of rather more than a mile, and are divided by another small island, Goat Island, whose foundations may truly be said to be laid in the deep, and which, if it had been placed in the river Thames instead of the river Niagara, would, ere this, have been made a perfect paradise. A handsome bridge, about 150 yards in length, connects it with the village of Manchester. This bridge was built at considerable expense and risk; the workmen employed in its erection had to be secured by ropes tied round their waists, to prevent them from being carried over the Falls, which are almost immediately beneath. It is an object of interest to the tourist, as from the centre arch you have a beautiful view of the rapids, both up and down the river. You are already aware that this island, by dividing the river, makes two separate falls, but by far the largest portion of the waters goes down the Canada side. The breadth from the lower extremity of the island, where the river takes its awful leap, straight across to the British shore, may be about 500 yards, but, as the fall is something in the shape of a horse-shoe, the curve inwards, and deeply indented, the actual breadth is generally estimated at seven hundred or eight hundred yards; my own opinion is, that it cannot be short of half a mile. According to the best authorities of the many scientific men who have visited this place, the height from whence this huge body of water descends in one uninterrupted mass is one hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the river below. But to enable you to form any idea of this stupendous scene from description, is utterly impossible. I have gazed on it a hundred and a hundred times, and always with increased emotions of admiration, fear, and wonder. When standing on the brink of the awful precipice, you think that the foundations of the earth are falling asunder; the tremulous motion of the rocks beneath your feet, and even of the surrounding country to some distance, which is distinctly felt, and the

mighty thundering of the waters as they descend into the gulf beneath, are enough to shake a person of the strongest nerve. I have stood upon Table Rock, which is a broad shelving projection 180 feet above the boiling caldron, until my quickening pulse and giddy head warned me to retire. I cannot tell you, nor is it possible to ascertain, the depth of the river for some distance, either above or below the falls; but it must be immense to admit the escape of so great a body of water in so narrow a channel. I have heard the noise of the cataract at a distance of twenty miles; and I believe in a dense atmosphere, and the wind blowing in a particular direction down the river, that it may be heard at double that distance. A very heavy spray rises, particularly in clear weather, many hundred feet above the falls, sometimes flying away and incorporating itself with the dark clouds in the extreme distance, but more frequently condensing, and falling on the surrounding country as the wind blows it; and woe betide the poor wretch who is caught in the rain. No Scottish mist ever fell on the braes of Lochaber, or ever wet an Englishman into the skin, quicker than would the spray which ascends from the Falls of Niagara. When the wind blows down the river, the passengers in the ferry-boat are obliged to use umbrellas. By far the finest view of these falls is from the Canadian side, for here you have both the Horse-shoe and the American Fall at once before you. This last mentioned is a most beautiful sheet of water, and well worthy to hold the rank of the second wonder of the world of this kind, although not to be compared, in grandeur and sublimity, with the other. It is about 150 or 200 yards in breadth, and either from its rocky bed being composed of harder materials, or from the greater weight of water coming down on the British side, and wearing away that channel more rapidly, it is about twenty feet higher than the Horse-shoe. It does not fall into a gulf or caldron as the other does, but amongst huge rocks, where it dashes itself into an ocean of foam, and then rushes with tremendous velocity to join its former companion. Our immortal countryman, the author of the "Two Brigs," might have imagined an interesting scene here betwixt the two geni of these falls congratulating each other after their terrible tumble. From Goat Island a handsome flight of steps, well secured, leads you down to the margin of the river, where Sam Patch, of unhappy memory, made his celebrated leap. A ladder was erected 120 feet high, with a platform at the top, from which he descended into the eddy, to the great disappointment of thousands who had come far and near, expecting to see him actually leap over the falls. But no living thing has ever gone over them and been seen again. The story of an Indian in a canoe having achieved this, is all a humbug. On the Canadian side there is also a stair-case by which you can descend to the river, and the strong-hearted and adventurous can, by means of a ledge of rocks, go 150 yards completely in under the great leap—a fearful place truly, and which you are glad to get out of again. Nevertheless, every one who has ventured there must admit that he has been amply rewarded for the risk he ran, in surveying the beauty and grandeur of such a scene. To say nothing of the immense body of waters above, beneath and around you, which is truly awful, you have reflected before you on a fine day, when the sun shines full on the cascade, a succession of the most beautiful prismatic colours that can be imagined; it is altogether a lively scene, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is a matter of no little jeopardy, however, to get the length of Termination Rock, as the farther extremity of this pathway is called, for the shelf or jutting of the rock is in some places so narrow that a single false step would precipitate the luckless wight to immediate destruction. There is a house erected at the head of the stair-case, where you can procure a guide for a trifle, and an oil-cloth garment, without which you would be drenched to the skin instantly by the spray which is constantly dashing around you. There is also kept a kind of album, in which are inserted the names of those who have been so fool-hardy as to venture the length of Termination Rock, and where I also had the honour to insert mine. Here are names recorded from every quarter of the globe, and you would be astonished to find so many in the course of one season as there are from England and Scotland. Amongst the latter, I recognized that of the celebrated Captain Basil Hall. A ferry-boat plys with passengers only about half a mile beneath the Horse-shoe, and lands within a hundred yards of the American fall, which, viewed from this place, has a most magnificent effect; but of all the sensations I ever experienced on water, the motion of this boat is the queerest. It is neither rolling nor tossing, but a mixture of both; yet the current is not so swift, at least not so perceptible, as one would expect from the well known great body of water that is running past; of course it must be of immense depth. The river continues for six miles to run between precipitous banks, from 180 to 200 feet in height, until it comes to Queenstown, forming in many places eddies and whirlpools where no boat could live. The width seldom exceeds 300, and in some places not more than 200 yards. Indeed, many people think, and with some appearance of probability, that the falls must have been as far down as this. An old farmer, who came from Roxburghshire in Scotland, about forty years ago, told me, that in his time he has noticed a perceptible alteration, particularly at the curve of the Horse-shoe, where the heaviest body of water runs, and

which would indicate that the rocks are gradually wearing away. Indeed, from certain landmarks which he pointed out to me, the great leap must now be thirty yards further up the river than it was when he first came to the country. It has been ascertained by naturalists, that the rocks forming the bed of the river, from the rapids upwards, are of a softer nature than those at the falls, and consequently less able to stand the action of the current. Certain people, therefore, who delight in the marvellous, speculate on the time when the bed of the river, having been washed away to a level with the bottom of Lake Erie, will allow its waters, and consequently those of the upper lakes, to escape so rapidly, that Ontario must overflow its banks, Lower Canada and the northern portion of the States be completely laid under water, and the Gulf of St Lawrence turned into another ocean. At Queenstown the high precipitous banks disappear, the river widens to nearly a mile, and continues moving gently at the rate of three or four miles an hour, making many beautiful meanders, until it mingles with the waters of Lake Ontario, twelve miles below the falls, and six below Queenstown."

GRAND CAIRO.

In Cairo you seek in vain to realize the magnificent descriptions of the oriental writers. The immense hills of rubbish on all sides of the city, which have been accumulating for ages, and which are still increased by what is brought out from Cairo daily on the backs of mules, prove the superior magnitude of the old city. But with regard to the general map of the buildings, the modern capital is perhaps as splendid as the famous "Masr" of old; the palaces of caliphs, and some other public buildings, might have beautified the latter, but most of the streets of Cairo have an extremely antique appearance, and present in architecture and materials, no doubt, a picture of what it was formerly. In extent, it is very inferior to Constantinople, and contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. But much of the former is taken up with gardens, whereas Cairo is almost destitute of these elegancies. The houses are built of brick of a dirty colour, and are more lofty, and the streets are wider than those of the capital of Turkey. The windows of lattice or frame-work of wood often project a couple of feet beyond the wall, and admit the view of what is passing without, and are at the same time screened from observation; here the inhabitants love to sit. The interior of the houses, from their construction and the position of the windows, has scarcely any sun—coolness and shade being studied as much as possible. The streets are unpaved, but hard; and to allay the dust and keep them cool, the inhabitants throw water over them. Camels loaded with skins of water are almost continually driven through them, and the water flows out on the path as they go along. A traveller is soon convinced that the orientals judge rightly in building their capitals with such narrow streets; it is quite a luxury in this climate to enter one. The height of the houses, and the projection of the upper stories, keep them always cool and shaded, and the burning sun is excluded. This city is chiefly supplied with water from the Nile, in the conveyance of which to the different dwellings a vast number of camels are daily employed. The houses have all terraced roofs, and that of the consul's commands an extensive view of the city. It is delightful to rise by night, and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day; you can see to read with perfect ease. From thence you can look all around on the terraces of other dwellings, on which numbers of the inhabitants lie buried in sleep. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital, not even the tread of a passing traveller, or houseless Arab; nothing disturbs the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes on the imagination. The lonely palm trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which break the view.—*Carré's Letters from the East.*

THE TWO STORY-TELLERS.

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly-contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the teapot; and so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, "Aye, ye may stop now—it's running out at the door!"

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THE DRAMA.

THEATRICALS are said to be losing public favour in almost every place where they are known, and public writers are puzzled to account for it.

When the buckle-trade declined some years ago, the cause was at once seen to be the ascendancy of buttons. But it would appear that the cause of the decline of theatricals, though almost equally obvious, is more a subject of dispute. It is only so because the subject is larger, and composed of more parts. We think, however, that a little discussion will suffice to show, with equal clearness, what causes the failure of dramatic amusements, as a part of the great system of public entertainment.

Taking the middle of the last century as a period when dramatic exhibitions were generally well attended, let us inquire what there was in the condition and circumstances of the theatre at that period to have rendered this a matter of course. We reply at once, that plays were then as well written, as well *got up*, and as well acted, as any picture was then painted, or any novel or poem written. The drama was at that time on a perfect level with, or perhaps even superior to, the current literature of the day, or any other instrument of public amusement which existed. Nor was it beneath the standard of the general manners of society. It exhibited, in a gross enough manner, the vices of the age; but the people whose vices were exhibited were rendered insensible by those very vices to the grossness of the scene.

The theatre is now in quite a different condition from what it was in then. Whether owing to the want of legislative enactments, which might encourage literary men in writing for the theatre, or to some other cause, our dramatic entertainments are now of a character much beneath or behind the age. Our acting plays are either the old stock, displeasing us with the exhibition of obsolete vices; or modern trash, full of exaggerated character and sentiment, trusting for success, perhaps, to romantic scenery and machinery; or literal transcripts of nursery fables. Our drama, overlooking some better qualities, is, in a great measure, a compound of childishness, indecency, buffoonery, and, to no small extent, of profanity; in every point of view fifty years in taste behind our current fictitious literature, which, in itself, is susceptible of great amendment.

In Great Britain the drama has always appealed to the less serious and virtuous part of the community. At the time of the civil war, and after the re-establishment of the theatre at the Restoration, it was altogether a cavalier thing, and, like the cavalier party in general, too apt to make debauchery a mark of rectitude in politics. This character it has never entirely shaken off. With the exception of a certain number of mawkish and tawdry aphorisms scattered over our modern plays, they still maintain, in some measure, their old war against the decencies and proprieties of life. The truth is, the theatre has become so exclusively resorted to by a less serious part of the community, that it could hardly attempt to conciliate the other class, least, in the vain effort, it lose the customers it has.

If the players thus produce an article of entertainment inferior both in talent and in taste to the other things which compete for the business of amusing the public, it is not to be wondered at that their houses are deserted. For the crown which at present purchases a night's entertainment at the theatre to one member of a family—an entertainment partly childish, perhaps, and almost certain to be somewhat immoral—that whole family can be supplied for a whole month with the best literary productions of the day from a circulating library, or it can purchase a single volume, which not only gives it rational entertainment and instruction for several nights, but remains a constant and ready instrument for repeating this entertainment and instruction whenever it is required. If we coolly reflect on the respective reputations which the drama and literature bear in the world, we will find that only a certain number of people wish well to the former, while the latter is an object of almost universal attachment and national pride. The fact is, that the drama has shut itself out by its own misconduct from the sympathies of half the public, if not a much larger portion. It is still dabbling in the low vices and mean order of feelings which prevailed in the reign of

George II., or else in the nursery tales which lulled our cradles; while literature, shooting far ahead, is replete with the superior virtues and extensive benevolences of the present age. And not only does literature compete with the stage. Music, and other accomplishments of private life, are also now resorted to, for the purpose of furnishing an innocent amusement to the family circle—an amusement less attractive, perhaps, than the theatre, which, with all its errors, has still a powerful inherent charm, but preferred, nevertheless, as making up in simplicity, harmlessness, and cheapness, what it wants in the power of excitement.

When we speak of the stupidity and bad taste of the plays, we do not enumerate all the disadvantages of the theatre. As if every thing connected with the establishment were doomed to be of the same order, we find the players also exciting disgust in all well-regulated minds by the strange code of morality which they have been pleased to set up for themselves. Of course, we do not shut our eyes to the numerous instances of respectable and well-behaved actors, which occur nowhere, perhaps, so frequently as in the minor capital which we inhabit. But, as we remarked in a former paper, we must not have great generalities ruined or broken down by unimportant exceptions. Taken as a whole, the players are a more dissolute fraternity than the members of any other profession; while some of them, ranking as the very highest in professional merit, commit transcendent breaches of the most sacred moral laws, as if to show how independent they are of all the rules of decent society. We would not gratify the wretched vanity which perhaps is one of the principal causes of those errors, by mentioning particular cases; but they are too notorious to require being specified. It is sometimes set forward as a plea for the extenuation of those offences, that the life of a player is more beset with temptations than any other; but what an argument is here against the whole system of play-acting! Another plea is, that the public has no business with any thing but the public appearance of a player—has no right to think of their private lives; as if a person doing all he can to destroy the safeguards of domestic happiness by action and example, were to be equally well treated by society, as a person who does what is in his power to contribute to his happiness. Society must, in the eyes of these pleaders, be a slavish thing indeed, if it is supposed that it must patiently submit to every insult and injury which it may please the sublime caprice of a buffoon to inflict upon it. And is the player judged less leniently than an offender in any other walk of life? When a tradesman commits an outrage on public decency, is he cherished on account of it by society? Is he not scouted for it, exactly as the player is, or, we should rather say, *ought to be*—for it can hardly be said that he is ever condemned for his offences by the regular friends of the stage, though the theatre is, on his account, still more resolutely abstained from by the good, who abstained from it before.

If the players thus debase themselves by the impurity of their lives, and thereby render themselves unfit to be looked upon or listened to by the majority of society—if they continue to represent dramas suited to the taste of a past age, or else adapted only to the sympathies of children—if they persist in retaining about their whole system vicious forms of speech, indelicate gestures, and a code of moral feeling and action, all of which have long been pronounced intolerable in good society, how can they expect their theatres to be so prosperous as they once were, more especially when purer and better modes of entertainment are every where rising into competition with them? The person who pens these thoughts is by no means an enemy to theatricals in the abstract. With the most respectful deference to those who see in dramatic entertainments an express hostility to the divine law, he retains the conviction that they might be rendered as good and innocent a means as any other for producing that great end—the diversion of the public mind by amusement from the follies and vices of absolute vacuity. He does not consider the theatre, or any other amusement, so much with a reference to the good it may do, as with respect to the evil which it may prevent. It is clear, however, that the really good and pure can never become the friends of the theatre, so long as it remains unreformed. There must be a combination among the virtuous actors to exclude the vicious from their body. A

number of antiquated and absurd fashions of the stage must be brought nearer to the standard of ordinary natural life. And the best literary men of the day must be encouraged by legislative enactments to produce a crop of new plays with a stronger moral bent than the generality of those now existing. Till all this is done, and the theatre become as noted in public fame for a friendliness to what is good, as it has hitherto been for the reverse, it must be content to occupy its present degraded place amongst our prevailing modes of public entertainment.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HEAT—ITS DIFFUSION THROUGH NATURE.

THE desire of obtaining knowledge is one of the most natural, and, at the same time, most ennobling attributes of the human mind; for it is impossible, whatever may be our station in life, to walk through the world without witnessing facts of the highest interest, which cannot be duly appreciated unless properly understood. Again, then, we would insist that all such information may be obtained without our having to wade through a mass of difficulties; indeed, truth disdains all scholastic artifices; she loves not to appear masqueraded in the costume of quaint and hyperbolical devices; her ways are ways of the utmost simplicity, and may be readily understood by every person desirous of acquiring knowledge. In the last article, under the title of "Popular Information on Science," we explained, in a general manner, the sources, the nature, and the effects of light; and now, proceeding on the same principle—that is, avoiding as much as possible the use of scientific terms, and endeavouring to explain every thing in the most simple manner, we shall devote our attention to the subject of heat. We cannot look abroad, and take a survey of the magnificent theatre of nature, without perceiving at once the vast importance of this agent;—by its power, rocks, islands, hills, and mountains, have been upraised out of the innermost depths of the earth;—by its operation, the genial moisture, which, under the form of rain, descends, cooling the heated air and refreshing the parched-up soil, is raised from the bosoms of rivers, lakes, and seas;—by its influence, the waters, which were chained up by frost during the desolate reign of winter, are again set free to sparkle along at the bases of their sunny banks;—by its benignant agency, the trees, that were deprived of their foliage, and the herbs, that were apparently withered, are again invigorated with new life, and arrayed in new beauty;—it controls and modifies, indeed, life under every form, and is the most universally pervading and important agent with which we are acquainted.

When we picture to ourselves the dreary monotony of the polar regions, where human nature appears in its most humble and degraded form, and where the arctic bears, wolves, and foxes, seem alone to find appropriate habitations; and when we compare these trackless solitary wastes with the blooming and Eden-like valleys of Italy, we at once see the vast influence of different temperatures on the surface of the globe; nor have we any hesitation in referring such modifications to the sun, which is the most obvious fountain both of heat and light. The ancients, at a period when science was in its infancy, observed this general fact, and concluded that the sun was an immense globe of fire; but this opinion has been long since exploded. The astronomers of this enlightened age have shown, by the aid of telescopes, that the sun is itself a solid and opaque body, perhaps a habitable globe, and they have concluded that we owe both its light and heat to the peculiar atmosphere by which it is surrounded. However, although this opinion has been advocated by that illustrious astronomer, Sir William Herschel, it must be confessed that the manner and region of the sun in which heat and light are generated, can by no means be understood, and on this, as on every other subject of inquiry, it is better to acknowledge our ignorance than to raise up a plausible and false theory to supply the place of more positive and satisfactory knowledge. Certain it is, that the rays of the sun do impart heat; but we must observe, that they do not do so unless they come into contact with some solid body—that is to say, they pass freely through the air without giving out any sensible heat until they reach the surface of the earth. Accordingly, the higher we ascend in the air, the colder it becomes—a fact experienced by astro-

nauts, or those who have ascended in balloons. Thus, M. Charles, Gay Lussac, and others, have on such occasions found the thermometer sink a great many degrees, even below the freezing point. It is from the same cause that the higher we ascend a mountain, the more intense does the cold become, so that we at length arrive at a region where we can trace no signs of animal or vegetable life, all around being shrouded in perpetual snow. When we ascend the Cimborazo mountain, which forms the extremity of the Andes in South America, and which rises to the height of twenty thousand nine hundred feet above the surface of the earth, we leave at its base a hot region, where the exhalations of a marshy soil, and the continuance of heat, generate fevers and diseases fatal to animal and vegetable life. We then, ascending higher, arrive at a temperate region, which possesses a moderate and constant warmth, and is a perpetual season of spring to those who have arrived from the lower, summer-like, hot region. Above this again, as we ascend still higher, we find ourselves surrounded by ice and snow, and then we suffer the most intense winter cold, so that we may truly say that summer, winter, and spring, are here seated on three distinct thrones, which they never quit, and where they are constantly surrounded by the attributes of their powers. Vegetable and animal life, in these different regions, presents us with equally remarkable gradations—thus, the forests of the lower or burning regions are extremely rich, and they continually resound with the howlings of different tribes of monkeys, and the jaguar ant-eater and black tiger prowls about them, while the surrounding air is infested with myriads of mosquitoes and other obnoxious insects. Higher up the mountain we find the most splendid palm trees, upon which the sloth may be seen hanging, and at the feet of which the terrible boa-constrictor and crocodile may be often seen extending their frightful forms. Above this region we meet with the most beautiful arboreous ferns, and the precious hark tree, and many flowers of great beauty; but here the air as we ascend, becoming colder, the sensitive plant, as if warning us of the sterility and lifelessness of the region to which we are approximating, loses its peculiar sensibility, and no longer closes its leaves on being touched. At length, as we proceed higher, the gigantic trees appear to have dwindled; the eye rests on nothing but short stunted dwarfish shrubs and alpine plants, until at last the lichens and mosses amidst patches of scattered snow apprise us that we have arrived at the boundary of organised beings; and that above us is nothing save the dreary region of eternal winter. Here no animal is observed, excepting occasionally the great condor, which is the only living being that appears to inhabit these vast solitudes. Here it is obvious that there is a regular gradation of temperature from the surface of the earth to the upper regions of the air, and for every hundred and ten yards of ascent, the heat diminishes as much as if we were to advance one degree of latitude towards the northern polar regions. The facts here described are of very great importance, because we observe that on this account certain parts of the world are rendered not only habitable, but possess a fine and genial climate, which would otherwise be parched up by a tropical and burning sun. The city of Quito, for example, is almost under the equator, and were we to form a superficial judgment of its temperature from its situation, we might infer that it would be oppressed with intolerable heat, instead of which, owing to its elevation, the air of that city differs little in temperature from that which we find in Paris.

We now, therefore, understand that the rays of the sun do not produce heat unless they strike against some solid body, and even then the greater or lesser intensity of the heat they produce is greatly modified by the direction which they take; for when these solar rays fall directly or vertically on a particular district, they give out much greater heat than when they fall obliquely. The reason for which is simply this; that when they descend on a spot directly or vertically, they fall on it with much force, and a great number of them are included in a small space; whereas, when their direction is more oblique, they not only do not strike the spot with the same force, but are more scattered, so that they by no means produce the same intensity of heat. By this general fact, then, we are enabled to explain the diminution of temperature from the equator to the poles; that is, from the tropical to the frigid regions. Near the equator we find a zone, which passes immediately under the sun twice a year, and receives its rays in a very direct or vertical manner; and here we have the tropical region. Next in succession we find a portion of the globe which does not receive the sun's rays so directly or vertically, but, on the contrary, more obliquely, so that less heat is produced; and here, therefore, we find the temperate region. After this we arrive at another region of the globe, which is deprived of the heat of the sun for a greater part of the year, and, during the other, receives its rays still more obliquely; and here, consequently, we have the frigid zone, that desolate region of eternal ice and snow, which has been explored in vain by so many bold and enterprising navigators. This variety of temperature, occasioned by the different direction which the sun's rays take in reaching the earth, is remarkably obvious in hilly countries. If a hill, having a southerly aspect, present a certain inclination, and the sun be at a corresponding altitude, the solar rays will strike the side of the hill perpendicularly, while on the plain below and around, the rays strike the soil obliquely, and, consequently, with a proportionate diminution of force. If the ground extend to the north, it will receive no rays, and remain always in shade; and on this account it is that in the Valais we see the Alps on one side, covered with eternal ice, whilst the opposite hills are adorned with rich vineyards, and orchards, and all the charms of fertility. Nor is the different manner in which the rays of the sun strike the earth the only circumstance to be considered in examining the temperature of different climates; for the rays of heat, like the rays of light, undergo a greater or lesser reflection; that is, when they strike

the earth, they are thrown back into the atmosphere, and are more or less confined and diffused among the watery vapour with which it is always loaded. Hence arises the warm and genial temperature which surrounds the immediate surface of the earth, and which is so admirably adapted to support vegetable and animal life. Some soils likewise absorb the sun's rays more than others; thus a moist clayey soil takes up and retains the rays of heat for a considerable time; a dry sandy surface, on the contrary, immediately reflects them; and thence it is that the traveller, in journeying through the sandy deserts of Africa, experiences the most oppressive and almost intolerable heat. This is aggravated by the dryness of the air; for when it contains much moisture, as is the case over marshy soils, the heat is considerably diminished; but such marshes in hot countries undergo fermentation, and give rise to exhalations that produce the most pestilential diseases. The vicinity of the sea moderates also very considerably the effects of temperature; and on this account the interior of continents is colder than their coasts. Accordingly, so intense is the cold in the mountains of Norway, that it proved fatal during the war to most of the Swedish army, the dead bodies of the soldiers having been found lying rank and file; but those who live on the coasts of this country enjoy a very mild and agreeable climate. When the sun's rays fall on the surface of the water, part of them enter it, and the continual motion of the waves presenting a cool and fresh surface to the heated air, it is cooled, so that, while the land air is heated, and rises up into the upper regions, a cool sea breeze springs up and rushes in to supply its place. The vicinity of the sea, therefore, moderates the heat of summer. Again it is known that the temperature of water is always more equalised than that of land, and, consequently, in winter, when the sun's rays fall very obliquely on the earth, and its surface is covered with snow which prevents the heat of the earth radiating into the air, the sea, having a more uniform temperature, continues to radiate heat, and thus a warmer region of air is formed, which modifies the cold of winter. Accordingly, at Plymouth, although the mean heat of the year is, on the whole, a little less than at Paris, the winter months are much less severe. So likewise, in the coldest winter season, the temperature of Edinburgh is some degrees warmer than that of London. From all, therefore, we have now stated, it must appear obvious that, while we regard the sun as the most obvious source of heat, yet the heat so produced is modified by the direction which the solar rays take in reaching the earth, by the reflection and absorption they there undergo, and by the vicinity of the sea.

Hitherto we have considered the heat produced on the surface of the earth by the direct and immediate action of the sun; but, independent of this, we have evidence of the existence of very intense heat in the central depths of the earth. In going down into deep mines, the temperature of the air has been found to increase as we descend, but the presence of the miners, the lamps and candles they use, and the explosions of gunpowder, render many of such experiments very erroneous. Other methods, therefore, to examine into the truth of the supposed fact, have been had recourse to, such as boring and cutting niches into rocks, taking at the same time as much precaution as possible against every source of fallacy. Still the result has been the same, and leads to the inference that a very great heat exists at a depth of the earth, and which is beyond the reach of the sun's influence. The hot springs which abound not only in volcanic districts, but in various other parts of the world, also lead to the same conclusion; and of these we need only refer to those which are celebrated as medicinal in England, France, Italy, and Germany. The most remarkable springs of this kind are found in Iceland, where the principal one is called the Geyser, and is situated in the middle of a plain surrounded by forty other springs of a smaller size. These throw up their waters to a very considerable height. The eruption commences with short jets, which gradually increase in size; the steam then rushes forth furiously, accompanied by a loud thundering noise, resembling, says Sir G. Mackenzie, the distant firing of artillery from a ship at sea until at last a great mass of water is raised to a height of seventy, eighty, or ninety feet. The Icelanders use the more temperate of these springs as warm baths; in those that are hotter, or boiling, they boil their various articles of food, taking only the precaution to cover the vessel used for the purpose to prevent the volcanic odour giving a taste to their food. Volcanoes are also unquestionable proofs of the existence of this subterranean heat, which, we infer, must exist at a considerable depth in the earth, because rocks which we know have their original position at such depths, are, during their violent action, ejected into the air actually liquified by heat. Some of these volcanoes seem to have exhausted themselves, and have become extinct, examples of which we find in the central parts of France and Germany. Others exist in a state of frequent or continual activity, as is the case with Vesuvius, Atna, Stromboli, and Hecla; besides which, we know, that owing to violent volcanic action, immense rocks are forced up often from a considerable depth, even from below the surface of the sea, and so form islands of greater or lesser extent. So recently as the year 1831, in the month of July, an island of this kind arose in the Mediterranean. The water was at first violently agitated, after which vast quantities of smoke and white steam were evolved, and enormous masses of hot cinders, dust, &c. ejected several hundred feet into the air. Captain Stenhouse landed on this island the following August, and estimated its circumference to be about a mile and a quarter. Rocks so formed are said to be of igneous origin, and of such rocks there are numerous examples in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill, Inchkeith, North Berwick Ledge, present us with examples, each of these being of igneous origin, having been forced upwards by the agency of heat from a very considerable depth in the earth. In examining either

of these, we at once see how these igneous rocks have rent asunder and forced their way through superincumbent strata, now filling up the immense crevices they have torn open, and now overrunning the whole subjacent mass. When these vast and powerful operations of nature took place, terrible and sublime, indeed, must have been the convulsions exhibited, and altogether beyond the range of the human imagination. From the facts here stated—from the temperature increasing in the deeper parts of rocks and mines—from the existence of hot springs in various parts of the world—from the phenomena exhibited by volcanoes, and the appearances of rocks that have visibly undergone a state of fusion, we are entitled to infer the existence of heat as a most important agent beneath the surface of the earth; and whether it arise from central fire, or whether it be generated by some remarkable chemical actions that are in progress, has not been satisfactorily determined. In taking this general survey of the sources and influence of heat in nature, we ought not to omit observing, that it is often seen to arise from electricity. Even in this country, where thunder storms are by no means so violent as in other parts of the world, nothing is more common than for lightning to melt metallic substances, especially iron.

Already, in our former article on light, we explained how it might be procured artificially by friction, or the rubbing of one body smartly against another, by which method the New Hollanders, Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay, Fuegians, and other uncivilised tribes, are in the habit of obtaining it. We likewise showed that it might be readily produced by concussion, or the violent collision of one body against another—as when a piece of flint is struck forcibly against a piece of iron; and furthermore stated that it might be kept up with a greater or lesser intensity by the burning of inflammable bodies, which is what is termed combustion. The compression of the particles of bodies nearer to each other is always more or less attended by an evolution of heat; and this is the case with air: for if a quantity of air be confined in a syringe, in which there is a piece of tinder at the bottom, and then violently compressed, sufficient heat is produced to ignite the tinder. It has also been recently shown by one of the members of the Academy of Paris, that water itself, when submitted to a pressure of twenty atmospheres, gives out a certain quantity of heat. But it will be asked, what is the nature of heat? of what does it actually consist? In reply to which we shall simply state, that there are two opinions advocated; the one is, that heat consists of nothing more than a certain vibration or motion of the particles of the hot body; the other, that it does not consist of any such tremor of the particles of the heated body, but is itself an independent substance, being an extremely subtle and elastic fluid, contained and dispersed among the pores of matter. This latter view appears to us the most plausible, and among other reasons for our thinking so, we may briefly state two:—The first is, that the addition of heat to a body increases its bulk, leading us to suppose that it receives some addition; the second is, that bodies throw out or radiate their heat to a considerable distance, which could scarcely happen unless the heat so evolved were distinct, and independent of the body itself, whence it proceeds. Heat, therefore, we conclude, is a very subtle and elastic fluid; but we should here mention, that some philosophers consider that light and heat are only modifications of each other, and this opinion has been very ingeniously supported by Sir John Leslie, of the Edinburgh University. Whatever be the abstract nature of heat, its accumulation in, or abstraction from, different bodies, gives rise to the most remarkable changes, which, as we proceed with these articles, we shall take every opportunity of explaining, at the same time referring especially to those phenomena of nature which, to a comprehensive mind, afford finer and grander illustrations of science than any experiments described for the laboratory of the chemist.

THE GRIDIRON,

OR PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of locquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "thro' you wont, sir;" and Pat was always right; for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus:—"By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat," turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, please your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host,

"Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat," 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her."

Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board at last, and the pumps was choak'd (devil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gaok an us, and, throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matters we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darnt show a sitch o' canvass the night before, becase it was blowin' like bloody murder, saviu' your presence, and sure its the wonder of the world we wornt swallay'd alive by the ragin' sae.

Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkin. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth that was gone first of all, God help us—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—"Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint," says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he; "for sitch a good wish, and throth its myself wishes the same."

"Oh," says I, "that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island," says I, "inhabited with Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he; "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sudden," says he.

"Thrus for you, captain darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, becase distress makes us all equal—"thrus for you, captain jewel—God betune us and harm, I owe no man any spite"—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver—and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—I thought I felt my heart up in my throth in a minnit, and "thunder and turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'im-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra!" says he. "we're all right now; 'pull away my boys, says he."

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint," says I.

"Oh no," says he, "it's the land in airnest."

"Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?" says I; "maybe it'd be in *Roosia*, or *Frussia*, or the Garman Ocean," says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"that's *France*," says he.

"Do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekease this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' chat same; and throth the likes iv it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will."

Well, with that my heart began to grow light; and

when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—"So," says I, "captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why, then," says he, "thunder and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekease I'm starvin' with hunger," says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wilderness*," says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throth I'm not sitch a *gommooh* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake," says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beef-stake?" says he.

"Sure couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork," says I.

"I never thought o' that," says the captain.

"You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin'.

"There's many a thrue word said in juke," says I.

"Thrus for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant" (for we were nearin' the land all the time), "and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I.

"Oh the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnist now," says he; "you *gommooh*," says he, "sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furniners there," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furniner myself as any o' thim?"

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furniner myself as any o' thim."

"Make me sinible," says he.

"By dad maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do," says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Ocean.

"Leave aff your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all."

"*Parly voo Frongsay*," says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; "why, you're a scholar, Paddy."

"Throth you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no."

"But I'm in airnest," says the captain—"and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?" "*Parly voo Frongsay*," says I.

"That bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil—I never met the likes o' you, Paddy," says he—"pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we wont get a good bellyful before long."

So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand; and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was ather bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cold and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timplin' like.

"By the powders o' war I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there"—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty plite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I.

Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furniners, which they call so mighty plite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so, says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in distress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I'd be intirely obleeged to yez."

They all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), "indeed it's thrue for you," says I; "I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by reason of the storm," says I, "which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

So thin they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, "Oh! not at all," says I, "by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves there below, and we'll dress it," says I, "if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," said I, makin' a low bow.

Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I, "I beg pardon, sir," says I, "to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—maybe I'm under a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furniners?" says I—"Parly voo Frongsay?"

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plaze?"

Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaley—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, "I know it's a liberty I take, sir," says I, "but it's only in the regard of bein' oast away, and if you plaze, sir, says I, "*Parly voo Frongsay*."

"We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

says I, "and you'll obleege me."

Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, "If it was you was in distress," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd gie you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrank into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*."

Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to shreck his heart, and the ould chap coked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—"Parly voo Frongsay, munseer?"

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I,

"and bad scam to you."

Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"Pho!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I; "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I—"Parly voo Frongsay?"

"We, munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I,

"and howld your prate."

Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my country, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you ould sinner," says I; "the divil a longer I'll darken your door."

So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin' back, "Well, I'll give you one chance more—you ould thief—are you a Christhan at all at all—are you a furniner?" says I, "that all the world calls so plite. Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language?" "*Parly voo Frongsay*?" says I.

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then, thunder and turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, the "curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villain," says I; "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often since, that I thought that it was remarkable.—From *Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland*.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

I HAVE now to lay before my juvenile readers a sketch of the life and pursuits of one of the greatest men whom Great Britain has had the honour of having produced—a person alike distinguished for the great originality and depth of his philosophic views, and the simplicity and amiableness of his character—one whom we are perhaps called on to admire more than to imitate, yet one whose virtues and piety may well serve as an example to individuals in every sphere of life.

Isaac Newton was born on the 25th of December 1642, in the parish of Colstersworth, in Lincolnshire. His father was lord of the manor, and cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education in the usual manner, under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar school at Grantham. The bias of his early genius was shown by a skill in mechanical contrivances, which excited great admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure was employed in forming working models of mills and machinery; he constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial plate to indicate the hours. His scientific paper kites, sent up in the dark, with Chinese paper lanterns attached to them, passed for meteors, and astonished the rustic gazers, at a time when such sights were rare and new: the yard of the house in which he lived, he turned into a useful sun-dial, by marking, from numerous observations, the hours upon the walls and roof. In his studies at school, his own report states him to have been negligent, till he was stimulated to exertion by the tyranny of a boy above him, on whom he determined to revenge himself, by passing him in the class; and he never rested till he became the first scholar.

His early attainments were not confined to mechanics; he showed a taste for the fine arts when he was a mere boy, and made very considerable proficiency in drawing, without having received any instruction; he copied prints, and even sketched portraits from life with tolerable fidelity and success. The walls

of his room were decorated with these productions of his leisure hours.

Newton possessed, from his own report, considerable facility in versifying, but, like all young men who are anxious to succeed in gaining a respectable livelihood, he gave up the idle trade for a more serious calling. He lived, when at Grantham, with Mr Clark, an apothecary, who was brother to an undermaster of the school. Miss Story, the young and blooming niece of Mrs Clark, was the only female who is supposed to have made any impression on the heart of Newton. Instead of playing with other boys, he was in the habit of making, for his convenience and amusement, little tables and carriages, which moved mechanically like Merlin's chairs. His attachment to Miss Story is said to have continued even after he was sent to college; but as he could not marry without forfeiting his chance of a fellowship, and as he had no means of supporting a wife and family, he subdued his predilection in silence, and found consolation in the severest labour of study. He retained his feelings of kindness for her whilst she lived, visited her occasionally after she became Mrs Vincent, and, when she sunk into poverty, liberally supplied her wants. His utter unfitness for the humble and laborious details of a farmer's life was manifested by degrees; he was frequently reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems, in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions; amongst these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and the Arithmetic of Infinities, by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the Geometry of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply. He was methodical in every thing; he kept a regular account of all his expenses at Cambridge, and under the date 1664, it is recorded that he purchased a *prism*: the fact of his buying a small piece of common glass may appear insignificant and trifling in itself, but it acquires a deep interest when it is considered as the foundation of his brilliant discoveries in the science of optics. [For the nature of these discoveries, see article POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE, in the 20th number of the Journal.]

In 1665, the students of the University of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence, and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries, that of the theory of gravitation, or the tendency of bodies towards the centre of our globe. His mind was never idle; experiments, conclusions, and reflections, occupied it continually. He saw an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. At that time a degree had never been actually measured upon the surface of the earth; his first attempts to account for the wonders of the whole solar system, by the principle of gravitation alone, were therefore imperfect, from the want of sufficient data; but resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made an apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1667, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate that he never could regret the want of money, except inasmuch as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distress of others. About the year 1683, he composed his great work, entitled *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the University in Parliament, and the honour thus conferred on

him was repeated in 1701. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed Warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments now flowed fast upon him. Leibnitz, having felt envious of the discoveries of Newton, tried to revenge himself by sending over a problem, which he thought would show his superiority, by baffling the skill of the English mathematicians: it was received by Newton in the evening after his usual day's labour at the Mint, and he solved it before he retired to rest. After this there was no further attempt made to traduce his fame. In 1705, he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits; he assumed no superiority in his conversation; he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, *that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all*—a sentiment which ought to fall as a solemn admonition on the ear of those miserable-minded men who bequeath their property for such purposes as may purchase a character for philanthropy after death. His wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last, and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1726, he expired at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; its unity is so beautiful, that the biographer must dwell upon it with delight, and the inquiry, by what means he attained an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. It has been asserted that all men are born equal in talents, and that the difference which exists amongst them is the effect of education; but this is disproved by the observation of every parent and every schoolmaster, a decided inequality in capacity for receiving instruction being exhibited distinctly by children even in infancy. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order, but those who are less eminently gifted may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost divine, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with complete success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and Scripture; his philosophy tended to exalt the glory of the Creator; and he exhibited in his manners the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the Gospel. He was a firm believer in Christianity, not as men in general believe, by coldly assenting to the truth of doctrines, merely because they have been early inculcated by parents and preceptors. He was deeply learned in history and chronology, and he applied the unrivalled powers of his mighty intellect to the complete examination of a subject, compared with which all others sink into insignificance; the result was a clear conviction of the truth of revealed religion, which is demonstrated in all his works, and which was still more effectually shown in his life and conduct. Those who consider his character will duly appreciate the value of his testimony.—*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

LEYDEN.

Leyden is built on the ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhymland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is undermined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure, to receive the dirt. Leyden signalled itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alba had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged were reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors. For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniards bore on the surface of its waters boats laden with provisions sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery, the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an

university, or exemption from taxes for a certain number of years. Preferring the former, they have received a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various departments of science, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences in the university; and in the examination-room his picture is suspended, with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salmatius, Witsius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden, and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity. The botanical garden does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of that great master. The anatomical theatre also is worthy of such a patron; as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe of stuffed animals, skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four mummies.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

A Scottish border minstrel, of whom tradition relates a variety of anecdotes, was a person called by the country people Rattling Roaring Willie, a soubriquet probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. It is mentioned of Willie, who was among the last of the minstrels, that while drinking at a place called Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, he chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords—and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." A song was also composed, illustrating his history and woeful end, which terminates with the following verse:—

The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair;
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair.
His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see;
And drink will be dear to Willie
When Sweet Milk gars him dee.

MOZART.

The charity of this great musician was once appealed to on the street by an old acquaintance, who had seen better days. Mozart put his hand into his pocket, but found nothing there; the discovery was embarrassing and painful under such circumstances, but immediately an idea occurred to that great genius; he requested the man to wait—stepped into a coffee-room, and there instantly composed a minuet, folded up the paper, and gave it to the applicant, recommending him to give it to a music-dealer in the city, who, when he saw the contents, would give him something. The man received five *louis d'ors*. It is needless to observe, that the minuet is considered a masterpiece, it being the production of an artist who composed nothing but masterpieces; but it is more striking, as it displays an extraordinary degree of musical learning, as well as originality.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

[By Mrs CHILD.]

THE county of Strafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills, towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of the clouds—precipices from which the eagle delights to build his eyry—dells rugged and tangled with dark and deep ravines, form the magnificent characteristic of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend, which tradition alone has saved from utter oblivion. This spot, being in the midst of very romantic scenery, is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no "mountain house," perched on the tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain-spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life by impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master-spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell, something of a haughty spirit, strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed superiority; but unconsciously there was thrown around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he "was among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty, and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was a deathblow to his hopes of advancement in his own country. Immediate flight became necessary; America was the chosen place of refuge, and to this solitary spot he withdrew with his family.

A small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was considered a prophet among them, and, as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in fury and ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small black fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilised life, he would inspect every thing, and taste of every thing which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die.

From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions; he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too surely showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his life-heart, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of her love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sucking him down, down into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"As if the dead could feel
The icy worm around him steal."

For many days, those who knew and revered him feared that the spark of reason was for ever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile even in his dreams; and when he looked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition when he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for their return. Here Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. Having traced the dark-minded prophet to his lair, he was one morning startled at a loud voice, from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "the Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man." "Then, hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Campbell, as he pointed his rifle to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as the panther, had never overcome his dread of firearms. He placed his hands upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But, recovering and raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a voice rendered more terrific as its huskiness increased—"A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while his eye still loved to look on the bright sun and the green earth! The evil spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indians! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes

to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men."

The prophet sunk upon the ground—still uttering inaudible maledictions—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were busy among them; the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings; their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot, to mingle with more populous and fortunate colonies. Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking his fellow-men; and two years after the dispersion of this colony, he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing curses upon them.

A CUP OF GENUINE SHERRY.

THE information formerly conveyed relative to wines, ancient and modern, will be rendered more complete by the following account of the mode of managing the sherry wines previous to their shipment for this country, as given by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, in his recently published work, entitled "*Sketches of Spain and Morocco*." It will be remembered that sherry takes its name from the town of Xeres in Spain, which is the chief seat of its manufacture.

"Nothing at Xeres so much surprises the stranger, and is more worthy of his inspection, than the bodegas or wine-vaults. The vintage itself, though interesting, has nothing particularly striking or picturesque in it; and after having walked through the broiling vineyards, and seen the process of picking and pressing the grapes, the curiosity of the traveller will be satisfied. There are few, however, who would not feel inclined, I think, to repeat their visits more than once to the bodegas. The term wine-vaults is ill suited to convey an idea of these really splendid and extraordinary establishments, which I should class among the things best worth seeing in Spain. Instead of descending into a dark, low, grovelling, and nasty magazine, like the London-dock wine-vaults, spacious as they are, you first pass through a street, one entire side of which, for the extent of a quarter of a mile, is occupied by one of these bodegas; and, entering through large folding doors, you find yourself, to your astonishment, in what at first sight appears to be a church of considerable dimensions, with a lofty roof, and divided into spacious aisles.

In the centre you see, in large characters, 'Bodega de Jesus'; and, at the sides, 'Nave of St Andrew, St Pedro, St Jago.' Your eye soon runs along the lower part of the building, and you see some thousand butts of wine ranged along the aisles and against the arched pillars. A delicious fragrance, which you easily recognise, soon convinces you, notwithstanding the pious inscriptions you have been reading, that you are in a place exclusively dedicated to the enjoyments of the body.

On entering, you are waited upon by the superintendent of the bodega, who accompanies you through the different aisles, and who explains to you, in passing each barrel, the name, quality, age, and peculiar flavour of the wine within it; and in order that you may understand it practically as well as theoretically, his observations are rendered clear and intelligible by a full glass of the delicious liquor. You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally reposing, like Bacchus, astride of a large butt, and sipping bumpers of luscious Paxareti, fragrant Muscatel, or dark cream Sherry, half a century old. While in the outside every thing is blazing with the intenseness of the noontide heat, within, a coldness, and a soft mellow light, prevail; and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat. In this manner you keep on quaffing the nectar which is so liberally supplied you, till you think it high time to make your retreat into the hot and dusty streets of Xeres.

Each wine establishment is conducted by an overseer, who is called the capataz, and to whom is entrusted the purchasing of the different wines from the grower, the selection and the mixing of them, as also the proving and tasting of the brandies required. The interior of one of these large bodegas may be compared to an immense hospital filled with patients, and the capataz, or superintendent, to the visiting physician. The former goes his daily round, accompanied by one of the superintendents, whom we will call the apothecary. As he passes each butt, he begins his inquiry into the state of each patient; not by feeling his pulse, but by tapping, which is immediately performed by his attendant, who runs a spike into it, and presents him with a bumper of its contents. On tasting it, he may probably find that the wine is sick, as it is called by the merchants, being usually the case with young wines: a jar or two of brandy is therefore prescribed for the invalid, and the dose is forthwith administered. A second butt may be found to be equally quailish, and is relieved in the same manner. The body or constitution of a third may probably be naturally weak and delicate; this is strengthened and improved by being mixed with wine which is sounder and stronger: while a fourth may be at the very last extremity, so as to require the application of musk. Speaking, however, more seriously, the bodega re-

quires a great deal of skill, constant attention, a nice taste, and a discriminating judgment in the selection not only of the wines but of the brandies; in the improving the delicacy and flavour of the former, increasing or diminishing the body, dryness, and colour, and finally giving such a variety of shades, and differences in flavour and price, as may best suit the particular market, and gratify the taste and appetite of John Bull.

With this I shall conclude the remarks I have been making, merely observing that, however far we may be from drinking the sherry wine in its original state in our own country, owing to the impossibility of preserving it without the addition of a spirituous body, it is so very superior to the lighter kinds of sherry, which are drunk in their pure state, and which supply the general consumption in the country, that the last-mentioned wines cannot be compared to it. To the wealthy merchants and exporters of Xeres, we are indebted for a wine which, like port, may be called a sound British wine, and which is far more suitable to an English constitution and climate than the lighter wines of France and the Rhine."

We have all heard of certain idle enthusiasts who have studied the Spanish tongue for the purpose of reading Don Quixote in the original—who have travelled a thousand miles to taste the waters of the Jordan, or a mouthful of snow from Mont Blanc—to wash their hands in the Pacific, or see the sun rise from the summit of the great Pyramid. In the same feeling of devotion, who would not, after perusing the account of the travelled baronet, wish to set out on an expedition to quaff a cup of genuine sherry in the cool bodegas of Xeres?

RISE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

HAVING established factories in India, the East India Company found no other obstacle to its success than the hostility of the Dutch, which was long very formidable. "The Dutch (continues Macculloch, in the Dictionary of Commerce) endeavoured to obtain the exclusive possession of the spice trade, and were not at all scrupulous about the means by which they attempted to bring about their favourite object. The English, on their part, naturally exerted themselves to obtain a share of so valuable a commerce; and as neither party was disposed to abandon its views and pretensions, the most violent animosities grew up between them. During the civil war, Indian affairs were necessarily lost sight of; and the Dutch continued, until the ascendancy of the republican party had been established, to reign triumphant in the East, where the English commerce was nearly annihilated. But, notwithstanding their depressed condition, the Company's servants in India laid the foundation, during the period in question, of the settlements at Madras and in Bengal. Permission to build Fort St George was obtained from the native authorities in 1640. In 1653, Madras was raised to the station of a Presidency. In 1645, the Company began to establish factories in Bengal, the principal of which was at Hoogly. These were for a lengthened period subordinate to the presidency of Madras.

No sooner, however, had the civil wars terminated, than the arms and councils of Cromwell retrieved the situation of our affairs in India. The war which broke out between the Long Parliament and the Dutch in 1652, was eminently injurious to the latter. The charter under which the East India Company prosecuted their exclusive trade to India being merely a grant from the crown, and not ratified by any act of Parliament, was understood by the merchants to be at an end when Charles I. was deposed. They were confirmed in this view of the matter, from the circumstance of Charles having himself granted, in 1635, a charter to Sir William Courten and others, authorising them to trade with those parts of India with which the Company had not established any regular intercourse. The reasons alleged in justification of this measure, by the crown, were, that the East India Company had neglected to establish fortified factories, or seats of trade, to which the king's subjects could resort with safety; that they had consulted their own interests only, without any regard to the king's revenue; and, in general, that they had broken the condition on which their charter and exclusive privileges had been granted to them. Courten's association, for the foundation of which such satisfactory reasons had been assigned, continued to trade with India during the remainder of Charles's reign; and no sooner had the arms of the Commonwealth forced the Dutch to desist from their depredations, and to make reparations for the injuries they had inflicted on the English in India, than private adventurers engaged in great numbers in the Indian trade, and carried it on with a zeal, economy, and success, that monopoly can never expect to rival. It is stated in a little work, entitled *Britannia Languens*, published in 1680 (the author of which has evidently been a well-informed and intelligent person), that, during the years 1653, 1654, 1655, and 1656, when the trade to India was open, the private traders imported East India commodities in such large quantities, and sold them at such reduced prices, that they not only supplied the British markets, but had even come into successful competition with the Dutch in the market of Amsterdam, and very much sunk the shares of the Dutch East India Company. This circumstance naturally excited the greatest apprehensions on the part of the

Dutch East India Company; for, besides the danger that they now ran of being deprived, by the active competition of the English merchants, of a considerable part of the trade which they had previously enjoyed, they could hardly expect that, if the trade were thrown open in England, the monopoly would continue in Holland.

Feeling that it was impossible to contend with the private adventurers under a system of fair competition, the moment the treaty with the Dutch had been concluded, the Company began to solicit a renewal of their charter, which they succeeded in receiving from Cromwell in 1657. Charles II. confirmed this charter in 1681, and at the same time conferred on them the power of making peace or war with any people *not of the Christian religion*; of establishing fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; of exporting ammunition and stores to their settlements duty free; of seizing and sending to England such British subjects as should be found trading to India without their leave; and of exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction in their settlements, according to the laws of England. Still, however, as this charter was not fully confirmed by any act of Parliament, it did not prevent traders, or interlopers, as they were termed, from appearing within the limits of the Company's territories. Hence their monopoly was by no means complete; and it was not till after the Revolution that the authority of Parliament was interposed to enable the Company wholly to engross the trade with the East.

In addition to the losses arising from this source, the Company's trade suffered severely during the reign of Charles II. from the hostilities that were then waged with the Dutch, and from the confusion and disorders caused by the contests among the native princes; but in 1668, the Company obtained a very valuable acquisition in the island of Bombay. Charles II. acquired this island as part of the marriage portion of his wife, Catherine of Portugal, and it was now made over to the Company on condition of their not selling or alienating it to any persons whatever, except such as were subjects of the British crown. They were allowed to legislate for their new possession; but it was enjoined that their laws should be consonant to reason, and as near as might be agreeable to the practice of England. They were authorised to maintain their dominion by force of arms; and the natives of Bombay were declared to have the same liberties as natural-born subjects. The Company's western presidency was soon after transferred from Surat to Bombay. But the reign of Charles II. is chiefly memorable in the Company's annals, from its being the commencement of the tea trade. The first notice of tea in the Company's records is found in a dispatch, addressed to their agent at Bantam, dated 24th January 1667-8, in which he is desired to send home 100 lbs. of tea, the best he can get. Such was the late and feeble beginning of the tea trade; a branch of commerce that has long been of vast importance to the British nation, and without which, it is more than probable that the East India Company would long since have ceased to exist, at least as a mercantile body.

In 1677, the Company obtained a fresh renewal of their charter. During the greater part of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the affairs of the association at home were principally managed by the celebrated Sir Josiah Child, the ablest commercial writer of the time; and in India, by his brother Sir John Child. Sir Josiah was one of the first who projected the formation of a territorial empire in India. But the expedition fitted out in 1686, in the view of accomplishing this purpose, proved unsuccessful; and the Company were glad to accept peace on the terms offered by the Mogul. During the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and that of his successor, the number of private adventurers, or interlopers, in the Indian trade, increased in an unusual degree. After serious contests, the trade was virtually laid open by a vote of the House of Commons: "That all the subjects of England had an equal right to trade to the East Indies, unless prohibited by act of Parliament." Matters continued on this footing till 1698.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

AN interesting work, entitled "*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827, by AUGUSTUS EARLE*," has made its appearance, and presents some new traits of character of the savage inhabitants of that distant island. It appears from the Narrative that these people are much less ferocious than has generally been represented, and that they are a very superior and fine-looking race, in comparison with the natives of New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land. With all the good points of character which the narrator bestows on the natives, it seems they have still a strong hankering after human flesh, as is evident from the following quotation:—

"The New Zealanders (says Mr Earle) have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been a witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors! One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority (though the natives wished it to be kept a

profound secret) that in the adjoining village a female slave named Matowe had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Atoi had been paying us a visit, and when going away, he recognised a girl who he said was a slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewn around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours! Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they ate their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality. Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough; but when sufficiently cooked, it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sunset. We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—"For," said he, "I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!" My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled to-

wards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it; a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and the same dog we had seen with the head now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast. This resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats, to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work, clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately, we supposed, as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven." And when they were gone, the natives disinterred their favourite dish, and ate it.

CUSTOMS IN VISITING THE POPE.

WILLIAMS, in his Travels in Italy and Greece, gives an account of certain usages in Rome, of some interest to the English reader. Speaking of the intercourse which subsists betwixt the British residents and the Pope, he proceeds to mention that, "on occasions when the English have been introduced to him, the Pope has taken the opportunity to say flattering things respecting the English character. The number of introductions—for few Englishmen return from Rome without having been introduced, if he is at that time in Rome—cannot fail to be burdensome to his Holiness. As England has had, since the Reformation, no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scotch or Irish ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church resident at Rome. Abbé Grant, of the Scotch college, long performed that office. The person to whom it now belongs (1820) is Abbé Taylor, an Irishman. To this gentleman you signify your wish, for the gratification of which, you have, however, frequently to wait for some time, as his list is in the full season very numerous, and the Pope receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception day and the next.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c., according to instructions from Abbé Taylor. Persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military: and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out for the occasion of an introduction to the Pope, to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a Cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at Abbé Taylor's, they set out for the Vatican, where they are first introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi, and then, being first desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted by the Abbé to the presence of the Pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The Pope sits in a sort of study, at his table, writing, with some books near him, his dress, being quite in dishabille, somewhat like a flannel dressing-gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, generally preceding it with something complimentary to the English character, and his high esteem for the nation. He observed to a friend of mine, that when he first came as a student to Rome, he scarcely remembered one chimney in the city, but that now he could count nearly 100; this he attributed to the British residents. He particularly mentioned his obligations to the English nation, for the restoration of so many works of art recovered to Rome at their expense. The period for remaining in the Papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half an hour. Some English ladies procured the honour of an introduction, and wore black veils on the occasion.

We have often met his Holiness taking his favourite walk near the Coliseum. His morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he gives them his blessing. The British stand and take off their hats, and their bows are gra-

ciously returned. His Holiness's carriage, which is a plain, crazy-looking machine, drawn by six horses with riders in purple livery, always follows him. On one of his walks, the Pope threw some money on the road among some poor people, and, to our surprise, they scrambled and fought for it as soon as his back was turned."

JULY.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labour. The swink't mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctantly; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in mid-day heat.

JULY is the seventh month of the year. According to the reckoning of the Romans it was the fifth, and called *QUINTILIS*, until Mark Antony denominated it July, in compliment to Caius Cæsar, the Roman dictator, whose surname was Julius, who improved the calendar and was born in this month.

Leigh Hunt, in his *Months*, has the following characteristic observations on this delightful season of the year. "The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his garner; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The quats

Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide:—SPENSER.

and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his trickiest note.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's.—KEATS.

Besides some of the flowers of last month, there are now candy-tufts, catch-fly, columbines, egg-plant, French mary-golds, lavateras, London-pride, marvel of Peru, veronicas, tuberoses, which seem born of the white rose and lily; and scarlet-beans, which, though we are apt to think little of them because they furnish us with a good vegetable, are quick and beautiful growers, and in a few weeks will hang a wall or trellis with an exuberant tapestry of scarlet and green.

The additional trees and shrubs in flower are or-ambles button-wood, iteas, cistuses, climbers, and broom. Pimpernel, cockle, and fumitory, are now to be found in corn-fields, the blue-bell in wastes or by the roadsides; and the luxuriant hop is flowering.

The fruits begin to abound, and are more noticed, in proportion to the necessity for them occasioned by the summer heat. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection; currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, have a world of juice for us, prepared, as it were, in so many crowds of little bottles, in which the sunshine has turned the dews of April into wine. The strawberry lurks about under a beautiful leaf. Currants are also extremely beautiful. A handsome bunch looks like pearls or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful earring. We have seen it, when held lightly by fair fingers, present as lovely a drop, and piece of contrast, as any holding hand in a picture of Titian.

Bulbous rooted flowers, that have almost done with their leaves, should now be taken up, and deposited in shallow wooden boxes. Mignonette should be transplanted into small pots, carnations be well attended to and supported, and auriculas kept clean from dead leaves and weeds, and in dry weather frequently watered.

It is now the weather for bathing, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either in summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax; and so will any other excess: but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in

some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might oftener make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. There is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper;—to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages, 'the nerves,' which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner."

GARDENING.—JULY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—In the beginning of this month, thin finally the later-ripening apricots, and early peaches and nectarines, following up those which ripen in succession. Wall-trees and espaliers must be looked over, and divested of their superfluous wood, and the rest trained regularly and neatly at length. Vines must be looked over, their tendrils taken off, the laterals shortened to one joint, if the upper bud has pushed since the last month long enough to require this to be done. The shoots which have produced fruit must be shortened to two joints above the uppermost branch, keeping those closely trained to the wall. Runners of all sorts of strawberries should now be taken off, and the young plants bedded out, in order to have them strong and well rooted previously to their being finally planted out in the autumn. Should the weather prove dry, they must be well watered till they have taken root.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow Cape broccoli, endive, kidney beans, lettuces, spinach, and turnips; hoe carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips; plant out broccoli, cauliflowers, and winter greens. Plant out celery on the surface of rich ground, and on trenches, taking care to take up each plant with all its roots, and to divest it of all its side shoots to its principal leaves, which would otherwise prevent its making a fine clean handsome head. Prepare mushroom spawn, if not done last month. Cucumbers will now be in full bearing upon the ridges, and should be pegged down, stopping the leading runners, so as to keep the plants close, and the ridges completely filled up. In earthing up the hills of melons, one or two of the frames or pits may now be spawned for mushrooms; these will produce their crop in the autumn. Take up garlic, potato onions, romasole, and shallots, when the leaves begin to decay, and lay them on mats in an airy place to dry.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTES
OF BIRMINGHAM MANUFACTURERS AND
MANUFACTURES.

"BIRMINGHAM (says the late Mr William Hutton, in his history of this large and populous town) began with the productions of the anvil, and probably will end with them. The sons of the hammer were once her chief inhabitants; but that great crowd of artists is now lost in a greater. Genius seems to increase with multitude. Part of the riches, extension, and improvement of Birmingham, are owing to the late John Taylor, Esq. who possessed the singular power of perceiving things as they really were. The spring and consequence of action were open to his view. He rose from minute beginnings to shine in the commercial, as Shakspeare did in the poetical, and Newton in the philosophical, hemisphere.

To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-boxes, with the numerous race of enamels. From the same fountain issued the painted snuff-box, at which one servant earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting them at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured, buttons to the amount of L.800, exclusive of other valuable productions. One of the present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining the works with the master, purchased some of the articles; among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and while paying for them, observed with a smile, 'he plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than two hundred pounds a day.' Mr Taylor died in 1775, at the age of sixty-four, after acquiring a fortune of L.200,000.

BUTTONS.

This beautiful ornament appears with infinite variation; and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press.

Though the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, the concave, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, the fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer. The consumption of this article is astonishing; the value in 1781 was from threepence a gross to one hundred and forty guineas.

In 1818, the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that threepence worth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons; these were sold at a price proportionably

low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons *without any gold*; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the consumption than he saved in the material. There seems, says Mr Hutton, to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who extract prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy, whilst a far greater number submit to a statute of bankruptcy. Trade, like a restive horse, can rarely be managed; for where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way.

BUCKLES.

Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as ancient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without an upper leather. That fashion has been since inverted, and we have sometimes seen an upper leather nearly without a sole. But whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, the shoe shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length; so that the extremity was fastened to the knee sometimes with a silver chain, a silk lace, or even a pack-thread string, rather than avoid genteel taste.

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, which determined to prune the exorbitant shoot; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe-toe beyond two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest—and, what was worse, the payment of twenty shillings to the king.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full-blown rose. Ribbons of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the pre-eminence. Under the house of Stuart the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting pot to-morrow.

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in Euclid. The large square buckle, plated with silver, was the *ton* of 1781. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; it was difficult to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle; and we wonder to see the active motion under the massive load. In 1812, the whole generation of fashions, in the buckle line, was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age.

GUNS.

King William was once lamenting, 'that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and with great difficulty.' Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the king, 'that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents would answer his majesty's wishes.' The king was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, the pattern was executed with precision, and, when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists were so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day.

It seems that the word 'London' marked upon guns is a better passport than the word 'Birmingham'; and the Birmingham gun-makers had long been in the habit of marking their goods as being made in London.

In 1813, some of the principal gun-makers of London brought a bill into the House of Commons to oblige every manufacturer of fire-arms to mark them with his real name and place of abode. The Birmingham gun-makers took the alarm, petitioned the house against the bill, and thirty-two gun-makers instantly subscribed six hundred and fifty pounds to defray the expense of opposing it. They represented that they made the component parts of the London guns, which differed from theirs only in being put together and marked in the metropolises.

Government authorised the gun-makers of Birmingham to erect a proof-house of their own, with wardens and a proof master; and allowed them to decorate their guns with the ensigns of royalty. All fire-arms manufactured in Birmingham and its vicinity are subjected to the proof required by the Board of Ordnance; the expense is not to exceed one shilling each piece; and the neglect of proving is attended with a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.

STEEL.

The manufacture of iron, in Birmingham, is ancient beyond research : that of steel is of modern date. This art appeared at Birmingham in the seventeenth century, and was introduced by the family of Kettle. The name of Steelhouse-lane will convey to posterity the situation of the works; the commercial spirit of Birmingham will convey the produce to the antipodes. From the warm but dismal climate of this town issues the button which shines on the breast, and the bayonet intended to pierce it; the lancet which bleeds the man, and the rowel the horse; the lock which preserves the beloved bottle, and the screw to uncork it; the needle, equally obedient to the thimble and the pole.

BRASS WORKS.

The manufacture of brass was introduced into Birmingham by the family of Turner about 1740. They erected those works at the south end of Coleshill Street, then near two hundred yards beyond the buildings, but now the buildings extend half a mile beyond them. Brass is an object of some magnitude in the trades of Birmingham; the consumption is said to be a thousand tons per annum. The manufacture of this useful article had long been in the hands of few and opulent men, who, instead of making the humble bow for favours received, acted with despotic sovereignty, established their own laws, chose their customers, directed the price, and governed the market. In 1780 the article rose, either through caprice or necessity, perhaps the former, from seventy-two pounds a ton to eighty-four pounds. The result was, an advance upon the goods manufactured, followed by a number of counter-orders, and a stagnation of business.

In 1781, a person, from affection to the user, or resentment to the maker, perhaps the latter, harangued the public in the weekly papers, censured the arbitrary measures of the brazen sovereigns, showed their dangerous influence over the trades of the town, and the easy manner in which works of our own might be constructed. Good often arises out of evil: this fiery match quickly kindled another furnace in Birmingham. Public meetings were advertised, a committee appointed, and subscriptions opened to fill two hundred shares, of one hundred pounds each, which was deemed a sufficient capital; each proprietor of a share to purchase one ton of brass annually. Works were immediately erected upon the banks of the canal, for the advantage of water carriage, and the whole was conducted with the true spirit of Birmingham freedom.

The old companies, which we may justly consider the directors of a South Sea bubble in miniature, sunk the price from eighty-four pounds to fifty-six pounds. Two inferences arise from this measure; that their profits were once very high, or were now very low; and that, like some former monarchs in the abuse of power, they repented one day too late.

NAILS.

The art of nail-making is one of the most ancient in Birmingham. It is not, however, so much a trade in as of Birmingham, for there are but few nail-makers left in the town; the nailers are chiefly masters, and rather opulent. The manufacturers are so scattered round the country, that we cannot travel far in any direction out of the sound of the nail-hammer. Birmingham, like a powerful magnet, draws the produce of the anvil to herself.

When I first approached Birmingham (says Mr Hutton) from Walsall, in 1741, I was surprised at the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road, and could not conceive how a country, though populous, could support so many people of the same occupation. In some of these shops I observed one or more females strip of their upper garment, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I inquired 'Whether the ladies of this country shod horses?' but was answered with a smile, 'They are nailers.'

THE ADIEU.

Written in 1808, by LORD BYRON, under the impression that he would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray,
Soon must I share the gloomy cave,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pines.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years:
Where Loch na Gairt in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Southern home?

Home of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?

Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faulting tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospect, do I retire;
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their piliant course,
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will have these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which once my bosom blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seen
Fresh as in love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast, thy girl I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race—
To humble in the dust my page,
And mingle with the dead!

Fame! thou goddess of my heart,
On him who gains thy praise
Pointless must fall the spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream;
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nighties skies and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meaneast care.

Father of light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calms't the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

EXPEDITION OF JAMES V. AGAINST THE BORDER THIEVES.

THE remarkable expedition of James V., in the year 1529, into the southern Highlands of Scotland, to inflict judicial punishment on the marauders of these border districts, furnishes various amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in the sixteenth century. Having very sagaciously, as a first step, secured in safe custody the principal chieftains by whom the disorders were privately encouraged, namely, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, and Ker of Fernyherst, James assembled an army, and set out under the pretence of enjoying the pastime of hunting. The track which the king and his retinue pursued led him first through the western part of Peebleshire, from whence he made a detour to the left, through Ettrick and Ewesdale. It is ascertained, by tradition, that, in penetrating the wilds in the upper part of Tweeddale, he felt himself very much at a loss to discover the proper path into the vale of Drummelzier. It is supposed that the main body of his attendants was sent up the strath of Manor Water, while he and a few retainers made a stretch westward, through the demesnes of Sir James Tweedie, a thane of considerable power in this quarter at the time, who resided in a strong peel-house, called the Thane's Castle, near Drummelzier, and the ruin of which is still extant, on the point of a steep conical rock. Here the chief of the Tweedies used to reside, and domineer over the adjacent region. He was likewise in the habit of exacting a species of court by persons passing his fastness, in much the same way that the petty princes of Africa oblige travellers to wait upon them, either to gratify their love of power or plunder. The king having required a guide through the district of the Tweedies, a poor labouring man of the name of Bartram offered himself, and was accepted. This person assiduously escorted him from near the Rachan to Glenwhappen, through the vale commanded by Tweedie's castle, and so well was James pleased with his attention, that he granted him a freehold property, called Duck-pool, in the parish of Glenholm. It is somewhat curious that the lineal descendant of this Bartram still possesses a portion of the estate so conferred. In the course of three hundred years it has been much reduced in size, as much from the aggressions of the more powerful lairds as from the necessities of the family. Its dimensions are now to the extent of little more

than an acre, yet it acknowledges no superior, and, from the peculiarity of the tenure, pays no tax or assessment.

The thane of Drummelzier having been informed that a stranger, evidently of some note, had passed his mansion without paying the wonted obedience to its lordly owner, or craving his hospitality, pursued the king with sixteen attendants, uniformly arrayed, and mounted on white horses, to Glenwhappen; where, having found the refugee among his friends assembled, he imperiously demanded corporal satisfaction for this ideal affront; whereupon the king discovered himself, brought the proud Sir James on his knees for pardon, which, it is mentioned, was more readily granted by the king than forgiven by the thane.

The king having shortly fallen in with his troops, proceeded onward to the tower of Henderland, standing near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the pretty little lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. This fastness was the habitation of a person of the name of Piers Cockburne, who was noted for the great extent of his depredations. Not having been made aware of the approach of royalty, or the purposes of such an expedition, he and his family were encompassed and seized unawares. Tradition tells that they were sitting at dinner when their gate was surprised. James's impetuous temper seems to have dictated that execution should follow rapidly on trial and condemnation, or rather upon accusation. Cockburne's wife and family were glad to be permitted to make their escape in opposite directions. The freebooter was himself instantly pinioned, and hanged over the gate of his own tower. While the execution was going forward, the unhappy wife of Cockburne took refuge in the recesses of the rocky bed of Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the castle. Here she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence. By the ballad of "The Border Widow," which is supposed to apply to this incident, it appears that she ventured out after the deed was perpetrated, and took charge of the corpse. The words she is understood to utter are very affecting:—

"I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alone;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gazed and whiles I satte
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sea green."

After the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise in a similar manner Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separates the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the King's Road, and seems to have been the route which he followed. Tushielaw was a tower, or peel-house now in ruins, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick. Here the same feat was performed. It is understood that other executions followed this, but of these none was of so bold a character as the killing of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Johnnie Armstrong is a noted person both in history and tradition. He appears to have been a border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower is still extant. It occupies a pleasant situation among the bewildering beauties of Eskdale, in the south-eastern part of Dumfriesshire, and within an hour's ride of the Cumberland side of the border. It is of considerable extent and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. There is now reason to believe that Johnnie, the proprietor of this castle, and the head of a potent clan of Armstrongs, was not ignorant of the exterminating principles which actuated the king. It is rather evident that he had determined on braving it out before "his grace." As the sovereign proceeded down the vale of the Ewes towards Langholm, the freebooter presented himself before him with "a gallant company" of thirty-six well-mounted Elliots and Armstrongs, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Castlegigg, about three miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely misapprehended the king, and likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The king was incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, and commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "what wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king." On this John Armstrong made earnest entreaty for his life, offering, at first poll, four-and-twenty milk-white steeds, and afterwards increasing his ransom in amount to twenty-five, for "enging mills," with as much "gude red wheat" as would keep them in grudging for a whole year; but all was of no avail. He, as a last shift, offered to maintain himself with fifty men, ready to serve the king at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as, indeed, had never been his practice; and undertaking that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the king, dead or alive. But the king would listen to no offer, however great, whereupon John broke out into a fume of proud indignation, and, as the ballad has it, exclaimed,

"To seek het water aneath could ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nae for my men and me."

continuing, that, had he anticipated such usage, he would have lived on the borders in despite of both King Harry and James, and that the former would downweigh his best horse with gold to know that he had been put to death. No farther parley took place. Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees near the above-mentioned chapel. They were buried in its deserted churchyard, where their graves are yet shown. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away.

WINTER GARDENS IN PRUSSIA.

At Berlin there are four extensive winter gardens, in which the appearance of a perpetual summer is kept up. They are simply large greenhouses, or orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, and upright windows in front—the air heated by stoves, supplied with fuel from without. On the floor are placed here and there large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. Round the stems of the trees tables are formed, which are used for refreshments for the guests, and for pamphlets and newspapers. There are also clumps of trees and flowering plants, and sometimes pine apples and fruit trees. The gardens abound with moveable tables and seats, and there is generally music, a writer of poetry, a reader, a lecturer; short plays have even been acted in them on the borders of the evening. In the evening the illumination is on certain days of the week the music and illumination is on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries there are separate saloons for billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for cards, and select parties. In the morning part of the day the gardens are chiefly resorted to by old gentlemen, who read the papers, talk politics, and drink coffee. In the evening they are crowded by ladies and gentlemen, and refreshments of various kinds are taken; and it is quite common for company to call in after the play to meet their friends, or take refreshments. There is nothing of the kind in any other country of Europe to be compared to those gardens. —*Time's Telescope for 1830*

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RECOGNITIONS.

"Dignus vindice nodus."

If you be a person that have lived for a long time in any large town, you must have ere this felt the dreadful inconvenience of knowing and being known by every body. The courtesy of society demands that, on meeting any one in the street, of whom you have the slightest acquaintance, you must *not* "affect to nod," like Alexander, but give a real *bona fide* nod, or, if you please, a bow, as a mark of respect or regard—a practice which leads to a thousand disagreeable sensations in the day, till at last you almost resolve that your progress shall be like that of a British war-chariot—cutting right and left, without regard to man, woman, or child. It is not that you have any abstract disinclination to pay this tribute to friendship: it is the frequency and the iteration of the thing that annoys you. You could tolerate, perhaps, a certain number of nods in the day—I would willingly compound for twenty—and it would be all very well if you only met a friend on the street once in the month or so. But this is not the way of it: you cannot be abroad two hours (supposing that you are of long standing in the town) without meeting fifty people and upwards, to whom you must "vail your haughty head," and, what is worst of all, the half of these are people whom you met and nodded to yesterday, and the day before, and every day before that again, back to the creation of the world. With many of these persons, your acquaintance at first was of the very slightest nature. You met the man in a steam-boat, and had your respective names mentioned by a friend. You left a room one day as he was entering, and you were introduced, and, after exchanging only three words, made a friendly bow to each other, and parted. Perhaps he was introduced to you passingly on the street by some person to whom you had been introduced several years before, in the same transient way, by an individual whose acquaintance of you was originally of so slight a character that you had even then forgot for some years how it commenced. Your reminiscences upon the whole subject are a Generation of Shadows, traced back to Nothing. Possibly you sat next to him one night "Console Planco," at a mason lodge, and to this blessed hour have never so much as learned his name. When it happens that you do not see or meet these acquaintances for six months after your first rencontre, the affair has by that time got cool enough to justify you mutually in cutting each other. But in most cases it happens quite differently. On the very morning, perhaps, after having scraped acquaintance with a merry fellow in some promiscuous company, you meet him going abroad, like yourself, to his place of business. As nothing of the world, or its concerns, has as yet got between you and your recollections of last night's conviviality, you pull up with him for a minute, shake hands, laugh cordially in each other's faces, hope each other is quite well after yesternight's business, remark what a deal of fun there was, what a deuced funny fellow that was who sung the comic songs, and so forth; and then, with another cordial shake of each other's hands, you part off, each to the serious duties of the day. Unfortunately it happens that this new acquaintance of yours has to go to his place of business exactly at the same time in the morning with yourself, and that your places of residence and business are co-relatively in opposite situations. It is, therefore, your doom to cross each other's path regularly every morning at ten minutes before ten, for all the rest of your natural lives. Your eyes begin to open upon this appalling fact on the second day. You meet your man *then*, exactly at the same spot as on the morning before; when, the conviviality of the penult evening being totally spent, both in respect of its effect on your mind, and as a subject of conversation, you stand in an agony of a minute's duration talking to each other of you know not what, till, fortunately, perhaps, a friend comes up who is going your way, and you hook yourself upon him, and take a hurried leave of your new acquaintance. Next morning you content yourself with shaking your friend by the hand cordially without stopping. Next morning, again, the affair has degenerated into a laughing nod. Next, it is an ordinary nod; at which point it continues ever after, till it is evident to both of you, as you approach each other, that you are beginning to be fairly tired of existence, and wish, mutually, that it were all well over with you, so far

as this breathing world is concerned, and the whole affair hushed up in the silence of the grave.

It is not alone in the monotony of this system of recognition that the misery lies. You are also put to a great deal of pain and difficulty, in many cases, by the rank of the individuals to be recognised. Every man of the world has occasion to be brought into contact now and then with persons superior to himself, but who do not scruple to make themselves familiar with him in his own house or place of business. Now, the plague is, how to treat these people on the street. If their rank be very far above your own, the case is comparatively easy, for a bow, with an elevation of the hat, is readily awarded on your part, and graciously received on his. But should his place in society be just a little above your own, or such as you expect to attain very speedily—or should he be just a little longer started in the general race of prosperity than yourself—then it is perplexing indeed. Man has no antipathy to the brother worms who are so far beneath his own level as never to be brought into contrast with him. A nobleman is quite at his ease with his tailor. But it is very different with the individuals who are just a little lower than ourselves, and liable to be confounded with us. We could tolerate the *profanum et ignobile vulgus* itself, rather than the people whose manners and circumstances in life are but one step beneath our own. Hence, one is liable to perpetual grievances on the street, through, what he thinks, the forwardness of some people, and the haughtiness of others. Alternately cutting and cut, on he goes, in a state of unhappiness beyond all description. Sometimes he avoids recognising, through fear of its being offensive, a person who was fondly anxious to have his nod, and takes it very ill that he does not get it. Sometimes he is in the reverse predicament, and proffers a condescending bow, or intends to do so, to one who, putting quite a different construction on their respective degrees of consequence, coolly overlooks him.

In short, what with one thing and another, walking on the street is an exceedingly disagreeable exercise. For my part, having been long connected with the city I inhabit, I am obliged to take a thousand ingenious expedients in order to get along with any degree of comfort. For one thing, I would sooner walk some miles barefooted over broken glass, than parade on the principal streets of the city at high twelve. If I were to attempt a passage that way, I might go as I have been told Oechsenschlager the Danish poet does through the streets of Copenhagen, my hat in my hand, and my body in a perpetual inclination. I have to seek all possible kinds of by-ways, through alleys profound and obscure; and when I cross a thoroughfare, it is with the same dogged straightforward look with which a man swims across a dangerous river. When I do happen, in a moment of facility or confidence, to venture upon an open street, I have all kinds of expedients for avoiding and diminishing the pains of recognition. When you see an acquaintance approaching, you must consider the relative circumstances. Much depends on the place of meeting—much on the time—much on the crowded or empty state of the streets, and much, of course, on the degree of your intimacy with him, and the distance of time since you last met. If it be a vacant street, and not a business time of the day, and six months since you last met him, you are in for a quarter of an hour's palaver as sure as you live, and hardly even a parting *then*, unless you can either of you manage to get up a good witticism, under cover of which you may escape. If the street be crowded, and the time a busy one, you are tolerably safe, even although it should have been a twelvemonth since you met before. In this case, you fly past with a hurried nod, which seems to say, "We are busy just now, but will have another opportunity of stopping to speak." This is a nod of adjournment, as it were, and it is one of great satisfaction to both parties, for both argue, of course—though they don't put that into the nod—that, as it is a twelvemonth since they last met, it may be another before they meet again. Should you meet a man in a vacant street, even in the busiest part of the day, then the former circumstance annuls the latter, and you must stand and deliver, even although you be too late for an appointment of the most interesting character. On the other hand, if you meet your man in the leisurely part of the day, in a crowded street, you get off with a nod, pretending

to yourself that you are carried away by the current. Sometimes you may not take advantage of your good fortune in this last case, but so bring it about that you get into collision with your friend, and begin a conversation. In this case, even although you have only asked him how he does—not caring in the least what he has to answer—and though you positively have not another idea to interchange with him, he finds it necessary to disengage himself from the throng in order to reply. You now get upon the curb-stone, or upon the causeway, where, of course, you have no more advantage from the crowded state of the street than a fish has of a river after it has been thrown upon the bank. You are now in the same predicament as if you had met your friend in the same cool part of the day in a perfectly empty street, and therefore when he has answered your precious question as to his health, you are as fairly in for a quarter of an hour of wretched, bald, wishy-washy conversation about all kinds of nothings that you don't care one farthing about, as ever you were in your life. The only thing that can now save you is either a joke to laugh yourselves asunder upon, a crowd raised at a distant part of the street by some such matter as a child ridden over by a coach, or else, what is not a bad means of separation, though sometimes dangerous, you cut off one grievous encumbrance by taking on another; that is, you see another friend coming up your way, and, pretending you have something to say to him, shake off the old love and take on with the new: in which case it is not improbable that you spend longer time at the end of the street with this last individual than you might have had to spend with the former one if you had continued with him, and only given the other man a passing nod—but, of course, that is all the fortune of war, and, having done what seemed best under the circumstances, you must rather blame fate than your own imprudence. Consider well, however, in such a case, whether you are likely to get soonest off with the new or the old love; for if you take on with a bore of ten minutes' power, in order to get off with one of only five, merely because he is going your way, and promises no interruption in the first instance, you may only fall into Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis.

After all, as in every matter arising from the affairs of this world, a great deal of our happiness, so far as it is concerned by the system of recognition, lies with ourselves. If we are prudent, and take counsel from experience, we may avoid much of this nodding and bowing misery which would otherwise fall to our share. A man, for instance, should not be always goggling and staring about him; otherwise he will be sure to fall in with flying nods, which he could as well dispense with, if he does not even hit some person perhaps, on the other side of the way, who, not having seen him for a long time, thinks it his duty—Lord confound him!—to come across the Hellespont of mud, and shake the spirits out of him with half an hour of tediousness and commonplace. When you debouch from your door, never look along the street in the direction you are not to travel, or ten to one but you see some one who, having the infelicity, poor devil, to catch your eye, must put himself on to a canter to come up to you; and so you get mutually entangled, perhaps for half the day. I give this caution with a particular emphasis; for I have observed that nine out of every ten men look back in the way described, as if it were one of the involuntary motions or inclinations of human nature. As you are walking along, never cast your regards upon any one coming obliquely across the street, or in all probability you are shot dead by an eye of your acquaintance, which, if it had not hit you, would have passed on innocuous. The eye is the principal mischief in all these cases. A man is often snared by that part of him, and dragged a hundred yards along a dirty street, for all the world like a silly salmon hooked by the nose, and laid, after half a mile of tugging and hauling, exhausted on the shore. Keep your eye well to yourself, and you are tolerably safe; for of this you may be assured, no man will come up to attract your attention, unless he be a country cousin, who was just looking about for you. Every mother's son of them is actuated by the same principles with yourself, and is glad to escape all the nodding he can. So reciprocal is this feeling, that many persons whom you are taking means to avoid, will, if you observe them narrowly, be found to be doing all they can to assist in the process. If you pretend, for in-

stance, that you cannot see that gentleman there coming aslant the way, on account of the intense brightness of the sun, you will see out at the tail of your eye that he is pretending to be as much put about by the sunshine as yourself, and is doing all he can to shade his eyes from Phoebus and you, exactly in the same fashion as yourself. If you walk, as you ought to do, with your eyes fixed below what painters call the point of sight, but suddenly raise them for a moment, in order to look about you, it is ten to one but you see your very bosom friend—your confessor—the man whom you wear in your heart of hearts—in the act of sneakily withdrawing his eye from your countenance, for the purpose of getting past you unnoticed. Take no scorn on account of these things, but put it all down rather to the strength of friendship; for can there be any stronger test of that sentiment, than the desire of saving those whom we love from any thing that is disagreeable to them?

It has been already remarked, that if you be in the regular habit of meeting and nodding to a person every now and then, the system is kept up till death do you part. On the other hand, if you can avoid seeing a person for some considerable time, the nod becomes *effete*, and you ever after see, as if you saw not, each other. Sometimes, however, one gets a great relief in the midst of a fixed and hopeless nodding acquaintance, by happening to meet once more at the social board in some friend's house, when you re-invigorate the principle, gather fresh intimacy, and perhaps, after all, take refuge from the unnecessary monotony of nodding terms in a serious friendship.

If you can help yourself by this means, it may be all very well, though certainly it is rather hard that one should be forced into an intimacy with a man merely because he crosses your path rather oftener than the most of your other slight acquaintances. The best way, however, to lessen this part of the evils of life is to walk with as *little circumspection as possible*. So ends my preaching about RECOGNITIONS.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.—Continued.

HAVING in a previous paper detailed the establishment of Banks in Scotland, some account may now be given of the nature of the business they transact, and the influence of their paper money on the country.

The Scottish banks are chiefly distinguished as a species of agency betwixt lenders and borrowers. They receive deposits of any sum above £10, for which they give a regular interest, negotiate bills, occasionally lend money on heritable property, and effect cash accounts. With the capital not employed in any of these branches of business, they sometimes speculate in purchasing government stock. By a cash account is signified a process, whereby an individual, on entering into an arrangement with a bank, is entitled to draw out sums as required to a stipulated amount, and by an implied condition to make deposits at his convenience towards the liquidation of the same. Practices of this nature arose out of the wants of tradesmen, and the general impoverished condition of the country. Some of our readers may perhaps remember a scheme projected by Benjamin Franklin, for the institution of a process of giving small loans to industrious but indigent young men beginning business, with the obligation to pay them back at stated times with interest. This philanthropic idea, which arose in the mind of the American philosopher, from his own wants in the outset of his career as a printer, has been in some measure acted upon in Scotland. The process was in existence for more than half a century prior to the period at which Franklin wrote, though he certainly was not aware of the fact, otherwise he would have warmly patronised its introduction into Philadelphia, and other American towns.

It is now a hundred and three years since the first cash credit was instituted; and it is related that the custom arose in the following accidental manner:—A metropolitan shopkeeper, in the year 1729, found himself at times in the possession of more than a sufficient supply of ready money to carry on his trade, the overplus of which he consigned to the care of the neighbouring bank. But on other occasions, by reason of the length of the credits given to his customers, his money became so scarce, that, after exhausting his bank deposits, he still felt himself in difficulties. Several dilemmas of this kind having occurred, and being averse to resort to the insecure practice of accommodation bills, he was prompted to make a proposal of a novel nature to the bank; to the effect that, if it would accommodate him in straits with small loans, he would always shortly afterwards make up such debts, and that the parties should come to a balancing of accounts at periodical intervals. It seems this novel plan was acceded to. A cash credit, or liberty to draw to a certain extent, was instituted under securities; and thus originated a system which has been of immense benefit to bankers and traders, and is now followed over the whole of Scotland.

Cash credits are guaranteed by two sufficient securities, or the applicants give infeffment to heritable property in caution of the contingent debt—a special act of Parliament having been passed to allow this to be done—and when any such debt is liquidated, the deed is cancelled. The expense of expending a cash credit varies according to the amount of the desired loan. One for £500 may be stated at about £15. The deed requires no renewal; and although attended with a heavy outlay at first, the price is perhaps not more than what would soon be swallowed up by stamps for bills. Besides, this mode of borrowing is every way more secure than the discounting of bills; while the circumstance of commanding ready money to a certain extent at all times, gives a trader a great advantage in settling for his pur-

chases. At the end of every six, and in some cases twelve months, calculations are made of entries and debits; the interest for and against the bank—the one being a per cent. higher than the other—is added and balanced, and an account being then rendered, the balance, if in favour of the bank, is either paid up, or remains against the debtor at interest to his new account. In these cash credits, the borrower is always at the mercy of the bank, which can call upon him at any time to balance his account, or, by his failing to do so, have recourse upon his securities.

Since 1729, cash credits have increased to an extent hardly credible. In 1826, it was computed that there were TEN THOUSAND in Scotland, varying in amount from £100 to £5,000 each, but averaging from £200 to £500. Though originally designed for mercantile persons, they are now operated upon by farmers, manufacturers, house-builders, miners, lawyers, and all classes of traders and shopkeepers. From 1826, it is extremely probable, that, instead of decreasing, they have increased a thousand or two more.

No one can have a just conception of the extraordinary degree of stability of the Scottish banks, and of the secure manner in which their business is transacted, unless he were made acquainted with the laws relative to banking, and had examined the history of the country. Previous to the year 1765, the banks were bound by no regular statutes, and their mode of management resembled that in England a few years since. In that year an act of Parliament was passed, which is still considered the great charter of Scottish banking. Subsequent enactments, as well as judgments of the Supreme Courts, have strengthened and extended the code. The grand principle of security in the institutions, is the liability of shareholders for the debts of the establishment. They are liable not only for the amount of their own shares, but for the shares of all the others, and the whole of their property may be seized to make up deficiencies. Although many of the shareholders are certainly not men of opulence, a number are so; and as their fortunes are good for the paper issued, the public runs no risk of injury. To strengthen this liability of shareholders, by the law of Scotland all heritable property, lands and houses, may be seized in satisfaction for their debts. Now, this is not the case in England, where personal or moveable property can alone be taken by creditors. Hence it would be idle to talk of establishing banks in the south part of the island, on the principle of the Scottish banks, till the law touching heritable property be altered. In Scotland, the houses, lands, goods, money, and person of a debtor, can be seized simultaneously for debt, and without such a comprehensive course of action, its banking institutions would fall in pieces. Farther, powerful aid is given to this law, by the registration of all the mortgages on heritable property. This is done at a national establishment in Edinburgh, and in the course of a single day, the search can here be made which will make it quite evident whether bankers be men of real property, and whether that property be unencumbered.

Other causes, not of a legal nature, conspire to render the system of Scottish banking perfect. By reason of the circumscribed limits of Scotland, and the character of the people, a ramification of intelligence is created and preserved throughout the whole of society, altogether unknown in England, whereby the character, the wealthiness, and the conduct of the partners or directors of each bank, are made fully known to the rest. All seek, and all find, a knowledge of the management of each other. All are mutually on the watch; and symptoms of over issues or other improprieties are spread with an amazing celerity, and have their immediate effect. It is also the custom of the banks to exchange the notes of each other once or twice in a week, by which means the notes are sent very speedily back to the owners, and an over issue on the part of any particular establishment is prevented.

In comparing Scottish banking institutions with those in England, and considering the different manner in which paper money has been guided by the two nations, the uniform security of the former appears almost miraculous. From the first issue of the bank-notes in 1704, till the year 1830, a single panic or general run did not occur in Scotland, although, during at least two-thirds of the intervening period, paper money had been used to the almost total exclusion of a gold currency. During the insurrections of 1715–45, and during the panics in England of 1793–97, and 1825, no perceptible difference took place in the demand of specie for notes. When the Bank of England was reduced to the miserable expedient of protracting cash payments by laying down sixpences, none of the banks in this country experienced any excess of demand for gold or silver. Partial and very temporary runs have assuredly been felt from the effects of short-lived slander or mistaken notions, which have invariably been readily quashed; but in the course of a hundred and twenty-six years, there have only been two cases of banks failing to pay twenty shillings a pound (they paid 10s.) and four, in which, after a short suspension of payments, all demands were liquidated. In two of the latter, the notes were accepted almost immediately at other banks of the highest credit. These banks were all provincial, and had been injured by mismanagement. Their failure or stoppage, with the exceptions we mention, did not put the public to any loss, but this was on the ruin of the shareholders, many of whom were reduced from affluence to poverty.

It may safely be asserted that the above cases of insolvency of Scottish banks have not in the smallest degree shaken the public confidence in the good character of a paper currency, and can find no plea for traducing the institutions now under review. At this present moment the community feels, as it always has felt, that a bank-note is merely a convenient representative of its expressed value, and that this value can at all times be procured on demand. When such are the conventional ideas of paper money, and when the supposition of its real value is just, the exchange of notes for gold ceases to be an object of any consequence. In as far as the greater part of mankind have come to an understanding that a piece of

yellow metal is worth a certain price, so have the Scotch come to an agreement to consider a bit of paper, of a particular kind, capable of bringing a price fully as high; and it is difficult to see why such a notion should be disconcerted; for there is as much rationality in the one idea as the other. The note in Scotland is even liked better than a sovereign, which, when offered, is sometimes looked upon with suspicion as to its quality. A good metropolitan bank-note is always preferred: It is easier carried or sent by letter; and in case of loss, can more easily be recovered than a gold piece.

It is not going too far to say, that without bank-notes, Scotland at this day would have been very little advanced in any of the useful or elegant arts. Divested of such important auxiliaries, the poverty of the nation could in no respect have called into existence that quantity of solid wealth it is now possessed of. Unaided by paper money, it would have been altogether out of the power of the nation to compete with its neighbours, or act as a financial accessory in times of war or exigency; and even with its assistance, it is surprising how it has been able to pay its fair proportion of taxes. Looking back on the low condition of this northern kingdom for many years after the Union, and remembering the character of the soil and climate, it is obvious that, but for the help thrown out by banks to agriculturists and artizans, the country—scarcely cheered by English capital—must have continued long in a withering and gloomy condition. It required at that period little else than the temporary aid of money loans to commence its career of prosperity, or to give the first impetus towards improvement. In the absence, therefore, of the precious metals, the dissemination of paper as the representative of that species of national wealth, which, from its nature, was not susceptible of being put in circulation, was one of the most creditable, and eventually the most successful, devices ever fallen upon by any people to better their circumstances. It was not without much trouble, and a lapse of many years, that the system put in operation was perfected; but when the law at length interposed to secure the public, as well as the bankers, from contingent excesses, and defined the powers of lenders and borrowers, the triumph of the Scottish bank-notes was completed. It is more the task of a historian than the writer of these humble sketches, to describe methodically what has been accomplished by their judicious administration: A recitation of their achievements would involve the history of nearly all that has been transacted in Scotland since the revolution. Until they made their gladdening appearance, the footmarks of the strife of past ages remained unobliterated on the soil. Before their influence, agriculture, domestic and foreign trade and commerce, and every species of improvement in the arts, have been instituted and supported. Almost whole towns have been erected and tripled in size by their services, and the sea has been covered by them with vessels, which would otherwise have been growing in their native woods—in a word, nearly all that a stranger has to contemplate in Scotland, wherein art has been employed; every thing he sees around him, beyond things the most indifferent, has been directly or indirectly created and reared by the transcendent powers of paper money.

THE JUBILEE.

SOME years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed, by voluntary studies at the University of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an antique of the true Meg Dodds character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny wedding, by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray, explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny wedding'?"

"Why, sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves.

It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people, at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry for *verse*, instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke, we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savory as the caldron of Meg Merrilies, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually stayed and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognised her old acquaintance G—, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G— called "the first word o' flyin'."

"Lord guide's! Mr G—, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wise-like, nae doubt—and the house a' disjessit this gait, wi' the first and last play the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentles' fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may-be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty? and gentles to light on't, for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G—, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalised with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and though I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin', till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll be that ill for supper, for I've a curm mutton pies by ordinar', that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on—and for beds—I'll send the lass to the minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the clergyman," said G—, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I should like to see the manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He is altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words—"grief's a great alterer! o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time since he married me and puir John Cairns doucely and Christian-like, in that very spence whar they daft devils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'er-do-weels! But it's dune now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair—to a hungry prospect-hunter—the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the Exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir," said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, as devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin' and daffin' yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken't a' the less for being a thought primed yourself; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I've warrant,"—turning with a smile to G—; "a spur in the head's worth twa in the heel!"

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs, by the intervals between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity, to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well-nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lit" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters' bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis a vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostility to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as, like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example: a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the old elders present, whose shrewd remarks, and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters, were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demure blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for a while there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half stifled with heat, and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air, and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering, our mite towards the hopeful couple), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I'm sure ye'll no take it ill at my hand; but it's time the like o' you were flitting, for the mair's getting abune the meal yonder, and they time respect whiles, and it's no wise-like to be in a minister's house, on Saturday night at e'en. Mr G—kens that!"

"No, indeed—you're quite right," answered the painter, "and, indeed, we were going away fully satisfied, when we met you." "Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I'll gie yon daft chieft their supper, and hae them a' out o' my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naebody say they saw a Sabbath morning within't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill-doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearing, to make a night o't. There's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin' or drink, the mair's the pity!—Hech! but ye'll be weel aff that's quiet down by!"

"I'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "one day when ye're dauning out among the hills. Ye're awin' me a day in hairst, ye ken, for this."

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming caldron within, or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage an atmosphere holier and more healthful still! A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxtaposition of the lights and shadows of Scottish life, could scarcely be conceived, than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the Bibles and Psalters, recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the minister's brow, and the slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming granddaughter seemed robed in almost angel purity.

There was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors, he rose pre-eminent—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her grey-headed father, by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy, in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's benevolences, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold, and the first words of Mr Maxwell on receiving us, were—"You are welcome once more to Bonell, Willie!—you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure—but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them, I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate." "And wherefore no, Willie?" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart; "my brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet a while with the billows. But praised be He who lent them!—they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously towards me, "will excuse the overflows of a parent's heart, at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed, along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie; but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended!—But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when she knew the mause; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among others, to the penny wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office, by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on farther from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make, will end, I fear, like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads."

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for assisting in keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld langsyne."

"Ay, that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see in the midst of a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited—and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy; but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods, seemed attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedgerow paths teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of Paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath, amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Bonell, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion, with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation, as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic noblesse in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one.

When the minister rose, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dunghill side, lest a start or suppressed bark should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever, "when its green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Bonell. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is by young and old, it was not the voice of the grey-haired contemporary parish clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion!

The text was the simple words of the Psalmist—"I have been young, and now am old;" and when the

good man sketched with faltering voice an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above—tears, fast and frequent as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary; my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the school-master, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants, and few and rare ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group, in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society—so called—the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table, young Bonell, for so from his property he was styled, walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done—remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a real one are aye welcome! Fifty years back, your father bore both, and his son is no changing! Stay with us now, or return, as it best suits you."

"Oh! I dare not stay," cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau, that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye—else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of aunt Anne's puddings in hand."

"There goes as fine a lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!

The manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly grey—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency, still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments.

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his own exemplary teacher; while the rough diamond of a doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that, like the good Centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so!

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say! on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer, before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of

the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly! How this was to be brought about, or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise—so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed, ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind. Among the healths of that eventful evening, "absent friends," the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then, for the first time, did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty, in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on their labour of love, and a father's heart would yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long-banished only child!

The vain wish had crossed, like a passing cloud, the rarely dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind, when, as Lilly and Norman were leaving the house to prepare for the juvenile fete, two plainly dressed, but respectable looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl; "but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business."

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart—and then finding breath to say, "How is my dear father?" "Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father's neck in frantic joy; "come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly," said he, composedly;—"seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones. Sir," (turning to Norman, who stood studying, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised, to Liverpool, and, travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B—. How to get on in time was the difficulty; but the backwoods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends, who will make us welcome for his sake!—Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came, as deliberately as joy would let him, into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from the painful agitation; "you have seen and spoken to them—is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly." "All well, even as your heart could wish; but there are those without who could tell you better, far better than any words, about those you love!" "Are they still without?—oh, bring them in, pray—our friends will excuse." "But will you promise?" The old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and, still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting, half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet commemoration for such an anniversary!—*Literary Souvenir*, 1832.

NOLLEKENS.—Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, died immensely rich. "His singular and parsimonious habits," says his biographer, "were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr Nollekens; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candle wasted. Mr and Mrs Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was anything to be done; and I have been assured, that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year!" Insensible as Nollekens generally was when looking at works of ancient art, in no instance, except when speaking of Flaxman, did he depreciate the productions of modern artists; on the contrary, he has frequently said, when he has been solicited to model a bust, "Go to Chantrey—he's the man for a bust; he'll make a good bust for you; I always recommend him." He has been known to

give an artist, who could not afford to purchase it, a lump of stone, to enable him to execute an order, though at the same time he has thrown himself into a violent passion with the cat, for biting the feather off an old pen with which he had for many years oiled the hinges of his gates when they creaked.—*Nollekens and his Times*.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

THE celebrated bull-fights of Spain have been frequently described by travellers, as they form a strong and remarkable characteristic in the manners of the people, and have luckily no parallel in other parts of Europe. When Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke was at the town of St Mary's, in Spain, he witnessed these extravagant amusements, of which he presents the following interesting account in the work he has recently published:—

"At an early hour of the morning the bulls were brought in from the country, where, in the extensive plains and forests, they roam at large. The lower orders are highly delighted by the arrival of the animals, and hundreds generally sit up the preceding night amusing themselves with their cigars, singing, and dancing, until the hour when the beasts, having been previously collected, are driven, not without considerable risk, into an enclosure adjoining the theatre. The spectacle commenced in the afternoon; and on entering the box of the French general, the Count de Castellane, where I had been politely offered a seat, I found myself surrounded by the beauty and fashion of the place. The theatre, which was circular in form, and open at top, was so spacious as to be capable of accommodating 12,000 persons; the effect, filled as the house was with gaily attired groups, was singularly imposing. In former days it was the fashion of young men of family to enter the ring splendidly dressed as picadores, to attack the bull in honour of their mistresses, who were present to applaud their courage, and reward them by throwing down wreaths to them. The young men in those days rode fine spirited animals, instead of the poor wretched dog-horses now used, which are too weak to resist the attack of the bull, or even to get out of its way.

The theatre being filled, and every countenance displaying the most intense anxiety, a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the governor, who entered his box. This was the signal for the commencement of the pageant. A detachment of soldiers paraded the arena in different directions, in order to clear it of the numerous stragglers who had leaped down from the adjoining seats.

The picadores, on horseback, half a dozen in number, now entered the ring, and, advancing to the governor's box, made an obeisance, and having received their lances, wheeled round, and made their exit on the opposite side. They were mounted on sorry miserable steeds, and were themselves armed with a lance, the end of which was provided with a short angular iron point about an inch in length, and wrapped partly round with string to prevent it penetrating too deep; its purpose being to goad the animal, and turn it off from the horseman when an attack is made upon him. Sometimes, however, as I have seen on more than one occasion, the bull makes so furious a rush upon the picador, that the lance is accidentally driven some way into the body of the animal, who, after some time, works the instrument out in its galloping.

A flourish of trumpets now made the whole theatre resound; and the doors being thrown open, a procession entered, formed of those about to take part in the proceedings of the day, and consisting first of four picadores mounted: these were followed by the matadores and footmen, the rear being brought up by three horses abreast, gaily caparisoned with bells and coloured flags. Both horsemen and footmen, as they entered, advanced in front of the governor's box, and, respectfully saluting him, wheeled round and took their respective stations. The object of the footmen, or banderilleros, who are provided with small flags, is to divert the attention of the bull after he has made an attack on the picador, and to prevent the animal from immediately repeating it, which would be attended with great hazard both to the horse and the rider. As soon, therefore, as the bull has made a charge upon the picador, the footman runs up, and by means of the banderilla or flag, which he flourishes towards the bull, shouting at the same time, the animal is induced to leave the picador, and makes at his new opponent, who, having now succeeded in drawing off the animal, effects his escape with great agility, by slipping behind the partitions which are erected in different parts of the arena as places of refuge. It sometimes happens, however, that the footmen are so closely pursued by the bull that they have not time to make good their retreat, and are obliged to save themselves by vaulting nimbly into the front row of seats, where the spectators are stationed, a few feet above the arena; and instances have happened where the animal has pursued the man so fiercely as even to spring over the enclosure after him, to the great danger and confusion of those in the neighbourhood.

The strength of the bulls is purposely weakened by a cruel expedient, which consists in pressing the back of the animal, as it rushes out, with a very heavy door, which shuts the stall, and is made to lift up, though of such weight as to require several men to raise it;

this naturally strains the animal's back, and diminishes its power.

A tame bull, with a bell round its neck, was now led across the arena towards the folding doors through which the wild bulls were to make their entrée. Stationed close upon each side of these doors were the picadores, with their lances ready couched; and the bolts being withdrawn, the whole of the animals rushed into the theatre, and followed the tame one, which was led quickly back through the opposite door into a stable, from which they were to be let out singly for the combat. On sight of the animals, which rushed through in fine style, the whole theatre rung with the shouts of the multitudes, which added to the fury and amazement of the bulls at the scene so suddenly presented to their eyes.

Every thing was now ready. At the flourish of the trumpets, the doors were thrown wide open; and while breathless expectation kept the whole theatre in a state of profound silence, a fine black Andalusian bull came tearing at full speed into the arena, and was greeted by the loud acclamations of the spectators, and the waving of innumerable handkerchiefs of the fair sex. For a few seconds the animal appeared lost and stupefied at a spectacle so novel to it, when, its rage returning, it wheeled round, and, perceiving the first picador, made a furious charge on man and horse, and was dexterously received on the point of the lance, the sudden prick of which caused the creature to turn aside and bound into the middle, bellowing with pain and fury. The second picador now advanced for the purpose of attracting the notice of the animal, but, being in an awkward position for resisting it, received so severe an attack, that both man and horse were overthrown, and exposed to the rage of the beast. The violence of the shock threw the rider off, but he contrived to roll himself beyond the reach of the animal while it was venting its rage upon the unfortunate horse, which received so severe a wound as to survive but a few minutes. In the meantime, the banderilleros darted forward like lightning to the assistance of the picador; and drawing off the bull to the opposite side by waving their flags at the animal, he was enabled to effect his escape without having received any particular injury.

The animal now galloped wildly round the arena, and was not long in making his attack upon the third picador with such strength and fury, that both man and horse were actually lifted from the ground, loud shrieks proceeding at the same time from the female part of the audience. As soon, however, as it was found that the rider had sustained no injury, shouts of laughter and exultation resounded from all parts of the building, which, at least as respected the poor horse, were little called for; as the unfortunate animal, after staggering for some distance with his bowels protruding, fell dead, and was dragged out. The bull proved to be an excellent one, and received, in consequence, the noise and repeated plaudits of the assembled spectators. Every horse, indeed, had suffered from the attack of the infuriated animal; and it would be too shocking to describe minutely the various tortures these poor creatures had to undergo. It was not sufficient for their bodies to be ripped up and their insides exposed. As long as they could be kept on their legs, the merciless fiends on their backs kept urging them bleeding and exhausted round the arena to make a fresh attack, until, in some instances, the bowels, hanging down and dragging upon the ground, were actually trampled upon and torn out by the tortured animal itself, when it fell down and expired.

The first act of this bloody tragedy was now at an end; and the dead and wounded horses being dragged out, the trumpet sounded, and six footmen approached, each provided with a couple of darts about two feet in length, having a sharp single barbed point of iron, and the handle, which was of wood, being ornamented with white, or other coloured cut paper, which covered it like network.

Holding a dart in each hand, one of them advanced lightly and boldly towards the animal, provoking it at the same time by his gestures; and at the moment that the bull rushed upon him, and was in the act of lowering his head to toss his antagonist, the latter nimbly stepped aside, planting, at the same time, both darts behind the neck and on the top of each shoulder of the animal, which galloped wildly round the theatre from this additional pain, and tried to shake out the barbed points. A second then approaching, fixed two more with equal skill; and then a third, until the back of the creature was fantastically stuck over in this manner with these cruel weapons; while, mad with torture and rage, it galloped bellowing after its persecutors, who sheltered themselves behind the side slips, or, vaulting up into the front seats, escaped, by these means, the fury of their pursuer.

By this time the animal was nearly mad; and in order to render it completely so, and to exhibit at the same time a diabolical variety in the tortures of this poor creature, these demons now introduced short rockets barbed like the darts, and which, being stuck dexterously into the body, burnt fiercely, ending with a loud explosion, while the wretched creature, bewildered with the fire, the smoke, and the report, stood quite stupefied, and paralysed with fear and agony.

The third and final scene was now about to commence, concluding with the death of the bull.

All eyes were directed towards the matador, whose name was Leon: he had attained great celebrity in this his dangerous profession, and had come purposely

from Seville to be present. On his head he wore a kind of flat black silk cap, similar to the montera cap worn by the mountaineers in some parts of Spain, his hair being fastened behind with a large court bag; his jacket, which was open, was of light blue silk, richly embroidered with silver, with a puce-coloured worked satin waistcoat: his small clothes were also of light blue silk, richly worked in silver, at the knees, with white silk stockings and straw-coloured shoes. In his left hand he carried a small crimson flag, and in the other a straight sword about four feet in length.

Advancing in front of the governor's box with easy and polished demeanour, he exclaimed, in a loud voice, that, with his permission, he would, for the honour of his lady, himself, and that of the whole company present, now kill the bull. Leave having been accordingly granted by the governor, he bowed to all around, and advanced fearlessly towards the animal, whom the footmen were now drawing towards him with their flags, with a light and graceful step. Having approached within six feet of the bull, he held out his flag, concealing under it his sword: and the animal rushing immediately upon him, and while in the act of lowering his head to toss the matador, received the weapon on the point of the shoulder nearly up to the hilt.

The poor creature staggered, and in a minute or two lay down, and a person coming behind, despatched him by driving a sharp-pointed instrument into the vertebra at the back of his head. The matador, now drawing out his sword, wiped it with his flag, and advancing amid the loud plaudits of the whole theatre, made his obeisance to the governor, and retired. The trumpets upon this sounded, and three horses abreast, gaily adorned, and attached to a yoke, made their entrée; and the dead animal being fastened to it, was dragged across the theatre at full speed through the entrance doors.

Eight bulls in succession were thus brought in, and tortured in the manner above described, and at least thirty horses were mangled and destroyed from being exposed to their attacks. As the whole of the bulls are not usually slaughtered, it is a privilege accorded to the people by the governor to select those they please for the matador to despatch. Accordingly, when a bull has established its reputation for courage and vigour during the encounter, by having ripped up seven or eight horses, tossed their riders, and perhaps nearly killed two or three of the footmen, the audience are quite enchanted with the animal, and as a compliment to its prowess, they beg, with loud cries of '*A la muerte*,' addressed to the governor, that it may be killed: on the contrary, if a bull has shown itself docile and spiritless, they are silent, and the animal escapes death to endure the *disgrace* of existence!

Without entering into any inquiry how far the national character is affected by the bull-fights in Spain, I shall only observe, that it cannot but be lowered in the estimation of the feeling and benevolent, from the excessive barbarity of the amusement."

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE islands in the Mediterranean now constituting the Ionian republic, form one of the most interesting foreign possessions of Great Britain, and are the object of curious inquiry to the classic scholar. According to the authentic account of Kendrick, in his entertaining work on the subject, "these islands lie scattered along the west coast of Turkey and Greece, with whose ancient history they are intimately associated, and are the last remains of the Venetian conquests in the east. While the banner of the sultans of Constantinople waved over the rest of the fallen empire of Greece, Venice, the powerful queen of the Adriatic, held possession of the Morea, Crete, Cyprus, the islands which skirt the western coast, or the eastern side of the gulf, with a narrow strip of land on the adjacent mainland. The arms of the republic, however, gradually declined; and after many a gallant achievement, all her splendid acquisitions were reduced to Dalmatia, the Ionian Islands, and the adjoining parts of Parga, Prevesa, Vionizza, and Butrinto, in Albania, which remained in faithful obedience till the extinction of her independence in 1787. The despotic Venetian aristocracy left, even to its Italian subjects, little to boast of but the shadow of liberty; and their possessions in Greece, now under notice, were still farther from the enjoyment of freedom. Unwise restrictions on the cultivation of their soil, dictated, as it was thought, for the benefit of the mother country, with the usual arbitrary exactions of arbitrary governors, were the principal proofs of the maternal protection of Venice. But, with all these drawbacks, the islanders enjoyed advantages inestimably greater than those of their countrymen under the Turkish yoke.

This state of things continued till 1797, when Venice ceased to exist as a republic, and this part of her territory became subject to France. After a short occupation, the islands were evacuated by the French troops, and recognised at the peace of Amiens, as an independent state, under the protection of Russia. A secret agreement with the Russian emperor again consigned them to the power of Napoleon; and a large military force, which landed in 1807, kept possession of Corfu till the termination of hostilities in 1814. At the very time that the English, who had occupied Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, since 1809, and captured Santa Maura in 1810, had seized Paxa, for

the purpose of preparing an expedition against Corfu, a convention placed the whole of the seven islands in the hands of Great Britain. The treaty of Vienna continued them under the protection of this country; a national flag was allowed them; and a constitution, under which they were denominated the "United States of the Ionian Islands," was ceded to them. The government at present consists of a senate of ten members, with a prince, president, and legislative assembly of forty deputies, who meet regularly at Corfu, and enact laws subject to the revision and control of a lord high commissioner, appointed by the British crown. The aggregate extent of the Ionian republic is about equal to that of Somersetshire, and the amount of its population upwards of 200,000. Scattered along a line of coast, which stretches from latitude 36° to 40°, they are subject to great vicissitudes of heat and cold, though in some of the islands, particularly Zante, the air is pure and salubrious. The established religion is that of the Greek church, which, under British protection, has acquired a considerable accession of dignity. An archbishop presides over the whole.

The inhabitants of the Ionian Islands are a mixture of the Greek and the Italian—two of the most debased nations on the face of the earth. They are, in general, timid, revengeful, and implacable; litigious to an extraordinary degree; ignorant and superstitiously devout; full of professions which they have no intention of fulfilling; and utterly unworthy of confidence in commercial dealings. Oriental jealousy of females predominates. The women are treated as beings of an inferior nature, and their minds are consequently without cultivation or refined virtuous sentiment. This low state of morals is, however, said to be improving. Already do the islanders wonder at the inflexible impartiality with which public justice is executed on criminals; already has the uncompromising character of the English, and their uprightness in commercial transactions, excited admiration, and to admire and to imitate are not often disjoined. These islands could not indeed be placed in a situation more favourable for moral improvement, or political importance, than that which they now occupy under the protection of Great Britain. Freed from all apprehension of external foes, the citizens enjoy all the advantages of internal freedom; and it may be, indeed, with truth asserted, that since the ancient heroic ages, these isles have not held a rank so dignified among the nations of the world. Besides the English troops sent for the protection of the country, there is a native militia, both subsisted by the Ionians.

Corfu, or Corcyra, the most northerly of the group, though only second in size, is the first in importance. Under the 39th parallel of latitude, it stretches from north to south in a semicircular shape, and is separated from the mainland by a channel, which, at the narrowest point, is not more than two miles in breadth—has some high ridgy land, but the general appearance of the country is indicative of great fertility; its principal productions are wine and oil; and the climate, with a colder winter, differs little from the softness of Zante. In the midst of a bay, shut in by mountains, stands the capital, Corfu, pre-eminent in filth and deformity above the generality of the Mediterranean towns. It is surrounded by walls, and strongly fortified with outworks. The narrowness of the streets has been improved by the English, and shrubberies and plantations formed on the esplanade, the only beautiful or inhabitable part of the city. Here, and in the adjoining streets, the principal part of the public buildings are situated; and the palace of the high commissioner forms one of its prominent ornaments. In front of the harbour, about a mile from the shore, lies the battlemented rock of Vido, the batteries of which are bristled with heavy ordnance, and command both the town and the shipping. The island is divided into four districts; and of its population of 62,000, nearly one-fourth inhabits the capital, and the remainder is distributed in about eighty villages.

It is asserted by Strabo, that Corcyra was colonised by the Corinthians, six centuries anterior to the Trojan war; and if we give credit to the opinion which identifies this island with Phœacia of Homer, the poet's description of the gardens of Alcinoüs expresses, in glowing terms, its riches and refinement during those ages of fable. When we descend, however, into the regions of historical truth, we find the Corcyraans, after having abolished monarchical government, essaying the newborn strength of their republic in a successful contest with the mother-country, then governed by the famous Periander. They afterwards contributed their quota to repel the invasion of the Persian king; and gave protection to Themistocles, when the illustrious fugitive sought refuge from the violence of the Athenian mob. But the most glorious page in their history is the second struggle which they maintained against Corinth, and which, in its results, was one of the proximate causes of the Peloponnesian war. As to the antiquities of the island, not a vestige remains to indicate the ancient city of the Phœacians; but in the neighbourhood of the modern town are numerous ruins, among which scattered fragments of Doric and Ionic columns, large masses of square stone, and broken pieces of Mosaic, attest the wealth and magnificence of the capital of the Corcyraean commonwealth.

Cephalonia, the largest of the Ionian Islands, still retains its ancient name. It is situated midway between Santa Maura and Zante, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from the western shore of the Pe-

loponnésus, and is about 150 miles in circumference. The whole island consists of one irregular mountain mass, which traverses its greatest length from north-west to south-east; at the distance of fifteen miles from this latter extremity, rises abruptly into a lofty ridge the celebrated Mount Evos, of antiquity. The ancient greatness of Cephalonia is evident from the stupendous ruins of Samos, Cranii, Pala, and Pronos, the capitals of the four states into which it is divided.

Next in size is Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, being nearly 60 miles in circumference. Ramparted on its western coast by a steep range of limestone hills, upwards of 1000 feet in elevation, and on its eastern by Monte Skapo and other eminences, the intermediate space is occupied by a valley, on which nature has lavished all her charms; its surface is thickly strewn with groves of orange, and citron, and olive. On the mountain sides are scattered numerous flourishing villages, whose inhabitants derive their subsistence from the product of the pleasing landscape beneath them. The staple productions of Zante are currants and oil, though the soil also yields corn, cotton, and flax.

About six miles distant from the northernmost point of Cephalonia, and separated from the coast of Acarnania by a channel not more than fifteen miles in breadth, lies the once far-famed Ithaca. Little else at its first appearance than a rugged line of lofty rocks, it presents, on more close inspection, numerous features which characterise it as the seat of the empire of Ulysses. The island is about seventeen miles in length, and of a very irregular breadth, though in no part exceeding five miles.

To the north of Ithaca lies Santa Maura, the Leucodia of antiquity, of a figure somewhat triangular, measuring thirty miles from north to south, and of a rugged mountainous character. United originally to the continent, according to Strabo, it was divided from it by an artificial channel, cut by the commercial and enterprising Corinthians. This channel is now useless for maritime purposes, and in many places is not more than a hundred yards across. The sites of the two ancient cities Leucate and Ellomenas have been discovered, though much of the ground which they occupied has become the territory of the olive. A part of the island, and that not the least interesting, remains unaltered by the hand of time. We allude to the ancient Leucas, from which, as the poets tell, the unhappy and devoted Sappho cast herself into the ocean which rolls below it, and extinguished at once her passion and her life. The promontory of Leucas, or, as it is now called, Cape Decato, is situated at the most southern point of the island. It is a rugged cliff, rising to the height of 115 feet above the sea. A few paces nearer its extreme point than the spot supposed to have been the scene of Sappho's leap, are to be seen some ruins, which are conjectured to be Apollo's Temple. The scenery of Santa Maura is often highly striking and picturesque, while, from some of its more elevated points, the spectator is presented with views as magnificent as any on which the eye can rest. To the northward may be seen the whole land of Cephalonia; part of the rugged Ithaca; the romantic scenery of the Bay of Arta, and the 'beaked' promontory of Actium; whilst, to the eastward, rise the snow-topped mountains of the ancient mainland of Greece.*

THE IRISH MAGISTRATE.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocknadh, an extraordinary instance of civic justice occurred in this town, which in the eyes of its citizens elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit, he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterised the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but to these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favourable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honourable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended fair one disinclined to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirma-

tion, and in maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognising, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognised on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated; and although he now perceived that the cup of earthly bliss was about to be for ever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth who had long been a universal favourite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock, when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter, beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach pale, bound, and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart, except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life, with all that makes life valuable, rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds; the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntedly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the grate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faltering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope. The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sunrise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity; but that is at an end— with this world you have done for ever—were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder; but you must die; these are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at a throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervour, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of prepa-

ration was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, falling in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit must have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled by the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and under the front window are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

ADVANTAGE OF SHORT STATURE.

Lord Chesterfield being given to understand that he would die by inches, very philosophically replied, "If that be the case, I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson."

SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA.

It appears from the works of various writers on the North American republic, that in thirteen out of the twenty-four states slavery has been abolished by law; in nine eleven others, exists in full vigour, though variously modified, according to the genius and character of the several governments. It is mentioned that much more inquietude is felt with respect to the free blacks than the slaves; for there, as every where else, the whites have an unconquerable aversion from any connexion or intercourse with persons of colour: and this puts a complete check to an amalgamation of the two races. When we reflect on the character of the social compact in the North American states, and the genius of the people, this objection on the part of the white population to mingle or associate with the blacks, certainly does appear an inconsistency: yet it can be reconciled with our own feelings; for it is a question which has never yet been answered satisfactorily, whether the British public, generally speaking, would enter into all the familiarities of ordinary life with free blacks, of the same rank and appearance in a large body in this country, as the gentler, for instance, an emancipationist would willingly allow his white daughter to marry a black person just released from slavery, or at best the son of a slave. Now, until this be settled in favour of the negro, we have no right to sneer at the natural antipathies of the American. Unfortunately, there exist in some of the states laws relative to persons of colour very much at variance with the principles of the general constitution, which tend to keep up the feelings of interests, as well as a deeply rooted hatred, among the two classes. In most of the states, the negroes may be sold to pay the debts of their masters, contracted before their emancipation. In thirteen of the states, the constitution expressly forbids them to vote, and, in all the others, except Pennsylvania and New York, they are deprived the right of suffrage by special laws. Some of the southern states have forbidden free negroes to enter their domain under severe penalties; and, in some states, slaves are only allowed to be emancipated on the understanding that they shall quit the state immediately on obtaining their freedom. Something has been done to relieve certain parts in the Union of the black population, by means of deportation to the coast of Africa, where a tract of country, called Liberia, has been purchased for a settlement. But the great and regular increase of slaves and free blacks renders this mode of disposal hopeless. How, then, the American states are to be relieved of this exceedingly large portion of their citizens, it is absolutely impossible to decide. In writing on this topic, Jefferson shuddered to contemplate the collision which must, sooner or later, take place between the two races; for, says he, "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government." Already, questions touching the delicate and dangerous subject of permitting the continuance of slavery have embittered the peace of the Union, and it is more than probable, that at no distant day, the southern, or slave-holding states, will separate themselves from those in the north, who discountenance such practices, and are more tolerant in their conduct.

PHYSICIANS.

In England it was not customary for physicians to make their visits in carriages until about the year 1670, when they began to expect a double fee—namely, two angels, or twenty shillings, an angel of gold being an ancient coin of the value of ten shillings. "For," says the author of *Lex Talionis*, "there must now be a little coach and two horses; and, being thus attended, half a piece, their usual fee, is but ill taken, and popped into their left pocket, and possibly may cause the patient to send for his worship twice before he will come again to the hazard of another angel." Before this, physicians of much practice used to visit patients on horseback, riding, however, sideways, on footcloths, like females. Doctor Simeon Fox, and Doctor Argent, are said to have been the last Presidents of the College who visited their patients in this manner.

PRAYERS AT SEA.

We were now sixteen days from Callao (says Stewart in his visit to the South Seas), without any incident worthy of notice. Having run the whole distance in the full strength of the south-east trade-winds, and directly in their course, we have had a breeze unceasingly fresh and fair, with all the inconvenience of rolling so heavily before it, as to have been denied, to a great degree, every profitable occupation of time, even that of reading with comfort. Yesterday was our Sabbath. The only difference in the mode of performing religious service here, and on board the *Guerriero*, is in the signal used in assembling the crew. Instead of the boat-swain's pipe, followed by the hoarse call around the decks, "All

* The above statements have been drawn from a work entitled "The Ionian Islands, by T. Kendrick, Esq.," and from an able article in *Knights' Quarterly Magazine*, an ingenious periodical, abandoned some years ago.

the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them, and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the Cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hopped the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure grounds," alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the Cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the Cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated Cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The Cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest, to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The Cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his *pone* of bread, along with a flask of whisky. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled, and jogging along, in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbour as the Panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbours partook of such refreshment as the house could afford, and, dispersing, returned to their homes, leaving me to follow my favourite pursuits.—*Audubon's Ornithology.*

MARINE RAILWAYS.

It has been found from experience that navigable canals are of little or no value for purposes of transmitting large sailing vessels from one sea to another, and thereby cutting off an extensive circuitous route round a promontory of land. The Caledonian Canal, the largest in Britain, which was intended for a purpose of this nature, has turned out almost an entire failure. The necessary dues prevent the entrance of vessels, and, besides, in this, as in other instances, the transmission is not effected with speed. The enormous expense incurred in cutting a canal for the transport of line-of-battle ships, or large merchantmen, will ever prevent this means of communication from being made on so immense a scale. Yet nothing could be more desirable than to establish some mode of conveyance for vessels across and athwart different parts of the island. At present the distance from sea-ports is one of the most serious drawbacks on central parts of the country. Provide a means of bringing ships into the heart of agricultural and manufacturing districts, and you open up new sources of human industry, and new outlets for products of every description. You might then have a flourishing sea-port for the reception of the largest vessels, in districts of the country now in a state of inaction and poverty. It is evident that water cannot be employed as an agent in so magnificent an undertaking. We must turn our attention to the railway. In this we perceive a means of communication, which, sooner or later, is to have the effect of revolutionising the whole economy of trade and

commerce, and stimulating human capabilities in the greatest possible degree.

A writer on this subject in the *United Service Journal* for May 1832, is extremely sanguine in his anticipations of what is to be accomplished by means of those marine railways; no less than projecting the establishment of these lines of communication over Europe, and connected, by a chain bridge across the British channel, with lines radiating all over this country.

"I wish in the following remarks (says he) to exhibit the outline of an extensive project for marine railways, both in this island and the neighbouring European nations; thinking it probable that the world has yet obtained a glimpse only of the revolutionary wonders of the railway system—an invention which is destined to change the civil, commercial, and political condition of every nation on the globe. I first proceed to show that there is neither difficulty nor novelty in raising vessels from the water; and it is apparent that when elevated to the level of the road, any weight may be drawn upon a railway.

By the patent slip, vessels are already drawn from the water up the steepest banks, by horse-power, to the shipyards, three horses being described as equal to the draught of a frigate full masted, and partially in ballast. By stationary steam-engines, and the patent slip, therefore, vessels of any tonnage whatever may be raised from the water; and the track of the railway being formed of the required width and strength of metal, it only remains to attach the locomotive engine, and proceed with the vessel and cradle. Or the descent to the harbour may be graduated for miles, and rendered imperceptible upon the railway, when locomotive engines, or horses alone, will suffice for the conveyance of vessels from the sea to any distance inland. The employment of hydrostatic pressure might be found an economical, speedy, and powerful method of elevating vessels; and equally convenient is the screw-dock, a machine lately introduced into the ports of the United States of America, for the purpose of raising vessels to copper and repair; an invention resorted to in consequence of the insufficiency of water for the formation of dry docks in that country, there not being the same rise and fall of tide in the harbours of America that we have round the coasts of England. The American engineers have not only remedied this deficiency, but greatly surpassed our method; the vessel being elevated to a level with the street, and consequently in a more favourable position for effectually working at the bottom. The screw-dock is still a new and very imperfect machine, being worked by capstans and manual power; but an instance of its great capability is in the circumstance that a vessel of 250 tons burthen, recently arrived in the port of New York, in distress and leaky, and being placed upon the screw-dock, without disturbing the cargo, was raised, repaired, and again dispatched to sea in a single tide. Similar machinery has for a century been employed by the Dutch at the island of Curaçoa, for the transference of vessels from one dock to another; and it is certain that in very ancient times, shipping were conveyed across the isthmus of Corinth: it cannot, therefore, defy the all-conquering mechanical powers of the present age, to accomplish a work which is undoubtedly required to the full development of the commercial advantages of the railway system.

I propose then to form, first, a connected line of marine railways, passing from the southern to the northern counties of the island, and branching to the east and to the west, connecting all our seas.

From Dover to London, at the Thames Tunnel, is the first division of the work; and here a marine railway will save the expensive, circuitous, and dangerous navigation of the Downs and the Thames. The distance is seventy-two miles; and a small steam-engine will convey a vessel of 200 tons to London in about six hours; and at a toll of one farthing per ton per mile, the cost of conveyance will amount to the sum of fifteen pounds, and the expense of the return passage to Dover, an additional sum of fifteen pounds; the whole, therefore, amounting to a charge of thirty pounds. That a toll of one farthing per ton per mile will be a remunerating rate upon this marine railway, is proved by these calculations. The average number of vessels annually entering the port of London is considerably more than twenty thousand, exclusive of lighters, passage-boats, and small craft; and estimating these vessels at an average burthen of 200 tons, and the toll levied upon each being L.30, a revenue of L.600,000 will thus be derived from shipping alone; and the amount to be raised from the conveyance of passengers, mails, and military armaments, with all the local trade of the rich intervening counties of Kent and Surrey, will produce a total revenue of one million per annum. On the other hand, the present expense of sailing and returning from Dover to London, including pilotage, light-money, and all the oppressive and innumerable charges of the Thames, amounts to about L.300 for a vessel of 200 tons. The difference of victualling, wages, and interest upon the value of the vessel and cargo, for a period of seven days, usually occupied in sailing and returning from Dover to London, may be estimated at a further sum of about L.50; and the vessel being conveyed no further than to warehouses in the neighbourhood of the Tunnel, whence railways for wagons may branch off to the various parts of Southwark, Westminster, and London: the present cost of portage from the dock, and of the return cargo to the vessel, an average expense of L.25, will be saved entirely when the vessel is conveyed direct to the warehouse of the merchant. It is

therefore apparent that this marine railway will create a saving of more than L.1, 10s. per ton, which, upon 20,000 vessels of a burthen of 200 tons, amounts to a difference of three millions annually saved to the shipping interest; and, therefore, in the consequent diminution of the price of corn, coal, and all foreign articles of trade, the real result is a perpetual saving of three millions per annum to the consuming population of the kingdom.

Great opposition will undoubtedly be made to any proposal for diverting the trade from the Thames; but as the work will contribute to alleviate the disadvantages of our inland trade, and to diminish the size of this impure place of corruption, monopoly, and unmanageable mobs, the project should be zealously encouraged by government.—Whimsical as these and the preceding statements may appear, they are worthy of the deliberate consideration of the mercantile classes of Britain.

TAPESTRY.—The art of tapestry, as well as the art of illuminating books, aided in diffusing a love of painting over the island. It was carried to a high degree of excellence. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry VIII.; but there is reason to believe that it was well known, and in general esteem, much earlier. The traditional account, that we were instructed in it by the Saracens, has probably some foundation. The ladies encouraged this manufacture, by working at it with their own hands; and the rich aided by purchasing it in vast quantities whenever regular practitioners appeared in the market. It found its way into church and palace, chamber and hall. It served at once to cover and adorn cold and comfortless walls. It added warmth, and when snow was on the hill, and ice in the stream, gave an air of social snugness, which has deserted some of our modern mansions. At first, the figures and groups which rendered this manufacture popular, were copies of favourite paintings; but, as taste improved, and skill increased, they showed more of originality in their conceptions, if not more of nature in their forms. They exhibited, in common with all other works of art, the mixed taste of the times; a grotesque union of classical and Hebrew history; of martial life and pastoral repose; of Greek gods and distinguished saints. Absurd as such combinations certainly were, and destitute of those beauties of form and delicate gradations, and harmony of colour, which distinguish paintings worthily so called, still, when the hall was lighted up, and living faces thronged the floor, the silent inhabitants of the wall would seem, in the eyes of our ancestors, something very splendid. As painting rose in fame, tapestry sunk in estimation. The introduction of a lighter and less massive mode of architecture abridged the space for its accommodation; and, by degrees, the stiff and fanciful creations of the loom vanished from our walls. The art is now neglected. I am sorry for this, because I cannot think meanly of an art which engaged the heads and hands of the ladies of England, and gave to the tapestried hall of elder days, fame little inferior to what now waits on a gallery of paintings.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.—A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another, first the young, and then the old, of a whole family, dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more."

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No. 25.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1832.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PAY YOUR DEBT!

JOCK COLQUHOUN was a clever journeyman painter of the famous Old Town of Edinburgh, very much given, unfortunately, to Saturday evening potations, which was the cause why he never found himself, poor fellow, any richer one Monday than another, and generally lived during the rest of the week in, to say the least of it, a very desultory manner. Jock was a long slip of a lad, with a bright intelligent face, and a woefully battered hat, and the whole man of him was encased, from neck to heel, in one glazed suit—I was going to say, of clothes, but I should rather say, of oil-paint; for, to tell the truth, his attire consisted rather more of the one material than the other. He was universally reputed as a very clever workman; but, then, every body said, what matters it that he can make five shillings a-week more than any of his fellow journeymen, if he is sure every Saturday, when he gets his wages, to go upon the scuff, and so pass the half of the week in spending, not in gaining? Jock, however, had many good points about him; and it was perhaps less owing to his own dispositions than to the influence of evil company, that he got into such bad habits. He was such a good fellow that he would at any time part his money with an old crony out of bread, or treat to a can or a bottle any working brother who had got through his money a little before him, and who happened to feel rather dry upon some sunshiny Wednesday. In his profession he was matchless at all superior kinds of work. If his employers had any thing to do that required an extraordinary degree of taste or dexterity, Jock was set to it, and he invariably managed it (beer and whisky aside) to their entire satisfaction. Jock might have long ago been foreman to his masters; nay, he might have set up as a general artist, and, with perseverance equal to his talent, would have been sure to do well. But gill-stoups were his lions in the way, and the deceitfulness of drink had beset him; and Jock, from year to year, was just the same glazed and battered, but, withal, rather spruce-looking, fellow as ever.

It would have been altogether impossible for any such man as Jock to carry on the war, if he had not had one howf,* above all others, where he enjoyed a little credit. This was an eating-house in the Canon-gate, kept by one Luckie Wishart, a decent widow of about forty, with four or five children, who had been pleased to cast an eye of particular favour upon the shining exterior of our hero. A pot sabbie upon a ground argent pointed out this house to the passers by, even if they had not been informed of its character by the savoury steam which always proceeded from it between the hours of one and five p.m., and certain spectral and unfinished pies which ran in a row along the sole of her little window, level with the street, as well as a larger display of the same article on a board half way down her somewhat steep and whitewashed stair. Luckie Wishart also sold liquors; but she was far too respectable a person to let Jock spend his wages at one house in her house. She always, as she said, shanked him off, whenever he came there of a Saturday night, and it was only when his pockets were empty, and no provisions to be had for the working days of the week, that he resorted to her. Generally about the Tuesdays, Jock came briskly down into her culinary Tartarus, quite sobered and hungry, sending his voice briskly along the passage before him, as if defending himself by anticipation from a shower of reproaches which he knew she would bestow upon him:—"Nothing of the kind," he would cry; "no-thing of the kind—all a mistake—pon my honour." There was generally, it may be supposed, fully as much scolding and railing as he could have anticipated; but the end of the jest always was, that Jock got snug into some corner of Luckie's own particular den, where he was regaled with a plate of something or other, garnished always with a few last words of rebuke from the lady, like the droppings after a thunder-storm, which he always contrived, however, to stomach with his beef, without manifesting any very great degree of irritation. There is something ominous in the act of drawing in one's stool at the fireside of a comfortable widow. It is apt to make a young man feel rather ticklish, even although he may never have thought of her before, except as a good cook. So it was with Jock, and the idea might have been fatal to

his visits to Luckie Wishart's (for, to speak the truth, she was no great beauty), if dire hunger, which tames lions, had not absolutely compelled him to continue the practice. In general, when Jock came in with his week's gains, he flung a few shillings upon the dresser, as part payment of what he had ate and drank during the past few days, reserving the rest for the bouse-royal. But, notwithstanding all these occasional deposits to account, his score got always the longer the longer, until it at last went fairly off at the bottom of a cupboard door, and had to be "brought forward" on the end of a chest of drawers.

"That's a shocking bad hat you've got," said Luckie to him one day, without any idea that she was anticipating a favourite English phrase by some years. "Of course, there's nae chance of such a drucken blackguard as you ever being able to buy a new ane. But what wad ye say, John, if I were to gie ye ane mysel'?"

"I would say, much obliged t'ye, ma'am," answered Jock, now for the first time in his life called by his proper Christian name.

"Here is one, then," said the widow, and at the same time produced a decent-looking chapeau, which, she said, had belonged to him that was away—meaning her late husband—and had only been three times on his head at the kirk, when, puir man, he was carried without it to the kirkyard.

Jock accepted the hat with great thankfulness, and made his old one skimmer into Luckie's fire, where, it is needless to say, it was speedily roasted in its own grease.

"Dear sake, Jock, man," said Mrs Wishart, some days afterwards, "what kind o' a landlady hae ye got at hame? She maun be nae hand at the shirts, I reckon; for fient a bit can ane ken ye on a Monday frae what ye are on a Saturday. Ye may be as touzle as ye like i' the outside o' your claes; but I wad aye like to see a man decent-like next the skin."

"Deed, mistress," said Jock, "to let ye into a secret, I have nae great stock o' linen, and whiles Mrs Ormiston's wee hurried in getting a shirt ready for me. I'm a gude deal between the hand and the mouth in that respect."

"Ye're just the greatest ne'er-do-weel that ever I kened," replied Mrs Wishart; "but yet, reprobate as ye are, I canna think o' seeing ye gaun that gate frae ae week's end to another. Here's four gude shirts that I hae unco little use for now-a-days. Better ye should wear them, than that they should gang to the moths. Tak them hame wi' ye, man, and mak yoursel' something trig, and dinna gang to think that I'm aye to be gie'ing ye the buffet without the bite."

Jock did as he was bid, and towards the end of the week Luckie Wishart asked him "if he ever thought o' taking a walk on a Sunday evening wi' his lass to Restalrig, to treat her wi' curds and cream, or ony thing o' that kind."

"Oh, I daresay I have, mistress," said Jock, "in my day. But," added he, looking askance at his resplendent sleeves, "somehow or other I've fallen out of a suit of Sunday claes, and, of course, nae lass 'll gang wi' a chiel like a beggar."

"Weel, Jock," said the lady, "I think ye canna do better than just step into my auld gudeman's claes bodily, and let us hae nae mair wark about it."

This was accompanied with a look so significant, that Jock could not pretend to misunderstand it. He all at once felt as if the stool which he had drawn in towards the fireside was burning under him, while all the burnished covers on the opposite wall looked like so many moons dancing in troubled water. "Od, mistress," he stammered out, "are ye serious?"

"Ay, that I am," answered she; "and dinna let your modesty wrang ye, my man, an' ye be wise. Ye see every thing here ready to your hand; and if ye just be steady a bit, as I'm sure ye will be, wi' me to look after baith your meat and your winnings, ye may be the snugest painter lad in the town. What wi' what ye can make, and what wi' what I can make, we'll be very weel, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"But, Luckie," said Jock, "I maun get my ain consent first; and that, I'm feared, it'll not be sae easy to get. There was a lass —"

"Oh, very weel, John," said Mrs Wishart; of course, ae man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink. There's some folk that dinna ken what's gude for them, and ye're ane o'

them. But see, lad," she added, opening up the cupboard door, "what a score ye hae here! Twa pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence. When will ye be gaun to pay that?"

"I suppose I maun pay't when I can," said Jock, striding sturdily up stairs into the street.

Next day he was served with a summons to the sheriff's court for two pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence; and as he never appeared to dispute the claim, a writ was allowed against him, warranting either the incarceration of his person, or the distraining of his goods. Goods Jock had none; his person therefore came into immediate request among certain individuals of whose companionship he was not ambitious. It would be vain to tell all the strange miracles by which he was enabled for some weeks to elude the pursuit instituted against him. Sometimes as the officers were entering at the door, he was escaping by the back windows. Once he had to drop himself down two stories into an alley. At another time he sprang across a gulf about ten feet wide, between two garret windows, nine floors from the ground. This course of life could not continue long. He could not get rest any where to pursue his ordinary business, and of course he soon found himself upon very short allowance both as to meat and drink. Just at this crisis, Jock heard of an expedition which was about to sail from Leith, for the purpose of colonising Poyais, and through the intervention of an old chum, who was going thither, he was permitted to join the corps. On the night before the vessel was to sail, he skulked down to Newhaven, and got on board along with the family of his friend. He now, for the first time during three weeks, found himself, as he thought, safe from the avenging persecution of Luckie Wishart. For one happy night he slept amidst a parcel of sacks in a corner of the cabin, surrounded on all hands by squalid and squalling children, whose cries, however, were nothing to the dread which he had recently entertained for the fell Dido of the Canongate. Next morning the sun rose bright, the sails were set loose, the heart of every man on board beat high with hope, and Jock's bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne—when, oh manacles and fetters! a boat came alongside containing a whole bevy of sheriff's officers. Jock now thought that it was all over with him; for, simple man, he believed that he was the sole individual in request. The case, however, was quite different.

On a demand being made for admission into the vessel, the whole of the passengers, with one consent, raised their voices against it. "What! let these fellows in—as well give up the whole expedition!" The officers pleaded to have at least a representative sent on board, to show their case to the captain, which, after a great deal of difficulty, was consented to. One messenger was accordingly hoisted on board, and proceeded to call the names of the persons for whom they had captions—Jock Colquhoun among the number. But personalities of this kind were not to be endured. The passengers rose in absolute mutiny against the captain, demanded that he should instantly proceed on the voyage, even although one member of the expedition was yet to join; and as they feared to let the boat once more approach the vessel, they insisted that the messenger should be retained where he was, and carried out to Poyais and back again, as a punishment for his temerity. It was a mad affair altogether, and so small an addition to the general phrenzy was of little moment. So the boat-swain, or somebody else, "gave the dreadful word," and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the *detenú*, which were both loud and vehement, the lessening boat of the officers was soon seen unwillingly rowing to land, while, instead of any white hand to wave adieu to those on board, the fist of big Pate Forsyth, the chief of the fraternity, was observed shaking in impotent rage over the stern, as much as to say to the captain, "If ever you come back to Leith, ye ken what ye'll get."

Jock soon found himself tolerably comfortable in his new situation. He had, no doubt, come on board without much luggage, and he was still the same greasy Pic as ever in respect of his attire. But then he was not, after all, much behind his neighbours; for if ever a fit garrison for the cave of Adullam was collected since the days of King David, it was this ship's company. The whole set resembled a troop of strolling players, going to act a grand historical drama

* Alehouse of particular resort.

in some country town. A gentleman in tartan trousers was to be a kind of Cincinnatus, alternating between the plough and the cares of state. A young lad, in a blue bonnet, was to be Chamberlain, and Supreme Director of Literature and the Arts. Another carried with him all the materials of a bank, except credit and specie. The other characters and properties, to speak theatrically, were all on the same scale; and if a state could have been founded as easily as a castle of cards is built, or a puppet-show set in motion, Poyais could have immediately taken its place among the nations of the earth. In such a system it was easy to find a place for Jock. The Chamberlain was good enough to divest himself, in favour of this new friend, of that part of his commission which referred to the fine arts. Jock was therefore styled from this day forward, Director Colquhoun; and every one, including himself, agreed that the case could have only been improved, if he had happened to have any paints. However, nobody pretended to doubt that, so far as the fine arts could be cultivated without materials, Mr Colquhoun would prove himself an efficient member of the corps.

The voyage was a pleasant one, and during the whole time nothing was to be heard in the vessel but psalms of homage and gratitude to the Cazique Macgregor, who had sent them out to take possession of his territories. The only individual who did not partake of the general joy was the poor *detenú*, whose long gaunt person did not agree with a tropical climate, and who, therefore, sickened and threatened to die before reaching the land. It was in vain that the Chamberlain promised to make him Lord High Constable of the kingdom, if he would only keep up his spirits. Like the poor sparrow, who, in its last moment, refuses the very finest crumbs held to its mouth, he said it was all humbug to make him these offers, when it was clear he could never live in such a hot part of the world as this. He would lay his death, he said, to their door, and, if at all possible, he would be sure to haunt them after death. To the great grief of the company, the unfortunate messenger died on the very day when they cast anchor off the shores of Poyais.

About seventy or eighty individuals, from the Old Town of Edinburgh—forming the staff of a great empire—now landed on a flat bushy part of the Mosquito Territory—ominous name!—in the Bay of Honduras, with the expectation of immediately falling into the enjoyment of all the luxuries and pleasures which this world can bestow. They were, indeed, somewhat surprised to find that every thing was still in its primeval state, and that even their houses were as yet to be built. However, having found one small opening in the forest of brushwood, they established themselves there, with such goods and chattels as they had; and their first duty was to give a decent burial to the *detenú*, whose body they had brought ashore for that purpose. A grave having been dug, the Chamberlain, assuming the character of High Priest of the kingdom, for want of a better, mounted an old shirt over his clothes, by way of sacerdotal vestment, and proceeded to read the funeral service of the church of England over the body. In the very middle of the most solemn part of this ceremony, a large bird, with a curious beaky face, somewhat resembling that of the deceased, alighted upon a tree immediately above the funeral group, and cried, with a loud shrill voice, what was interpreted by all present (with the aid, no doubt, of a stricken conscience) into the phrase, "Pay your debt!"

The colonists saw and heard with terror, believing that the spirit which had lately animated the body before them was now addressing them in character, according to his threat before death; and, but for the protection which daylight always gives to the superstitious, the whole set, including both the civil and military departments of the state, would have fled from the spot. The Chamberlain saw the nature of the case, and drew hurriedly towards a conclusion; but yet, at every brief pause of his voice, there still came in the ear-piercing cry, "Pay your debt!" Before the grave had been closed, another and another bird of the same species drew towards the spot, and each lifted up his voice to the same tune—"Pay your debt!"—"Pay your debt!"—"Pay your debt!"—till the whole forest seemed possessed by one spirit, and the ghost of the sheriff's officer appeared to the distracted senses of the settlers to have dispersed itself into a whole legion of harpies. The fact was, that the birds were brought forth by the coolness of the evening, according to their usual habits, and were now innocently amusing themselves with their accustomed cry, without the least idea of any personality towards the Poyaisians. The Chamberlain of the colonists, who had learned from books of travels that many American birds uttered something like a sentence of English as their habitual cry, endeavoured to assuage the alarm of his companions; but, nevertheless, a very general sense of terror remained.

"It may be all very true," said Jock Colquhoun, "that the birds of this country have each a particular word to say; but, od, it's gyan queer that the Poyais bird should have pitched upon a thing that jags our consciences sae sair."

The first night was spent in a very uncomfortable manner. To a day of intense heat succeeded a cold dewy night, which struck the limbs of the unprotected settlers with such severe cramps, that hardly a man could stir next morning. Their sleep, moreover, was

broken occasionally by the cry of "Pay your debt!" which a few of their feathered friends kept up at intervals all night. Next day, instead of setting about the erection of their metropolis and sea-port, as was intended, they had to attend each other's sickbeds. Before night several of the women and children had expired. Next day, and the next again, the same sickness continued; and in less than a week half their number were under the earth. Jock, who had fortunately escaped every mishap except a rheumatic shoulder, now began to think how much more comfortable he would have been in Luckie Wishart's *laigh shop* in the Canongate of Edinburgh, than he was on this inhospitable coast, where there was no prospect of raising so much as a potato for a twelve-month. "What I fool I was," said he, "not to make my quarters good there, as the honest woman proposed! Oh, to be walking wi' her down the King's Park on a Sunday night, even wi' a' the five bairns running after us! I se warrant the gardens at Restalrig hae nae birds about the bushes that tell folk to pay their debt: naething o' the kind there, unless it be the board, black letters on a white ground, that says, 'Pay on delivery.'"

Hardship had now dispelled from every mind the magnificent ideas with which they had hitherto been inspired. If the vessel had yet remained on the coast, the whole of the surviving company, prime minister and all, would have willingly exchanged their brilliant appointments under the Cazique for a snug berth on board. But it had departed immediately after landing them; and there only remained the chance that some other vessel would pass that way, and take pity on their distress. This, fortunately, happened in the course of a few days. A vessel bound to Balize came along the shore; and, on a signal from the unfortunate Poyaisians, sent a boat to inquire into their case. As only a few remained alive, it was soon arranged that they should be carried to the port for which the vessel was bound. With grateful and subdued hearts, and casting many a mournful glance towards the graves of their friends, the small remnant of the Poyais expedition betook themselves to the boat, and sailed off to the vessel. As a sort of parting admonition, a bird came up at the moment of their departure from the land, and, pronouncing one shrill, clear "Pay your debt!" flew off into the interior.

It were needless to relate the various hardships and adventures which befel Jock Colquhoun before he regained his native shore. Be it enough, that he immediately sought the cosy den of Luckie Wishart, and paid his debt in the way originally desired by the lady, who, under the name of Mrs Colquhoun, continued for many years, with the assistance of her reformed husband, to regale the good people of the Canongate.

"A flitchy chield," she used to remark to her female friends, "was whyles the better o' finding the grund o' his stamack."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE principal languages of Western Europe are formed from the Latin, with a greater or less mixture of northern dialects. The Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, and Basque, are vestiges of the language spoken by the Celtic Gauls who first peopled these parts of the globe. The Welsh is the principal surviving type of the tongue used by the Cimbric Gauls, the second great wave in the tide of immigration. The Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, are almost exclusively the dialects of Roman provincials; the modern French contains a larger proportion of words derived from a northern source, while, in our own language, the majority is on the side of the Saxon, and the Roman appear as the tributary terms. This arose from the circumstance of the complete withdrawal of the legionaries from the island, and the nationalising system of conquest pursued by the Saxons, who afterwards became masters of the country. These latter, as we are told by the old historians, had no sooner obtained the predominance in any district, than they compelled the former inhabitants either to depart, or Saxonise, i. e. adopt the Saxon language, dress, and customs. Saxon in consequence became for nearly eight hundred years the universal language of the island, from the Forth to the Tamar, and the Severn to the British Channel. It was the vehicle of the laws which still form the foundation of English jurisprudence, and boasted no contemptible literature. The conquest of the island, however, by the Roman provincials of Gaul, driven home by the invading Northmen, introduced the corrupted Latinity of the province as the dialect of the conquering castes. Years rolled on before any amalgamation took place between the races, and of course between the languages of the conquerors and the conquered. The pressure of a common danger in the protracted struggle between King John and his son, on the one part, and the barons, joined by the people, on the other, rapidly effected what time alone seemed scarcely capable of accomplishing. The reign of Henry III. saw the birth of our language, and Edward I. was the first monarch who reigned over a people united by identity of tongue, and the common title of *Englishmen*. The numerical proportion of the foreigners was small, and thus the bulk of the language was that of the commonalty, while the superadded French-Latin, though it still lingered in the court and the halls of justice, enriched us with new terms, without modifying to any important extent the Saxon forms of construction.

The growth of the mighty infant was suitable to its lofty destinies. It was no puny bantling prematurely thrust into an ungenial climate. It had become necessary for a people on whom opulence, arts, and glory were showering their choicest gifts, and the third generation saw it employed as a vehicle for the variety, the grace, the harmony, of Chaucer. From this period it underwent no material change, and received very dubious improvement, until the revival of learning in the sixteenth century. This great event was but one step in a mighty revolution, which, as it gave a new impulse to the intellectual energies of nations, could not but produce a corresponding effect upon their languages. The discovery of printing, we should perhaps rather say of paper, the disinterment of ancient literature, and the comparative emancipation from mental thralldom effected by the Reformation, were events which not only gave birth to a crowd of new ideas, but disseminated existing knowledge over a circle infinitely more extended than before.

The vast accession of words, drawn from classical sources, which was at this period made to our language, gave it, for a time, rather massive power than pliancy or grace. The prevailing style of the period is voluminous and unwieldy, stiff in its movements, impeded by foreign ornament, and a clumsy attempt at imitating the stately march of the ancients.

It is observable that the compilers of the Liturgy of the English Church, who wrote for the people at large, appear to have been fully aware of the distinction between the new and old forms of expression, and to have studiously coupled them, as if to familiarise the lower orders with the sound and meaning of the terms. Thus we find in the introductory exhortation, "acknowledge and confess," "assemble and meet together," "humble and lowly," placed in explanatory juxtaposition, the one expression being in every case Saxon, the other Latin, but both precisely synonymous.

Some writers, indeed, contemporary with Hooker and Bacon, wrote prose which may vie in elegance and spirit with the style of any later writer, and this character will particularly apply to some passages in that wonderful work, Raleigh's History of the World. In general, however, we may safely say that a century elapsed before the additions made to our language at the revival of learning were so far assimilated and incorporated as to form part of its proper and inseparable substance. The poem, *Paradise Lost*, was written when the language had newly assumed its modern character and form; and the poet, with exquisite taste, has retained precisely so much of the old classical brocade as to give dignity and picturesque effect to his style, without any violation to the analogies of the popular language. To estimate the judgment and philosophical knowledge of language necessary to accomplish this, we have only to compare the style of the *Paradise Lost* with the more laboured passages of Shakspeare, and with the Fairy Queen. Milton is always elevated, often archaic, for the time at which he wrote. Shakspeare, in attempting elevation, with the materials of the language yet crude before him, frequently becomes stiff, cumbersome, and wearisome; and Spenser, in the effort to throw an air of antiquity over his work, has invented a lingo which never was and never could have been spoken by the people of this island.

To form any just idea of the distinctive characters of the English language, it should be studied in at least the following authors. Its native and idiomatic form can nowhere be so perfectly traced as in Swift, who studiously weeded words of direct Latin formation from his compositions, and scrupulously adhered to the forms of ordinary conversation. His language is therefore the most universally intelligible to natives of any author we can name. Among our present English writers must also be named Addison, Goldsmith, and Fielding, who has given us, in the introductory chapters to the books of Tom Jones, some of the most perfect specimens of graceful English we can refer to. In Dr Johnson we may see the utmost that can be done with the English language on the opposite system of adapting it to a classical model, and investing it with the gorgeous magniloquence of Rome. The example, however, is a warning. The effect is always against the natural genius of the tongue, and, like all similar attempts, will much more probably terminate in a ridiculous failure than in success. Bolingbroke and Gibbon have proved it equal to the highest objects of the orator, statesman, and historian; and it has not degenerated in our own times in the hands of Canning and Southey. Those who are perfectly acquainted with the principal works of the four last-named authors may have an adequate conception of the powers of the English language, its boundless variety and sincerity of expression, its exquisite adaptation to all the highest purposes for which language is employed by man.

Such is a rapid sketch of the history of our tongue. Its principal peculiarities of construction are to be traced to its Saxon origin. Rejecting the classical mode of indicating the various circumstances under which things and actions must be spoken of by changes of termination, it prefers the use of prepositions and auxiliary words of different descriptions. The indirect construction of a Roman sentence, suspending the whole interest or meaning on the conclusion; is therefore impracticable; no construction depending solely upon a variation of case—such as the "absolute" constructions of the classical grammarians—can be to-

lated, since they are utterly unmeaning to the mere English ear. One necessary consequence of our perpetual employment of auxiliaries is, that the adverb must be interposed between the auxiliary and the principal verb, a source of incredible confusion to a foreigner accustomed to regard the auxiliary and its verb as signs of an indissoluble form.

To attempt to give any formal character of a language is idle. Draw the character of the people who employ it, and the character of the language may be inferred as certainly as the shape of an object from the form of its shadow. He who has studied the successive changes through which a language has passed, may trace the changes in the national habits, manners, and character with unerring precision, and he who neglects to draw such information from his acquisitions as a linguist, has passed over the most valuable results his labours might have afforded him. Those who boast the name of Britons may well be proud of a language which could never have been formed or employed but by a free-born and enlightened people. Its history hitherto has been glorious; it has already accumulated an unrivalled literature, but the splendours of its destiny baffle the imagination. It is already the native tongue of the dominant race in two opposite hemispheres, and the remotest descendants of empires yet unborn, dwelling among the untrodden wildernesses of America, or lording it over continents yet buried in the bosom of the Pacific, will refer to the literature of England as the cradle of their laws, their language, and their customs.

NOW.

AN ARTICLE FOR THE DOG-DAYS.—BY LEIGH HUNT. Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phoebus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well, resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler," or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says, "Ah! men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, says, in a hoarse voice, "So can women too, for that matter;" and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road-side, are thick with dust; and dogs rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash, and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "my eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields by chance; and the latter say, "ha' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of windows, always

beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a water-pipe let out, and set it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies lotter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in greatcoats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companions start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lapets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing."—Indicator.

MEDICINAL AND NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE SUGAR-CANE.

DUTRONE calls sugar the most perfect alimentary substance in nature, and the testimony of many physicians establishes the fact. Dr Rush, of Philadelphia, says, in common with all who have analysed it, that "sugar affords the greatest quantity of matter of any subject in nature." Used alone, it has fattened horses and cattle in St Domingo for a period of several months, during the time when the exportation of sugar and the importation of grain were suspended from the want of ships. The plentiful use of sugar in diet is one of the best preventives that ever has been discovered of the diseases which are produced by worms. Nature seems to have implanted a love for this aliment in all children, as if it were on purpose to defend them from those diseases. Sir John Pringle tells us that the plague has never been known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Dr Rush, Dr Cullen, and many other physicians, are of opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds has been lessened by the use of sugar. Dr Rush observes, that in disorders of the breast, sugar is the basis of many agreeable remedies, and it is useful in weaknesses and acrid defluxions in other parts of the body. The celebrated Hoenchin recommends "eau sucrée" for almost every malady. Dr Fothergill was very anxious that the price of sugar should be sufficiently moderate, to render it accessible to the mass of the people. From experiments made by some eminent French surgeons, it appears to be an antiscorbutic; and this is confirmed by well-known facts. A writer from India observes, "The comfort and health arising to a poor family from a small patch of sugar-cane, exclusive of what the jaggy may sell for, can only be known to such as may have observed them in the time of cutting the canes, and noted the difference of their looks before the crop begins, and a month or six weeks after. The Cochinchinese consume a great quantity of sugar; they eat it generally with their rice, which is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations. There is little else to be obtained in all the inns of the country but rice and sugar; it is the common nourishment of travellers. The Cochinchinese not only preserve in sugar all their fruits, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloë. They fancy nothing is so nourishing as sugar. This opinion of its fattening properties has occasioned a whimsical law. The body-guard of the king, selected for the purposes of pomp and show, are allowed a sum of money with which they must buy sugar and sugar-cane, and they are compelled by law to eat a certain quantity daily. This is to preserve the *embonpoint* and good looks of those soldiers who are honoured by approaching so near the person of the king; and they certainly do honour to their master by their handsome appearance. Domestic animals, horses, buffaloes, elephants, are all fattened with sugar-cane in Cochinchina. Sugar has been found to be an antidote to the poison of verdigris, if taken speedily and in abundance; and unlike many other organic substances, its nutritious qualities are not liable to change, from the operations of time or season."—Porter's Treatise on the Sugar-cane.

PROFANE HANDLING OF SACRED THINGS.

LET me caution all, and especially my young hearers, how they treat the Sacred Scriptures. There is a loose mode of speaking of the Bible, which is subversive of its influence. Some persons, in mere thoughtlessness, some out of an affectation of superior wit and cleverness, others to show their being above the restraints of what they deem common minds, are wont to sport profanely with sentences taken from the sacred book. Ludicrous anecdotes, in which an extravagant and sinful application of texts is made, are retailed from one to another. Stories are narrated which have their peculiar jest, edged and sharpened by the phraseology of the Bible; and thus the most solemn words and awful things are associated with merriment and mad folly. Now, as you have any belief in the Divine authority of "the things revealed," as you know that they relate to the judgment-seat of God, and to the appearing of your soul there; as you are persuaded that they are truths in the reception of which your eternal welfare is concerned, be you warned on this head. The practice of jesting with the sacred Scriptures is most offensive to God, most hurtful to those you converse with, most ruinous to your own souls. It shakes good principles, wears off the impression of awe which religious truth may have made, and is employing the most effectual means of searing the conscience, and bringing on the dreadful visitation of a reprobate sense. For, can it be thought that the Divine Spirit will not be "grieved," and be led, righteously, to withdraw his influence wherever "despite is done," to that very word which He dictated, and which he employs as the instrument of his greatest work on earth, the conversion and renewal of the soul that is "dead in trespasses and sins." I beseech you treat "the things revealed"—ever treat them with reverence and awe. Quote them on no vain trifling occasion. Associate them not in your minds with aught but what is dignified and holy; speak of them as the discoveries of the will of God ought to be spoken of; and remember that they are made known to you for your salvation, and that every instruction conveyed by them, every warning and promise which they hold out to you, shall form the subject of the last and solemn account which you have to render.—Dr Muir's Sermons.

TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE BAGPIPE.

THERE is at Rome a fine Greek sculpture, in basso relievo, representing a piper playing on an instrument bearing a close resemblance to the Highland bagpipe. The Greeks, unwilling as they were to surrender to others the merit of useful inventions, acknowledge, that to the barbarians—i. e. the Celts—they owed much of their music, and many of its instruments. The Romans, who no doubt borrowed the bagpipe from the Greeks, used it as a martial instrument among their infantry. It is represented on several coins, marbles, &c.; but, from rudeness of execution, or decay of the materials, it is difficult to ascertain its exact form. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero, who thought himself an admirable performer on it, and who publicly displayed his abilities, the bagpipe is represented. An ancient figure, supposed to be playing on it, has been represented, and particularly described, by Signor Macari, of Cortona, and it is engraved in Walker's History of the Irish Harps; but it does not, in my opinion, appear to be a piper. A small bronze figure, found at Richborough, in Kent, and conjectured to have been an ornament of horse furniture, is not much more distinct. Mr King, who has engraved three views of it, and others, believe it to represent a bagpiper, to which it has certainly more resemblance than to a person drinking out of a leathern bottle.

The bagpipe, of a rude and discordant construction, is in common use throughout the East; and that it continues the popular instrument of the Italian peasant, is well known. In this country it is the medium through which the good Catholics show their devotion to the Virgin Mother, who receives their adoration in the lengthened strains of the sonorous Piva. It is a singular but faithful tradition of the church, that the shepherds who first saw the infant Jesus in the barn, expressed their gladness by playing on their bagpipes. That this is probable and natural, will not be denied; but the illuminator of a Dutch missal, in the library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, surely indulged his fancy when he represented one of the appearing angels likewise playing a salute on this curious instrument. The Italian shepherds religiously adhere to the laudable practice of their ancestors; and in visiting Rome and other places to celebrate the advent of our Saviour, they carry the pipes along with them, and their favourite tune is the Sicilian Mariners, often sung in Protestant churches.

It is the popular opinion that the Virgin Mary is very fond and is an excellent judge of music. I received this information on Christmas morning, when I was looking at two Calabrian pipers, doing their utmost to please her, and the infant in her arms. They played for a full hour to one of their images, which stands at the corner of a street. All the other statues of the Virgin which are placed in the streets, are serenaded in the same manner every Christmas morning. On my inquiring into the meaning of that ceremony, I was told the above-mentioned circumstance of her character, which, though you have always thought highly probable, perhaps you never be-

fore knew for certain. My informer was a pilgrim, who stood listening with great devotion to the pipers. He told me, at the same time, that the Virgin's taste was too refined to have much satisfaction in the performance of these poor Calabrians, which was chiefly intended for the infant; and he desired me to remark, that the tunes were plain, simple, and such as might naturally be supposed agreeable to the ear of a child of his time of life.

How many anecdotes might be given of the effects of this instrument on the hardy sons of Caledonia! In the war in India, a piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played, in his best style, the well-known "Cogadh na Sith," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said the officer, with a degree of warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much; even now they would be of some use." "Let them blow, in God's name, then!" said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the Cruinneachadh, on which the Gael formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge. George Clark, now piper to the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment at the battle of Vimera, where he was wounded in the leg by a musket ball as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and putting his pipes in order, called out, "Weel, lads, I am sorry I can gae nae farther wi' you, but deil hae my saul if ye sall want music;" and struck up a favourite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for any thing but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the pibroch.

It is a popular tradition that the enemy anxiously level at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of one who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds. It is related of the piper major of the 92d, on the same occasion, that, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, regardless of his danger, he proudly sounded the battle air to animate his noble companions. On one occasion during the Peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was as suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their gathering. The effect was instantaneous; the enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.—*Mrs S. C. Hall's Chronicles of a School-Room.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Do not press your children too much during their early years on the subject of religion. Show them, by your example, that it is the object of your own reverence; but suffer their religious principles to form gradually, as their understandings open. Do not make religion appear to them a burden; do not lay them under unnecessary restraints; do not let them see religion clothed in a dress repulsive to their youthful minds. To insure its making a good impression on them, let it be clothed in its native colours of attraction. Study to make them regard it as an object of veneration, but, at the same time, what it truly is, as a source of cheerfulness and joy. Do not let them regard the Sabbath as a day of gloom and restraint. Take them with you to the house of God, and accustom them to regard the institutions of religion with reverence, but do not compel them, during the rest of the day, to remain immured within the walls of your own house. Allow them the reasonable indulgence of air and exercise—an indulgence useful to their health, rational in itself, and no way inconsistent with their religious character; while the refusal of that indulgence has just the effect of making them regard the return of the day as a day of penance and mortification, instead of hailing it as a day of joy.

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

In the schools which have been lately established in this part of the empire, of which there are at present nine established by the Church Missionary, and eleven by the Christian Knowledge Societies, some very unexpected facts have occurred. As all direct attempts to convert the children are disclaimed, the parents send them without scruple. But it is no less strange than true, that there is no objection made to the use of the Old and New Testaments as a class-book; that so long as the teachers do not urge them to eat what will make them lose their caste, or to be baptised, or to curse their country's gods, they readily consent to every thing else, and not only Mussulmans, but Brahmins, stand by with perfect coolness, and listen sometimes with apparent interest and pleasure, while the scholars by the road-side are reading the stories of the creation and of Jesus Christ. Whether the children themselves may imbibe Christianity by such means, or

whether they may suffer these truths to pass from their minds, as we allow the mythology which we learn at school to pass from ours, some further time is yet required to show; but this, at least, I understand, has been ascertained, that a more favourable opinion both of us and our religion has been apparently felt of late by many of those who have thus been acquainted with its leading truths, and that some have been heard to say, that they did not know till now that the English had "a caste or a shaster." You may imagine with what feelings I have entered the huts where these schools are held, on seeing a hundred poor little children seated on the ground writing their letters in sand, or their copies on banana-leaves, coming out one after another to read the history of the good Samaritan, or of Joseph, proud of showing their knowledge, and many of them able to give a very good account of their studies.—*Heber's India.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.

When Mr Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying, "Miss Wilberforce for ever! Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and, motioning to the populace to be quiet, said, very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not Miss Wilberforce for ever;" which sent them all home in good humour.

STORY OF CASSEM,

OR AVARICE PROPERLY REWARDED.

THERE dwelt at Bagdad an old merchant, named About Cassem, noted for his avarice. Although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags; his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the colour. But of his whole dress, his *papooshes* [slippers] were what merited most the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches; the famous ship Argo had not so many pieces in it; and ever since they had been *papooshes*, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their ingenuity to keep them together. They were even become so heavy that they passed into a proverb; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's *papooshes* were always the object of comparison.

One day this merchant was walking in the *bazaar*, when an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase; and hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose-water for half the value. This new bargain put him into good humour; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the merchants of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, for the covetous rarely have any real ones, told him that his *papooshes* were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. "I have thought of it a long time," replied Cassem; "however, they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer." During this conversation he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Kazee of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassem, coming out before the judge, passed first into the dressing-room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his *papooshes*, in the room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded, because he wished it so, that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of buying.

When the Kazee had done bathing, the slaves looked about for their master's *papooshes*, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Kazee's officers went directly in search of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging *papooshes*, the Kazee sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Kazee, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tygris, which ran under his windows. Some days afterwards, a fisherman, pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the *papooshes*, the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force that he overset the crystal vases which decorated the cornices and mantelpiece of the room, and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation. "Cursed *papooshes*!" exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing

his beard, "you shall not do me any farther mischief." So saying, he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office, seeing him turning up the ground, ran to the governor and acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated, assuring him that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers; the governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without giving a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his *papooshes* most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Kazee, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger sum than the two former ones together; after which, the Kazee, who would by no means detain his property, restored to him his choice *papooshes*.

Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm from the slippers, now determined to burn them; but as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house to dry by the sun. But fortune had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leapt from his master's terrace over to Cassem's, seized one of them in his mouth, and played his gambols with it, till at last he let it fall over the parapet, and, unhappily, it alighted on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along the street before Cassem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry. Her husband carried his complaint to the Kazee, and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompense proportioned to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, our miser ran home, and, taking his *papooshes* in his hand, he once more repaired to the Kazee. "Behold! my lord," said he, with an impetuosity which diverted the judge, "the instruments of all my sufferings; these cursed *papooshes* have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree, that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion hereafter." The Kazee could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear-bought experience, learned the fatal effects of avarice.—*Noble's Orientalist.*

DIFFUSION OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE following are the observations of a foreigner (the late Baron de Staël) on the newspaper system of England:—"Of all means of publicity (says he in his letters) no one contributes more than the newspapers to that general diffusion of a moderate degree of knowledge, which may be mentioned as the distinguishing characteristic of England. In every country the periodical press is one of the most important results of modern civilisation, but nowhere is it so essential an element of the social organisation as with the English, and with the Americans, whose manners are perfectly similar to those of the English in this respect. Elsewhere, newspapers are a powerful weapon, of which governments and parties avail themselves by turns. In England and in the United States they are the agent and the indispensable medium of all the connexions men have with each other. There are few villages in England where the reading of a newspaper is not become a primary want; and in America, I am told, we even see servants making it one of the stipulations of their engagement.

The circle of readers is incomparably more extensive in England than with us. They reckon about a thousand circulating libraries, and more than three hundred book-clubs—an ingenious institution, which I think might be introduced into France with advantage. Newspapers have quadrupled in England within the last forty years. In 1782, their number was seventy-nine; and in 1821, according to a report made to the House of Commons, they were two hundred and eighty-four. None of these papers, except the Observer, which is published only once a-week, have so many subscribers as the Constitutionnel or the Journal des Debats, which are sold at a much lower price. The style of the papers sometimes savours of this. Having to gratify the taste of the very great number of readers they reckon upon in the lower classes of society, they are obliged to have recourse to phrases, the energetic familiarity of which occasionally degenerates into coarseness. 'When I took up the North Briton,' says the celebrated Wilkes, 'the paper was written by two persons, Churchill and Lloyd—one a wit, the other a poet. I soon saw that it could not go on thus. I laid aside their fine writing, and began to cry as loud as I could bawl, 'The Scotch! the Scotch! the Scotch!' Thus I turned out Lord Bute.' In fact, the great strength of the newspapers consists in the frequent repetition of simple images and arguments level to all capacities. This strength is immense in England.

The spirit of the French is perhaps better adapted than any other to newspaper writing, a species of literature that requires, most particularly, quickness of perception, lively repartee, clear and rapid recapitulation. Transient as have been the moments of liberty enjoyed by our journalists, and vicious as our present legislation is, very remarkable talents have already been displayed by this class of writers. I seldom open one of our periodical papers, without being struck with the elegance of style and sagacity of reasoning that are observable in a great number of articles; and I have seen this opinion shared by Englishmen, who, little acquainted with the progress France has made in this career, could not avoid showing some surprise, slightly tinged with disdain. But we are, nevertheless, pursuing a false system in respect to newspapers. We have introduced the division of labour, where it is not merely useless, but injurious. We separate political and literary journals from commercial, legal, and magisterial news, and from periodical collections relative to jurisprudence. But as few persons are able to subscribe for these different publications, though they all more or less directly concern the citizens at large, it follows that readers of each class remain ignorant of the subjects that are not within the immediate sphere of their business or tastes, and the publicity of each is only partial. The country manufacturer has no knowledge of any improvements made at Paris or in other parts of France, or it reaches him very tardily. The monied man in the metropolis is ignorant of the ways in which his capital might be advantageously employed in the country. The decrees of our twenty-six royal courts are secrets to all but those who frequent them; while a more extensive publicity would perhaps prevent a decree in opposition to one preceding it, or decision contrary to common sense; would prevent a counsellor from undertaking a cause, for which he would afterwards have to blush at the bar of public opinion.

The daily papers, the first object of which at present is to gratify the passions of their party, or amuse the idle, would acquire a more solid and useful character, when they became the depositaries of such a number of facts, and would be obliged to be cautious of assertions, to which these very facts would give the lie. An English newspaper is a kind of microcosm, in which all the circumstances that interest the community are displayed. We there see daily the debates in Parliament, the pleadings of counsellors, and decisions of the courts, faithfully reported; not merely, as with us, in a few cases that may excite curiosity, or serve the views of a party, but in all causes, civil or criminal. The charges of judges, and simple affairs of police, have the same publicity. Strongly as differences of opinion are pronounced in this country, violently as polemics are exercised, respect to facts is carried too far for a journalist to venture to falsify them. Never, or scarcely ever, does the same debate in Parliament, or the same cause in a court of justice, exhibit an aspect wholly different, when read in papers written by opposite parties. The first thought of the antagonists is to settle the lists with fidelity. Speeches at country meetings, and at assemblies of the people of every kind, whether religious, philanthropic, political, or commercial; those of the East India Company, of the Common Council of London, and of other corporate bodies of any consequence, are published in the newspapers. By these the government makes known the conditions of its contracts; the candidate for a seat in Parliament solicits the votes of electors, and thanks his supporters for their exertions; competitors of all kinds exhibit their claims, and solicit suffrages. The births, marriages, and deaths, of persons of any importance—their arrivals and departures, the company assembled at their houses, the least circumstances of their lives—are all known, all appear in print. The whole of Great Britain appears to be the house of glass of the ancient philosopher. Hence arise a boldness, a frankness, in all the reports, that are unknown to the Continent. The mind requires publicity, as the body does exercise in the open air; and every one is so accustomed to this system, that even men who are the most susceptible on the point of honour never think of taking offence at the jokes, of which an action or speech may be the subject in a newspaper."

EUROPEAN JOURNALS.

MR QUETELET, in his Statistical Researches respecting the kingdom of the Netherlands, gives the following statement:—"We might indeed take the number of journals which appear in a country, in some respects, as the measure of the ardour with which knowledge is circulated. Such a measure, if not strictly accurate, at least offers an interesting classification of the several governments:—

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants.
Spain,	890,000
Russia and Poland,	674,000
Sardinian States,	560,000
Papal Dominions,	431,670
Austrian Empire,	376,471
Portugal and Tuscany,	210,000
Switzerland,	66,000
France,	52,117
Sweden and Norway,	47,000
British Islands,	40,800
German Confederation,	44,000
Prussian Monarchy,	43,090
Netherlands,	40,953

It is seen by this statement that newspapers or

journals are more numerous in the Netherlands, in proportion to the population, than in any other state in Europe. In Spain they are least numerous. The difference would be still more striking if the extent of territory had been assumed as the basis of comparison. The writer does not seem to have calculated the amount of circulation of the respective journals, and which in some of the London and Parisian papers is enormous. Under this view, the British Islands may be said to possess by far the largest number of journals in proportion to the circulation, and that even under the payment of heavy duties."

JOSEPHUS.

MR TENNANT, author of "Anster Fair, a Poem," and not less distinguished for his erudition than by a rich and peculiar style of humour in poetry, gives the following account of the Jewish historian, in the Edinburgh Literary Journal:—

"Josephus, of all the Jews the most celebrated for his genius and learning, was the son of Matthias, an honourable citizen of Jerusalem, who was connected by descent both with the regal and priestly branches, and hence transmitted to his son a twofold honour, that was doubly dear in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. His son soon distinguished himself by his inclination for learning; and, what was remarkable in a Jew, he confined not himself to his own contracted sphere of Hebrew literature, but, boldly bursting through the prejudices that fettered his countrymen, he expatiated abroad into the more ample and diversified fields of Greek and Roman science. He made himself an eloquent master of the language of Athens, and became thereby enabled to defend and do justice to his country, and to celebrate, in the universal and harmonious language of Homer and Herodotus, the institutions, manners, and achievements of his sublime and extraordinary countrymen. He was not only an accomplished scholar, but an ingenious and accomplished general; he for a long time checked and baffled, by his talents, the victorious arms of Vespasian: and when at last necessity compelled him to philosophise on the advantages or the expediency of submission, he had already secured the esteem and admiration of his noble opponents, who knew virtue too well in themselves not to value it in at once an accomplished and undaunted enemy. Like the Grecian general Polybius, to whom his character and circumstances bear considerable resemblance, he, after fighting bravely against the conquerors of the world, and sharing at last the fate of a captive, was at once admitted into their friendship and most familiar confidence: and, at last, with his pen, commended that magnanimity and skill in arms which at once had extorted his admiration and compelled his submission. Happy had it been for his countrymen had they been influenced by his excellent counsels, as the Greeks were by those of the virtuous general of Megalopolis!

The works of Josephus are voluminous, and bear testimony to his diligent and persevering genius. His largest, though not his best work, is his *Archæology*, or *Jewish Antiquities*, in twenty books, wherein he deduces the history of Judea from the creation to the age of Nero, and which is chiefly valuable from its filling up the chasm that separates Old and New Testament History. His *Jewish War*, in seven books—his most eloquent work—details, along with some preliminary recapitulation, the terrible incidents of that singular war that commenced under Nero, and terminated in the extirpation of the Jews, and destruction of their capital by Vespasian and Titus.

It is only of the style of the Jewish historian that the writer of these remarks means here to speak, and not of the credibility of his statements as compared with the Bible, and as inducing or justifying against their author a charge of credulity or of incredulity. The style of Josephus in his *Archæology* is somewhat irregular and discrepant. His mind and his pen seem to vacillate between the redundancies of Grecian eloquence, which, being fashionable in his day, he rather affected, and the simplicity of Hebrew narration, as presented to us, unadorned and unaffected, by the historians of the Old Testament, to which his mind, as it necessarily resorted to them for information, had also a propensity to adhere, as a native, in laudable imitation. There is a perpetual conflict, as it were, between the concise simplicity of Judea and the splendid exaggeration of Greece; a heterogeneous mixture of the splendid with the simple in writing as in architecture, the intermixture of Palestine plainness with Grecian magnificence in the tombs of the valley of Jehosaphat. Accordingly, the naked narrative of Moses is in many places spoiled, as it passes through the hands of this historian, by unnecessary exuberance. The story of Joseph, so exquisitely impressive by its touching and forcible simplicity, where every word is, as it were, a weapon; the dedication of the temple by Solomon, one of the finest passages to be found in any writing, are vitiated and reduced in their effect by the cumbersome and spurious eloquence with which the sentiments are overloaded. It is in the history of times less ancient, and of transactions within the compass of his own experience, that his mind, making no reference to the simple annals of Judea, and left free and unfettered to its own scope of splendid illustration, manifests its peculiar power. In his *Archæology*, his account of the divisions that rent, tormented, and dispeopled the palaces of Herod; of the death of King Agrippa; in

his *Jewish War*, his description, most masterly in its kind, of the siege of Jotapata; of the attack in the streets of Gamala; of the entrance of the Idumeans by night, during a storm, into Jerusalem; of the naval battle on the sea of Genesareth; of the captures of the fort of Masada; of the bloody conflicts in and round about Jerusalem; of the triumphal entry into Rome of Vespasian—are not surpassed either by Livy or any other Greek or Latin historian. He is undoubtedly the most sublime of all historians; his genius being decidedly Jewish, and partaking largely of that fervency and soaring superiority which characterise the writings of his extraordinary countrymen. Perhaps he is too sublime for history; his narrative flows along in epic pomp and dignity, broken sometimes into bursts of tragic vehemence: it is like the long and richly-flowing river of gold and silver, to which he himself likens the triumphal entry of Vespasian. As his narrative part is thus splendid, the argumentative portion, consisting of his orations, is, in a corresponding degree, eloquent; more discursive, perhaps, but not displaying less ratiocinative invention than the speeches of Livy. Indeed, of the Greek or Roman historians, Livy is the only one that may pretend to rival him in vivacity or splendour; and if the Roman historian at all exceeds him, it is in the compression, the condensed force and invigorated majesty, of the language, rather than in the brightness and magnificent flow of the images. Of modern historians, or of modern writers, there is only one great living name that can aspire to an equality with him, or with the historian of Rome, in vivid expansion of imagery, all-illuminating splendour, and graphic energy of language.

As connected with the Old and New Testaments, and as throwing light on the incidents, characters, manners, and localities noted in Scripture record, the works of Josephus cannot be too much valued by a Bible student. They are by far the best commentary and expositor one can use in reading the Old and New Testaments."

THE LAIRDS OF INNES.

FOR a long period the family of Innes was one of the most respectable in the county of Moray, as may be gathered from the various ancient records relative to it, which are still extant in the country. The venerable building, with the surrounding lands, which still retain the name of Innes, situated about five miles from Elgin, in a north-east direction, was, some centuries ago, the seat of the representative of the illustrious family in question. We propose to lay before our readers some circumstances of a romantic but perfectly authentic character, regarding the death of one of the Lairds of Innes, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Lord John Innes, the representative of the family of that name in the year 1579, having had no children, settled about this time his titles and estate upon his heir-at-law, Alexander Innes of Cromy, his own cousin, granting him, at the same time, permission to enjoy both, even in his own lifetime. Robert Innes of Innermarky, of whom a sculptured representation in stone has recently been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, was one of the cadets of the same family, and felt immeasurably chagrined at the conduct of Lord John, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of the honours and influence to which in virtue of his birth he was legitimately entitled. He had at the same time an anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes himself—although, of course, he was careful to conceal, as much as possible, from Lord John and his other friends, the ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated. Either through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so effectually wrought on the fears of Lord John, who by this time was considerably advanced in life, as to make him so far repent of his consigning over his honours and estate to his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a conspiracy with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of carrying their murderous purpose into execution, and such an opportunity was not wanted long. Alexander about this time (April 1580) had gone to Aberdeen for the purpose of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at this time a student in one of the colleges of that city. During Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became seriously indisposed; and his father's stay was consequently prolonged until he should witness the issue of his son's indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering a goodly number of their attendants, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they arrived at midnight, and immediately proceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their intended victim resided at the time, lying quite open; but the doors of the house were closely shut. To have broken open the doors by any violent means, would most probably have created an alarm in the neighbourhood, and thus entirely defeated the objects the conspirators had in view. It occurred to them, therefore, that the most likely method of succeeding in their murderous project would be to create a pretended dispute among their attendants, by which means the inmates of the house would probably open the doors, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and witnessing its consequences. One of them accordingly set up a loud cry of "Help a Gordon! help a Gordon!"—the gathering word of those of that name, which, as Alexander Innes was warmly attached to the interests of the Gordon family, they knew would be the most likely

means of inducing him to come out from his bed. The stratagem was completely successful; Alexander instantly jumped out of bed—laid hold of his sword—came to the outside—and inquired into the cause of the dispute. Although the night was dark, Innermarky knew him perfectly by his voice, and, presenting his gun, shot him through the body in a moment. A crowd of the conspirators' attendants then rushed on their victim, and plunged their daggers into every part of his person. Lord John Innes, however, as if either shocked at the brutality he witnessed, or repenting of his being at all engaged in so horrible a business, stood trembling at a little distance from the spot on which the revolting murder was committed. Innermarky, on perceiving that Lord John thus stood aloof from the atrocities he was witnessing, ran up to him with a terrific expression of countenance, and holding to his throat the dagger which was still reeking with the blood of his victim, protested, that he should in a moment plunge it into the bosom of Lord John, if he did not immediately follow the example he and his attendants had set him in stabbing his dagger to the hilt into the body of his victim. Lord John, aware that death would be the certain consequence of any attempt at resistance, reluctantly followed the example of the others, and plunged a dagger into the body of his nearest relation, and the most courageous individual who bore his name. Every other person present who had not already done so, was also compelled to follow the example they had seen: and so anxious was Innermarky to involve as many as possible in the affair, in order that in the eye of the law all might appear equally guilty, that he actually compelled Mr John Innes, afterwards of Coxtown, then a youth at school, to rise from his bed and also plunge a dagger up to the hilt, into the body of his dead relation.

The next object to which the conspirators turned their attention, was to seize the person of their victim's son, Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a view to his sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing, however, the cries of murder which his expiring parent uttered while the conspirators were stabbing him, the young man, seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out of his bed, and by the help of a friend, escaped out a back door into a garden, whence he was taken into the house of an acquaintance, unknown to those who were meditating his life.

Innermarky then took off the signet-ring from the finger of his murdered relation, and having bribed the servant of the deceased to assist in the execution of his purposes, he dispatched him with it to Innes House, instructing him to present it to the wife of his deceased master as from her husband; and at the same time to request, as if by his orders, the box containing the papers relative to his title and estates, under the pretence that Lord John, who was represented as being at the time with her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of making some important alterations which would render them more valid in the eye of the law than they then were. And in order still more effectually to prevent her from having any suspicions on the subject, Innermarky sent the bribed servant on her husband's own horse, instructing him to add, that the reason why he had sent his ring and his own horse, was, that he had not at the time an opportunity of writing her, and that he thought the appearance of these, together with his own servant, would be sufficient to convince her that all was right.

The lady of the deceased was somewhat uneasy at receiving such a message from her husband on a subject of so great importance; but seeing the ring which he daily wore—the horse on which he daily rode—and the servant who was daily in attendance on him—she could not doubt that he had actually desired the box and papers to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered them to the servant, and allowed him to depart from the mansion.

At this time there resided at Innes House a young man, an intimate acquaintance of Lady Innes's son, then lying indisposed in Aberdeen; and hearing of the servant's being about to return to that city, and feeling at the same time a strong anxiety to see his sick acquaintance, he asked permission of the servant to accompany him to the place in which he lay. The servant refused compliance with the young man's request, on various grounds. The latter, however, was determined to go by force if not by permission; and with this view, when the servant was setting out on his journey, he jumped up behind him on the horse's back. The servant insisted that the youth should dismount, while the latter was equally determined that he should not. A scuffle ensued between the contending parties, and soon assumed so serious an aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he carried with him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his youthful opponent; but the latter, by a masterly and courageous manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with one deadly thrust plunged it into his bosom. The servant fell from his horse, and expired almost immediately. The young man then returned to Innes House with the box, papers, &c.

Lady Innes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle which had taken place between the servant and the young man in question; and while in the act of giving full vent in copious tears to the melancholy emotions which the event had produced in her mind, another of her husband's servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing the still more mournful intelligence of his murder by the hands of his own nearest relatives.

When the confusion and sorrow consequent on the melancholy intelligence of her husband's death had somewhat subsided, Lady Innes secured all his papers, and fled for protection to her friends, who immediately conducted her to the king, before whom she detailed all the circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntly, who was related by blood to the family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alexander Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of his sick son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater safety placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphinstone, then Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom.

Lord John Innes and Innermarky, some days after the commission of the murder, returned so far as to Lord Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothiemay; from which, after procuring a new supply of horses, they proceeded to Innes House, and re-invested Lord John in the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards, both these men kept possession between them of the estate of Innes, but at the end of that time they were declared outlaws; and the son of him they had so barbarously murdered came north from Edinburgh, with a commission against them, and all others who had been accessory to his father's death. This young man had a few months previously been married to the Lord Treasurer's daughter, and in consequence of his connection with so influential a personage, the party he came with was so numerous and well provided with the implements of war, that they soon laid waste the possessions, and slew a great many of those who espoused the cause of their opponents. Lord John, however, fled to the south, and endeavoured to conceal himself there, but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to Innes House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The young laird, however, did not make his head the price of his conduct, as might under all the circumstances of the case have been expected, but contented himself with making him exhibit his name to various written papers, which incapacitated him from any future mischief in regard to his property.

Innermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to elude all the search which was made for him; but being soon wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led there, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where, in September 1584, he was surprised by the young laird of Innes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed him, and afterwards cut off his head and gave it to Lady Innes, the widow of him whom he had murdered in Aberdeen a few years before. Lady Innes was so joyrived at the possession of the head of the murderer of her husband, that she made a journey to Edinburgh, carrying it all the way herself for the express purpose of laying it at the feet of the king.—*Elgin Literary Magazine, August 1820.*

COLQUHOUN GRANT,

A JACOBITE ANECDOTE.

COLQUHOUN GRANT, who, when a young man, had signalled himself in the service of Prince Charles, afterwards settled down into the cool and decorous life of a writer. As one of the numerous and respectable class of Writers to the Signet, he is said to have exerted the pen to as good effect as he had formerly played the sword; and in advanced age, he was noted as a man who both knew how to acquire money, and how to preserve it when it was acquired. There is something melancholy, and not altogether agreeable, in the idea, that the same mind which had been filled with chivalrous fervour in the company of 1745, should have been afterwards devoted to the composition of law papers, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. Yet, that he never became altogether insensible to the enthusiasm which excited his youth, seems to be proved by the following anecdote.

Mr Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross, had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-five, and consequently lived in terms of the runnicks and respectable class of Writers to the Signet, he is said to have exerted the pen to as good effect as he had formerly played the sword; and in advanced age, he was noted as a man who both knew how to acquire money, and how to preserve it when it was acquired. There is something melancholy, and not altogether agreeable, in the idea, that the same mind which had been filled with chivalrous fervour in the company of 1745, should have been afterwards devoted to the composition of law papers, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. Yet, that he never became altogether insensible to the enthusiasm which excited his youth, seems to be proved by the following anecdote.

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adding, with an expressive wink, "This forty's made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've f'arkir' my pouch yet—by my faith, I wadna gie it for aucky!"—*Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*

MUSICAL BEANS.

Mr Nicholson of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, or caustic, or caustic, reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by his equally apt friend. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy flung himself on being a capital player on that melodious instrument the bagpipe. One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Cuning Saunders knew well that his landlord was generally as "Atweel, your honour," says he, "I canna pay you just noo, for I haena the siller." "Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must also that it is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for aye no paying his just and lawful debts; but it's weel kent through the hail countrie side that you have had a grand crop this year, and plenty o' siller you maun ha—thats past ae hair o' doot." "The guide Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a grand crop? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller frae, for nae other purpose, guide kens, but to put into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn out? Oeh! sirs, sirs, my heart's like to break when I think o't!" "Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird, "I aye thoct that your very beans were the best part o' your crop." "The best part!" most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "why, sir, gi' lka bean-stalk had been a piper, he wadna ha'e heard his neighbour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BLADE FORGING.

The shop in which the blade of a cutting instrument is formed from the bar steel by hammering, is locally termed a *smithy*, and contains on one side a hearth with bellows, a *stithy* or anvil inserted in a large block of wood or stone according to circumstances, water-trough for the purpose of hardening heavy steel-faced hammers, iron tongs, and some other implements of iron and steel. In fabricating the smaller articles, the individual who hammers the steel into the form of a knife blade, for instance, generally employs a boy to manage two or three bars in the fire, and hand them, when sufficiently heated, in succession to the hammerman, who, by thus alternately receiving the heated and returning the used rod, is kept constantly at work. The uniformity of exertion which is secured by this arrangement, and at the same time the dexterity with which, with very simple instruments, a material, seemingly the most intractable in nature, is moulded on the anvil, would astonish a stranger. Indeed, long habit and constant practice can alone enable a workman to transform rods of steel into neat blades with the requisite degree of precision and dispatch.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

CANADIAN MINERALOGY.

Canada, says Macgregor, is considered rich in minerals. Iron of the best quality has been found in great abundance. Silver has been picked up in small quantities of lead, tin, and copper, have been discovered in several places. We are, however, still ignorant of the mineral riches, and even of the geology of these regions. The researches of the Montreal Natural History Society lead us to expect important discoveries. The following extract from the Canadian Review enumerates most of the minerals that have been discovered—"The mineralogy of the Canadian has hitherto been almost altogether neglected. But the imperfect researches which have been made prove it to be rich in the rarer kinds of minerals, and not deficient in those applicable to economical purposes. Peltalite, one of the rarest substances in the world, and remarkable for containing the newly discovered fourth alkali, lithia, was sent from York, in Upper Canada, in 1820, by Dr Lyon, surgeon to the forces. Berks is a Lake of Woods—Labrador felspar (Lake Huron)—axinite (Hawkesbury Ottawa)—and the very rare autophyllite (Port Wellington). Marbles and serpentine are quite common. Plumbago, ores of antimony, lead, iron, and copper, are frequently met with. The northern and western shores of Lake Ontario abound in salt springs, some of which (Stony Creek and St Catherine's) are very productive, even with the employment of small quantities. The north shore of Lake Erie exhibits immense beds of gypsum, the principal of which is in Dumfries, and quarried largely for the purpose of agriculture."

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.*

Sublimest, fairest of thy sex, how can I match with thee,
When I'm but a poor fellow, and a half an inch in thee?
The time is really past, my dear, of which old writings tell,
When the little angels deep in love with giants fell.

I'm flattered much, I vow and swear, and may my oath be booked,
In not being by so tall a dame entirely overlooked;
Yet what may be a pleasant thing to me, meaningless flirtation,
Might prove, in wedlock's graver time, a pretty smart vexation.

First, now, suppose that courtship had commenced betwixt us two,
How strange a thing, if every time when I came here to woo,
I had to bring a telescope of Herschel's greatest size,
To pitch at you, that I might read the language of your eyes!

And if at last, some summer night, you were to blush consent,
And I was almost overpowered with love's soft ravishment,
You'd own 'twould be, upon the whole, an awkward sort of bliss,
Had a ladder to be ordered in ere I could reach a kiss.

These things, 'tis true, might be got o'er, being only *entre nous*,
But how, my dear, in heaven's name, d'ye think we e'er should do,
When we are going, man and wife, on friends and foes to call,
Already christened by some wag, "The Cannon and the Ball?"

'Twould break my heart, I'm very sure, though a stoutish heart it be,
If, while I walked on Prince's Street, hard trotting by your knee,
Some purblind dame were to cry out, "O La, Mrs So-and-so,"
This lady—sure, her reticule, she hangs it rather low."

I really am afraid, my dear, I should look something queer,
Hing from your gaily arm, like gaily hangings from Ethiope's ear—
Why, as ye fashions lead some foolish folk might be so hint
At having patterns copied from your "elbow ornament."

Their endless jokes, I see them all, by Jove, drawn out before me.
As clear and dreadful as the kings that made Macbeth so stormy—
First some one in contrasting us, would give me credit due,
But say that, on the whole, I fell a good deal short of you.

Another would remark that you must jealousy defy,
Seeing you kept your little man so much beneath your eye:
A third would wonder how at all I ever met your eyes,
Which ever go, like Milton's thoughts, "commencing with the skies."

No, no, my dear, it will not do, we can't be man and wife—
"Unequal yokes," St Paul has said, bring misery and strife—
Odds life, d'ye think I'd wed with one, who, spite of previous speeches,
Would be, however ill they'd fit, so sure to wear the breeches!

* This poem, here printed for the first time, was written, some years ago, after reading a similar drollery by Mr H. G. Bell, in his Literary Journal, entitled *The Tall Gentleman's Apology.*

COLUMN FOR HOME.

IMPORTANCE OF DOMESTIC AFFECTION.

I AM extremely desirous to impress my readers, especially the young ones, with the great value of *domestic affectionate feelings*, as the source of much that is excellent both in private and public life. I am led to the subject by a perusal of the published correspondence of the late amiable Dr Currie of Liverpool, who, it will be remembered, was the first biographer of our renowned countryman, the poet Burns. Dr Currie, who was a Scotchman, had been long settled as an eminent physician in Liverpool; but he still retained all his original regard for his own country, and the kindest recollections of the fireside where he had been reared.

"In my father's home (he writes) we had very good society: after a pretty extensive acquaintance with the world, I scarcely found any domestic circle better calculated to cultivate the affections, and not many where the powers of the understanding had fairer play." He always acknowledged, with unbounded gratitude, his especial obligation to an excellent specimen of a MAIDEN AUNT. "Those lay-sisters of charity (as is well remarked in the Edinburgh Review of those letters) are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to be imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it." Among the letters is one from him to that same worthy lady, written by the doctor, then become a man. "I do not know (says he) any one that flatters me more agreeably than my good and kind aunt. I can declare to her with great truth, that I am very sensible of her praise, and much gratified by an expression of her approbation. We are now very old acquaintances. We have seen many changes and participated in many sorrows; and I hope the mutual sympathy and affection between us will continue, while we are sensible of pleasure or sorrow.

My obligations to you are now nearly of thirty-four years' standing, and though they are not all fresh on my memory, yet many of them are; and instances of your kindness mingle themselves with the earliest impressions that remain on my mind. I can remember that you gave me a halfpenny to put in my first breeches pocket I ever had. I can remember, too, that once when we were walking from Gretna together, and a shower of rain came on, you took off your own scarlet cardinal, and put it round me, leaving yourself exposed. Truth to say, I neither understood the kindness nor received it as I ought. We had to come past Kirkpatrick school, and the boys were playing on the green, never minding the rain; and as we came by, they cried out, *Eh! look at the little manny's red cardinal*. Oh, I was sadly mortified, and hard I struggled to get clear of the encumbrance; but as I could not do that, I jumped into the burn as we crossed it, out of mere spite. It was many years before I saw this business in its proper light. Well, I hope you will not deny any of this—if you do, I will send you twenty times more of the same kind."

Dr Currie had a near relation who had settled in America. They had been "schoolboy companions," and the doctor wrote to him thus:—"About 18 months ago, I visited your father and mother, both, as our phrase is, rather frail, but preserving nearly the same appearance, and displaying the same kind hospitality as formerly. I was entertained in the far room, where we used to sleep, and sat on the very same bed that held us together six-and-twenty years ago. The ideas were recalled to my mind, as fresh as if they had related to what happened yesterday: and I could not but suppose that I saw you lying under the clothes with your head bare, and a Jew's harp in your mouth, playing your favourite air. I talked with your mother about your old tricks, and drank drams with your father, so that we felt a-kissing each other, and we could have cried heartily. I looked into Mean water to see if there were any minnows, and there they lay under the banks, just as when we left them."

What a kind heart is shown by those delightful sketches, which, in another art, would indeed have been worthy of the pencil of a Wilkie! It was impossible but such a heart must have had a warm love of its native country. In my concluding quotations from those letters, accordingly, it will be seen that that love was with the writer of them a predominant passion.

Writing from Liverpool, where it will be remembered the doctor had been long sojourning, he says, "For my part, I assure you I love Scotland dearly—I like her green vales, her clear streams, her bleak mountains: As I travel north, I always watch the moment, and mark the spot (a little beyond Penrith) where Burnswark rises above the English horizon, and, presenting itself the first object in Scotland, recalls at the same time the idea of my native country, and of the scenes of my early life. 'Considering that I have lived but little in Scotland, and that I left it early, there is no man retains more of the partialities of a Scotsman than I do. Men whose connections in infancy deserved and possessed a large portion of their affection, always, I observe, love their country.'"

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN HOLLAND.

The struggle maintained by the inhabitants of the Low Countries, against the tyrannous government of Spain in the sixteenth century, presents us with one of the most noble and instructive instances of national resistance to unjust oppression recorded in the history of Europe. The unfortunate connection by which the Spanish sovereigns acquired a power over Flanders and other provinces, need not be traced; it is sufficient to state, that its results were most fully developed in the reign of Philip II., son of Charles V., in the decade of 1560-70. This unprincipled and indolent prince conspired to ruin the liberty and trade of the Netherlands, and to coerce them, by the establishment of the Inquisition under its most hated form, to renounce the reformed religion which they had embraced. The measures adopted by the unhappy Dutch and Flemings to stem the tide of Spanish aggression; their voluntary abandonment of their country, and their flight to England—a country in every age sacred as a refuge to the injured of all nations; their sufferings in person and property; the destruction of their towns; the loss of their commerce; the utter desolation of the rich and fertile territory from the Rhine to the Zuyder Zee; and the disruption of almost all social ties—form altogether such a picture of concentrated horrors as has rarely fallen to the lot of any historian to delineate. A History of the Netherlands, presenting a succinct and candid view of these and many other events, has been judiciously written by Thomas Colley Grattan, and published as a volume in Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia; and from this accessible source I shall draw a few facts illustrative of the proceedings of Philip, and his delegated instrument, the Duke of Alva.

"On the 5th of May 1567, this celebrated captain (the Duke of Alva), whose reputation was so quickly destined to sink into the notoriety of an executioner, began his memorable march, and, on the 22d of August, with his veteran army, consisting of about 15,000 men, arrived at the walls of Brussels. The discipline observed in this march was a terrible forewarning to the people of the Netherlands of the influence of the general and the obedience of the troops. They had little chance of resistance against such soldiers so commanded. Alva first turned his attention to the seizure of those patriot lords whose pertinacious infatuation left them within his reach. The next measures of the new governor were the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the promulgation of the decrees of the council of Trent, the revocation of the Duchesse of Parma's edicts, and the royal refusal to recognise the terms of her treaties with the Protestants. He immediately established a special tribunal, composed of twelve members, with full powers to inquire into and pronounce judgment on every circumstance connected with the late troubles. He named himself president of this Council, and appointed a Spaniard, named Vargas, as vice-president, a wretch of the most diabolical cruelty. This Council, immortalised by its infamy, was named by the duke the Council of Troubles. By the people it was soon designated the Council of Blood. In its atrocious proceedings no respect was paid to titles, contracts, or privileges, however sacred. Its judgments were without appeal. Every subject of the state was amenable to its summons; clergy and laity, the first individuals of the country, as well as the most wretched outcasts of society. Its decrees were passed with disgusting rapidity and contempt of form. Contumacy was punished with exile and confiscation. Those who, strong in innocence, dared to have a trial, were lost without resource. The accused were forced to its bar without previous warning. Many a wealthy citizen was dragged to trial, four leagues' distance, tied to a horse's tail. The number of victims was appalling. On one occasion the town of Valenciennes alone saw fifty-five of its citizens fall by the hands of the executioner. Hanging, beheading, quartering, and burning, were the every-day spectacles. The enormous confiscations only added to the thirst for gold and blood by which Alva and his satellites were parched. History offers no example of parallel horrors; for, while party vengeance on other occasions has led to scenes of fury and terror, they arose, in this instance, from the vilest cupidity and cold-blooded cruelty. After three months of such atrocity, Alva, fatigued rather than satiated with butchery, resigned his hateful functions wholly into the hands of Vargas, who was chiefly aided by the members Delirio and Della Torre. Even at this remote period we cannot repress the indignation excited by the mention of those monsters, and it is impossible not to feel satisfaction in fixing upon their names the brand of historic execration. One of these wretches, called Hesselts, used, at length, to sleep during the mock-trials of the already doomed victims; and as often as he was roused by his colleagues, he used to cry out mechanically 'To the gibbet!' so familiar was his tongue with the sounds of condemnation.

In addition to the horrors acted by the Council of Blood, Alva committed many deeds of collateral but

minor tyranny: among others he issued a decree forbidding, under severe penalties, any inhabitant of the country to marry without his express permission. His furious edicts against emigration were attempted to be enforced in vain. Elizabeth of England opened all the ports of her kingdom to the Flemish refugees, who carried with them those abundant stores of manufacturing knowledge which she wisely knew to be the elements of national wealth.

These judicial murders excited in the Netherlands an agitation without bounds. It was no longer hatred or aversion that filled men's minds, but fury and despair. The out-bursting of a general revolt was hourly watched for. The foreign powers, without exception, expressed their disapproval of these executions. The Emperor Maximilian II., and all the Catholic princes, condemned them. The princes of the Protestant states held no terms in the expression of their disgust and resentment; and every thing seemed now ripe, both at home and abroad, to favour the enterprise on which the Prince of Orange was determined to risk his fortune and life. The enterprise of the Prince, however, failed, and Alva's insolence continued unbounded. The following year was ushered in by a demand of unwonted and extravagant rapacity, the establishment of two taxes on property, personal and real, to the amount of the hundredth penny on each kind; and at every transfer of sale, ten per cent. on personal, and five per cent. for real property. It is here worthy of remark, that all the horrors of which the people of Flanders were the victims, and, in their full proportion, had not the effect of exciting them to revolt; but they rose up with fury against the payment of the new taxes. They sacrificed every thing sooner than pay these unjust exactions. The next important event in these wars was the siege of Haerlem, before which place the Spaniards were arrested in their progress for seven months, and which they at length succeeded in taking, with a loss of 10,000 men. Holland was now from one end to the other the theatre of the most shocking events. While the people performed deeds of the greatest heroism, the perfidy and cruelty of the Spaniards had no bounds. The patriots saw more danger in submission than resistance; each town, which was in succession subdued, endured the last extremities of suffering before it yielded, and victory was frequently the consequence of despair.

At length Alva was recalled, and he was succeeded by Requesens, a moderate and honest man, who was soon overwhelmed with the difficulties of his situation. The Spanish monarchy now came down in its pretensions, and the celebrated *Pacification of Ghent* was published on the 8th of November 1576. Still the country continued subject to Spain, new governors were appointed, and in less than ten years the provinces were again in a state of open resistance, which continued till they secured their independence. One of the most remarkable events during these troubles was the siege of Antwerp, by the Prince of Parma, in 1585.

The Prince of Parma had 80,000 men at his command. With such means of carrying on his conquests, he sat down regularly before Antwerp, and commenced the operations of one of the most celebrated among the many memorable sieges of those times. He completely surrounded the city with troops; placing a large portion of his army on the left bank of the Scheldt, the other on the right. To secure the navigation of the river, on which the success of the siege depended, he had to throw a bridge across the stream. Neither its great rapidity, nor its immense width, nor the want of wood and workmen, could deter him from this vast undertaking. He and his engineer first caused two strong forts to be erected at opposite sides of the river; and adding to their resources by every possible means, they threw forward a pier on each side of, and far into, the stream. The stakes, driven firmly into the bed of the river, and cemented with masses of earth and stones, were at a proper height covered with planks, and defended by parapets. These estacades, as they were called, reduced the river to half its original breadth; and the cannon with which they were mounted rendered the passage extremely dangerous to hostile vessels. But to fill up this strait, a considerable number of boats were fastened together by chain-hooks and anchors; and being manned and armed with cannon, they were moored in the interval between the estacades. The works of the bridge, which was 2400 feet in length, were constructed with such strength and solidity, that they braved the winds, the flood, and the ice of the whole winter.

The people of Antwerp at first laughed to scorn the whole of these stupendous preparations; but when they found that the bridge resisted the natural elements, by which they doubted not it would have been destroyed, they began to tremble in the anticipation of famine. Ninety-seven pieces of cannon now defended the bridge; besides which, thirty large barges at each side of the river guarded its extremities; and forty ships of war formed a fleet of protection, constantly ready to meet any attack of the besieged. They, seeing the Scheldt thus really closed up, and all communication with Zealand impossible, felt their whole safety depended on the destruction of the bridge. An Italian engineer named Giombelli was at this time in Antwerp, and by his talents had long protracted the defence. He has the chief merit of being the inventor of those terrible fire-ships, which gained the title of 'infernal machines;' and with some of those formidable instruments, and the Zealand fleet,

the long-projected attack was at length made. Early on the evening of the 4th of April, the Prince of Parma and his army were amazed by the spectacle of three huge masses of flame floating down the river, accompanied by numerous lesser appearances of a similar nature, and bearing directly against the prodigious barrier which had cost months of labour to him and his troops, and immense sums of money to the state. The whole surface of the Scheldt presented one sheet of fire; the country all round was as visible as at noon; the flags, the arms of the soldiers, and every object on the bridge, in the fleet, or the forts, stood out clearly to view; and the pitchy darkness of the sky gave increased effect to the marked distinctness of all. Astonishment was soon succeeded by consternation, when one of the three machines burst with a terrific noise before they reached their intended mark, but time enough to offer a sample of their nature. The Prince of Parma, with numerous officers and soldiers, rushed to the bridge, to witness the effect of this explosion—and just then a second and still larger fire-ship, having burst through the flying bridge of boats, struck against one of the estacades. The Prince, unmindful of danger, used every exertion of his authority to clear away the monstrous machine, which threatened destruction to all within its reach. Happily for him, an ensign who was near, forgetting, in his general's peril, all rules of discipline and forms of ceremony, actually forced him from the estacade. He had not put his foot on the river bank when the machine blew up. The effects were such as really baffle description. The bridge was burst through; the estacade was shattered almost to atoms, and, with all that it supported—men, cannon, and the huge machinery employed in the various works—dispersed in the air. The cruel Marquis of Roubaix, many other officers, and 800 soldiers, perished, in all varieties of deaths, by flood, or flame, or the horrid wounds from the missiles with which the terrible machine was overcharged. Fragments of bodies and limbs were flung far and wide; and many gallant soldiers were destroyed, without a vestige of the human form being left to prove that they had ever existed. The river, forced from its bed at either side, rushed into the forts, and drowned numbers of their garrisons; while the ground far beyond shook as in earthquake. The Prince soon recovered, and by his presence of mind, humanity, and resolution, he endeavoured, with incredible quickness, to repair the mischief. He speedily raised the confidence of his army as high as ever, and, by his manoeuvres, forced the city to capitulate after a siege of fourteen months.

LIFE IN CANADA.

"You are quite a townsman, my dear fellow; so it is needless for me to bore you about lakes, snows, serpents, &c. The inhabitants are tolerably civil. In a common tavern, your food and bed will ease your pocket of a dollar a-day; if in an hotel, half as much more, exclusive of wines, which are so so—no great shakes, a dollar a-bottle—and grogs in proportion. The fashionable young fellows follow a good deal the manners of the Americans—drink gin sling, sangorees, and lemonade; smoke cigars, and in the morning take bitters, cocktail, and soda water. The theatres are not open very often, unless some of your stars get erratic, and come over the water. They have their parties and their scandal through all the towns, the same as at home. You are well off, who are not bothered with these things in London; it is the only place in Britain where pride and presumption dare never show themselves, and where scandal can never thrive. The ladies dress very well, and seem to have a considerable quantity of conceit; their dresses here are not so plain and so elegant as with you; they have too great a profusion of flounces, feathers, and ruffles; few of them are to be met with very good-looking; the climate robs their complexions of all the beautiful colours, leaving behind the sallow, dun, and yellow; no pure red and white in Canada, and dimples and smiles are rare. I endeavoured to fall in love once or twice, and flung my old heart quite open to the little archer; but the frost, or something or other, would not allow the arrows to penetrate. I have met with girls from my own old Scotland that I liked to spend the day with very much, but they had no pretensions to beauty; we could talk of witches, and quote Burns together. But this love proceeds from many causes, which have but small connection with beauty of person; it is to be traced to the affinity of mind—Humph!

Do not let yourself be any longer deceived with the tale that there are no unmarried ladies here, for they are in the greatest abundance; and also more bachelors than I like to live among, having boarded in a house for a few days where there were above thirty bachelors, between twenty and forty years of age, every day at dinner. What do you think of this? Canada is not a place for people to get married in. What is the cause, it is not easy to assign: methinks it proceeds from the bachelors being chiefly foreigners—people badgered up and down this world, who forget that there is such a state as matrimony. Those who are long without a home get careless about finding one. The natives, however, and settled residents, wed as becomes them; and at their weddings they have what are called *spireverees*, a parading kind of show, with sleighs, if in winter, or a two-wheeled kind of gig, if in summer. Round the town they fly—What a set-out!—fiddles playing, pistols firing—altogether composing lots of fun; a true Canadian *spruce* is worth the

looking at. In Montreal, the snow accumulates to a great depth in the streets during winter, rendering the walking very precarious; people wear a kind of cramp on their feet, called a creeper, and the ladies move about with stockings drawn over their boots. The Scotch brogue here is not only conceived vulgar, but highly offensive."—*Macaggart's Canada*.

FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS.

I DEARLY love what may be called fireside enjoyments. Music!—yes, it decidedly is, or ought to be, one; and a young lady employed in the exercise of that exquisite talent, for the purpose of soothing or enlivening the dear home circle, is ever an object of interest and affection. How delicious are some of our sweet ballads sung in the soft twilight—papa and mamma tranquilly listening to the well-remembered notes of 'The winter it is past,' 'The Birks of Endermay,' or the thrilling combination of sense and sound in the 'Exile of Erin,' and then blessing God for having given them an unspotted child, who, though it may be rich, and young and beautiful, derives more delight from their approval than from the applause of the gay and brilliant.

Books!—what pleasure do they not impart! Quick—draw the curtains—the circular table a littlenearer the fire; Emily, the dear little Emily, on her own particular stool at mamma's feet, her fine doll in her lap, which she is stealthily undressing, lest papa should be shocked at seeing it *en robe de nuit*; Martha, the good-natured Martha, arranging some flowers in her *hortus siccus*; Rebecca, the sage, the wise young woman of the family, pondering over 'The Foreign Review,' or the last 'Quarterly,' or the sound yet laughing 'Blackwood,' or my especial favourite, 'The British Magazine;' mamma investigating the contents of a 'tidy,' that newly invented receptacle of torn clothes, sighing over portions of the dilapidated wardrobe of seven children; papa turning the leaves of a musty folio, the stock-book of the household, for various purposes; while Alfred, the eldest hope of the family, stretches his feet on Pompey's silky coat, and tosses over and over an aged newspaper, from which (silly fellow) he knows he can derive no information. Gentle reader! fancy such a scene, in a country mansion, some forty or sixty miles from London, at the beginning of November; and fancy, also, old Daniel, or old Joseph, or old Samuel—any old servant will do—entering with a parcel, a London parcel of books! Just fancy the delight such an event must occasion to such a party, who are all, with the exception of mamma, who has too much to think of, and Emily, who does not think at all, somewhat *book wormish*; how charming! A parcel containing the best of Colburn's publications, for those seniors of the party who ought to know how the proceedings of the literary world are conducted; books from Westly and Davis, fit for the Sabbath and the serious; and such charming pretty-looking things from Hailes and Harris, as made even Emily forget her doll. A heap of delightful Annuals for those who love pretty pictures and rational amusements. How much are we indebted to them during the winter evenings, when out of doors the snow is deep and the wind piercing!

I might say, and with truth too, that, for very little masters and misses, a quiet game of blindman's buff is seasonable at Christmas time, particularly when a steady person is present to call 'fire,' and prevent mischief; though I almost fear that to express such an opinion is likely to bring me into disrepute with the young *élégantes*, and those very smart juvenile gentlemen who come under the denomination of *little dandies*—troublesome monkeys! I could better, by a thousand times, endure a good romping boy, than a mincing, finikin, perking, bowing, simpering Jimmy Jessamy, with kidded hands, perfumed handkerchief, and empty head. But I am sure all little creatures, roly-polys under eight, will forgive me, ay, and love me too, for tolerating blindman's buff.

I am sorry that needlework goes out of fashion; it is a gentlemanly amusement, and ought not to be neglected, particularly by those who have many brothers and sisters, and whose parents are not rich. Many girls, I am sorry to say, despise their needle, and affect to think work unfit occupation for genteel or intellectual beings. I both grieve for, and am angry with, such misses. I can tell them, that many of our high-born noble ladies employ their fingers in framing clothes for the poor and desolate widows and orphans of our distressed country. And I can also tell them, that the sensible and instructive Holland, the playful and highly-gifted Mitford, ay, and even the graceful and elegant Landon, think it no disgrace to form themselves the garbs in which they are always fascinating, because always unaffected. One advantage of the generality of female occupation is, that the mind can be engaged, either in hearing or reflecting, when the fingers are employed in plain work, or even in embroidering; and nothing is more delightful than a party enlivened by alternate reading and music where the greater number are not too fine to be industrious.—*Mrs S. C. Hall's Chronicles of a School-Room*.

ALPHABET OF INSECTS.

UNDER this title we are presented with the first of a series of elementary works, to be published under the general title of "Scientific Alphabets," by Professor Rennie, of King's College, London, a gentleman already well known to us as the author of several delightful works on natural history. As a specimen of the simplicity of his work, we beg to extract his account of the eggs of insects. Insects' eggs are not all of an oval form like those of birds, but some are like a pear, some like an orange, some like a pyramid, and some like a flask.

The eggs of the gnat, for instance, may be compared, in shape, to that of a powder-flask, and the mother gnat lays about three hundred at a time. Now, each egg, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water; yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together in the form of a little boat, and in such way that they will all swim on the surface of the water; and a very curious way she has of managing this.

Like other insects, the gnat has six legs. Four of these (the four fore-legs) she fastens to a floating leaf, or to the side of a bucket, if she is on the water contained in one. Her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her abdomen, which is a little raised. This being done, she begins to make use of her other two legs (or hind-legs), and crosses them in the shape of the letter X. The open part of this X, next to her tail, serves as a kind of scaffolding, to support the eggs she lays, until the boat is formed. Each egg, when laid, is covered with a kind of glue; and the gnat holds the first laid egg in the angle of the X until the second egg is laid by its side, and glued to it; she then glues another egg to its other side. All these stick together thus, "X", making a kind of triangle, or figure of three, and this is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on, piling egg upon egg, always keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind-legs. As the boat grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished end next to her body. When the boat is half built, her hind-legs are stretched out thus =; the X or cross form is no longer wanted, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it was done with two outstretched arms.

The boat is at length completed, and an excellent boat it is, quite water tight. For though it is very small and delicate, yet no tossing of the waves will sink it: and nothing can fill it with water, or turn it upside down. In fact, the glue with which it is covered prevents it from ever being wet. Even if the boat be pushed down to the bottom of the water, up it comes again quite dry: so that it is better than the best life-boat that has ever yet been invented.

The eggs of insects are not, like those of birds, always smooth, but are sometimes ribbed, and sometimes tiled, or otherwise sculptured or carved on the outside.

The shell of an insect's egg is rarely or ever brittle like that of a bird, but composed of a tough membrane, which in some instances can be stretched out, as appears from the eggs of ants and some other insects growing considerably larger in the process of hatching.

The mother insects usually dying before their eggs are hatched, do not sit upon them like birds, except in the singular instance of the earwig, which from the proceedings of one kept by me in a glass, in March 1832, appears to attend more to shifting the eggs about to places where they may receive moisture, than any thing like hatching by covering them. Ants shift their eggs according to the changes of the day and night, and also of the weather, placing them near the surface of their nests when it is warm and dry, and deep down when it is cold or wet.

In consequence of being exposed to the same temperature, all the eggs of any particular species, in any given district, are hatched exactly at the same time, or at most within a few days; and when such eggs are numerous, an immense number of caterpillars make their appearance all at once on plants and bushes, and give rise to the notion that they are brought by winds, or generated by what is called *blighting* weather, though this is as absurd as to say the wind could bring a flock of cattle, or that the *blight* could generate a flight of sparrows or rooks without eggs to hatch them from.

By looking carefully on the bark of rose or currant bushes, or on the back ribs of gooseberry leaves, the eggs may be found sometimes in patches, sometimes in rows, whence the caterpillars are hatched that creep into the buds, or stream over the leaves and devour them.

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THEY.

BEFORE saying a word upon the subject, I must make an apology similar to that presented by honest Andro Symson, episcopal minister of a Galloway parish before the Revolution, when, in singing the praises of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, he says, his muse

—'gainst Priscian avers,
He, he ALONE, were my parishioners.

As good Andro's congregation of one required to be spoken of in the plural, so do my friends THEY need to be mentioned in the singular number. The truth is, THEY is a collective ideality, a most potent plural unit, who does a great many remarkable things in the world, without ever being called to account for them, and without any body knowing very distinctly who or what he is. I venture to say, that hardly a subject of his majesty does not, day by day, refer events and deeds to the agency of THEY, and yet never has presumed, to this blessed hour, to consider who this mysterious personage, this great unknown, this finer spirit than Ariel, can be. In very truth, he is a most impalpable being, and susceptible of a wonderful variety of shapes. There is no height of greatness, and no depth of degradation, which he may not arrive at. Sometimes one would suppose that he is the government itself—sometimes only a Town Council. One of THEY's employments is the disposal of criminals. "Are THEY going to hang this fellow?" one man will ask another. "Perhaps THEY will only banish him," is the probable answer. If the culprit be not decently and humanely hanged, the people get dreadfully enraged at THEY, and look as if they would almost tear his eyes out. THEY also has a great deal to do in public works. "Why did THEY make the road so crooked?" "THEY have put up a very absurd set of street lamps, I see." "What, in wonder's name, do THEY mean by building a temple up there, like a boy's peerie, or an hour-glass?" Then THEY is the author of all kinds of rumours and surmises. "They say,—what say they—let them say!" is an inscription on a wall within Aberdeen Cathedral, four hundred years old; and I do not doubt that THEY would have given currency to scandals regarding the mother of mankind herself, in Paradise, if there had been any other lady to tell them to—or if THEY had then existed. Old newspapers say, "THEY write from St Petersburg that the Empress Catharine is about to fit out an armament for the Caspian." "THEY talk at Rome of a change of counsels in the Vatican." Modern quidnuncs are also filled to the brim with things which THEY has been circulating. "THEY are now making out Lord — to be *non compos*." "THEY will have a marriage to be on the tapis between So and So and So and So; personages, by the way, who claim a sort of kindred with THEY, and certainly are of imagination all compact. THEY is sometimes admired for his power, sometimes blamed for his stinginess. "THEY used to write capital solid books long ago." "THEY used Burns very ill when he was alive." It certainly was bad of THEY to treat Burns so sourly; but unfortunately the fellow is so utterly impersonal, that we blame without knowing what we are doing.

THEY has a great deal to do with the *naming* of things. He may be called, in arithmetical language, the *Grand Denominator*. Indeed, I do not believe that Adam himself named more things than THEY. "What do THEY call this place?" one will ask a coachman, on nearing a town, village, or gentleman's seat. "THEY call it Ashbourne," or whatever else, is the reply. "What do THEY call ye?" is the ordinary question of a rustic boy to his unknown companion, and so forth. THEY is also the grand censor of all things which happen in the world. "I will not do this, for what would THEY say of me?" is a common expression, when a man hesitates upon some equivocal step. He may be convinced, from irrefragable data, of the propriety of what he contemplates; but then he could not convince THEY of it, and, of course, in these circumstances he must let the scheme drop. THEY thus prevents many things that would be bad, many things that would be only strange, and many things that would certainly be good, if he could be convinced of it. A most uncompromising fellow is this THEY! He knows very well that he cannot enter into another man's bosom, to see all the various reasons and tendencies which lead him towards the thing

he aims at; but, nevertheless, presuming that he is quite omniscient, or at least fully as well acquainted with every other particular man's business as his own, he never hesitates to give a decided contradiction to any proposal he is not, at first sight, pleased with. Many are the good original schemes which THEY has spoilt, from a hasty conclusion without premises.

THEY, also, amidst all his multitudinous and most Protean varieties of character, is a general scapegoat for all the mischief that is done in a household. "I see THEY have cracked that decanter." "THEY have at last made an end of the globe in the lobby." Or, as I once heard said by the lady of a house afflicted with a breaking woman-servant, "I declare THEY have broken the very kitchen poker!" a compound fracture, too, it was. Such are a few of the doings of THEY in his household capacity; and it must be owned that, in this light, he is very great, and often comes above-board. The grandest aspect, however, in which THEY ever appears, is when he stands up as a representative of the government of the country. "THEY are going, I see, to bring us into a war with France." "THEY intend, it seems, to resume cash payments at the Bank." No matter whether the affair refers to privilege or prerogative; no matter for the claims of the particular officer under whose hands it ought to fall; King, Lords, Commons, Treasury, Admiralty, and Horse Guards—all melt, like mixed colours, into the single white light of THEY! Things may be different under the reform bill; but, heretofore, there has hardly been any precise government but THEY. THEY crowns the king—signs the orders of council—passes all bills through the legislature, that will go through—fits out armies, and rigs fleets—makes war, and concludes peace—is church and state—Swing and the Press. THEY is a being of past history, and of present existence—a tyrant, or the people. THEY is the great despot pronoun of the world!

TRUST TO YOURSELF.

THIS is a glorious principle for the industrious and trading classes of the community; and yet the philosophy of it is not perhaps understood so well as it ought to be.

There is hardly any thing more common in the country than to hear men spoken of, who originally, or at some period of their lives, were rich, but were ruined by "*security*"—that is, by becoming bound to too great an extent for the engagements of their neighbours. This must arise in a great measure from an imperfect understanding of the question; and it therefore seems necessary that something should be said in explanation of it.

I would be far from desiring to see men shut up their hearts against each other, and each stand, in the panoply of his own resolutions, determined against every friendly appeal whatsoever. It is possible, however, to be not altogether a churl, and yet to take care lest we be tempted into an exertion of benevolence, dangerous to ourselves, while it is of little advantage to our friends.

Notwithstanding the many ties which connect a man with society, he nevertheless bears largely imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labour for subsistence. It is found by all men of experience, that, in so far as one trusts to his own exertions solely, he will be apt to flourish; and in so far as he leans and depends upon others, he will be the reverse. Nothing can give so good a *general* assurance of well-doing as the personal activity of the individual, day by day exerted for his own interest. If a man, on the contrary, suddenly finds, in the midst of such a career, a prospect of some patronage which seems likely to enrich him at once, or if he falls into the heritage of some antiquated claims to property or title, which he thinks it necessary to prosecute, it is ten to one that he declines from that moment, and is finally ruined. The only true way to make a happy progress through this world, is to go on in a dogged, persevering pursuit of one good object, neither turning to the right nor to the left, making our business as much as possible our pleasure, and not permitting ourselves to awake from our *dream of activity*—not permitting ourselves to think that we have been active—till we suddenly find ourselves at the goal of our wishes, with fortune almost unconsciously within our grasp.

Now, it is a most violent and unhappy disturbance of this system, to be always poking about after large favours from friends, whether for the purpose of adding fuel to what we think a good fire, or preserving a bad one from extinction. All that is obtained in this way is obtained against the very spirit of correct business, and is likely to be only mischievous to both parties. In the first place, it is probable that we shall not make such a good use of money got thus in a slump, without being painfully and gradually won, as of that which is the acquisition of our own daily industry. Then, it is always a presumption against a man that he should require such subsidies; and, accordingly, his commercial reputation is apt to suffer from every request he makes. Next, to consider the case in reference to the friend from whom the demand is made, it is obviously a most unfair thing, that, when men find it so necessary to be cautious in adventuring money on unusual risks, even for their own interest, and are, in such circumstances, so strongly called upon to make themselves acquainted with every circumstance of the case before venturing—when, moreover, they only do so in the prospect of an unusual profit—I say it is unfair, that, when they only adventure money on their own account under these circumstances, they should be called upon occasionally to adventure it for the profit of a friend, without knowing any thing of the likelihood of its turning out well, without being able to take any of those expedients which they would use in their own case for insuring its eventual re-appearance, without the least chance of profit to compensate the risk—trusting the whole, in fact, to the uncertain and hidden sea of another man's mind, when perhaps they would not trust it upon their own, with a full knowledge of soundings, tide, wind, and pilotage. Men may grant such favours, from their dislike to express such a want of confidence in a friend as a refusal is supposed to intimate. But this proceeds upon the erroneous principle that the refusal indicates want of confidence. In reality, it ought only to be held as indicating a want of confidence in the particular line of use upon which it is to be adventured. When the man *now* wanting the loan of money expresses himself as certain to reproduce it at the proper time, he pledges too much of his honour; for there cannot be a stronger proof of the unlikelihood of his having money *then* than his wanting it *now*, so that the uncertainty of the reproduction of the sum could never be greater. The person from whom it is demanded is entitled, therefore, to take care that the petitioner is not deceiving both himself and the individual whom he wishes to supply his necessities.

Humanity, kindred, friendship, have many claims; and these will always be considered and answered by a man of good feelings. All that is here contended for, is the inconsistency of a system of large accommodations with just business, as well as with the real interests of either of the two parties concerned. Upon the whole, a man will not only be obliging himself in the best manner, but he will also be obliging society in a higher degree than he otherwise could do, if he simply looks well after himself, so that he never requires a favour. Let no man be unduly alarmed at the outcry of "*selfishness*;" it is the only principle which can ever become nearly general, and therefore the only one which can be equal or impartial in its action. When this cry is raised, let the petitioned party always take pains to consider whether he in reality is the selfish person—whether the odium of that bad feeling does not indeed rather lie with the petitioner, who is content, for the purpose of saving himself some present inconvenience, or otherwise advantaging himself, to bring a portion of his friend's substance into hazard—for hazard, of course, there always is, whenever money leaves the possession of its owner, and in hardly any kind of adventure is it ever in greater peril than when lent, or engaged for, in this manner, without the prospect of a profit. It is, in a great measure, a mere error arising from want of reflection, to suppose that there can only be inhumanity on the part of the individual who refuses to lend or become bound. Inhumanity, of course, there may often be in such refusals; but is there to be no sympathy, on the other hand, for the friend betrayed? Are we only to have pity for the man who wants money—no matter through what causes he wants it—in March, and none for him

who is called upon to undertake the risk of having to pay it in June, to his grievous inconvenience? Does pity only acknowledge the present tense, and not the future? Is it so silly a passion that it only feels for the present wants of an individual who goes a-borrowing, and has no regard to the contingent sorrows of him who, without fault of his own, but with every merit to the contrary, is beguiled into a ruin he did not purchase, in the ineffectual attempt, perhaps, to save one who, supposing him to be personally as worthy, was at least the only person with whom blame, if blame there be, can in such a case be said to rest.

SUMMARY.—Fortune is most easily and most certainly to be won by your own unaided exertions. Therefore, depend as little as possible upon prospects of advantages from others, all of whom, you will find, have enough ado with themselves. Be liberal, affable, and kind; but, knowing that you cannot do more injury to society than by greatly injuring yourself, exercise a just caution in giving way to the solicitations of your friends. Never be too ready to convince yourself that it is right to involve yourself largely, in order to help any person into a particular station in society; rather let him begin at the bottom, and he will be all the better fitted for his place, when he reaches it, by having fought his way up through the lower stages.

THE VICTIM OF FACILITY.

As an illustration of the preceding little essay, we subjoin the memoirs of a person in real life, with which we have been supplied by a friend. We regret to be informed that the name alone is fictitious.

Heron of Bearcroft was the son of a clergyman in a remote part of Scotland, and, consequently, cannot be considered to have been born to great expectations; but the church, however poor in Scotland, is one of the few outlets for the families of men respectably born. Heron happened to be well connected, and by one accident and another, had, before he was thirty, succeeded, first to the farm and property of an uncle, considered worth about fifteen thousand pounds, and thereafter to the estate of another relative, which in those good days sold for at least fifteen thousand more. Here, one would think, was a princely fortune for a man born to no expectation whatever; and so it might have proved, had the possessor not been the most facile of human beings. Being unmarried, and known to be possessed of a fortune, he had many friends and visitors; and at length persons who at first considered it an honour to be received in his house, and who perhaps ought never to have been received in it, now lived and boarded there. The poor man, naturally social, though by no means riotous, was pleased with seeing people happy about him, and with hearing all their doings related as such high things. Affecting to remain unchanged by his good fortune, he still continued to occupy his uncle's farm; and pretending it did not suit a poor farmer to sport wine (which in these days, as the saying is, *was wine*), whisky was the only acknowledged drink of the house; though an impudent dog, by getting possession of the keys, might dig out a bottle of excellent port on occasion, or by going to the very bin he was forbidden to go to, perhaps one of claret or Burgundy. For the general drink of the house, there was a punchon like a grocer's store-cask in the cellar, and a barrel of sugar with a spade in it hard by. There were no regular dinners nor invitations, but there were very regular companies; and it was as regularly the rule that no company went on the day on which it came, or indeed for several days. In all events, come as they might, and stay as they might, poor Heron was too polite not to say he was glad to see them, and almost too good natured not to feel it. The consequences may be anticipated: late nights make bad morning men, and a bad morning man is a bad farmer. The farm was not only left to servants, but to servants satisfied they were under no effectual superintendence. The good-natured man not only kept an open house, but almost an open purse. He took payments as they were offered, conceiving every body to be honourable, as he was. He felt happy in having it in his power to oblige a friend, or to do a good action. He would take an acknowledgment or an obligation for money lent, if offered; but to exact it, or to dictate terms, would have been to doubt the honour of the parties. It may be supposed that in this way the fortune, which he conceived infinite, and which, indeed, would have been so to him, soon began to draw towards a limit. He saw it; but with an infatuation entirely common in higher men, but easily explicable in *their* circumstances, though not so in his, he could not think of being so rude as desire people to cease to devour his substance, who had been accustomed to it. I even recollect hearing, that, being in the market one day, and receiving one hundred pounds, a bet was taken, and, I am sorry to add, gained, that he could not refuse the loan of the money, though he was known himself to require it at the time. The person walked up, and, with some ridiculous preface, requested the loan. "Certainly, sir," said the infatuated man, drawing it from his pocket, and giving it. The bet was gained, but I do not recollect that it was added that the money was returned!

In a few years this person was a beggar; and having strongly in him the feelings of a gentleman, he was in a situation much more deplorable than that of most beggars. To prevent personal inconvenience, or to promote their own interests, some professional men,

who had known him in his better days, had his property placed under sequestration; and upon making the inspection usual in such circumstances, the state of things was deplorable. The furniture in the house was in a state of the greatest dilapidation, from the constant scenes of coarse revelry that had so long prevailed in it. All the servants were worthless as such, either from the total want of selection originally, or the habitual want of any rational superintendence. The horses and other stock, though most probably kept at much more expense than necessary, were almost in a starving state; but this was explained, by finding, on inspecting the barn, several bolls of grain, of different descriptions, stowed away among the straw, obviously deposited there by some servant for the purpose of being carried off, and either abstracted from the managers of the unfortunate animals, or deposited there instead of being carried to them. In short, all was ruin and dilapidation. A proper overseer being appointed, the farm assumed a very different aspect in a short time. The stock, being originally good, though abused, revived as by magic; the house was cleaned out; the furniture repaired and cleaned, with a view to sale; the servants even assumed a conduct and aspect as different as was the management of them; and, in short, all looked cheerful and prosperous, as it might always have been. The master only was unchangeable, or rather sunk into greater dejection. When the proper persons went to take possession of his house, he was found sitting at dinner. He had always been himself temperate, both in eating and drinking. His substance had been dissipated wholly by others. Persons in respectable circumstances had long ceased to visit him. He had no longer any suitable entertainments to give, or even the means of giving them suitably. His table ware had been destroyed, and not replaced; the knives and forks even had failed; and the servants, either overworked or careless, having no changes of table-linen, or deeming the guests unworthy of it, had ceased to think of supplying, or, at least, of cleaning it. Still he had guests! and when the persons above mentioned entered to strip him of every thing, he was sitting, in the utmost dejection it is true, with some beef and mutton bones before him, both in the same cracked dish, but dealing their remains to guests, who seemed, by their pertinacious adherence, determined to devour his last morsel.

These were all, as may be supposed, persons in desperate circumstances. They had received largely of this person's money to assist in their different schemes of life, but, instead of attending to their affairs, had preferred idleness and the hospitality of his house. Of course, they had not only never returned his money, but had in addition quartered themselves in his house; and it is questionable if they would not have considered abstaining to share his last crust a species of ingratitude!—a turning their backs upon their friend in his adversity! Be that as it may, there they were, and there they would have remained, had they not been brushed away by the same hand that removed their entertainer, and placed him on a temporary allowance, barely enabling him to support existence, in a quarter remote from all their usual haunts.

He came to Edinburgh, and there I had often occasion to see him; for having in his prosperous days warned him of the ruin that was coming upon him, he thought I must be able to devise some mode of alleviating it, now that it had happened. This, however, was impossible. The man who had proved so utterly incapable of managing his own affairs could not be considered fit to be entrusted with those of others. He could not labour; "and to beg he was ashamed." A small annuity, to be purchased by the bounty of those he had obliged, was the only thing that appeared possible in the circumstances. This was at first thought well of, for it was certain that many persons now in prosperous circumstances had received largely from him; and there being no vouchers of their debts, and, from this, no chance of their being recovered in the usual way, and for behoof of the creditors, it was hoped the subscription would be certain and liberal. Some of these persons did subscribe, in appearance liberally beyond their circumstances; but this led to inquiries, which showed that they had merely acted as decoys; and that, though he had taken no vouchers of *actual debt* from them, they had taken very sufficient guarantees against being called upon for any part of these unreal subscriptions! In short, the scheme entirely failed, and with it all the poor man's hopes. Even the pittance allowed by his creditors, was, it is said, withheld by their agent, or so negligently paid, that the object of their bounty often wanted even the bread they would have given him. As he sometimes stole to my residence in an evening, he at last mentioned these things; but as he seemed to feel keenly that they impeached his own prudence in times past, and his energy even now, he only muttered them through his teeth, as if his heart could not supply him strength to give them suitable utterance. His refusal to do justice to himself in any thing must at last have cooled all who wished him well; or, though his own hospitality had been taxed so unceremoniously, he must at last have declined to accept of any. Having confined himself at last on pretence of a severe cold, which, from inanition, and want of fire or covering, in an inclement season, he had doubtless caught, he appeared to have been forgotten. The consequences were melancholy. In a few weeks I was summoned to his funeral! and he appeared to have died from the want

of every comfort, or even necessary. He had neither had covering, food, nor fire, nor the means of procuring them! though he had never complained, nor would ever allow an exertion to be made for him—till too late. Then it was made without consulting him, but also without avail; and a man of an Herculean frame, and robust constitution, of temperate habits, and in possession of affluence, and never personally expensive in any thing; whose general information was extensive, his perceptions, as concerned others, clear, and his observations even keen and searching; who in this way showed that he had a very tolerable head, and whose heart was in the last degree honourable and affectionate; who had, in short, no fault so prominent as to excite observation, except an inexplicable FACILITY—this man, at the age of fifty-five, died a beggar, deserted and despised, with an exhausted constitution and a broken heart!

It would be painful even to think what must have been the feelings of this man when he lay down, as he doubtless did, abandoning all hope so far as this world was concerned, and desirous only to have done with it, and with existence. What a retrospect must have risen up to him, of comfort lost, and opportunities of doing good neglected; of money squandered, not only without doing good, but to the encouragement of idleness, dissipation, and every worthless propensity; assisting only the most unworthy and ungrateful, and depriving himself, by his over-confidence, of even the means of punishing them!—in short, of fortune and comfort lost, and talents misapplied. The man who is precipitated from fortune in spite of every honourable endeavour to the contrary, has some consolation in the reflection that he has done the best; but the thoughtless squanderer has no consolation. Reflection only embitters every misery; and unless he is of a mould very different from what is common in such cases, he sees no hope but in having done with life and consciousness together.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ATTRACTION.

THE word attraction is employed to denote that power or force by which all kinds of matter, whether of the size of atoms or of worlds, are drawn towards each other. There is, perhaps, no law of nature which produces phenomena so universally and continually presented to our observation, as attraction. If we lift our eyes to the starry heavens, and observe the motion, or, as Milton terms it, the "mystic dance" of these shining orbs, we find it, like an invisible rein, curbing them in their amazing journeys through the trackless ether, and compelling them to deviate from the rectilinear or straightforward course in which they would otherwise run, and wheel in a circular manner round some other body, the centre of their orbits of motion. Or if we turn our attention to the globe we inhabit, we find it drawing down to the earth again the stone which we have thrown into the air; or we see it forming into a globe the little drop of dew which hangs like an appropriate gem upon the delicate leaf of a flower. Or we see two contiguous drops upon the same spray, when brought near to each other, but still situated at a distance sufficient to be discerned by the eye, at last suddenly rush together and become one. Or we can detect its operations in uniting a few simple substances in various proportions, and producing the wonders of vegetable organisation in infinite variety and never-failing symmetry! How sublime, yet how simple; how minute, yet how comprehensive and magnificent, is this law! at once exercising a power over the smallest atoms around us, while at the same time it is determining the revolutions of the gigantic and innumerable orbs that roll throughout the universe; a height and a depth, a breadth and a length of existence, which imagination in vain attempts to picture, or reason to calculate. This law is indispensable for the preservation and existence of the present order of things; and it would not be difficult to show that the suspension of it, even with respect to a single star, would, in course of time, spread disorder and anarchy throughout the universe. But its invariable operation is the certainty of destiny. Without this unchangeableness, philosophy would be only a doctrine of chances; but eclipses for thousands of years to come, for instance (supposing our world were to remain as it is for that period), can be calculated upon without fear of error, almost to the beat of the stopwatch!

The subject of attraction naturally separates itself into two grand divisions. There is, first, the attraction which is exercised by masses of matter, situated at sensible distances from each other; and, secondly, the attraction existing amongst the atoms constituting these masses, which takes place at insensible distances. These two heads are again subdivided, the former into the attractions of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism; and the latter into those of aggregation or cohesion; and chemical attraction or affinity. Many philosophers have supposed, and with some degree of plausibility, that all these varieties depend upon some ultimate power of matter, and may thus be reduced into one; yet as no conclusive argument has been adduced in support of the hypothesis, it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with speculative theories, even allowing that they are probably correct.

By gravitation is meant that power which draws the objects of the universe towards each other. The sublime genius of Newton, it is said, conceived the

idea of universal attraction from the simple incident of an apple falling from a tree in his garden. May not, he reasoned, the power which draws this apple to the ground with unerring certainty, be the same as that which regulates the movements of the celestial systems? And so, following up this idea, he made a series of discoveries the most brilliant that ever adorned the annals of philosophy. He proved satisfactorily that what we term *weight* is nothing more than an instance of universal attraction, which decreases in intensity as we recede from the earth in distance. This of course suggested the idea that weight must be less on the tops of mountains, and in balloons, than at the sea shore, or on plains, which is the fact. What weighs one thousand pounds at the sea shore, weighs five pounds less at the top of mountains of a certain height, as is proved experimentally by a spring balance; and, at the distance of the moon, the weight or attraction towards the earth of one thousand pounds is diminished to five ounces. This has been proved by astronomical tests.

Before proceeding farther, it may be necessary to inform the reader of the manner in which gravitation operates on its amplest scale in regulating the movements of the unnumbered orbs which compose the system of the universe. All bodies have a tendency to continue in the state of motion or of rest in which they are put. In other words, bodies do not acquire motion, nor lose motion, nor change the kind or degree of their motion, unless some force or another be applied to them. This property, as it may be termed, is called in scientific language the *inertia* of matter. For instance, when an arrow is shot from a bow, it would proceed onward through the infinity of space to all eternity, if some force did not curb its speed, and finally draw it to the earth. And what power is this? Plainly that of attraction. Besides, there is the resistance which the air offers to every body heavier than itself passing through it. Now, space originally was a vast vacuity, we shall suppose, in which there being no matter, there could exist none of the laws of matter. When the Divine Creator brought into existence our own system, to take a familiar instance, he placed the sun in the centre, and endowed it, so to speak, with power and authority over all the other bodies within its range; they were compelled to pay obedience to it like the surrounding sheaves to the central one in Joseph's dream. The lesser or subordinate orbs may be supposed, for the sake of illustration, to have been hurled from the plastic hands of the Deity in a straightforward course, in which they would for ever have moved, had not the sun possessed the power of attracting them to its centre, and compelling them to revolve round him. There was just as much attraction given as would keep them in their proper orbits of motion, and just that degree of impetus imparted which would prevent them from coalescing with the sun on the one hand, or departing beyond the sphere of his attraction on the other.

To this principle we are also indebted for the flux and reflux of the tides, which, as is well known, are caused by the moon's attraction. It is also the cause of the roundness of our earth, of the moon, the planets, and the sun itself. Hence it may be inferred that originally all matter was, to a certain extent, in a fluid state, and that at the divine behest the atoms were endowed with attractive qualities, by which they were impelled to a common centre, and thus the congregated masses assumed a globular form. At New South Wales, which is situated nearly opposite to England on the earth's surface, planets hang and stones fall towards the centre of the globe, just as they do here; and the people there are standing with their feet towards us: hence they are called our antipodes, from two Greek words—*anti* opposite, and *podes* the feet. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain will be attracted to it in a degree exactly proportioned to its magnitude. This fact was ascertained by Dr Maskeleyne, near the mountain Shehallion in Scotland. But the plummet was not so strongly attracted to the mountain as it was to the earth, because the magnitude of the latter was so much greater than that of the former. Let it always be kept in view that it is size, in connection with distance, which determines the force of gravitation, and this may be illustrated by a few familiar facts.

A falling body receives fresh velocity every moment of its descent, while a body projected into the air loses velocity every moment of its ascent. Both propositions are illustrated by a very simple experiment. Sling a stone into the air, and the eye will be found incapable of following it till it has reached a certain height, when we can easily observe its progress. Upwards it rises slower and slower, and for a moment before it has reached and after it has passed its climax, there is scarcely any motion perceptible; just as the tide at the full appears for a moment neither to ebb nor to flow. Downwards the stone descends, however, gathering fresh velocity in every inch of its declination, until, as it approaches nearer to the earth, the eye can scarcely follow it. This may no doubt be partly accounted for from the well-known circumstance, that, to the eye, bodies seen at a distance seem to move slower than they do when we stand nearer to them. But, in our calculations, the fallacy arising from this circumstance is comparatively trifling. The propositions have not only been proved by the most incontestible philosophical experiments, but a few familiar facts, when recalled to memory, will settle the point. Let a ball drop from the hand, and

it can be caught easily the first instant; let it accumulate its motion, however, and the hand in vain pursues it. Take an instance on a vast scale—suppose the cataract of Niagara. Slow and heavily the broad column of waters bends over the precipice. It grows thinner and thinner, while its motion rapidly increases, until at last it plunges down the deep descent into the Phlegethon below, with irresistible force and swiftness, carrying all before it.

All bodies, whatever their size or weight may be, should, from the law previously laid down, fall to the ground with the same speed. But this is found not to be the case. Here, for instance, is a ball of lead and a ball of cotton dropped from the same altitude at the same moment, and the lead has reached the earth some time before the cotton. At first sight this would really appear to be quite consistent with the law of nature; because there being, we shall say, a hundred parts more matter in the bullet than in the cotton, it will be drawn to the earth with a hundred times more force, the power of gravitation being always proportioned to the quantity of matter. But again, if there be a hundred parts more matter in the lead than in the other body, it of course requires a hundred times more attraction to bring it down, for bodies destitute of this quality, as was formerly observed, have no tendency to fall; and every atom of every description of matter is drawn to the earth with the same degree of force. What is it, then, which prevents the cotton from reaching the ground at the same moment with the weightier body? The resistance of the air. The bulks are equal, and of course the resistance offered to both is alike, but the one having a far greater number of atoms, and hence a far greater power of attraction in proportion to its bulk than the other, it overcomes the resistance with greater ease, or, in other words, it has far greater strength to expend with only the same obstructions to overcome, and hence it reaches its destination sooner. For illustration's sake, let us suppose there are two boats to start for the same goal. They are of equal size, and of course their bows present the same breadth of surface to the water, and are alike impeded by it. In the one boat there are two rowers, we shall suppose, and in the other six. They all pull with equal skill and power, and it is unnecessary to say which boat will reach its destination first. But suppose that the boat which had the smallest number of rowers were to be reduced in size, weight, and resistance, in a proportion which exactly counterbalanced the power which the other had over it, they would both arrive at the same time. Thus, if the cotton ball were reduced to the density of the lead, they would both reach the earth at the same time. The powers of attraction possessed by the two substances, without attenuating our simile to an invisible thinness, may be compared to the physical energy exercised in the two several boats; and though the comparison be not perfect in some respects, it is sufficiently so in others to give a forcible illustration of the subject. In fine, it is found that in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, that is, a glass vessel deprived of its air, a feather and a guinea fall to the bottom at the same instant. It would not serve the end contemplated were the subject of gravitation to be pursued through all its labyrinthine, and demonstrated by mathematical symbols. The point aimed at is rather to kindle up a desire for philosophical study, than to supply the materials of it.

It is unnecessary to enter more particularly into these subjects at present, as they will be investigated and explained in all their relations in some future numbers of this Journal.

We shall now turn to the other grand division of the subject, namely, the attraction exercised between particles of matter situated at short or insensible distances from each other. Cohesive attraction is that power which retains atoms of the same kind together in masses. When two drops of the same sort of liquid are placed near to each other, as was remarked at the commencement, they attract each other, and uniting together, form one globule. The roundness of the drop is caused by this attraction. If two globules of quicksilver on a smooth surface be brought near to each other, they will unite in a similar manner. They have also a tendency to remain in this state, and will not separate until some force be applied. Cohesion is strongest in solids. For instance, a bar of iron of half an inch in diameter, or even less, will defy all our efforts to break it with the hand. In fluids, the power is a great deal weaker, as is proved by the ease with which we can separate one portion of water from another. Small needles, however, can be made to float on water, their weight not being sufficient to overcome the cohesion of the fluid. In the same way many small insects walk on the surface of water without being wetted. In gaseous bodies, such as air, this attraction is entirely overcome, and a mutual repulsion exists amongst the particles, which is the cause of their elasticity. Cohesion is illustrated by the following facts:—When portions of the same size are cut from two leaden bullets, and the fresh surfaces being brought into contact, and slightly pressed, they will unite, and appear as if they had been originally cast in one piece. Fresh-cut surfaces of India-rubber cohere in a similar manner. There is a species of attraction called *adhesive* attraction, instances of which come frequently under observation. If water be poured from a jug which has not a projecting lip, it will not fall perpendicularly, but run down the outside of the vessel. Hence the reason of having a spout to such utensils. A plate of glass,

when brought into contact with a level surface of water, adheres to it with considerable tenacity, and resists a separation. Pieces of wood floating in a pond attract each other, and remain in contact; and the wrecks of vessels, when the sea is smooth, are often found gathered together in heaps.

There is a species of attraction called *capillary*, which takes place under the following circumstances:—When one end of an open glass tube is put into water, the enclosed liquid stands above the level of that on the outside, and it rises always the higher the smaller the bore of the tube is; the surrounding glass, being thus nearer to the water, attracts it more powerfully. A piece of lump sugar, whose lowest corner touches the water, soon becomes moistened throughout. Thus also the wick of a lamp or candle draws up the oil or tallow to supply combustion. The sap which rises from the roots to the tops of vegetables, though chiefly an action of vegetable life, partly depends on capillary attraction for its ascent.

We come now to a most important and interesting part of the subject, namely, *chemical attraction*, or *affinity*.

There are in nature about fifty-four substances, which are termed elements, from the impossibility of human skill or industry to reduce them to any thing simpler. These elements, uniting together by the power of chemical attraction, form the infinite variety of objects around us. The investigation of this subject, from its great extent and vast importance, would require a separate article of itself to do it any thing like justice; but we hope to be able to give a general idea of it, sufficiently attractive to induce the reader to pursue the subject in more laborious compilations.

Chemical attraction is exercised between particles of dissimilar bodies, which, uniting, form a new substance possessing properties different from those of its ingredients. Frequently, indeed, the qualities of the compound are exactly the opposite of those of its constituents, as in the case of water. This liquid is composed of hydrogen, one of the most inflammable bodies known, and oxygen, the grand supporter of combustion on the globe. Yet when these are united, they form a fluid possessing qualities so totally different from their own, that it destroys all flame whatsoever, unless, indeed, the heat be so intense as to decompose the water; and frequently the same component parts, when united in different proportions, produce the most opposite substances. Thus the common air which we breathe is composed of the very same elements as aquafortis. All bodies have not a chemical attraction for each other. Thus oil and water, though shaken together, will never be made to unite; but if lime water is employed, a union takes place, and the result is a new compound, which is insoluble in water. Again, sulphuric acid, or vitriol, will not dissolve or unite with gold; but it will with copper or iron (besides a great variety of other bodies), forming in the first instance sulphate of copper or blue vitriol; and in the second, sulphate of iron or copperas. Common sea sand and soda, when heated together, attract each other, and, combining, form glass. What are called acids and alkalis have a strong affinity for each other, and their compounds form a class of substances called salts, which are most important in the arts and manufactures. Oil of vitriol and soda, for instance, combine with great facility, and the compound is Glauber salt.

Thus, by the existence and exercise of this peculiar property of matter, are formed the endless diversity of substances which constitute the mass of our globe. It is impossible to contemplate the subject of attraction in general, without a feeling of religious reverence and awe for the Divine Being who drew the mighty plan, set it in motion at first, and sustains it so still. But the wisdom of it is not more conspicuous than the benevolence. Indeed, the operations of all the various laws of nature are to man so many various sources of enjoyment. He stands as it were the centre of the system of life and nature around him. What attraction is in the abstract, human sagacity has not yet, and probably never will, unravel.

The chain of cause and effect here breaks off, or rather for the present may be said to terminate in the Deity. Future philosophers, however, may discover a proximate cause, and even trace the golden links through a thousand beautiful windings, but in a Divine Creator they must merge at last.

THE CROOKED STICK.

[By Mrs S. C. HALL.]

"And took the crooked stick at last!"

"Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemingly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry; and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of

her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and bye, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her indecision and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech!

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life.

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retroussé*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?" "Mountainous!" "Such expressive eyes?" "Volcanoes!" "Paha!—such grace?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, what do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—a—"

"Simply a woman, my dear fellow; not indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese features, smoke-dried skins and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules; nor yet one of your be-scented, spider-waisted primities, who lisp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say—Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may—I think—say *deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. I should feel blessed if the lady of my love were possessed of *six*."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing; "I pray you tell me what they are?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beauclerc drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his penknife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu! *au revoir*!" And with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last *cavatina*, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable; the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

To look forward for a period of five-and-twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable something pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature is a hopeful spirit!

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablet the six indispensable qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty

still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(heaven bless the word!)—sensible chaperons, that Lord Charles's *once* beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his *once* exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings." Then his figure had grown rotund: he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Ude in his best days; desoated upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine*, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr Dolby's "*Sauce à l'Aurore*." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "*of a certain age*." A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage: then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool-hardy*—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy: the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society: and whatever spleen he had, he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals), on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful as ever; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither rattled nor sneaked; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fireside circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sat gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he was happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill timed; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than "evening," when he exclaimed, "Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior—"

"Only a few months, my dear friend—my birthday is in May, yours in the January of the next year."

"Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth (it is however a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship), I am really a married man!—There—I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction. Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it was some five-and—But no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote this morning—only this very morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were—and do you know (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket," continued the

worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, "intending to show them to my eldest son—for there's a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—my dear lord, what is the matter?—you look ill." To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed—he fidgetted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. "Never mind the tablets, my good friend," said he at last; "men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance."

"Your pardon, my lord—less of romance than most young men," replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, "decidedly less of romance than most young men—and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands 'NOBLE BIRTH'; right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances's weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen." Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connections are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines,

'I have a passion for the name of Mary!'

—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly *one of us*—but a highly respectable person, I assure you: his name is Soroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—the glass of fashion and the mould of form—the star, the idol of *ton* and taste—married—positively married to Molly Soroggins of Bunhill Row!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her *BEAUTY*—glancing at the tablets—"

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*—she is all animation—"

'Happy nature, wild and simple—'

rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy (doubtless signifying red-faced), laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city butlerman, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both *PRUDENCE* and *WIT*, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh, yes—*prudence* I dare say she will have, much cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to *wit*, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."

"GENTLENESS and FIDELITY," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauclerc Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.

"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir," (to his son), "you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—FIDELITY—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad

to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a lion for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors.”—*Edin. Literary Journal*.

THE INVENTION OF “IRISH BLACKGUARD.”

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer, some six-and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Essex Bridge, in Dublin, where he made the common-scented snuffs then in vogue. In preparing the snuffs, it was usual to dry them by a kiln at night, which kiln was always left in strict charge of a man appointed to regulate the heat, and see the snuffs were not spoiled. The man usually employed in this business, Larey by name, a tight boy of Cork, chanced to get drunk over the “cratur” (i. e. a little whisky), that he had gotten to comfort him, and, quite regardless of his watch, fell fast asleep, leaving the snuff drying away. Going his usual round in the morning, Lundy Foot found the kiln still burning, and its guardian lying snoring with the fatal bottle, now empty, in his right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and giving way to his rage, he instantly began belabouring the shoulders of the sleeper with the stick he carried.

“Och, be quiet wid ye; what the devil’s the matter, master, that ye be playing that game?” shouted the astounded Larey, as he sprang up and capered about under the influence of the other’s walking cane.

“You infernal scoundrel, I’ll teach you to get drunk, fall asleep, and suffer my property to get spoiled,” uttered the enraged manufacturer, as each word was accompanied by a blow across the dancing Mr Larey’s shoulders.

“Stop! stop! wid ye, now! sure you wouldn’t be ather spaking to ye’r ould sarvant that way—the snuff’s only a little dryer, or so, may be,” exclaimed “the boy,” trying to soften matters.

“You big blackguard you, didn’t you get drunk and fall asleep?” interrogated his master, as he suspended his arm for a moment.

“Och, by all the saints, that’s a good ‘un now—where can be the harm of slaapping wid a drop or so? besides—but hould that shillelah—hear a man spake rason.”

Just as Lundy Foot’s wrath had in some degree subsided in this serio-comic scene, and he had given the negligent watcher his nominal discharge, who should come in but a couple of merchants? They instantly gave him a large order for the snuffs they were usually in the habit of purchasing, and requested to have it ready for shipping by the next day. Not having near so large a quantity at the time by him, in consequence of what had happened, he related the occurrence to them, at the same time, by way of illustration, pointing out the trembling Larey, occupied in rubbing his arms and back, and making all kinds of contortions.

Actuated by curiosity, the visitors requested to look at the snuff, although Lundy Foot told them, from the time it had been drying, it must be burnt to a chip. Having taken out the tins, they were observed to emit a burnt flavour any thing but disagreeable, and on one of the gentlemen taking a pinch up and putting it to his nose, he pronounced it the best snuff he had ever tasted. Upon this, the others made a similar trial, and all agreed that chance had brought it to a degree of perfection before unknown. Reserving about a third, Lundy Foot sold the rest to his visitors. The only thing that remained now was to give it a name; for this purpose, in a facetious mood, arising from the sudden turn affairs had taken, the master called his man to him who was lingering near—“Come here, you Irish blackguard, and tell these gentlemen what you call this snuff, of your own making.”

Larey, who did not want acuteness, and perceived the aspect of things, affected no trifling degree of sulky indignation, as he replied—“And is it a name ye’r in want of, sir?—fah! I should have thought it was the last thing you couldn’t give; without, indeed, you’ve given all your stock to me already. You may even call it ‘Irish Blackguard,’ stidd of one Michael Larey.”

Upon this hint he spake, and as many a true word is spoken in jest, so was it christened on the spot. The snuff was sent to England immediately, and to different places abroad, where it soon became a favourite to so great a degree, that the proprietor took out a patent, and rapidly accumulated a handsome fortune. Such are the particulars connected with the discovery of the far-famed Lundy Foot, or Irish Blackguard—for which we are indebted to a member of the Irish bar, who was a resident in Dublin at the time.”—*Miller’s Nootiana*.

LIBERTY.

Shame! that any should have been found to speak lightly of liberty, whose worth is so testified—whose benefits are so numerous and so rich. Moralists have praised it—poets have sung it—the gospel has taught and breathed it—patriots and martyrs have died for it. As a temporal blessing, it is beyond all comparison and above all praise. It is the air we breathe—the food we eat—the raiment that clothes us—the sun that enlightens, and vivifies, and gladdens, all on whom it shines. Without it, what are honours and riches, and all similar endowments? They are the trappings of a hearse—they are the garnishings of a sepulchre; and with it the crust of bread, and the cup of water, and the lowly hovel, and the barren rock, are luxuries

which it reaches and enables us to rejoice in. He who knows what liberty is, and can be glad and happy when placed under a tyrant’s rule, and at the disposal of a tyrant’s caprice, is like the man who can laugh and be in merry mood at the grave, where he has just deposited all that should have been loveliest in his eye, and all that should have been dearest to his heart. What is slavery, and what does it do? It darkens and degrades the intellect—it paralyses the hand of industry—it is the nourisher of agonising fears and of sullen revenge—it crushes the spirit of the bold—it belies the doctrines, it contradicts the precepts, it resists the power, it sets at defiance the sanctions, of religion—it is the tempter, and the murderer, and the tomb, of virtue—and either blasts the felicity of those over whom it domineers, or forces them to seek for relief from their sorrows in the gratifications, and the mirth, and the madness, of the passing hour.—*Dr A. Thomson’s Sermons*, 1829.

ST DOMINGO, OR HAITI.

ALL the world has heard of the revolution which, upwards of thirty years since, was effected in the island of St Domingo, in the West Indies, by the rising of the slave population, and the massacre of their French masters. The subsequent establishment of a free government of blacks, and the absence of all foreign or white interference in the government of the island, naturally raise our curiosity, and lead us to inquire how these negroes have conducted their affairs, or if they be in reality more comfortable than they were under the surveillance of the French and Spanish monarchies. The publication of a work entitled, “Notes on Haiti” (such being now the ordinary name of the country), by Charles Mackenzie, Esq. late his majesty’s consul-general in Haiti, gives us an opportunity of gleanings a number of instructive particulars regarding this interesting republic, and may here be taken advantage of. The period of Mr Mackenzie’s visit was 1826-7. It will be recollected that the population of Haiti still speak the French language.

Port-au-Prince, the capital of the island, and the seat of government, is situated at the bottom of a very deep bay, and nearly surrounded by marshy ground. Under a burning sun, it is eminently unhealthy, and its insalubrity is not a little increased by the interruption that the sea-breeze meets with in its progress from the island of Genave, which blocks up the entrance to the bay. During the months of May, June, July, August, and September, the heat is most intense; for a considerable time my thermometer reached ninety-nine degrees every day in the shade. The consequence of these concurrent causes is mortal disease among new comers. The climate and new rum are omnipotent. The practice of attending funerals is carried to an extraordinary height, and I can with truth declare that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence were to funerals.

I have been repeatedly asked, is there any court in Haiti? Were I to answer directly, I should say that there is none according to the European standard, and I suspect that there is nothing to correspond with the republican levees of Washington. Sunday is the only fixed public day, and at six o’clock in the morning the President receives all persons, whether natives or foreigners. Besides these weekly exhibitions, there are three days consecrated by the thirty-fourth article of the revised constitution of 1816 to public festivity, and in each of these the President holds a public court. The days are the 1st of January, the anniversary of Haitian independence; the 2d of April, that of the birth of Petim, the founder of the republic; and 1st of May, that of the establishment of the ‘Fête d’Agriculture.’

The subjects or citizens of the district of Port-au-Prince were divided into three great classes; viz. a very few white men—every shade of colour between white and black—and the negroes. In the order of their numerical proportions, they stand thus: black, coloured, white. The first two of these classes are again subdivided in reality (though all professing a common allegiance) into all the national distinctions of Europe and America; for by the forty-fourth article of the constitution, all Indians, Africans, and their descendants, whether of mixed or pure blood, may become citizens after a residence of twelve months. The residence, however, is often dispensed with, though contrary to the theory of the constitution. Hence Haiti, in general, becomes a place of refuge to all persons of those classes, who either have, or suppose themselves to have, reason to be dissatisfied with their own country; and the capital, from natural causes, is the place of principal resort, especially on first emigration. The remainder are native-born Haitians, having every peculiarity of opinion that may be imagined to have been engendered by their situation and circumstances. Such at least is the opinion of the best-informed persons, natives as well as strangers. Notwithstanding the discordance of these materials, the government asserts that all the feelings and prejudices, either of the olden time, or on the subject of colour, or on that of natural origin, have been absorbed by intense patriotism; others, again, aver that in no part of the world do prejudices and feelings exist to so great an extent as in the capital itself, and I am disposed to fear that the latter opinion is the most correct, from many facts; but most especially so from the maintenance of the 38th article of the constitution, which proscribes all whites from being citi-

zens, in spite of the conviction of the most enlightened of the chiefs, who, I cannot but believe, reluctantly defer to the prejudices of the many. I made many inquiries on this point; for besides its importance in determining the political concord of the republic, I was curious to ascertain how far a revolution, preceded by an hostility to prejudice of colour, had ended, with reference to what has been professed to be its most active immediate cause.”

We cannot but esteem the above account of the state of citizenship as exceedingly worthy of attention. It no less than appears that in the vaunted black republic of Haiti there is a law to prevent white men becoming free citizens, or, in the words of the 38th article of the constitution, “Aucun blanc, quelque soit sa nation, ne pourra mettre les pieds sur ce territoire à titre de maître ou de propriétaire.” Alas, for poor human nature. We are informed by the author that the indolence which pervades all ranks and all hues of the people, is a striking feature in their character. A general air of listlessness, which may be aptly described as “a death-like languor which is not repose,” pervades all classes. This national indolence of the free blacks of Haiti is described as being the means of keeping the country almost in a state of nature. To such an extent is this carried, that whole districts are now found covered with tall rank weeds, which within the last thirty years were covered with sugar establishments. Of a place called Lator, the author mentions that there were “formerly one thousand seven hundred carreaus (each containing about three hundred and eighty square French feet) in canes; above one thousand five hundred slaves were employed on it; three sugar mills were constantly at work, and excellent sugar was made. Now about seven carreaus are in cultivation; not fifty labourers are employed; and the only produce is a little syrup and tafia, which last is retailed in a small shop by the road side, in front of the President’s residence.

“The very little field labour effected is generally performed by elderly people, principally old Guinea negroes. No measures of the government can induce the young creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The whole body of proprietors constantly lament the total incapacity of the government to enforce labour. In reply to inquiries I made respecting corporal punishments, I have the following answers:—The laws recognise no other punishment than fine and imprisonment with hard labour, although it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiery and military police use a species of heavy jointed cane in a most arbitrary and sometimes cruel manner; but almost always, from the natural obstinacy of the negroes, without the intended effect. The few young females that live on plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery. This is tolerated by the soldiery and military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means. The rent of land is from two to three dollars an acre, and money is lent at 75 per cent per annum!”

The author afterwards informs us that in that portion of the island formerly under the Spanish government, the inhabitants, coloured and black, are very superior in point of moral character, and exhibit industrious habits. Nearly the whole of the foreign commerce of the country is conducted by foreign merchants, as the credit of the natives is not so generally established either at home or abroad, as to command the confidence of European and North American shippers; but the business of the foreigner is exceedingly limited by the 21st article of the law of patents. The purchasers from the foreigner cannot, under such regulations, be the great body of consumers. An intermediate class is thus created, chiefly, if not exclusively composed of women called “marchandes,” who employ a number of hucksters that traverse the country. The principal articles of import are linens, cotton goods of all kinds, some few woollens, cutlery, iron goods, wines, brandies, provisions (beef, pork, and fish), flour, butter, cheese, lard, candles (chiefly spermaceti), refined sugar, oil, lumber generally, coarse iron goods, earthen ware, tin plates, &c. The staple produce of the country is coffee; besides which there is cotton, logwood, lignumvitæ, mahogany, cigars, tortoise-shell, hides, cocoa, cassia, tobacco, raw sugar, wax, ginger, &c. Nothing conveys such a striking picture of the indolent habits of the people, and of the political distractions which for many years they laboured under, as the deplorable fact that the exports from the island have declined to comparatively nothing since the date of its emancipation from the French and Spanish yoke. Sugar, for example (says Macculloch), since 1789, has fallen off from 141,000,000 to 32,866 lbs.; coffee from about 77,000,000 to little more than 32,000,000 lbs.; cotton from 7,000,000 to 620,000 lbs.; indigo from 758,000 lbs. to nothing; molasses from 26,000 lbs. to nothing, &c. What a comment does this short statement furnish on the comparative value of compulsory and free West India labour! The result is painful to the mind of the philanthropist, as well as the adherent of a generous code of political economy.

LONG BREAKFAST.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said, “John, you make a long breakfast.” “Master,” answered John, “a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of.”

HIGHLAND STORIES.

ROBERT ROBERTSON.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a party of twelve Camerons made a creach or foray into the lands of Robertson of Struan, and carried off all the cattle upon one particular farm. In the morning when the theft was discovered, Robert Robertson, called *Bane* on account of his fair complexion, who was the son of the farmer, and nearly related to the laird, took his broadsword and target, and though but a stripling, set out instantly in pursuit of the robbers. He came up to them on the top of a hill between Rannoch and Lochaber, and accosting the leader of the Camerons, demanded back his father's cattle. This was of course refused, and the party seemed to ridicule the chivalrous violence of the youth; but Robert challenged their commander to single fight; and as it was not consistent with the Highlander's notions of honour to refuse, the challenge was accepted. Before engaging, the leader desired his men to stand back, and upon no account to interfere, or to use Robertson badly, in case of his gaining the victory. A tough personal combat then ensued, in which it was soon seen that Robbie Bane's youthful ardour was no fit match for the cool practised vigour of his opponent. His strength becoming exhausted, he was on the point of yielding himself, when a slight advantage of ground put it in his power to finish the combat with honour and success. Getting upon a small hillock, which placed him rather above his antagonist, he collected all his remaining strength for one tremendous blow, which, though given at random, fortunately felled the Cameron, and decided the contest in his favour. The reavers were dreadfully incensed at the fall of their leader, and would perhaps have dispatched the victor upon the spot, had not their attention been directed to the recovery of the fallen man. While they were busied about him, young Robertson went to a rivulet to wash his wounds; and while he was stooping down, one of the Camerons levelled a gun at his head, but was prevented from shooting by a companion, who said that they ought at least to delay their vengeance till the fate of their wounded clansman was determined. This was agreed to by all present, and Bane was forthwith seized, and conducted along with the vanquished hero to a bothy in the neighbourhood, where he was seated in the *ben end* upon a seat of turf to await the issue. Cameron was laid out in the other end of the house, and his companions watched anxiously over him. While they were thus engaged, Robert Bane took the opportunity to whisper a girl of the cottage, and desired her to go to Rob Roy, who was then in the neighbourhood, to tell him that a Robertson was in distress (mentioning the name of the place), and that his presence was earnestly entreated. The girl executed her errand with dispatch, and Rob Roy hastening off, entered the cottage with twenty-four followers just as Cameron breathed his last. Rob mingled with the throng, heard the story, expressed some sympathy, and concluded by taking Robertson under his protection, and leading him from the cottage, to the great disappointment of the Camerons, who glared fiercely at their intended victim, though they durst not fall upon him in such company. The gallant Macgregor conducted the young Highlander into Rannoch, the ground of his chief, where he left him, desiring him to present his compliments to the laird, and telling him that he might now consider himself safe from immediate danger, though caution would be required in all his future intercourse with the Camerons. After this, Robertson was engaged in both the rebellions, was the father of a family, and died at a good old age. But so much was his dread of the Camerons, that he never slept without his arms all around his pillow, and never heard a door suddenly open, without drawing his dirk and standing upon the defensive. He could not be suddenly approached without betraying some emotion, and none durst rouse him from his sleep except his wife, so apt would he have been to plunge his weapon in their bosom.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Highland funerals are usually celebrated with a great deal of festivity. At their late wakes, or watchings of the corpse, many games used to be played; but now decorum has substituted the amusements of dancing and drinking for all other diversions. Two young men once converted to give the company a fright, and it was to be done in the following manner:—One of them secretly contrived to shift the corpse from the bed, and to put himself in its place, with the intention of starting up in sight of the mourners, on the signal of a whistle being given by his companion. All was prepared, and the dance went merrily on for some time, when the young man, judging it time to give the signal, whistled softly towards the bed upon which the supposed dead body was extended. To his surprise, his companion did not start up as he expected. Again he whistled, and no notice was taken of his signal. He whistled yet louder, and again and again, and in the extremity of the moment gave vent to a certain expressive modulation of notes, meant to convey a sense of impatience and alarm, and which has since been converted into a regular and well-known tune. But his companion was still silent, and apparently without motion. He at last went up to the bed, and threw down the clothes, when he found his friend as cold as the corpse which he had meant to represent. He was actually dead.

If this event was brought about through the influence of a peculiar state of feeling, arising from his situation, how mysteriously horrible must that feeling have been!

SCOTLAND IN 1661.

[Extracted from Ray's Itineraries.]

AUGUST the 17th, we travelled to Dunbar, a town noted for the fight between the English and Scots. The Scots generally (that is, the poorer sort) wear, the men blue bonnets on their heads, and some russet; the women only white linen, which hangs down their backs as if a napkin were pinned about them. When they go abroad, none of them wear hats, but a party-coloured blanket, which they call a plaid, over their heads and shoulders. The women generally to us seemed none of the handsomest. They are not very cleanly in their houses, and but sluttish in dressing their meat. Their way of washing linen is to tuck up their coats, and tread them with their feet in a tub. They have a custom to make up the fronts of their houses, even in their principal towns, with fir boards, nailed one over another, in which are often made many round holes or windows, to put out their heads. In the best Scottish houses, even the king's palaces, the windows are not glazed throughout, but the upper part only; the lower have two wooden shuts or folds, to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. The Scots cannot endure to hear their country or countrymen spoken against. They have neither good bread, cheese, or drink; they cannot make them, nor will they learn. Their butter is very indifferent, and one would wonder how they could contrive to make it so bad. They use much pottage made of coal-wort, which they call *keal*, sometimes broth of decocted barley. The ordinary country houses are pitiful cots, built of stone, and covered with turves, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the windows very small holes, not glazed. In the most stately and fashionable houses in great towns, instead of ceiling they cover the chambers with fir boards, nailed on the roof withinside. They have rarely any *bellows* or *warming pans*. It is the manner in some places there to lay on but one sheet as large as two, turned up from the feet upwards. The ground in the valleys and plains bears good corn, but especially *beer*—*barley* or *bigge*, and *oats*, but rarely *wheat* and *rye*. We observed little or no fallow grounds in Scotland; some layed ground we saw, which they manured from sea wreck. The people seem to be very lazy, at least the men, and may be frequently observed to plow in their cloaks. It is the fashion of them to wear cloaks when they go abroad, but especially on *Sundays*. They lay out most of their money in cloaths, and a fellow that hath scarce ten groats besides to help himself with, you shall see come out of his smoky cottage clad like a gentleman. There hath formerly been a strong castle at Dunbar, built on a rock upon the sea, but it is now quite ruined and fallen down. Yearly, about this time, there is a great confluence of people at Dunbar to the *herring-fishing*; they told us sometimes to the number of 40,000 persons; but we did not see how so small a town could contain, indeed give shelter to, such a multitude.

August the 19th.—We went to Leith, keeping all along on the side of the *Fryth*. By the way we viewed Tantallon Castle, and passed over to the Basse Island, where we saw on the rocks innumerable of the soland geese. The old ones are all over white, excepting the pinion or hind feathers of their wings, which are black. The upper part of the head and neck, in those that are old, is of a yellowish-dun colour. They lay but one egg a-piece, which is white, and not very large. They are very bold, and sit in great multitudes till one comes close up to them, because they are not wont to be scared or disturbed. The young ones are esteemed a choice dish in Scotland, and sold very dear (1s. 8d. plucked.) We eat of them at Dunbar. They are in bigness little inferior to an ordinary goose. The young one is upon the back black, and speckled with little white spots, under the breast and belly grey. The beak is sharp pointed, the mouth very wide and large, the tongue very small, the eyes great, the foot hath four toes webbed together. It feeds upon mackrell and herring, and the flesh of the young one smells and tastes strong of these fish.

We saw few of the scout's eggs, which are very large and speckled. It is very dangerous to climb the rocks for the young of these fowls; and seldom a year passeth but one or other of the climbers fall down and lose their lives, as did one not long before our being there. The *Laird of this Island* makes a great profit yearly of the soland geese taken; I remember they told us L.130 sterling. There is in the isle a small house, which they call a castle; it is inaccessible and impregnable, but of no great consideration in a war, there being no harbour, nor any thing like it. The island will afford grass enough to keep thirty sheep. They make strangers that come to visit it burgesses of the Basse, by giving them to drink of the water of the well which springs near the top of the rock, and a flower out of the garden thereby. The island is nought else but a rock, and stands off the land near a mile; at Dunbar you would not guess it above a mile distant, though it be thence at least five. We found growing in the island, in great plenty, *beta marina*, *lychnis marina nostra*, *malva arborea marina nostra*, and *cochlearia rotundifolia*. By the way, also, we saw glasses made of kelp and sand mixed together, and

calced in an oven. The crucibles which contained the melted glass, they told us, were made of tobacco-pipe clay.

At Leith we saw one of those citadels built by the Protector, one of the best fortifications that ever we beheld, passing fair and sumptuous. There are three forts advanced above the rest, and two platforms. The works round about are faced with freestone towards the ditch, and are almost as high as the highest building within, and withal thick and substantial. Below are very pleasant, convenient, and well-built houses for the governor, officers, and soldiers, and for magazines and stores; there is also a good capacious chapel, the piazza, or void space within, as large as Trinity College (in Cambridge) great court. This is one of the four forts. The other three are at St Johnston's, Inverness, and Ayr—the building of each of which (as we are credibly informed) cost above L.100,000 sterling; indeed I do not see how it could cost less. In England it would have cost much more.

August the 21st, we went on northward as far as Stirling, 24 miles. By the way we saw the king's palace at Linlithgow, built in the manner of a castle; a very good house, as houses go in Scotland. There is a small lough or standing water on two sides of the house. This lough formerly was never without swans! but Mr Stuart, one of the bailiffs of the town, told us a strange story of those swans which left the lake when the house was taken and garrisoned by the English; and although they were brought on purpose for trial, yet would they not stay there; but at the time of the king's coming to London, two swans, *nescio unde sponte et instinctu proprio*, came hither, and there still continue.

Dumfries.—Here, as at Dunbar and other places, we observed the manner of their burials, which is this:—when any one dies, the sexton or bellman goeth about the streets, with a small bell in his hand, which he tinketh all along as he goeth, and now and then he makes a stand, and proclaims who is dead, and invites the people to come to the funeral at such an hour. The people and minister many times accompany the corpse to the grave at the time appointed, with the bell before them, where there is nothing said, but only the corpse laid in. The minister there, in the public worship, doth not shift places out of the desk into the pulpit. They commonly begin their worship with a psalm before the minister comes in, who, after the psalm is finished, prayeth, and then reads and expounds in some places, in some not; then another psalm is sung, and after that their minister prays again, and preacheth as in England. Before sermon, commonly, the officers of the town stand at the church-yard gate with a joined stool and a dish, to gather the alms of all that come to church. The people here frequent their churches much better than in England, and have their ministers in more esteem and veneration. They seem to perform their devotions with much alacrity. There are few or no sectaries or opinionists among them; they are much addicted to their church government, excepting the gentry, who love liberty, and care not to be so strictly tied down. The country abounds with poor people and beggars. Their money they reckon after the French manner. A *bodel* (which is the sixth part of our penny) they call *tway pennies*, that is with them twopence; so that upon this ground, twelve pennies, or a shilling Scotch (that is, six bodels), is a penny sterling. The Scotch piece marked with XX, which we are wont to call a Scotch two-pence, is twenty-pence Scotch, that is, two-pence sterling, wanting two bodels, or four pennies Scotch; the piece with XL is four-pence sterling, four bodels; and so one shilling sterling is twelve shillings Scotch. Thirteen-pence halfpenny English, a marc Scotch. One pound Scotch, twenty-pence sterling. One bodel they call *tway pennies* (as above); two bodels, a plack; three bodels, a bawbee; four bodels, eight pennies; six bodels, one shilling Scotch.

ADULTERATED FLOUR.

When you are about to try the quality of flour, proceed as follows:—Grasp a handful, give it a sharp squeeze, and set the lump on the table. If it holds together and preserves the form of the cavity of the hand, the flour is good; but if the lump soon falls down, the flour is adulterated. When the adulterant is ground bones, or plaster of Paris, the lump of flour falls down immediately; but when whiting or pipe-clay is present, the lump keeps its form a little longer. The presence of much bran is detected by the colour and feel of the flour; but in this case also the grasped specimen soon crumbles. Genuine flour retains the fine impressions of the grains of the skin much longer than any which is adulterated. Rub a little of the flour between the palms of your hands when they are moist; if you find any resistance, the flour contains whiting. Moisten the fore-finger and thumb with a little sweet oil, and rub a small quantity of the flour between them. If the flour is pure, you may rub it for any length of time without its becoming sticky and adhesive; the flour in the meantime becomes nearly black. But if whiting be present, the flour will soon be worked up into the consistency of putty, which will retain the original white colour, or nearly so. Mix a little flour with water in a tumbler, then drop a little numatic acid into the water. If any chalk or whiting be present, an effervescence will be produced by the discharge of carbonic acid gas.—*Domes-tic Chemist.*

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pacha of Egypt. The palace on the banks of the Nile is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and, entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble, which surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques, fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps, which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured, and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white-shining marble of which the kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pacha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques, and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico and an exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians, shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery—the Nubians rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps—all this forms an agreeable relaxation, after the labours of the divan.

The splendour of the Egyptian Night is realised in the court of Egypt. The guard of Nubians, with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous harem, the crowds of civil functionaries, and military and naval officers, in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military bands, for which his sheet. All has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad, and its romantic caliph.

Yet this court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the Pacha orders his whole household to be seated on the lawn, and the court is then a scene of the most brilliant scene. The banqueting-rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on small Persian carpets, smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water—from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MENDICITY IN ANCIENT TIMES.

In every age and country there has existed a large class of persons dependent upon others for the means of subsistence. This is a necessary consequence of the state of society, and, to a certain extent, is requisite to its existence, although, if carried too far, it becomes dangerous and hurtful. Among the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, a great mass of the population was in a state of slavery; but it was at the same time sure of being clothed, fed, and, in general, well treated. Those who were not in a state of slavery were supported by government; and when misery was likely to increase from any unexpected calamity, public works were undertaken to give them employment. It is to this cause that Pliny attributes the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. Herodotus says, that in that country there were judges of police in each canton, whose business it was to receive, from time to time, from the inhabitants, a report of their professions, their means of subsistence, and the condition of their families. The idle were punished as dangerous to the state. Solon, in like manner, made idleness synonymous with infamy, and ordered the Areopagus to inquire how individuals gained a livelihood. All were allowed to exercise some trade; and he who did not bring up his son to a profession, was deprived of his reciprocal claim for assistance in his old age. In Rome during the republic, and at the period of its highest glory, begging was unknown; and one of the principal duties of the censors was, to make diligent inquiry into the manner in which the citizens lived. As the republic sunk into the empire, and as the empire degenerated from power to weakness, and the strict regulations of ancient Rome were forgotten; idleness and debauchery took the place of activity and virtue, and in a short time beggary was established almost as a profession. The *Dolce Farniente*, so well known among the modern Italians, began to form the enjoyment of the poor as well as the rich. The primitive Christians, supposing they were following the model of their Divine Master, recommended poverty and contemplation as the surest means of pleasing the Divinity. But this poverty and contemplation, at first conscientiously practised, soon degenerated into beggary and idleness; and, in the reign of Constantine, the number of beggars (for they deserved no other name) professing the religion of Christ, had multiplied so as to be almost a scourge to the state. This prince, in his anxiety to check the increase of so dangerous an evil, and, at the same time, to insure assistance and relief to the votaries of a religion which he himself had embraced, constructed various hospitals to receive and maintain them; but these were of little avail, as the persons for whom they were designed preferred to wander through the country. The number of paupers increased as Europe became sunk in the darkness of the middle ages, and it was not diminished by the liberal donations which were so common. It became a sort of duty to heaven to succour the poor and indigent. The church of Rome forcibly recommended the plentiful distribution of alms; and, whilst the abuses and bigotry of that church cannot be palliated, it must be allowed that it never failed in charity to the dependent classes of society. In fact, the only establishments of the time which merited the character of magnificence, were founded, in a great measure, for the relief of the poor; and the many religious houses which were so splendidly endowed, served, in many respects, as hospitals and asylums, to which the indigent flocked for assistance. In the early periods of the French monarchy, there was no lack of charitable bounty. Clovis II., who reigned in 638, dissipated all his father's wealth in feeding the poor during a year of scarcity, and

in founding, on the instigation of St Lardry, Bishop of Paris, the Hotel Dieu of that city. Charlemagne was no less attentive to the condition of his poorer subjects; but he was more enlightened in the manner in which he displayed his charity. He published an ordinance, enforcing the necessity of each *seigneur* and *abbé* providing for the maintenance of the poor of his own territory, and preventing them from wandering over the country as beggars. He further authorised all private persons, who should detect individuals begging under the pretence of feigned infirmities, to seize them, and reduce them to servitude. But great events soon succeeded in the history of France. The irruption of the Saracens, and subsequently the spirit of the Crusades, occupied the minds of men to the exclusion of every thing else; and the legislature, in consequence, being engrossed with more critical and important matters, the number of the idle and indigent increased in the absence of any attempts to repress them.*

THE TRUE POET.

THE child of impulse and passion, yet retaining all the simplicity and easy confiding faith of childhood; impatient, impetuous, and full of life, with the blood ever running races through his veins, yet ever under the guidance of reason—not cold and pale as she is wont to be painted, but wise with an earnest wisdom, and warm with the glow and freshness of an earlier clime;—he must be skilled in human nature, and not only must he be familiar with the spoken word and the visible act, but with that philosophy according to which these are regulated. He must ponder deeply the motives of the heart, and be able, by a quick and divining sympathy, to penetrate into its very retirements. He must cherish his imagination, and cultivate his taste, by a careful study of all those whose works give evidence that they felt within them the strivings of the diviner mind; not to imitate, but to gain directions which may guide him to those guarded and enchanted fountains of inspiration from whence they themselves have drawn. He must be learned in all the branches of human knowledge, that his mind may be full of associations. He must become master of the most copious vocabulary, that *copia verborum*, not less important to the poet than the orator; and not only take pains to acquire command of words, but he must study into their powers, and busy himself in learning all those reflected shades and hues of meaning, with which they have been tinged by association, as if they had been dipt “in the warm flush of a rainy sunset:” for this is the distinguishing peculiarity of a poetic dialect, that its words not only suggest the single and immediate idea to the mind, but come linked with a thousand beautiful, though dim, remembrances. But his most anxious labour ought to be to cultivate his own heart—to cleanse it from all the taints which it acquires by coming in contact with the world. He must strive earnestly to purify his imagination: to fill his mind with noble desires and motives; to divest himself of every selfish, local, or party prejudice; to become, in truth and in deed, a citizen of the world; to ennoble and expand his heart till it become a great sea, which shall gather tribute from the fountains of the whole earth, to purify and again give back their contributions in the shower and the fruitful dew. He must strive to make himself perfect in all good, wise, and great things, and to become a living example of that perfection upon which his soul's eye should be for ever fixed. Thus educated, those restless yearnings of the spirit, those unquenchable desires, ever thirsting for satisfaction, yet never satisfied, which form the real moving power that impels the true poet forward, will be left free to act; and those high instincts “haunting the eternal mind, a presence that will not be put by,” will find for themselves a tongue and a ready utterance.—*North American Review.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF HUNGARY.

THE Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterised as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely an European country in which the Anglo-mania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land.

The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel: but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become familiar in their mouths as household words. The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are among their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation.

At the university of Pesth, there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman—a soldier of Napoleon's army, who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Gottingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the Vicar of Wakefield and Shakspeare's Comedies! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation.

Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *dobinée*, or English bobbinet, was lavishly distributed

upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *mon*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of “the English Lord” adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital—typified by the effigy of “a fine, gay, bold-faced villain,” in top boots, a hunting frock, and a brown beaver, or in an imitation of Werther's costume.

I venture to record these unimportant circumstances, to show that, while our sole or chief acquaintance with Hungary is derived from Dr Bright's excellent volume, there is scarcely an event of English life—a folly of London fashion—or an invention of British industry, which does not find admirers, and commentators, and imitators, among the Hungarians of respectable degree.

Since the publication of the work to which I have alluded, fourteen years of peace and tranquillity have done much towards the amelioration and advancement of a nation, which can scarcely claim more than to be considered as a connecting link between the barbaresque and civilised Europe. Pesth—the modern capital—is extending its Regent Streets and Waterloo Places along the banks of the Danube, and requires only a permanent bridge, to form, in its union with Buda, one of the finest cities of the Austrian States; a city exhibiting, in the ancient walls of Ofen, the dignity of historical interest; and in the opulence and activity of her modern rival, a cheering instance of commercial prosperity. It seems probable, indeed, that should some change occur in the policy of the Austrian cabinet, Hungary, with an amended constitution, may claim that place among the nations of Europe from which she has been so long degraded. Were I to describe more fully the condition of this unhappy land, and the oppression by which it is daily polluted, I might create feelings of very painful interest in its favour; but I am aware that my limited acquaintance with the language of the people, and my ignorance of the classic tongue far more familiarly in use among them, might betray me into exaggeration.—*Hungarian Tales.*

THE DROP OF DEW.

BY ANDREW MARVELL.

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight!
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love;
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

FLORENCE.

WHILE the eye rests on this far-famed and beautiful city, its magnificent edifices, fine architecture, and antique buildings, rising in dark and imposing majesty, its bridges and its noble river, watering, far as the eye can reach, the vale of the lovely Arno, the mind insensibly wanders back, and recalls the days when turbulence and bloody feuds raged within the walls; when, on the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, now luxuriant with the olive and vine, and richly studded with peaceful dwellings, stood, proudly frowning, the castellated towers of the feudal chief, at once the terror and protection to the city. Of these towers scarcely a trace remains. The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all other cities in Italy. Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence

* From a General Medical and Statistical History of the Present Condition of Public Charity in France. By D. Johnston, M.D.

is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or sylabate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front, and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family, who there, loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a deep shade below. The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others, they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of lights along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed drawn through these rings, and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests. The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front of this building has, on the second floor, styled piano nobile, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times, when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projecting soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown: the slates with which they are constructed are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a pitted form, resembling the fan heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof. Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace, and the entrance is by a high arched massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the panels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and through a corresponding gate or iron railings the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage. It was under these arcades, shaded from the noontide, and cooled by the waters of the fountain which occupy the centre of the court, that the rich merchandise of the east, the silks, and shawls, and fine linen, and all the valuable manufactures of Tuscany, lay spread out, as in a place of exchange; while under vast arched and vaulted chambers was stored the wealth which was there brought for sale. Entering from this court, a great staircase leads to a suite of noble chambers, halls, and saloons, hung with silks and richly adorned. The lofty ceilings are finely painted; the beams are always displayed, but are carved, ornamented, and gilded, so as to form a splendid part of the whole. The arcades of the court support the galleries, which, in former times, were generally filled with fine paintings, statues, vases, and precious relics of antiquity. In such palaces, the rulers, the magistrate, the noble, and the merchant, dined, surrounded by their family and adherents. The manner of the times bore a character of manly simplicity, which singularly contrasted with the splendour of the rich possessions, and the importance of their political sway among nations.—*Bell's Italy.*

ANECDOTES.

On Burns's first appearance in Edinburgh he was introduced, among many others, to Mr Taylor, the overweening parochial schoolmaster of Currie, who was also a competitor in verse-making, and whose opinion of his own merits far overbalanced what little estimation he might have formed of the plain unlettered peasant of Ayrshire, whose name was as yet new to the public. Mr H—, at whose table Burns was a frequent guest, invited Taylor one day to dine with them, when the evening was spent with the usual good humour and jocularities. Taylor had brought his manuscript poems, a few of which were read to Burns, for his favourable opinion previous to printing. Some of the passages were odd enough, such as,

"Rin, little bookie, round the world doup,
Whilst I in grave do lie wi' a cauld doup,"

at which Burns laughed exceedingly. Notwithstanding the pedantic and absurd perversity of the poems, he gave him a commendatory line to the printer. Next morning Mr H— meeting Taylor, inquired of him what he thought of the Ayrshire poet. "Hoat,"

quoth the self-admiring pedagogue, "the lad'll do—considering his want o' lear, the lad's weel enough."

An appreciation of self over the superior accomplishments of others, is not confined to the schoolmaster of Currie, as the two following anecdotes here printed for the first time will show:—Commodore Elliot, who distinguished himself so much by capturing Thurot, was one day crossing the Frith of Forth in a Kinghorn pinnace, and, for want of any thing better to amuse himself with, he asked permission to steer the vessel. "Gad, sir!" said the commodore, when he used to relate the anecdote, "I thought myself a good steersman. I had taken the helm of my own vessel when chasing Thurot. It did not appear, however, that my qualifications made a great impression upon the master of this boat; for, soon after, I heard him say to his son (a lurching boy), 'Jock, tak the helm out o' that man's hand, for he canna steer nane.'"

Formerly an old man used to excite the commiseration of the passengers between Leith and Edinburgh, by his screeching performance on a wretched clarinet. One day a distinguished clarinet player, who had been brought down from London for a kind of musical festival, happened to come within hearing of this poor old man. He went up, and, begging a loan of the instrument, fitted on a new mouth-piece, and played a tune in his usual brilliant style. The friend of the performer then asked the old man what he thought of it. "Oh, if he practises," said the mendicant, "he'll aiblins come on."

REVENGE.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

OLD BURGH LAWS.

THERE is an old work, called "QUONIAM ATTACHIAMENTA" (because these are the first two words in the Latin copy), which contains all the laws for regulating society in our royal burghs, about the time of Robert Bruce, and his immediate successors. Many of these laws cast a very steady light upon the state of Scotland at that time, so far as the mercantile part of the community was concerned; and we therefore think it may be worth while to present a few extracts to our readers, so that they may form a judgment as to the comparative comforts of that and the present age.

Whenever a burghess in those days died, his heir-at-law could claim certain of his goods and chattels, whatever might be the directions of the testament. From the list of articles which could be so claimed, we arrive at a tolerably distinct idea of the furniture of a burghess's house at that period. Mention is made of "the best boord [table], ane boord-claith, ane towell, ane bassin, ane lawer, the principall bed with the sheits, and the rest of the claiths pertaining to ane bed, ane feather bed, the best leid, with the masking-fatt, ane gyll-fatt, ane barrill, ane gallon, ane kettill, ane caldrick, ane posnett, ane bag to put money in, ane calcrunk, ane chimney, ane water-pot, ane kist, ane kuke, ane pleugh, ane wane, ane cart, ane charit, the greatest brassen pot, and ane littell pot and pan, ane roasting-iron, ane girdill, ane mortar, ane pastell, ane dish, ane dibler, ane charger, ane cuppie; gif there be twelve or mae spunes, the heire shall have twelve; gif there be bot twelve, or fewer, he sould have bot ane; he shall also have ane steele, ane furnse, ane flail, the weyes, with the wichts, ane spaid, and ane aix."†

From the forms of challenge for the Chamberlain air, a kind of convention of burghs held at Edinburgh, it appears that a shameful degree of turpitude and faithlessness pervaded almost every portion of the community, and that the laws were completely disregarded even by their proper ministers; as, had not such been the case, the Chamberlain could never have supposed it possible for men to commit such flagrant acts of impropriety as the following:—The taster of all "sa filled his belly in the time of tasting," that he lost the very taste of his mouth, and could not give a discreet opinion of the liquor submitted to his judgment. The feshers sold their meat in secret places, and not in their open booths. The baxters did not make their bread in loaves agreeable to the money of the realm, as "bread for ane pennie, bread for ane halfpennie, and bread for ane farthing;" neither did

they make all the kinds of bread required by law, as "ane fadge, symmel, wastell, pure clean breade, mixed bread, and bread of trayt." The millers occupied a greater space betwixt the "happer and the millstane for their awin profite than the law permitted; which was nae mair space nor ane sommer wand of ane hazel tree." But the souters were the greatest rogues of all. They "made shoon, boots, and other graith, before the hides were barkit;" and they never scrupled to sew their goods with "false rotten threid, throu the quihlik the shoon are tint before they are half worne." These consummate rascals, also, "did not give their leather gude oil and tauch [tallow], but water and salt!" The enormities of the tailleurs seem to have been nothing more than those alleged so oft against their descendants; for they were constantly making "over mickle refuse and skaiths in men's claiht," and "took pieces and shreds, and other small things."

Great anxiety is expressed in the burgh laws, that persons having goods to sell should not conceal the fact, but expose them fairly in open booths. Fleshers are ordered to put their flesh "into their open windows." Brewster wives are threatened with a fine of four pennies if they do not "put furth ane cyne of their aill, without the house, by the window or by the dure, so that it may be seen as common to all men." Bakers are commanded, also, to expose their bread either in their windows or in the market-place—"not to hide it, otherwise they shall pay a fyne of eight shillings." All persons, in general, dealing in the necessities of life within the burgh, are commanded to sell to all people, strangers as well as indwellers, and never to withhold any articles for their own use, if otherwise required, above the value of four pennies. It may seem strange that traders should have long ago required such a command—every man being now as anxious to sell as any mortal can possibly be to buy. The circumstances of the country must be considered for the true explanation of the mystery. In those early times, when the system of communication was so imperfect, it might sometimes be difficult to procure supplies of goods, and in the case of their being only one dealer of a particular article in a town, he would feel himself under no necessity of being civil to his customers—might even affect to sell his goods rather by way of favour than according to the modern ideas of merchants.

The trade of the baker was in those days very important; and the inquirer into the early history of our trade corporations is constantly puzzled to account for the great numbers of this craft, which seems so irreconcilable with the recently universal practice, among even the middle ranks, of baking coarse barley and oatmeal bread for family use. In the early times we are referring to, the people must have had ovens in many cases wherein to bake their own bread; for it is statuted that no man have such an oven unless he be a king's burghess. It also appears to have been customary for a person to keep an oven for the use of his neighbours. Such an establishment was attended by four servants, each of whom had a small fee from every one who used it.

The price of goods was in those days a matter of state regulation—not, we are persuaded, from a disposition to embarrass trade or tyrannise over the mercantile classes, but simply as a *dernier resort* to protect the people at large from imposition. The price of mutton, for instance, was to be nineteen pennies for the whole carcass from Whitsunday till the feast of St James, ten pennies from that till Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch [Easter]. Brewster wives were restricted to sell their ale at two pennies per gallon between Pasch and Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch. This useful class of persons are enjoined to brew according to the consuetude of the burgh, otherwise they shall be suspended from their office of brewing. "And gif she makes gude ail, that is sufficient. But gif she makes evill ail, she shall pay an unlaw of aucht shillings," and be set on "the cock-stule." "The like is to be understood of mead as of evill ail."

It was not allowable in those days for any body to travel during the night, except to bring a priest to a sick man, to carry corn to the mill, or to pursue stolen goods; and even in these cases it was necessary for the person travelling to make himself known to his neighbours before going away, and to the inhabitants of the towns through which he passed. No person was permitted to harbour a stranger longer than a night, unless he gave a pledge for him. All of these are sure signs of the insecurity of the times.

To conclude this picture of the wisdom and comfort of our ancestors, there was a solemn statute by King David the Second, that if any man kill his neighbour's dog, he "sall walk [watch] or keep his midden for the space of a year and day," thereby compensating for the services of the deceased Argus, and at the same time enduring that pain and trouble due as the punishment of so grave an offence.

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† We get an idea of the accoutrements of the Scottish soldiery of Bruce's time, from the statute attributed to him, in the volume entitled the "*Regiam Majestatem*." Every man having ten pounds worth of land was to have for his body, and for defence of the realm, "ane sufficient acton, ane basnet, and ane glove of plate, with ane spear and sword. Quha has not ane acton and basnet, shall have ane gude habergeon, and ane gude ain jak for his body, and ane ain knapskay, and gloves of plate." Every man having the value of a cow in gudes "sall have ane bow with ane schaff of arrows, that is, twenty-four arrows or ane spear."

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NOBODY TO BE DESPISED—

—EXCEPT on particular grounds of demerit. This is a maxim which it would be well if the world would pay more attention to.

There are many people—very good people, too—who have a habit of speaking contemptuously or lightly of almost every body but themselves. There are still more who do not seem to consider it necessary to treat the absent with the least respect, but, to use the words of a modern writer, are remarkably candid in owning and showing up the faults of their neighbours.

These, I think, are detestable practices of human nature—the issue of its weakness rather than its strength.

When I think of a great and good character, I cannot conceive that he has a habit of depreciating the respect due to his absent friends, or of treating any of his fellow-creatures with scorn, unless for some specific delinquency. Such a person will be already too secure of his own reputation to seek to raise it at the expense of others. He will be able to take an enlarged view of human society, and, seeing that the condition of all men is in a great measure accidental, or at least moulded greatly by circumstances, will not despise any man on account of his mere place in the general system, but, on the contrary, give him respect in proportion to his good conduct in that place, whatever it may be. Such a man, also, will have too much respect for himself, to use language at any time which he would be ashamed to own at another time. He would not indulge in a tone of levity or rancour respecting any man, on whose entrance accidentally into the room he would have to alter his style, and hypocritically offer him the usual courtesies of society.

It happens, however, that all men are more or less remote from the greatness and goodness of this ideal character. We are, as yet, only in a state of comparative approximation to those qualities; hence we find that nearly all are alike given to speak slightly of each other. There are two grand causes at the bottom of this—Selfishness and Thoughtlessness. The former gives us such an intense appreciation of ourselves, and of the rank we hold in society, that we speak and think as if every man and every class beneath us were too mean to be entitled to the least respect; we look upon the whole as a degraded caste, whose very existence must only be acknowledged indirectly, as a thing we have become acquainted with by seeing it at a distance, not by having ever come in contact with it. In this view of society our ordinary literature is very apt to confirm us. The key-note is there struck always in *alt*. The whole strain of the work, its characters, its philosophy, its manners, are presumed to be something above the common level; for literary men are still, after all, very much the slaves of the great which they used to be. If the writer describes humble life at all, he describes it as seen by a bird's-eye view from some lofty station—not as seen by a person who mingles in it and partakes of its sympathies. Even the middle ranks of the community, who in this country form the great mass of readers, and from which, moreover, almost all literary men arise, have no literature of their own: they have to read a literature which has been calculated for the sphere above them, and in which, of course, their sympathies must be of an imperfect character. And thus, after all that has been done, it still appears a desideratum that there should be both a literature and a philosophy for the human race.

Then, as to *thoughtlessness*, as a cause for this universally mutual contempt. It must be admitted, I should think, that if we only took a proper consideration of the noble destiny which all partake in common

with ourselves, both in respect to the grand moral ends of this life, and the more sublime prospects for the future, we would hardly think meanly of any one, except, as before mentioned, on account of some specific worthlessness. For my part, I wonder how any man can *dare* to despise a fellow-creature upon other grounds. Is it difference of tongue, of rank, of personal character, of external manners, that makes you despise any one? What, I would ask, are all these distinctions to the great fellowship of our common humanity—the social end which we are working to as parts of a great community—as parts of a glorious world—or the general destiny which awaits us at the close of this brief life? Reflect upon these things before you permit yourself to think lightly of a fellow-creature; or, if these things are of no avail with you, consider what you are yourself, that you thus scorn another. I must say that I have often observed the most contemptible man to be the most contemptuous. There are some men who hardly make any other pretension to the respect of the world, than in so far as they profess to treat *every thing* cavalierly. But, as he who sheds blood must submit to have his blood shed by others, so are these men at length detected, and tossed, as they deserve, in a blanket of their own weaving. Individuals may be assured that it is not by proclaiming a war of contempt against the world, or any large number of its members, that a comfortable situation is to be gained for themselves.

There is a good old national proverb, which tells us that the king's errand may come in the pedlar's road—that is to say, a very lofty man may occasionally have to take a favour from one in humble life. This is no mere flattering unctio applied by the common people to themselves. It breathes the very spirit of an enlarged and humane philosophy. It tells us that all ranks of men are in reality dependent upon each other, and that every one, filling its proper place, is entitled to its proportion of regard from the rest. Treating the expression in its more limited sense, it instructs us, that, in the prospect of our being occasionally obliged to accept of favours from very mean hands, we should never treat any person beneath us with disrespect—as, otherwise, with what grace can we accept of such a favour? On this point I take the liberty to relate a simple anecdote, as told to me some years ago, in illustration of the subject of this essay, by the individual chiefly concerned—the wife of a shopkeeper in a country town in the north of Scotland.

"In — there lived a poor woman named Peggy Williamson, a kind of washerwoman, whom every body looked upon as a wretched creature. This despised and not very reputable person had a son, who on one occasion was taken up by the town officers for some trifling offence, and would have been thrown into prison, if I had not thought the case rather a hard one; and interceded with the magistrate in his behalf. Peggy, with all her faults, was not ungrateful; she came to me and said she never would forget my kindness.

"A long time after this, in consequence of a particular calamity, my husband's affairs got into a very hopeless state. I was attending the shop one bleak November day. Few customers were coming in, or likely to come in, and our prospects were gloomy and dull as the atmosphere itself. I never, indeed, since we began business, saw a day when things seemed less promising. The whole street—the whole town—appeared deserted. All was desolate, cold, and wintry; and, with the dread of utter ruin impending over us, you may suppose that our spirits were not very good. Well, just while we were in this dolorous state, in came my old friend Peggy Williamson, accompanied

by a country girl, who, she said, wanted to provide herself with a number of our wares, being about to be married. This person expended six or eight pounds with us, and we could not help feeling it as a kind of God-send. It was, however, the result of my having at one time done a just, for I can hardly call it a kind action, to a person whom the most of people despised. Peggy, who was not perhaps aware of the full extent to which we appreciated her good offices, told me very modestly, as she left the shop with her friend, that she was glad to have had it in her power to recommend any body to us for goods, 'as she never could forget my kindness to Tam.' I thus satisfied myself, not only that an act of ordinary benevolence is likely to produce its reward where it is least expected, but that some good feeling may exist even in those characters, whom, on ordinary principles, we may be most inclined to despise."

Let us judge, then, or at least let us always be inclined to judge, with tenderness, both of persons and of things. Let us not take our impressions of the characters of our fellow-creatures from the little obvious fault or foible which lies upon the surface, and affords, of course, the subject of largest discourse to the superficial, but, dashing aside the weeds which mantle the surface of the character, ascertain the extent and sweetness of the clear water beneath. It is of great importance to men, but especially to young men, to acquire a power of judging correctly and definitely of every thing. They must learn to estimate every thing relatively, and not be prevented from allowing merit, even where it exists in the smallest quantities, by its being mingled with a larger proportion of less worthy qualities. We often find one kind of merit denied because it is not another. A man of untutored genius is sneered at because he wants learning. A learned man is termed a stupid dunce or a pedant because he wants genius. The writer of an unpretending narrative is described by some of his invidious fellows as no Hume, or Gibbon, or Robertson. An industrious tradesman is ridiculed as a mere plodder; a farmer is laughed at because he is only acquainted with country affairs. Glasgow is condemned as deficient in the refined professional and literary classes of inhabitants, who reside in Edinburgh; and Edinburgh is scouted for its being "not at all a place of business." These are vicious habits of thought and speech—if *thought* there can be in what argues a total absence of every thing like reason.

JOCK O' THE HORN.

In former times the beggars of Scotland seem to have held a far higher rank in society than the vulgar vagrants of the present day. Even at the close of the last century, they were rather a respectable sort of persons, and held in no little consideration among the country people; but still their estimation at that late period was nothing compared to their importance about a hundred years ago. Traditions exist of some, who at that time exercised the high functions of occasional minstrels and envoys to great families, after the feudal custom of keeping these officials in regular employment had ceased.

Of the latter class there once arose a mighty hero, who was commonly known under the appellation of Jock o' the Horn. The range of his walk extended over the whole of the south of Scotland, and even so far as the frontiers of the Highlands, where he sometimes associated with the gatherers of black mail, and gave information of the proper objects of attack, and subjects of exaction. He flourished during the period between the two rebellions, and died at an advanced age some years before the middle of the century.

Jock was a tall and powerful man. He usually rode upon a small grey horse, and was equipped in most of the usual accoutrements of a complete cavalier. He did not wear a sword, it is true, but he certainly carried fully as good a weapon, in the shape of a stout dagger, eighteen inches long, which was bound close to his body, under his clothes, by a broad leather belt. If he did not wear a gallant white plume on his hat, like what Sir Walter Scott has represented (in *Rokeby*) as the distinction of the cavalier, he sported a bonnet equally redoubtable, being formed of the dressed skin of the badger, which gave an air of indescribable wildness to a countenance in itself sufficiently fierce. Seated on his ambling palfrey, his proud, erect, and almost noble figure gave him all the appearance of a knight of romance; while the immense horn from which he derived his title, slung below his right arm, at the same time communicated another and still more immediate idea of his pretensions to the character. On approaching the castles of his friends—he was too proud a beggar to enter a cottage—he rode briskly up to the gate, and blew a loud and sonorous blast upon his horn, by way of announcing his arrival. His horse was then abandoned to the attention of the domestics, and himself ushered into the hall with great ceremony, as being a visitor of the utmost consequence. His news could be communicated to no one but the master of the house, or, in case of his absence, to the chief officer of the establishment at least. He always used terms of the most distant respect in addressing his lordly host, and paid infinite attention to every requisite punctilio, when their meeting took place in the presence of the servants; but when his news or his messages were delivered in private, the utmost familiarity prevailed; or Jock, if occasion required it, assumed the tone of a counsellor. In receiving the hospitalities of the castle, and giving his news in exchange, he rather seemed to consider himself the obliging than the obliged party. He sat stiff and pompous upon his chair, giving forth intelligence of the most varied description—while numerous attendants listened around—to all appearance as important a personage as the baron whom he addressed. His information embraced a variety of topics; the recent transactions upon the Highland line; the deaths or marriages of the Scottish nobility, and the fetes thereupon, in which he had mingled; the principal affairs going on abroad, or in the British Cabinet; the exploits of the Ayrshire smugglers; together with an immense miscellaneous budget, resembling in its nature that species of news which afterwards passed in the papers under the general title of “Scottish Intelligence.”

In another capacity he was wont to assume a still higher tone. He was frequently employed by the turbulent gentry of the period as a spy upon the actions of their rival neighbours, or as an ambassador sent to their friends. At that time the laws of Scotland were but weakly enforced, and the baronial rights of pit and gallows still existed, though not so often or so barbarously acted upon as formerly. The nobles were unsettled in their adherence to the government, and still retained many of the feudal enmities which had once filled Scotland with blood and rapine. Of course, rebellion was a subject at all times in agitation; and plots were constantly forming, with views of vengeance upon their neighbours, and of aggrandisement to themselves. Jock o’ the Horn was frequently employed by these as an emissary and spy. Sometimes he was deputed from the Lowlands to the Highlands, in order to sound the feelings of the gentry in that quarter, and again transmitted to the south with assurances of zeal and devotion in the favourite cause. At other times his errand was to take cognisance of the motions and force of the enemy, to get accurate intelligence of the most remarkable public proceedings in the country, and to receive and convey letters and presents smuggled into the coast from a certain quarter abroad. It will be perceived that he must have been a person of no little use at a time when newspapers were hardly known, and when a conventional system of conveying intelligence could scarcely be said to exist.

Jock o’ the Horn was altogether quite a mysterious sort of being. His original was involved in the most impenetrable obscurity: even the place of his nativity was unknown. All that could be discerned with any certainty was, that he must have belonged to Ayrshire, as he spoke the dialect of that county, and seemed always to have a greater attachment to it than to any other district. It was thought that he was the natural son of some nobleman in the county. Others were of opinion that he was a branch of some great cavalier family which had suffered among the civil broils of the preceding century. Certain it is that he was poor enough to substantiate either of the theories. Though he sometimes received considerable guerdons for his services, and no little occasional charity, he never hoarded money, but, on the contrary, spent it merrily, and kept himself in good case.

It appeared, from his conversation, that he was far travelled. He was perfectly intimate with the northern parts of France, with the Netherlands, and with Holland. He seemed to have made French manners his study, and many of his “queerest stories” turned upon that subject. The intercourse, however, which he appeared to have had with France, was common at that time to many of the vagrants of Scotland, of whom there were few who had not seen several foreign countries, and spoke their various languages.

Jock o’ the Horn entertained a sincere hatred and contempt of the Dutch, whose habits were so much at variance with his own.

Jock was a bold intrepid man, and in his time had engaged in many desperate enterprises. In particular, he had once, with some followers, gained a complete victory over a band of gipsies, who were approaching to cross a small river in Galloway. He planted his party in ambush by the side of the way, and kept quiet till the half of the enemy had passed the ford, when, like Wallace at the bridge of Stirling, he rushed out with his band, and attacked the remainder. Some dreadful blows were given, and many severe wounds inflicted on both sides, but no lives were lost. Whenever this affair was mentioned in Jock’s presence, he did not say much himself, but looked with a triumphant smile, as much as to say that he did not like to boast of his exploits, but he was conscious of having done something in his day.

The next most remarkable Ayrshire beggar after Jock o’ the Horn, was one of a less chivalrous but equally interesting character, named CHARLIE BROWN, and commonly known under the name of *Cabbage Charlie*. This man was so noted for cunning, dexterity, and enterprise, that it is probable he was of gipsy extraction; at least it may be said that he exhibited many of the distinguishing characteristics of that race.

The era of *Cabbage Charlie* was some years later than that of *Jock o’ the Horn*. He flourished during the period between the rebellion of 1745 and the year 1770, about which year he was gathered to his fathers.

The most ludicrous peculiarity attending this man was the great propensity he displayed for speculation and adventure. He indeed appeared to be gifted with what may be called a great mercantile genius; and if he had been born amidst a more commercial people, and under different circumstances, it is by no means hypothetical to suppose that he might have “strutted in a bank, and clerkit his cash-account,” or “led a market,” or moved an exchange at a nod, with the best of them. As it was, he certainly did more in his way than could have been expected. Not content with his own simple exertions, he kept a numerous band of beggars in pay, who went abroad as his servants throughout the county, and who, on coming back to the appointed rendezvous at the end of the week, gave up all the proceeds of their industry to him, and received a certain allowance, previously agreed upon, amounting to from ten to fifteen shillings per week. By a talent that might not have disgraced more celebrated names, he contrived to organise and reduce to a perfect system what would appear almost impracticable, considering the habits of those with whom he had to deal. He even found means of detecting the smallest dishonesty on the part of his men; and he acquired such a strange influence over them, that they durst make no remonstrances against the severity of his rules, nor complain of the penalties and taxes to which he sometimes subjected them. Indeed, he was a perfect autocrat among them.

The principles of the system which gave him this absolute command, and induced them to pay implicit obedience, were founded upon a few well-known data, completely calculated to produce non-resistance.

In the first place, the persons whom he employed could make more of their labours by entering his service, than by going upon their own bottom; for it must be understood that the alms given by the country people to the poor consisted chiefly of meal; and as none would take such an article off their hands, except the humblest class of cottagers, who gave them only half price for it, they would have suffered a very considerable loss, had not their master found out an expedient by which he got almost market price, and by which he could afford to allow them greater wages in money than they of themselves could have gained by disposing of their own individual collections. Charlie’s method of selling his meal was to collect and mix the whole contributions of his men, and to make it up into loads and bolls for the regular market. It thus escaped the hateful imputation of being “*beggars’ meal*,” a thing generally abhorred, and only bought, as we have said, by the very poorest people.

At seed-time, too, when alms were frequently given in the shape of corn, Charlie found a method of selling the stock, more profitable to all parties, by disposing of it in bolls to stablers, &c.; a method more profitable, we say, than if his men had gone with it in smaller quantities to ostlers, when, though it might not be objected to on the same plea of delicacy which lessened the value of their meal, they would have been obliged to be content with a diminished price, and at the same time would have been led into treating the ostler and his insatiable myrmidons with as much as they could drink.

In every respect, indeed, did Charlie’s deputies find it their interest to keep on good terms with him. After they had once enlisted under his banner, he had them completely in his power. If they misbehaved, or grew lazy, or became inattentive to business, he had it in his power to discharge them; and if they were discharged from Charlie’s employ, there was no more good to be expected of them in this world. They in a manner lost *oaste*—they forfeited the esteem of the country! He contrived to undermine their exertions on all hands—he circulated evil reports concerning them—he prejudiced the minds of the country people against their necessities and pretensions to charity; in short, he ruined their character! They

either wandered about like ghosts, despised and unassisted, or they had to leave the county, and seek for better success in a district beyond the reach of Charlie.

Upon the principle which awards such severe punishment to mutineers at sea, he was at all times inexorable in punishing them if they grumbled at the extent of his profits, or the scantiness of the allowance he made them. In such cases, a severe fine at least was inevitable; and if the offence was attended with heinous circumstances, so as to exasperate his temper, he discarded them entirely from his employ. He was always very relentless, too, in discharging any one that attempted to get an increase of wages without leaving it to himself alone to settle the modicum of promotion. It is said that he once scored off about ten or a dozen hands, on hearing that a conspiracy had been entered into by a number of his band to get an addition to their wages by a general *strike*!

Nevertheless, like many other despots when they get their own way, Charlie was, when not fretted by opposition or misfortune, a kind and generous master. He seldom if ever failed, on settling accounts with his men on Saturday night, to treat them, “brats and callets, and all,” to such a scene of festivity as that described in the inimitable “*Jolly Beggars*.” Some of them, too, were allowed such wages, as, considering their rank in life and little necessity of expenditure, were certainly respectable. An industrious single man, with a good faculty of groaning, had perhaps ten shillings a-week; if blind, he was worth half a crown more. One with a wife that could tell fortunes was worth thirteen or fourteen shillings; if with eight or nine children, they were no bad bargain at a pound. A shrivelled wretch who could exhibit a good running ulcer in his leg, or shake a well-scorched arm in the eyes of the charitable, was in himself worth almost as much as a whole man with ten children; but the detruncated sailor who had neither arms nor legs, and who yet could sing one of those melancholy sea-songs, the cadence of which resembles nothing so much as the wind whistling through the shrouds—whose rude but pathetic strains of

“William Glen was our captain’s name,”

or,

“I am a poor sailor,
And far from my home!”

while they melted the hearts of the rustics, could elicit showers of sympathy in the substantial shape of half-pence—such a beggar, I say, was invaluable—his deserts could scarcely be stated—he was worth his weight in oatmeal every Saturday night!

BRAZIL.

BRAZIL is very singularly circumstanced among the nations of the American continent. It is the only state which has not adopted the republican form of government; and it appears that, in not adopting it, the people have been benefited. By this circumstance, mainly, the country has been saved from many of the evil consequences to be apprehended from a sudden and violent change in the character of its institutions.

The history of Brazil, previously to the revolution in 1808, caused by the removal of the royal court from Portugal to America, is almost nothing. This country, the most extensive in South America, and comprehending the richest portion of that peninsula, while it was held by the mother country, was governed according to such a rigid and narrow system of colonial policy, that, even in Portugal itself, little was known as to its internal wealth or management. It is a curious fact, as stated by Dr Walsh, that the Brazilian writers who lately published a history of their country, were chiefly indebted to our countryman Southey’s *History of Brazil* for their materials. So narrow and short-sighted was the policy of the government, that an intelligent stranger was enabled to glean more information relative to it than a native was permitted to gather from the legitimate sources of inquiry. Hence it was, that a nation so extensive that a year is required for corresponding between its remotest province and the capital, remained for centuries scarcely examined, scarcely cultivated, scarcely peopled—a blank in geography, and a blot upon its parent country.

Early in January 1808, an account was received at Rio Janeiro, that the combined French and Spanish armies were entering Portugal, and that, in consequence, the prince regent, afterwards king, had embarked with all the royal family for Brazil. “This news excited an extraordinary mixture of sorrow and joy—sorrow that such calamities should overwhelm the mother country, to which the good people of Brazil were still fondly attached, and joy that an august monarch, of whom they entertained the most exalted and extravagant notions, should condescend to visit their humble country, and take up his residence there.”

The first acts of the sovereign on his arrival confirmed the sanguine anticipations of his subjects. A royal charter was issued, abolishing the old exclusive system, and granting to the people of Brazil the free-

dom of commerce with all friendly nations. This edict, a Brazilian writer justly says, ought to be written in letters of gold.

Among the other benefits conferred on the country by the arrival of the court, was the influx of Portuguese of intelligence and rank, and the establishment of foreign mercantile houses, of which the English were the earliest. Next to opening the ports to foreign enterprise, was the encouragement of it among the natives of all classes, who by a royal decree were for the first time permitted the free exercise of every kind of industry.

At the same time was introduced that mighty engine of knowledge and power—a printing press. For three centuries this simple apparatus had been inhibited in Brazil, and it was not till the year 1808 that this great country was permitted to print even the leaf of a book. The estimation in which this royal gift was held by those for whose benefit it was intended, may be estimated from the fact, that in the city of Rio Janeiro alone there are now thirteen periodicals published, and universally circulated and read.

Other improvements followed in rapid succession. A national bank was opened, a school of anatomy and medicine was founded, vaccination was introduced, roads were cut into the interior, attempts made to settle the native Indians, and several regulations promulgated for bettering the condition of the negro slaves.

The natural effect of all these measures was the singularly rapid improvement of the people, united with a strong feeling of personal attachment to the person of the sovereign from whose voluntary impulses they emanated. In the year 1815, the prince regent assumed the title of king of Brazil. The effect of this change upon the Brazilians, though but that of a name, was electric. It was felt and expressed by a spontaneous illumination all over the country; to use the inflated expression of one of their writers, "from the Amazon to the river of Plata was one continued blaze."

But the king of the new-formed sovereignty did not possess the qualities necessary to secure the sentiments of attachment and respect which these acts had justly acquired for him. No nation was ever more indebted to a sovereign than the Brazilians to him, for the wise, beneficent, and liberal decrees which marked the first years of his trans-Atlantic residence. He gradually laid the foundation of that independence which they now enjoy, and fitted them for it by a succession of acts tending to improve and enrich the country, and to enlighten the people. But he was altogether unfitted, from the timidity of his character, and the irresolution of his measures, to direct the spirit of independence, when once excited. Controlled or influenced by those about him, who thought only of making new arrangements subservient to their own selfish interests, the execution of those salutary measures was thwarted or impeded by the functionaries to whom the execution of the details was necessarily entrusted; negligence, corruption, and venality, gradually crept into all the departments of government, and more particularly into the administration of justice, a department the purity of which is, above all, essential to the well-being and prosperity of the people.

While the feelings of veneration to the sovereign, first excited by his arrival, and subsequently heightened by the enlightened policy of his measures, were gradually wearing away, in consequence of his own personal weakness of character, and the vices of his dependents, those of attachment to the new constitution, which secured to the people a share in the legislature, were proportionably augmented. It was generally, and not illogically, argued, that the advantages derived from the revolution were due to the new regulations, which admitted the intellectual portion of the nation to a due share of that influence from which it had hitherto been excluded with so much jealousy, and that the practical defects under which every department laboured were attributable to the undue or overpowering influence of ill-directed regal authority. The natural result was an increased attachment to the democratical institutions, influenced also in no small degree by the example of the pure republics which were springing up on every side around them. The conflict of opinion broke out in some instances in insurrection; but those insurrections were formidable neither for the numbers engaged, nor for the length of their existence: they were easily and quickly suppressed, with little loss of life in the field, and still less on the scaffold. The country was then tranquillized; foreign intellect and capital poured in; its amazing natural resources were developed; the national institutions became consolidated; the title of government has experienced a nominal change from that of a kingdom to a monarchy; and to Don Joas some years ago succeeded his son Don Pedro, who, again, has been obliged to abdicate in favour of his son Don Pedro the Second, as yet a mere child. The country, however, though torn considerably by domestic factions, is likely to continue under its present constitution, the condition of the neighbouring republics being by no means such as to invite to a change.*

LARRY M'FARLAND.

We extract from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," a work of remarkable talent, published two years ago in Dublin, the following most graphic account of an Irish household, in a state of decay through improvidence. The story, which unfortunately has a historical as well as poetical merit, is supposed to be told by a gossip at the hero's wake:—

They were, indeed, the best natured couple in Europe; they would lend you a spade or a hook in potato time or harvest, out of pure kindness, though their own corn that was drop-ripe should be uncut, or their potatoes that were a-tramping every day with their own cows, or those of their neighbours, should be undug—all for afraid of being thought unneighbourly. In this way they went on for some years, not altogether so bad but that they were able just to keep the house over their heads. They had a small family of three children on their hands, and every likelihood of having enough of them. Whenever they got a young one christened, they'd be sure to have a whole lot of the neighbours at it—and surely some of the young ladies, or Master George, or John, or Frederick, from the big house, should stand gossip, and have the child called after them. Then they should have tay enough to serve them, and loaf-bread and punch; and though Larry should sell a sack of seed oats or seed potatoes for to get it, no doubt but there should be a bottle of wine to thrate the young ladies or jintlemen. When their children grew up, little care was taken of them, becase their parents minded other people's business more nor their own. They were always in the greatest poverty and distress, becase Larry would be killing time about the squire's, or doing some handy job for a neighbour, who could get no other man to do it. They now fell behind entirely in the rint, and Larry got many hints from the squire, that if he didn't pay more attention to his business, he must look after his arrears, or as much of it as he could make up from the cattle and the crop. Larry promised well as far as words went, and no doubt hoped to be able to perform; but he hadn't steadiness to go through with a thing. Truth's best; you see, both himself and his wife neglected their business in the beginning, so that every thing went at sixes and sevens. They then found themselves uncomfortable at their own hearth, and had no heart to labour; so that what would make a careful person work their fingers to the stumps to get out of poverty, only prevented them from working at all, or druv them to work for those that had more comfort, and could give them a better male's mate. Their timpers soon began to get sour: Larry thought, becase Sally wasn't as careful as she ought to be, that if he had taken any other young woman to his wife, he wouldn't be as he was; she thought the very same thing of Larry. "If he was like another," she would say to his brother, "that would be up airly and late at his own business, I would have spirits to work, by rason it would cheer my heart to see our little farm looking as warm and comfortable as another's; but, *farer gairh*, that's not the case, nor likely to be so, for he spins his time from one place to another, working for them that laughs at him for his pains; but he'd rather go to his neck in wather than lay down a hand 'or himself, except when he can't help it." Larry, again, had his complaint—"Sally's a lazy trollop," he would say to his brother's wife, "that never does one hand's turn that she can help, but sits over the fire from morning till night, making birds' nests in the ashes with her yellow heels, or going about from one neighbour's house to another, goster and palavering about what doesn't consarn her, instead of minding the house. How can I have heart to work, when I come in, expecting to find my dinner boiled, but, instead of that, get her sitting on her hunkers on the hearth-stone, blowing at two or three green sticks with her apron, the pot hanging on the crook, without even the *white horses on it*. She never puts a stitch in my clothes, nor in the children's, nor in her own, but lets them all go to rags at once—the devil's luck to her! I wish I had never met with her, or that I had married a sober girl that wasn't fond of dress and dancing. If she was a good servant, it was only becase she liked to have a good name; for, when she got a house and place of her own, see how she turned out." From less to more, they went on squabbling and fighting, until at last you might see Sally one time with a black eye or a cut head, or another time going off with herself crying up to Tom Hance's, or some other neighbour's house, to sit down and give a history of the *ruction* that he and she had on the head of some thrife or another that wasn't worth naming. Their childer were shows, running about without a single stitch upon them, except ould coats that some of the servants from the big house would throw them. In these they'd go sailing about, with the long skirts trailing on the ground behind them; and sometimes Larry himself would be mane enough to take the coat from the *goorson*, and ware it himself. As for giving them any schooling, it was what they never thought of; but even if they were inclined to it, there was no school in the neighbourhood to send them to. It is a true saying, that as the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and this was true here, for the childer fought one another like so many divils, and swore like Trojans—for Larry, along with every thing else, when he was a Brine-oge, thought it was a manly thing to be a great swearer; and the childer,

when they got able to swear, warn't worse nor their father. At first, when any of the little souls would thry at an oath, Larry would break his heart laughing at them; and so, from one thing to another, they got quite hardened in it, without being any way checked in wickedness. Things at last drew on to a bad state entirely. Larry and Sally were now as ragged as Dives and Lazarus, and their childer the same. It was no strange sight, in summer, to see the young ones marching about the street as bare as my hand, with scarce a blessed stitch upon them that ever was seen, they dirt and ashes to the eyes, wadling after their uncle Tom's geese and ducks through the green dub of rotten water that lay before their own door, just beside the dunghill; or the bigger ones running after the squire's cars, when bringing home the corn or the hay, waiting to get a ride as the labourers would go back with the empty cars.

Larry and Sally would never be let into the squire's kitchen now, to ate, or drink, or spend an evening with the servants; he might go out and in to his male's mate along with the rest of the labourers, but there was no welcome for him. Sally would go down with her jug to get some buttermilk, and would have to stand among a set of beggars and cotters, she as ragged and as poor as any of them, for she wouldn't be let into the kitchen till her turn came, no more nor another; for the servants would turn up their noses with the greatest disdain possible at them both. It was hard to tell whether the inside or the outside of their house was worse; within, it would almost turn your stomach to look at it—the flure was all dirt, for how could it be any other way, when, at the end of every male, the *schrahag* would be emptied down on it, and the pigs that were whining and grunting about the door would brake in to the hape of praty skins that Sally would there throw down for them. You might reel Larry's shirt, or make a surveyor's chain of it; for bad cess to me, but, I believe, it would reach from this to the rath. The blanket was in tatters, and, like the shirt, would go round the house: their straw beds were stocked with the *black militia*—the childers' heads were garrisoned with *Sootch greys*, and their heels and heads ornamented with all description of kibes. There was only two stools in all the house, and a hassock of straw for the young child; and one of the stools wanted a leg, so that it was dangerous for a stranger to sit down upon it, except he knew of this failing. The flure was worn into large holes, that were mostly filled with slop, where the childer used to dabble about and amuse themselves by sailing egg-shells upon them, with bits of boiled praties in them, by way of a little faste. The dresser was as black as dirt could make it, and had on it only two or three wooden dishes clasped with tin, and noggins without hoops, a beetle, and some crockery. There was an ould chest to hould their meal, but it wanted the hinges; and the childer, when they'd get the mother out, would mix a sup of male and wather in a noggin, and stuff themselves with it, raw and all, for they were almost starved. Then, as the byre had never been kept in repair, the roof fell in, and the cow and pig had to stand in one end of the dwelling-house. Then, if a wet day would come, there wasn't a spot you could stand in for *down-rain*; and, wet or dry, Sally, Larry, and the childer, were spotted like trouts with the soot-drops, made by the damp of the roof and the smoke. The house on the outside was all in ridges of black dirt where the thatch had rotted, or covered over with chicken-weed or blind oats; but in the middle of all this misery they'd a horse-shoe nailed over the door for good luck. You know that in telling this story I needn't minton every thing as it just happened, laying down, year after year, or day and date; so you may suppose, as I go on, that all this went forward in the course of time. They didn't get bad of a sudden, but by degrees, neglecting one thing after another, until they found themselves in the state I'm relating to you—then struggling and struggling, but never taking the right way to mend. But where's the use in saying much more about it?—things could'n't stand; they were terribly in arrears; but the landlord was a good kind of man, and, for the sake of the poor childer, didn't wish to turn them on the world, without house or shelter, bit or sup. Larry, too, had been, and still was, so ready to do difficult and nice jobs for him, and would resave no payment, that he couldn't think of taking his only cow from him, or prevent him from raising a bit of oats or a plat of potatoes every year out of the farm. The farm itself was all run to waste by this time, and had a miserable look about it. Sometimes you might see a piece of a field that had been ploughed, all overgrown with grass, because it had never been sowed or set with any thing. The slaps were all broken down, or had only a piece of an ould beam or a thorn bush lying across, to keep the cattle out of them. His bit of corn was all eat away and cropped here and there by the cows, and his potatoes rooted up by the pigs. The garden, indeed, had a few cabbages, and a ridge of airly potatoes; but these were so choked with bur-docks and nettles, that you could hardly see them. I told you before that they led the devil's life, and that was nothing but God's truth; and, according as they got into greater poverty, it was worse. A day couldn't pass without a fight; if they'd be at their breakfast, maybe he'd make a potato hop off her skull, and she'd give him the contents of her noggin of buttermilk about the eyes; then he'd *fake* her

* Condensed from Dr Walsh's Notices of Brazil, 2 vols. 8vo. 1860.

and the childer would be in an uproar, crying out, "Oh, daddy, daddy, don't kill my mammy!" When this would be over, he'd get off with himself to do something for the squire, and would sing and laugh so pleasant, that you'd think he was the best tempered man alive; and so he was, until neglecting his business, and minding dances, and fairs, and drink, destroyed him.

EXPLANATION OF THE STOCKS.

THERE are few topics of conversation perhaps more frequently introduced, and, at the same time, less generally understood, than that of the Public Funds, and I know few subjects on which the un instructed can derive so little information from books. I am certain, therefore, that I will render a very acceptable service to many, and these not the least respectable of my readers, if I can throw so much light upon the subject as may enable them to understand the prices of the Stocks, as given in the public papers.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark, that, in every war in which this country has been engaged since the Revolution, the amount of the annual taxes has been found inadequate to defray the expenses of government. To supply the deficiency, our rulers have generally had recourse to loans—that is to say, they have borrowed money from such individuals as were able and willing to lend it, giving these individuals a security for the payment of a certain annual interest. To explain the nature of this transaction, I shall take a very simple case. Suppose, then, that L.100 is the sum which government wishes to borrow, and that an individual offers to lend that sum at an interest of 5 per cent. On paying down the money, the lender receives a bill, bond, or acknowledgment, for the amount; by which acknowledgment he is entitled to draw yearly from the public revenue L.5 of interest, but on the express condition that he is not to demand repayment of the principal, or sum lent, unless government is willing to repay it. The person who thus possesses the bill or acknowledgment is said to be a holder of L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, and the money lent upon that bill constitutes a part of what is called the national debt, because it is in fact borrowed by the nation, and the interest is paid out of the taxes. It is obvious, however, that few persons would be disposed to lend money on the condition of never being allowed to demand repayment, even though they were quite certain of receiving annual interest, and of transmitting the right to that interest to their posterity. To remedy this inconvenience, therefore, the lender who wishes to employ the sum which he lent to government in any other way, though he cannot directly demand repayment, is at liberty to sell his bill to any body who will purchase it, and for any sum that another may be willing to pay for it. In doing so, he merely sells to a second person the right which he himself possessed to the annual interest of L.5, and that second person is of course at liberty to dispose of his right to another in the same way. This transaction, in general, is called a *transfer of stock*; and in the particular case which I have supposed, the one is said to sell, and the other to buy, L.100 of 5 per cent. stock. If 5 per cent. be considered as a fair and equitable interest for money lent, it is obvious that such a bill as I have now been speaking of, or, in other words, that L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, is just worth L.100 sterling. It is possible, however, that in certain circumstances the holder of that bill may receive more, or be obliged to take less for it than L.100. If two or three individuals, for example, have each a sum of money, which they are anxious to lay out at interest, but find it difficult to do so, a competition will naturally take place among them to become the purchaser of the bill in question, which will always secure to the holder L.5 of yearly interest. The possessor of the bill will of course take advantage of this competition, and raise his price, say to L.105. The purchaser, therefore, pays L.105 for L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of L.5 for every L.105, which is at the rate of something more than 4½ per cent. If, on the other hand, however, the possessor of the bill or stock is anxious to dispose of it, while few are willing to buy it, he will be forced to offer it for less than L.100, say L.95. The purchaser, in this case, pays L.95 for L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of L.5 for every L.95, which is at the rate of something more than 5½ per cent. For simplicity of illustration, I have supposed that L.100 is the sum borrowed by government, and that of course there is just one bill to be disposed of, or transferred by the lender. If it be supposed, however, as is really the fact, that the loans generally amount to several millions, the necessity which the lenders are under of selling their bills, or, in other words, transferring their stock, will be more apparent. The transaction between government and the lenders is precisely the same in the case of millions as in that of a hundred; and it is unnecessary, therefore, again to illustrate the general principle of that transaction. It is evident, however, that even the most opulent merchants, who are generally the lenders, cannot be supposed to have such a command of money as to be able to advance ten or twelve millions to government at once. When they contract for a loan, therefore—that is, when they agree to lend

to government the sum required—they generally pay the money by instalments, or partial payments, at certain intervals, say one million a-month, till the whole is advanced. In the meantime, they sell or transfer the bills or securities which they receive from government, to those who may have money to lay out at interest, and who of course will be disposed to purchase such bills, so that the sale of the bills of the first instalment may enable them to pay the second. In this way, government securities or bills become articles of commerce, and their price is regulated, like that of any other article, according to the supply and demand. If we suppose, as before, that the contractors for the loan, that is, the original lenders, receive from government a L.100 bill for every L.100 sterling that they lend, bearing 5 per cent., they will gain or lose by the transaction, according as they can dispose of these bills for more or less than L.100. If the buyers are numerous compared with the quantity of bills—that is, if there be a great number who are anxious to have their money laid out at interest—they will be tempted, perhaps, to give, as was before supposed, L.105 for every bill; for though, by doing so, they will have only 4½ per cent. for their money, still it may possibly be more than they can draw for it in any other way, while the security is better than if they lent their money to private individuals or companies. In this case the contractor would gain 5 per cent. upon the loan, or L.50,000 on the whole ten millions. If, on the other hand, however, comparatively few persons are found disposed to lay out their money at 5 per cent., the contractors may be obliged to offer their bills for less than L.100, say, as before, L.95. In this case the contractors lose 5 per cent. on the loan, or L.50,000 on the whole ten millions. It is easy to see, from this view of the subject, how the price of stock is liable to fluctuation from accidental circumstances. I shall not attempt to enumerate these: but it may be worth while to point out how it is affected by peace and war, as these two states of the country are generally found to have the greatest influence in raising or depressing the value of stock. In the time of war, then, the price of stock is comparatively low, because, in such a state of things, it is likely that government will be under the necessity of borrowing; and as every loan produces new bills, the quantity of those to be disposed of, or, in other words, the supply of the market, will be increased. The price, therefore, will fall, for the same reason that the price of corn falls after a plentiful harvest. In time of peace, again, the price of stock is comparatively high, because, in such a state of things, the taxes are likely to be sufficient to defray the expenses of government without any loans, and consequently no new bills are to be disposed of, or the supply, though not positively diminished, ceases to be augmented. For the same reason, the price of stock in the time of war is materially affected by the nature of the intelligence that comes from the scene of action. If that intelligence be unfavourable, stock will fall, because there is a prospect either of protracted warfare, or of the necessity of more vigorous exertions on the part of government; in both which cases, new loans may be necessary, and consequently a new supply of bills will be thrown into the money market. On the other hand, should the intelligence be favourable, the price of stock will rise, because the prospect of a successful termination of the war renders it probable that there will be no new loan, and consequently no new supply of stock. It is this variation in the price of stock that gives room for the nefarious practice of stock-jobbing. That practice consists in raising and circulating reports calculated to raise or depress the price of stock, according to the particular views of the individual. If he wishes, for example, to sell his stock or bills, he endeavours to propagate some report or other favourable to the issue of the war, and the establishment of peace, in order, if possible, to raise the price of stock; and if he wishes to buy, he propagates reports of a contrary tendency. It is painful to think that this abominable system is sometimes carried on by men whose rank and station in society, to say nothing of the obligation of morality and religion, might be expected to place them far above any such disgraceful acts; but, in general, I believe it is confined to men of desperate fortune and little character, who subsist by a species of gambling, to which the finance system of this country has opened a wide and extensive field. I allude to those men who make a practice of buying and selling stock, without actually possessing any, and whose transactions, therefore, are nothing more than wagers about the price of stock on a certain day. To explain the nature of the transaction by an example, I shall suppose that A sells to B a government bill of L.100, or L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, to be delivered on a certain future day, and that the price is fixed at L.102. If, when the day arrives, the price of stock shall have fallen to L.100, A would be able to purchase the bill in question for L.100, while, in consequence of his bargain, B would be obliged to pay him L.102 for it, so that A would gain L.2. If, however, stock had risen to L.104, B would still be obliged to give only L.102, so that A would lose L.2; but instead of actually buying and selling the stock, the bargain is generally implemented by A paying to B, or receiving from him, the L.2, or whatever may be the sum of loss or gain. In such a case as this, it is obviously A's interest that the price of stock should fall, and as obviously B's interest that it should rise, between the day of the bargain and that of settling; and hence the temptation held out to both to circulate re-

ports favourable to their own particular views. B, or the buyer, is usually denominated a Bull, as expressive of his desire to *to* up; and A, or seller, a Bear, from his wish to trample upon or *tread down*. The law, of course, does not recognise a transaction which proceeds on a principle of gambling; but a sense of honour, or, what is perhaps nearer the truth, *self-interest*, generally secures the payment of the difference, as the person who refuses to pay his loss is exhibited in the Stock Exchange under the designation of a *lame duck*, a disgrace which is considered as the sentence of banishment from that scene of bustle and business.

I have, in the preceding remarks, for the sake of simplicity, represented the transfer of stock as carried on in a way somewhat different from that in which it is really conducted. I have considered the securities which government gives to those from whom money is borrowed as consisting of bills, and these bills as uniformly bearing interest at 5 per cent. Neither of these statements, however, is, strictly speaking, correct, as I shall have occasion more particularly to explain in a future communication; but as my object in this introductory paper was to simplify the subject as much as possible, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with it, I have chosen an illustration that appeared to me most elementary, and which, if well understood, will enable ordinary readers to comprehend with little difficulty the more intricate parts of the subject, to which I shall take the liberty hereafter to direct their attention.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1818.

PERSONAL SECURITY DURING A THUNDER STORM.

WITH respect to protection in the storm, it may be remarked, that, when exposed in the open country, we must avoid seeking shelter under a tree, or by the wall of any building; and, agreeably to the numerous observations we have made, such trees as are isolated, or stand apart—for instance, those in the middle of a field—are more likely to be struck by the lightning than such as form part of the group of a clump or forest; streamlets, rivers, ponds, or other collections of water, are dangerous, and may determine the lightning, which would find a superior conductor in the vertical human frame, and its circulating fluids; we must therefore retire from their banks. If the crash succeed the lightning with no sensible interval of time, we are exposed to the most imminent and immediate danger, and our obvious and best security is to throw ourselves down upon the ground, and maintain a horizontal position: being thoroughly wet will add to our safety; and if we can count from eighteen to twenty between the flash and succeeding peal, we are tolerably secure. It has been calculated that electricity moves with a velocity more retarded than light, and its movement is estimated at 1950 feet in a second of time: this being the case, we must deduct the movement of sound per second from the sum in question, which is 1142 feet; the remainder multiplied by the number of seconds between the flash and the peal will determine the distance from the observer. Let us suppose the interval is five seconds; then $1950 - 1142 = 808 \times 5 = 4040$ feet distance. The noise of the thunder is an announcement that the danger is over. The umbrella should never be used in a thunder-storm. When in the house we must not approach the fire-place, for the chimney lined with carbonaceous matter forms a tolerably good conductor. Last season a cottager was reading by the fire, the poker was inclined on the grate, and a dog was sleeping in contact with it: the dog alone was killed by the lightning, that descended by the chimney, and was conducted to the earth by the poker, while the man escaped, having received only an electric shock. In like manner the bell-pull must be avoided if attached by metallic wire, for the lightning has frequently entered a house, pervaded the bell-wire, and, finding no escape to the earth, has exploded here, burst through the window, and shattered a tree in the garden. In like manner all metallic objects whatever are to be diligently and studiously avoided, even gilded mirrors and picture frames. We have lately been astonished to remark, in an instance where the lightning entered a building, the very extraordinary avidity with which it seemed to have run about, as it were, in quest of some medium of escape from the premises; the very nails in the floor were attacked, as well as those which had attached the laths to the ceiling and partition; the hinge of the door, and even a nail which fastened the head of a spade to its shaft, were wrenched out and imbedded in the wall; it appeared, indeed, to have ramified like "wild fire," and attacked every thing in the shape of metallic matter, with a fierceness quite surprising.—*Murray's Atmospheric Electricity*, 1832.

PAUL HOLTON.

In the fourth volume of that most delightful series of tales and sketches, entitled "OUR VILLAGE," occurs the story of Paul Holton, a wealthy young farmer, who was likely to have obtained for his wife Letty Dale, a tanner's pretty daughter, till some ill-timed but not ill-intentioned raillery on her part, respecting his ill success at cricket, made him part in dudgeon, resolved to live no longer in that part of the country. The tale thus proceeds:—

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorised his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relation left Hazelby, and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity; how much more so when he who goes—goes never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long!

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country maiden, and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now, old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their some time friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise, when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her, just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white; but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes. The blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets; the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches. A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to

exclaim against the system, called it a toss, a throw, a trick—any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery; and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly, the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and these entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he; "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat, and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr Paul Holton—we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother, to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man, solemnly; "God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father."

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away, and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour, and the flower garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tanyard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble, and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's, was all but caught out by Sam Newton, and East Woodhay triumphed, and Hazelby sat quaking, when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away. "Letty, dear Letty," said he; "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But, Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I

have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that, a month after, the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

BURNS.—REAL FAME.

In one of my many wanderings, I happened to pass the month of January 182— in a Benedictine monastery at the base of Mount Etna. The superior of the establishment was one of the most perfect gentlemen, and the best informed priest, I ever knew. As is pretty general in the order of Benedictines, he was a younger son of one of the noblest families in Sicily; and interest united with merit had elevated him thus high while still a very young man. To this similarity of age, and in some measure of tastes, do I ascribe the almost fraternal intimacy which soon subsisted between us. Never shall I forget the days we spent together. One evening is now present to my mind's eye as if actually passing. Conversation and reading had caused the early portion of the night to wear rapidly away, to the nearly total forgetfulness of the storm without. As it grew late, however, the hurricane increased, so as to excite an almost painful feeling; and its natural associations of melancholy were deepened in my imagination by the hollow booming of the priory bell, as it was occasionally half swung round by the blast. In the apartment of the youthful monk, however, all was comfort. The suite consisted of two chambers, the exterior, except in extent, little distinguished from those of the brotherhood; but the inner, in which we were seated, still more capacious, exhibited, in its walls, hung round with tapestry and ancient-looking paintings—its massive cabinets, and high-backed chairs of dark and richly-carved chestnut wood—the very ideal of monastic elegance. Over the antique garniture, a pile of fagots blazing in the high chimney, from a huge but picturesque stand of iron, threw a cheerful light, reflected in a thousand flickering shadows from the polished or broken surfaces upon which it fell. We had drawn our seats towards the hearth, consequently somewhat in advance of the table at which we had been reading, and still covered with books and papers. An illuminated missal lay open, and near it a silver bell and crucifix, while a bronze tripod of veritable Greek workmanship supported a lamp in the centre, showing, amid all these intellectualities, my substantial cold supper, where wine—true *lachryma Christi*—was not forgotten, with the prior's simple omelet in the remote corner. But with all these external appliances, both seemed more inclined to indulge in that quiet, unobtrusive, though, perhaps, somewhat selfish enjoyment, arising from the internal sense of security in the midst of languor and discomfort. It was probably this sentiment which caused me almost unconsciously to ejaculate—

"The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle."

"That's Burns," exclaimed the prior, to my astonishment. Burns known to a monk at the foot of Mount Etna! That surpassed all my preconceived notions. The prior, doubtless, observing my surprise, explained that he knew only these two lines, but that they had excited a strong desire to know something more, concluding with the question, "Is it possible to procure a Latin translation?" I suppose my expression was not altogether consistent with perfect politeness at the idea of the rhymes of the Scottish ploughman writhing under the infliction of classic hexameters or Horatian lyrics, for my friend, looking in my face, hastened to add, in an extenuating tone, "I should esteem it the most curious work in our library." "And assuredly, my dear father," rejoined I, laughing, "such a volume would prove the greatest curiosity in any library." "Nay, nay," interrupted the prior, perceiving himself to be getting deeper and deeper into some absurdity, though what he knew not, "hear my story out:—

"Two years ago, upon a night of storm similar to the present, the superior, for I was then but sub-prior, and myself, were seated together as we two now are; but," glancing his eye, with a half conscious smile, round the apartment, "this chamber then showed somewhat less of propriety. From a dull enough

à-la-lite, we were roused by a loud knocking at the outer gate, and in a few minutes a lay brother, dispatched by the sacristan, announced the arrival of strangers, who requested shelter. The situation of our house, on the route between one of the principal fruit and wine districts and Syracuse, exposes us to frequent claims of this nature. From my smattering of languages, I was, as usual, deputed to see the guests accommodated in the refectory. They were six in number—an English and Scotch merchant, partners in a firm at Palermo, and who were known to me; an Irishman, making the tour of the island; a German architect, with an American and a Frenchman, officers of an American vessel lying at Messina, completed the company.

"These gentlemen had been proceeding in opposite directions; but happening to meet in the vicinity of our establishment, had been recommended by their guides to turn aside with us for the night. I found them intelligent and well informed on most subjects, but disagreeing with each other on every possible topic. Politics, trade, literature, successively became subjects of discussion and of quarrel. But all preceding dispute had been as nothing compared with the war of words which arose on the antiquity of their respective nations, the American infusing bitterness into the contention by the utter disdain with which he affected to treat all such claims. I thought my guests would actually proceed to the extremities deprecated by the Roman poet, and convert the implements of feasting into deadly weapons, when the Scot, who had been among the keenest, stood up, and, as seemed to me, in a tone of defiance, repeated the lines you now quoted. The verse, however, appeared to act as a sedative on the spirit of strife; for the Englishman good-humouredly called out, 'Ha, Stewart, on your hobby!—there, at least, you think you have the advantage, and I confess we possess no national poet, who, like Burns, comes home to the bosoms of the poor, yet awakens the admiration and sympathy of the great.' 'Pardon me,' replied the Irishman, 'you speak, of course, only as respects England; the beauty of our national poetry is felt and allowed by all ranks; but I willingly acknowledge the merit of Burns.' 'None of you,' interrupted the American, 'ever felt his full power; read or listen to his strains in our deep solitude of forest or savannah, and think that five thousand miles of ocean separate you from the country of your forefathers, the home and sanctuary of the poet's imagery—then talk of feelings. No, no—you would be silent. I am,' continued he, 'myself a Yankee, as you contemptuously term it; and I am proud of being a genuine son of America; but my mother was Scotch. Often, when a child, have I sat upon her knee, while she wept and repeated from Burns. For his sake, and for hers, I love the country of my mother. Whole generations feel as I do; and when every other tie is broken between Britain and America, Burns, and such as Burns, will teach our children's children that they are come of one race.'

"Even the Frenchman," resumed the prior, "had heard of Burns, as uniting the descriptive powers of Delille with the simplicity of La Fontaine; while in Germany, where English literature is generally known, the architect told us Burns had been described to him as combining the power of Goethe with the sweetness of Gelert. Collecting some idea of his character from these remarks, I, willing to say something, observed to the Scotsman, that I supposed his poet resembled the Sicilian bard Meli, and in this comparison found I had come as near as our more artificial literature permits. In short, we discovered that, in our admiration of a man of genius, we had at least one common feeling, and thenceforward the evening passed away in the most cordial and entertaining conversation.

"Now, my good friend," concluded the prior, with a smile, laying his hand on my shoulder, "why I should esteem the works of your Scottish bard the most valuable curiosity in our library, arises from this—that I could point them out to our visitors as a volume, on the merits of which men from the most distant countries, and of the most opposite sentiments, coincided—although they in nothing else agreed."—*Edinburgh Spectator*.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

When Cooper and Twaits, after a successful campaign at the Boston theatre, returned to New York, Twaits used to tell the following and other anecdotes, for the purpose of playfully annoying Cooper—"As we were returning from Boston, our style of travelling made the folks stare. Our carriage, and servant, and trunks, seemed particularly to excite the curiosity of the landlord at an inn where we stopped to breakfast; and he saw that Tom was a great man at once. I was only the great man's companion, and he took an opportunity to inquire who this might be. 'It's the great Mr Cooper,' said I, 'going on from Boston to New York.' 'What! a congress man?' 'No; you must have heard of him—the playactor.' 'Playactor!—oh, oh! What does he do?' 'Plays all kind of tricks.' 'Oh, ho! tumbling—rope-dancing—oh, ho!' All the landlord's awe of the traveller was gone, but his curiosity yet more fully alive; and he walked into the room which Cooper had taken possession of to await breakfast, and seated himself to gaze his fill. I fol-

lowed, and soon after in ran a rough little urchin, and placed himself between his father's knees, who, patting his white head, and looking at Cooper, says, 'Sonny, that's Mr Cooper, my dear—won't you go to New York with Mr Cooper?' 'For what, daddy?' 'Why, he'll make an actor of you.' 'What's that, daddy?' 'Oh, he'll learn you to dance the rope, turn over head and heels, and play all kinds of tricks.'—*From Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre*.

VENICE.

To the eye of the stranger the aspect of Venice first presents itself like some vision of the deep, while her history fills the mind with awe and wonder at the stern and fearful realities and heroic recollections with which it abounds. She stands alone and unparalleled in the annals of Italy's tempestuous republics—those hypocrites of liberty, which recoiled from foreign despotism only the more effectually to exalt themselves by harassing and oppressing each other. While, torn by internal factions and successive revolutions, the rest of Italy wielded at will their fierce democracies, Venice preserved unshaken her "high and palmy state," based on the deep invisible foundations of her more than Machiavellian system—the combination of petty tyrants, which, unlike that of slaves, seldom fails to accomplish the objects it has in view.

The Venetians arrived at their highest national glory when the capital of the eastern empire acknowledged them its conquerors. The wealth which that event poured into their treasures made them the richest people in Europe—the fame which they acquired by it made them the most respected and renowned. But it is doubtful whether it was not the forerunner of the worst disasters which the republic was destined to suffer. In less than a century after this triumph, which rendered it in the eyes of Europe the great barrier against the power of the infidel, it had to support three sharp and bloody contests with the increasing strength of the Turks, and had suffered a disheartening defeat in all.

The celebrated Selim the First, and his son Soliman the Second, carried on successful wars with both native and foreign enemies; and the Ottoman power, every year acquiring fresh force, began more imminently to threaten the proud republicans. After forcing them to pay tribute to Cyprus, Selim the Second conceived the project of regaining entire possession of that rich and valuable island. While he was carrying on preparations for this enterprise, the Venetians were still further discomfited by the explosion of their arsenal, which, in the night of September 13th, 1569, tore up their walls and towers, part of their streets, and four churches. The nobles, astonished, and not knowing the cause of the frightful tumult, ran to arms; and the whole population of the city, believing that an enemy had forced and thrown down the fortifications, hastened to secure themselves by flight.

The storm at length broke forth, and the Venetians found themselves opposed to the whole strength of the Moslem, whose forces were seen covering the neighbouring shores of the gulf. The siege of Famagouste immediately followed, and the noblest spirit of the republic was manifested in the defence. After a desperate conflict, Bragadino, the chief of the garrison, having neither the means of subsisting his people, nor of supporting any further attacks, accepted the capitulation offered by Mustapha, the Ottoman leader. A few days were spent in settling the preliminaries; and the Moslem, expressing his high admiration of the Venetian captains, invited them to his tent. Bragadino, accordingly, and several of his officers, proceeded one evening to the entrenchment; the former on horseback, clad in the scarlet robes of a Venetian magistrate, and shaded by a parasol of the same colour. The pacha received them with great courtesy, but demanded hostages to secure the fulfilment of the capitulation. The chief haughtily replied, that the honour of Venice might be well trusted in; on which Mustapha, in a burst of fury, instantly ordered several of the officers to be strangled, only sparing Bragadino for greater cruelties. After the unfortunate captain had been forced to see the execution of his friends, his ears were cut off, and he was led through the town as a malefactor. He was then placed on a scaffold, fastened to a stake, and flayed alive, the infamous Mustapha enjoying the spectacle from a balcony, and afterwards causing the skin of the brave Venetian to be stuffed and paraded about the streets, with all the insignia of the magistracy.

The battle of Lepanto shortly followed this event, and modern history records few engagements which

it does not surpass in celebrity. It was in the same situation that the fate of Rome was decided by the battle of Actium; and though the latter was productive of the most important consequences, and the former was followed by none, it is doubtful to which warlike fame would give the greater glory. Certainly never had greater courage or skill been displayed in naval warfare than in this engagement. During the chief part of the day, the combined Venetian and Spanish forces, and the whole strength of the Ottoman fleet, were opposed in close and incessant combat; and when the latter fled from the straits, it had lost near two hundred vessels, and thirty thousand men. Venice, whatever glory she had acquired by this victory, reaped no advantage from it; and finding that the confederacy she had formed would not effectually aid her in the principal object she had in view, the government made peace with the Ottoman, and ceded the disputed possessions.

The elevation of Camillo Borghese to the pontifical chair, under the name of Paul the Fifth, gave birth to the most remarkable struggle which the republic had ever sustained. The new pope was determined to exercise his power to the utmost, and the Venetians were resolved to follow their usual customs in all ecclesiastical matters.

Paul had been known to say, that if he were pope, and the Venetians gave him any cause of uneasiness, he would at once launch against them the thunders of the church; "and I," said the ambassador Leonardo Donato, "if I were doge, would despise your anathemas." It was remarkable enough that they were now both in the situations alluded to, and both prepared for putting their respective threats into execution. The first cause of complaint with the pope was the two fundamental laws of the republic, which forbade the building of churches without the permission of government, and the alienation of estates in favour of ecclesiastics. He next took offence at the imprisonment of a monk who had violated a female under circumstances of great atrocity, and demanded that he should be judged by his own order: which the council not only refused, but shortly after arrested the Abbé of Nervesa for similar dissoluteness of manners. To revenge himself for these affronts, the pope protested against the election of Leonardo Donato to the ducal throne, and the contest began with a violence unknown before. At last the pope put the whole state, 17th April 1606, under the ban of excommunication. Venice was astonished, but not terrified, at the announcement. The council ordered the religious services to continue as usual, and were obeyed by all the secular clergy, but not by the monks or the Jesuits, who were immediately expelled in consequence of their endeavour to evade the decree. After a long contest, well supported on both sides, the combatants found it necessary to enter into negotiations for peace. Various states offered to act as arbitrators; and, by the mediation of the French, the republic was induced to resign the two priests to the judgments of the church, and the ill-satisfied pontiff to accept of this tribute to his authority, and agree to remove the excommunication, though Venice retained all her laws and boasted independence undiminished.

But the severe and determined policy out of which this resistance sprung, was not a sufficient safeguard against the evils which were about to assail the republic. So splendid hitherto had been her condition, that even the cities through which a portion of her wealth had to pass, were regarded by other states with wonder and envy. The citizens of Bruges, it is said, emulated the pomp and luxury of the proudest courts; and when Joanna, wife of Philip le Bel, visited them, she angrily exclaimed at seeing the costly dresses and ornaments of the merchants' wives, "I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundred more." The same observation would have applied to other cities as well as to Bruges; and if it was thus with places into which only the drops fell from the golden vessel of Venetian wealth, how are we to estimate the prosperity of Venice herself? The advantages thus enjoyed were also supported by the determined feeling of the people. They saw the true principles on which alone their grandeur could be permanently fixed, and they followed them too often, it is melancholy to add, to the violation of truth and freedom; but at other times with a keen, foreseeing wisdom, which has never since been so long and uniformly practised by a whole people. Thus, when threatened by the league of Cambray, they came forward and lent the best part of their fortunes to the state; and while the king of France had to pay forty-two per cent. for the money he expended in the war, Venice could raise millions at five per cent. When attacked by the Genoese, they practised a still greater generosity, and voluntarily brought sufficient to the public treasury to raise additional forces; and when the struggle with Ferrara pressed hard upon the usual revenues of the state, they not only cheerfully obeyed the first demands of the senate, but offered their jewels, their gold and silver, and other articles of luxury, to aid the cause of their country. And thus, supported by a deep, fearless, and unsparing policy on the one side, and by so wise a patriotism on the other, Venice might fairly hope to withstand every enemy, whether spiritual or temporal—whether the banded princes of Europe, or the fierce and ambitious Moslem. But Columbus and Vasco de Gama humbled a power which neither popes,

princes, nor sultans, could unsettle or overthrow. Their discoveries tore away its pomp and glory, as the diffusion of knowledge in a subsequent age humbled those of Rome.

But the deep and hitherto successful projects of this mysterious government were in a few years to be proved altogether unequal to meet the new spirit of enterprise then abroad in the world. The instability of the government, and a universal corruption of manners, contributed still more to the changes on the eve of taking place, and which were to reduce the once magnificent Venice to the lowest rank among nations. The degradation of the nobles at the commencement of the eighteenth century may be proved by the fact that the Ridotto, an immense building devoted to games of hazard, was the privileged resort of the patricians. Seventy or eighty tables were placed in its vast halls, at which the nobles only had the right of playing. Seated there, clad in their robes of state, and with their faces uncovered, the especial privilege of these honourable gamesters, they not only played for themselves, but were the capitalists of others who wished to engage in such enterprises, and were paid either by the year, month, or hour, for the accommodation they thus rendered to inferior speculators.

Such was the state of manners in Venice when it had to meet the shock of the French revolution. For many years past, the favourite maxim of its statesmen had been, to preserve peace at any sacrifice; and they had in consequence suffered the fortifications to decay, their arsenal to remain without defence, and their fleet in the same condition as when they had to fear no enemy or rival. When the war between France and the other states of Europe commenced, they would fain have acted on the maxim they had thus devoutly embraced, and determined to preserve a strict neutrality. But they were quickly undeceived in their hopes; and Verona and Padua had no sooner yielded to the French, than they saw them approach within sight of their own shores. On the 30th of April 1797, memorable day for Venice, the doge summoned all the different departments of the government to deliberate on the situation of the state. Various were the opinions advanced on the occasion: midnight had already passed, and they had formed no determination as to what measures they should pursue, when a letter was delivered from the commander of their flotilla, announcing that the French had already commenced preparations for a blockade. Consternation was visible in every countenance; and the doge, agitated and trembling, walked up and down the apartment, exclaiming, "This night even we are not sure of sleeping tranquilly in our beds!" How changed was the Venetian spirit from what it was when the blind old Dandolo faced the batteries of Constantinople! It was at first decided that the operations of the French should be resisted, but a counter resolution reduced this determination to nothing; and the procurator Pesaro, almost the only member of the state who seemed to feel the degradation of his country, sighed deeply, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I see the fate of my country!—I cannot succour it; but a brave man finds a home any where: I must seek mine in Switzerland."

In a subsequent meeting it was debated whether a change in the constitution might not serve to remove some of the evils which were hanging over the state. The grand council was assembled to deliberate on the project. The palace on this occasion was surrounded with troops and cannon; the workmen of the arsenal, and different companies of citizens, were all under arms; while patrols hastening along the streets, their faces displaying signs of fear and amazement, served to spread apprehensions through every quarter of the city. Six hundred and nineteen senators met in this hour of terror, to resolve on such measures as their situation allowed them to take. The doge, bowed with affliction, read a proposition, the purport of which was, to consider, with Bonaparte, what changes might be most profitably made on the government. A mournful silence succeeded; the measure was put to the vote, and four hundred and ninety-eight members of the council declared themselves in its favour. When the report of this determination was presented to Napoleon, he replied, that unless the death of his captain Laugier, and some others who had fallen in a late affair with the Venetian fleet, were revenged by the immediate punishment of those who had authorized the assault, he would in fifteen days enter Venice sword in hand. Neither the doge nor his councillors had any means of resistance to propose, and they therefore gave their commissioners full power to treat with the general on his own terms. They found Bonaparte at Milan, and there a treaty was entered into, that put an end to the sovereignty of the great council, which was thenceforth to reside in the whole body of the citizens.

On the 12th of May, while the council was holding its final session, and the doge was lamenting the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the sound of musketry was heard near the palace. The most frightful confusion immediately prevailed throughout the chamber. Every one believed himself on the point of being massacred; and without further debate, and more like madmen than senators debating for the good of their falling country, they hastily gave their suffrages and departed.

The people who surrounded the palace, seeing a signal displayed at the windows, which announced to them the termination of the debate, expressed their

feelings on the occasion in loud and contradictory vociferations. While some uttered exclamations in favour of the French, others were as eager in their lamentations over the fall of their ancient constitution; but all united in contributing to the confusion of the moment, by abandoning themselves to pillage or licence. The night approached, and still these disorders remained unexpressed, till, about two hours after midnight, a small detachment of soldiers assembled on the Rialto, and some cannon being posted there, the mob was dispersed. In the morning a proclamation was issued, prohibiting, under pain of death, any opposition to the decree which had been passed.

On the 16th of May 1797, three thousand French troops disembarked on the Place Saint Mark, in the midst of the wild shouts of one part of the population, and the mournful tears and lamentations of the other. The demolition of the prisons of the inquisition was the first act of the new government; the burning of the book of gold, consecrated to the enrolment of the nobility, was the next; while the Lion of Saint Mark, instead of the inscription which designated his sacred character, was now made to bear the motto of "THE RIGHTS OF MAN."

But Venice was not yet reduced to its lowest stage of degradation. It had fallen beneath a conqueror, but it had never yet been made an object of barter between one master and another. To this, however, it was now reduced. By the treaty of Campo Formio, Venice was ceded to Austria, whose forces entered the city on January 18, 1798. The state inquisition was re-established, and Pesaro, who had made such a display of his patriotism in the scenes which preceded the final humiliation of his country, actually re-appeared in the character of an Austrian commissary. It was before him that the humbled patricians had to take the oaths of allegiance to their new master; and the ex-doge, who, though too weak and undecided for the situation he held, had the love of his country deep at heart, fell, as he pronounced the words of the oath, senseless on the ground. Thus sunk the free and queenly Venice.—*Landscape Annual*, 1831.

CLIMATE OF THE CANADAS.

THE prevailing winds, both in Upper and Lower Canada, are the north-east, north-west, and south-west, which all have a considerable influence on the temperature of the atmosphere and the state of the weather. The south-west wind is the most prevalent, but it is generally moderate, and accompanied by clear skies; and the north-east and easterly winds usually bring with them continued rain in summer, and snow in winter; the north-west is remarkable for its dryness and elasticity, and, from its gathering an intense degree of frigor, as it sweeps over the frozen plains and ice-bound hills in that quarter of the continent, invariably brings with it a perceptible degree of cold. Winds from due north, south, or west, are not frequent. At Quebec, the direction of the wind often changes with the tide, which is felt for nearly sixty miles higher up the stream of the St Lawrence.

The azure of Canadian skies is beautifully transparent and pure, and the starry constellations are remarkably luminous and bright. The northern region of the heavens is very frequently glowing with the vivid coruscations of the evanescent aurora borealis, whose vertical irradiations are often of sufficient brilliancy to dispel the darker shades of night. This aerial phenomenon is sometimes so beautiful and sublime at Quebec, that it not unfrequently attracts considerable crowds on the ramparts and elevated public walks, to admire its waving and shooting splendours.

Fogs are almost unknown in Canada, but the morning dew sometimes rises in a light vapoury cloud, which is almost suddenly dispelled by the first solar rays that gladden the horizon.

In summer, the electric phenomena of the atmosphere, as displayed in the vividness of lightning and the burst of loud thunders, are sometimes appalling in the extreme, and have, in numerous instances, been attended with very serious consequences. The destruction of extensive barns and hay-stacks, and in several cases the loss of human life, are among the disasters that on some occasions result from the violence of thunder-storms in Canada, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Quebec, where it is probable the electric matter is more powerfully attracted by the elevation of the mountains, and the magnetic properties it is likely they possess.

In point of salubrity, no climate in the world can perhaps be found to exceed that of Canada, which is not only a stranger naturally to contagious disorders, or fatal epidemics, but extremely conducive to longevity. In the early periods of the settlement of the upper province, the fever and ague were indeed very prevalent; but as the cause of this local affection was gradually removed by the draining of marshes in the progress of cultivation, it has almost entirely disappeared. It is impossible, however, to guard on all occasions against the introduction of infectious diseases into the towns; and we therefore find that malignant fevers have in some cases crept into hospitals; but

these cannot affect the general character of the climate, and the healthfulness and invigorating elasticity of the atmosphere.—*Macgregor's British America*.

STORMING OF BADAJOS.

A SORTIE was made on the 19th of March, with about 1500 infantry and some cavalry, who were driven back with considerable loss. Just before the sortie was made, and for some time after it was repulsed, every gun on the works was kept in play on the troops in the trenches, in the most furious manner, and it occasioned us a heavy loss. The siege was prosecuted with the utmost vigour, in spite of the rains, which descended almost without intermission during the first ten days, and filled the trenches with water. So many men were required to carry on the operations, that nearly one-half of our time was spent in the trenches. On the 25th our batteries opened their fire on the town, which was returned with equal spirit. The same night Fort Piccurina was stormed and carried by detachments from the 3d and light divisions, after considerable resistance, and with the loss of many men. Immediately on its fall, another parallel was commenced. From the ravelin of San Roque, and from the walls of the town, the covering parties were exceedingly galled by a constant fire of musketry. In the end of March and the beginning of April, our batteries were in full play on the town, which being breached in several places, orders were given that it should be stormed on the night of the 6th of April. Two breaches were to be stormed by the 4th and light divisions, the former assaulting that on the right, and the latter that on the left. The 3d division was to escalate the castle; whilst the 5th division, which had not taken part in the siege, and had recently arrived in the neighbourhood, was directed to attack the town and the fort of Pardalleras to the left of the light division. Some Portuguese troops threatened Fort San Christoval and the works on the right of the Guadiana. Soon after dark the columns moved out of the trenches to the different points allotted them to attack. Major O'Hare, of the 1st battalion 95th, commanded the storming party which headed the light division; and some companies of our corps lined the glacis, to keep down the fire of the enemy from the ramparts. The discharge of grape-shot and musketry, with buck-shot in addition to bullets, the hand-grenades, rafters of wood, and various weapons of destruction hurled from the ramparts on the heads of the assailants in the ditch, in their desperate and reiterated attempts to force their way through the breaches, and to mount the ladders for the escalade of the castle and town, was of so dreadful and destructive a nature, as to beggar all description, and to render it a hopeless undertaking for the most gifted person to depict in true colours. The enemy had dug deep trenches between the top of the breaches and the town, and fixed sword-blades and pikes in the trench. From some houses near the top of the breach, a terrible fire of musketry was poured on such as contrived to reach its summit. Those obstacles alone were insurmountable, without the addition of a continued and most deadly fire of grape and musketry from the ramparts, and from the summits of the breaches, in the repeated and fruitless attempts to carry which, the assailants were falling in vast numbers every moment. The 3d division having at length, after sustaining a dreadful loss, gained possession of the castle by escalade, and the 5th division having penetrated into the town by the same means, and also possessed themselves of Fort Pardalleras, the French were forced to retire from the breaches, by which the fourth and light divisions with difficulty entered the town. The French governor retired to Fort San Christoval, with some hundreds of his men; but on finding that the town and castle were in possession of the allies, he surrendered. In this manner fell Badajos, after perhaps as desperate and destructive a struggle as the annals of history afford, considering the numbers employed in the attack and defence. Never were troops exposed to a more terrible fire, or placed in a situation where their sterling qualities were put more to the test. Every regiment employed suffered exceedingly, both in the storm and in the arduous duties of the siege. Amongst the many whom our regiment had to lament, was Major O'Hare, who fell in the breach. The service boasted not a more truly gallant soldier. Marshal Soult was marching from the south to the relief of Badajos; but his movements were too slow, and he retired towards Seville on receiving intelligence of its fall. The Dukes of Dalmatia and Ragusa were most completely outwitted, deceived, and disappointed—one by losing Ciudad Rodrigo, and the other Badajos. Two frontier fortresses of vast importance were laid siege to in winter, in the teeth of the French armies, and wrested from them in a most skilful manner.—*Colonel Leach's Memoirs*.

A VISIT TO MOUNT ETNA.

It was a fine evening in April. I was walking in Messina, watching the deeper and deeper shades of purple that were let down upon the opposite mountains of Calabria. The long-winged *sparonaras* (or *feluccas*) were slowly moving past. The vesper bells were tolling. The people were doffing their caps, and muttering their *Ave Marias*; and the swallows were skimming about, high in the air, to enjoy the sunshine which was still reflected from the golden cross of the cathedral.

As I was thus sauntering about, I met one who had been my fellow-passenger from Naples; and finding that he was to sail in a few hours for Catania, I was easily persuaded to accompany him, as he assured me that the wind would keep fair, and we should have a fine passage. Luckily my passport bore the requisite "*buon per andare*," and the mule on which I meant to perform the journey was not engaged. Going on board before midnight, I found myself in sole possession of a bed under a tilt or arched canopy, which occupied the high and narrow poop. As I lay down, I saw the custom-house lamps shining on the water, and could perceive the dim separation of earth and air, somewhere far above the town. We soon got under weigh; the castle on the right glided past, and we moved on,

With the solid darkness black
Closing round the vessel's track.

I shall never forget the scene that burst upon me next morning. The bright blue water was rolling at my feet; and, from my little ark, I saw old Night retiring into the deep mountain recesses, while a multitude of crag-built towers were coming out into the day-light on the far-projecting precipices that alternated with the ravines or water-courses by which that bold rugged coast is finely intersected, as far as Jaormina. The wind now freshened, and the "*turriti scopuli*" galloped off to Messina; while, with rising spirits, our little bark rushed onward to its destination. Jaormina closed this part of the shifting panorama, and Etna was rapidly disclosed, rising in a long unbroken sweep, till all its regions were visible, from the coal-black lava on the beach, to the sunlit smoke that overhung the crater. As we advanced, the swell increased. A dinness came between me and the shore—my enthusiasm abated—I grew cold; and, stretching myself out in my moving dormitory, saw now the sun-clad summit, and now a fishing-boat or two beating up against the wind.

We passed the rocks of the Cyclops, and landed among a crowd of friars, worthy representatives, and, I dare say, lineal descendants, of those ancient, foul-feeding, lazy thieves and cannibals. Each held in his nasty paw a long reed, to which was attached an open-mouthed bag, which its barefooted, rope-cinctured, brown-gowned owner kept thrusting impudently in the faces of the poor fishermen, for some of their anchovies. It was a painful spectacle, and I followed a guide to an inn, well known to all Sicilian travellers. I forget its name, and the name of its courtly and ever-smiling host; but I hope they still flourish in front of the elephant-supported obelisk of the fountain of the Great Square.

Our voyage had been prosperous. It was still early in the day; so, having changed my dress and breakfasted, I wandered through the town to the lava beds below. Nothing could be more appalling; and poor Catania looked for all the world like a beautiful child, who had sat down in the very race-course of the fiery-footed steeds, to be trampled to death at the next heat.

A pretty severe illness confined me to the house for the next two days, and produced a revolution in my plans. I gave up all thoughts of going farther, and only deliberated whether I had strength to make out the ascent and return in time to catch the steam-boat. I resolved to try; and having completed my few preparations, and taken leave of an excellent family, whose kind attentions and easy manners gave me a most favourable impression of the Catanese, I set out at noon on a very good grey horse, with a boy on a mule, and reached "San Nicoloso," a wretched place, between the cultivated and woody regions, about an hour and a half before sunset. This gave me time to visit Monte Rosso, hard by—the crater of the eruption of 1669. On coming back, I found a young Englishman, who had just arrived from Aci, with an intention to ascend. We agreed to go together—engaged a guide and fresh mules—dined on boiled fowls and rice—slept two hours—took a cup of coffee—and, about eleven, sallied forth.

The air was serene; the stars were shining brightly, and every thing gave promise of a fine morning. We first crossed a tract of volcanic lava, in which our mules sank deep at every step, and then entered the woody region, as we guessed by the thinly scattered trunks of great trees among which we seemed to be winding our upward way. On emerging from this "*sclava obscura*," the acclivity became steep and rough, the darkness more profound, and we could scarcely distinguish one another, though we rode so close that the nose of each mule almost touched his leader's tail. The stars, now burning more dimly, looked large and unlike themselves—while, through the subjacent loom, we descried only some lights of a darker red. It was altogether strange, mysterious, and sublime. We spoke in whispers, and continued climbing, we knew not where or how, till we gained the edge of a field of snow. Here we dismounted, and, leaving our mules in charge of our guide, followed the other on foot. The snow was hard and firm, the ascent much less severe, and as day began to break, we passed the Tower of Embedocks, and by and bye reached the "Casa de Inglesi." Having rested there, and taken some of our bread and wine, we set out to scale the crater. Our guide now muttered, "*Malnedito Sci-rocco*," and shook his head, when we spoke of an extensive view. It was such a calm grey morning as with us betokens a fine day, and we endeavoured to sustain our hopes.

The snow had now given place to a dry, cineritious crust, and a short walk brought us to the base of the cone. Our toil here became severe, and we discovered that there were very peculiar sensations belonging to a promenade at an elevation of eleven or twelve thousand feet.* We gasped for breath, and lay down every few minutes—rose and scrambled up a little farther—sank exhausted—and it was only by mutual encouragement, and a strong determination to make it out, that we were enabled to get to the top.

It was now past sunrise, but our view did not extend more than half-way down the hill. This was a disappointment, and yet we did not regret our toil. Nay, I am not sure that the obscurity, by leaving so much for fancy to fill up, did not rather enhance the pleasure we felt as we sat on the very edge of that vast chimney, with nothing but a dense column of smoke on one hand, and the uniform haze that covered earth and air on the other. After communing with our thoughts in silence for about half an hour, we commenced our descent, and, by the middle of the day, regained the Osteria of San Nicoloso. As we got down, the heat grew insufferable. The air was like molten brass; and the young leaves of some unfortunate vines which they had planted there drooped as if they had been boiled. We rested ourselves by a short siesta—dined—shook hands—and set out in opposite directions.

The evening was still very hot, but the haze cleared away sufficiently to let me see the flower-enameled fields, the immense sheets of cherry blossoms, the cavern retreats of the Cyclops, and all the haunts of Aci and Galatea. Gigi, to whose orders I submitted myself, allowed me supper, and a few hours' rest at the same place, and we entered Jaormina early next morning, before many of the inhabitants were stirring. The theatre was the only thing I wished to see, and Gigi, though averse to the delay, yielded with a good grace, and we rode round to it. But here I must break off.—*Edinburgh Spectator*.

BUTTONS.

This beautiful ornament appears with infinite variation; and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown-piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press.

Though the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, the concave, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, the fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer. The consumption of this article is astonishing; the value in 1781 was from threepence a gross to one hundred and forty guineas.

In 1818, the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons; these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons without any gold; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the consumption than he saved in the material. There seem, says Mr Hut-ton, to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who extract prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy, whilst a far greater number submit to a statute of bankruptcy. Trade, like a restive horse, can rarely be managed; for where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way.

* There is a little mistake in this reckoning. The very summit of Mount Etna is not more than 10,160 feet above the level of the sea.

TAMMY LITTLE.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!
I kent the body weel,
As round the kintira-side he gae
Careerin' wi' his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,
That aye when blasts did blaw,
He ballasted himself wi' stanes
'Gainst bein' blawn awa.

A meikle state the wee bit man
In likka coate-pouch clappit,
That by the mighty gowd wi' wind
He michtna down be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood
On simmer days to be,
Aye he was frichtit lest the craws
Should heise him up on hie;
And aye he, wi' an aiken cud,
The air did thump and beat,
To stop the craws frae liftin' him
Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,
And thrashers thrang were their,
He in a moment vanisht aff,
And nae man could tell whair.

They lookit till the riggin' up,
And round and round they lookit,
At last they fand him underneath
A friot cruyled and crookit.

Ance as big Samuel past him by,
Big Samuel gave a sneeze,
And wi' the sough o' he was cast
Clean down upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day
Did chance to disagree,
And up she took the belowswes,
As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,
And made him, like a feather,
Flee frae the tae side o' the house,
Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through
Pitkie forest past,
By three brae leaves, blawn aff the trees,
He down to yird was cast;

A thirl o' wind the three brae leaves
Down frae the forest dang,
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,
Ane frae an aik-tree strang!

Ane strak him sair on the back-neck
Aie on the nose him rappit,
Ane smote him on the vera heart,
And down as dead he drappit.

But, ah! but, ah! a drearier doom
Ane hapt at Ounston-dammy,
That heid'd him a' thegither up,
And maist extinguish'd Tammy;

For as he came slow-daunderin' down,
In's hand his basket hingin',
And staver'd ower the his road's breidth,
Frae side to side a-swingin'!

There cam' a blast frae Kelly-law,
As bald a blast as ever
Auld snivelin' Boreas blew abraid
To make the world shiver.

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,
Mair easy than a shavin',
And hurl'd him half a mile complete
Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day pur Tammy had wi' stanes
No ballasted his body,
So that he flew, maist like a shot,
Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage
Tumble sax times and mair,
But Tammy weel sax hundred times
Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And when the whirly-wind gave ower,
He frae the lift fell plumb,
And in a blink stood stickin' fast
In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stack
Among the smotherin' soot;
But, by a wonderfu' good luck,
His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glowr-weel, when he saw
A man stuck in his lum,
He swar'd wi' drither clean awa,
And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour
A' riving at the lum
Wi' picks (he was sae jamm'd therein)
Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat
His basket's fate and fa'
Was, as I've heard dounce neighbours tell,
The queerest thing of a'.

The blast took up the body's creel,
And laid it on a cloud,
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,
Right ower the Firth's braid fold.

And when the cloud did melt awa,
Then, then the creel cam' down,
And fell'd the town-clerk o' Dunbar
E'en in his ain good town.

The clerk stood yelpin' on the street
At some bit strife that stir'd him,
Down cam' the creel, and to the yird
It dang him wi' a drom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.
O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast
A rabbit-hole to spair,
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
That it may nestle thair;

And press thou light on him, now dead,
That was sae slim and wee,
For, weel I wat, when he was quick,
He lightly prest on thee!

—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

NO CEREMONY.

IF you were to poll society, you would find nine out of every ten profess their utter dislike of all ceremony. Take them at their own word, they are the most downright, unaffected people in the world; but see them in the practice of life, and they turn out to be as full of airs and as much offended at any little omission of the punctilious homage due to themselves as may be. It seems as if we were under a constant wish to get back to nature and simplicity, but as constantly checked in every effort to that effect, by the powerful bonds which a state of society has imposed. We would all fain be the easy, pleasant, happy children which we think we once were, instead of the cold, artificial, heartless beings which we think we now are. But in feeling thus, we forget that when we were children sporting with each other, we were perpetually giving and receiving offence, from rudeness of behaviour among ourselves—in other words, from the want of a conventional system of respectful manners—and that thus we were often the most unhappy wretches in the world, frequently snarling at each other, sometimes getting sound thrashings from our offended companions, and sometimes giving them, perhaps for very little fault; and, in general, only prevented from being rude and riotous, nay, sometimes, from being rank spoliators and oppressors, by the fear of punishment from a stronger hand.

If the world were only gratified in its general desire of abjuring ceremony for one day, by way of experiment, it would soon, I apprehend, find the necessity of returning to a decent degree of affectation. Suppose a respectable gentleman going abroad that morning, full of the idea of doing all kinds of things in an easy way, as he used to do when a boy. He sees an old schoolfellow a little way before him on the street, and thinking it a good joke, runs up and knocks the hat off his head, making it spin far into the highway, and then turns about and laughs in the face of the injured party. The *jokee*, however, has a different idea of the matter from the *joker*; and whereas in schoolboy days it would have been settled by a slight pomelling, rendering them rather sulky with each other for a day or two, nothing less will serve in these rational days of adolescence than a regular interchange of shot at each other, at the distance of twelve or nine paces, as the case may be. Suppose two ladies, intimate friends, meeting on the street. One admires the other's bonnet immensely, and, as might have happened long ago in the case of a pretty cap for a doll, she endeavours to snatch it from her friend's head. The other, however, defends her property at the point of the parasol, and the end of the joke is, that the two are taken to the police-office. Suppose a dinner party meeting in the afternoon of this unceremonious day, if the day has lasted so long without a return to good breeding. Instead of each gentleman conducting a lady to the dining-room, which is a horrid piece of affectation, the whole male sex goes trooping off, in an easy candid way, leaving the women to come trolloping after. Of course, the respect of the men for the women is not increased by seeing them come in at the door pell-mell like a drove of sheep; and therefore there is the less disposition to accommodate them with seats, or to serve them with food. The fair part of the company soon become quite indignant at the men, and attack them with all the virulence of the ancient harpies. A scene ensues which there is no describing. The greatest confusion prevails. There is a squabbling of tongues enough to deafen Babel or Billingsgate. The air is darkened with flying plates and candlesticks. At last, within ten minutes after the ringing of the dinner bell, the ladies are seen pouring out of the house like enraged bedlamites, some with their bonnets and shawls, and more without them, and the want of a little ceremony is found to have

"—broke up this mirth, married this good meeting, With most admired disorder."

In every department and contingency of life, the same results are experienced, so that before night the human race at large seems as if it were about to revert to the savage state.

Perhaps this is a somewhat exaggerated picture of what might be, in the event of all ceremony being abjured. It will be the more apt, however, to impress the reader with a sense of the absurdity of perpetually disclaiming ceremony. Preserve, if you are wise,

a certain degree of ceremony, as it is called, with all persons, even the nearest relatives; for though it may be in itself a kind of hardship, as being a departure so far from the dictates of natural and real feeling, it is the preventive, you may depend upon it, of much greater evils. Taking off the restraint of ceremony from the most of minds, is like unmuzzling the apparently tame tiger in the midst of a drawing-room. By far the greater number of people, thus permitted to do or speak according to their random emotions, would do such mischief as years of formal harmlessness would not repair. Besides, to be always saying "no ceremony," is not the most polite thing in itself towards those to whom it is addressed—it seems to imply that we are afraid of their being over formal. It is calculated, indeed, to have quite the contrary effect to what is intended, by reminding the prisoner, as it were, of his chains. As to tell a man to be merry, is the surest way to make him sad, and to ask any body to commence a conversation with you, is the most certain way of causing him to have nothing to say, so is the request that he will make no ceremony the readiest plan for putting your friend upon his p's and q's. Let things go on in an easy natural way, as if you were not conscious that there was such a thing as ceremony, and you will be sure to find that there is no undue stiffness. Cherish good feelings towards all mankind—kind feelings towards all with whom you are acquainted; and if you have no desire of offending, it is ten to one but you render all happy around you. You may entertain as much dislike as you please for *fantastically* artificial and polite manners; but you may depend upon it, that a moderate observance of the conventional rules of society is in reality the kind of behaviour most agreeable to the natural emotions and sympathies of a good mind, the whole being founded on a principle akin to a primary maxim in ethics—namely, speak to others as you would wish others to speak to yourself.

INSINUATION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO PAGAN MINDS.

AN intimate acquaintance with human nature in all the circumstances under which it displays itself—from the wigwag of the savage, who has no further aim than to support existence, to the study of the philosopher, whose investigations are directed to the nicest subtleties of the schools—is one of the effects which Christianity has produced among those who profess it, which could have been produced by the influence of no other known creed. The cause of this is plain. No one who knows the value of its precepts but wishes to see them more widely extended. Wherever the Christian meets a person ignorant of the benign doctrines of his own faith, a desire of imparting them sets him upon considering what are the best means of doing so. He examines not only the arguments by which they may be supported, but those by which the tenets of the man whom he is anxious to convert may be most successfully assailed; and in order to do this, he must acquire a knowledge of these tenets, of the sources whence they have been derived, and of every thing in the character of him who believes them which strengthens their hold upon his mind, and which must be combated in persuading him to shake them off. In this manner is undertaken a moral campaign, so to speak, in which the professor of another religion has no inducement to engage. The same thing takes place on a wider scale when an intercourse is opened with a country where the truths of Christianity are unknown. The missionary goes to work with the greatest industry; he makes himself acquainted with the religion of a people, with the people themselves, their dispositions, habits, and the extent to which intellectual cultivation has been carried among them. He comes in contact with men of every capacity, modified by every possible variety of circumstances; and independently altogether of the end in view, the mental discipline, as regards himself, and inquiry as regards others, which are thus kept in constant activity, have disclosed much in the science of mind that we should have had an opportunity of learning in no other way.

This Mahometan cannot attain the same knowledge in this respect which the Christian possesses, for he proselytises by violence, and has no occasion to under-

go the same course of study. The heathens of old could not arrive at it, for their religion consisted in the observance of rites rather than in any fixed belief, and they were fully more ready to adopt new gods than to extend the worship of their old ones. The Romans, for example, before invading a country, often invited all the gods of it to transfer themselves to Rome, without troubling themselves about the nature of the deities whose alliance they courted; and then, as they imagined, or at least caused their armies to imagine, advanced to certain victory over the unprotected natives. Where they inquired at all concerning the superstitions (as they called all religions but their own) of the conquered tribes, it was only lest any thing should exist in them tending to promote hostility against the majesty of the Roman name. This was the object of Pliny in his investigations concerning Christianity; and that, at an earlier period, the governors of Judea acted upon the same rule, appears from the fact, that when the Jews had agreed among themselves that our Saviour was guilty of blasphemy, they did not accuse him of that crime before Pilate, but charged him with a political offence.

But perhaps some may think curiosity would induce the Romans, and would have induced us, to acquire a correct knowledge of the religion of other countries. Curiosity, however, is satisfied with a comparatively superficial knowledge. Of the truth of this remark we find a striking example in the treatise of Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, where the religion of the people is disposed of in a short paragraph. After mentioning that they worshipped Mercury, Hercules, and Mars, he adds, that they did not think it consistent with the character of the celestial existences to confine them within walls, or to form figures of them in a human shape, but consecrated groves and woods, which they called by the names of their deities, and visited with deep reverence. This is just the degree of knowledge that curiosity would pick up.

The persons from whom Tacitus derived his information, observing no temples among the tribes of Germany, were probably struck with surprise at the singularity of the circumstance, and asked some blue-eyed savage if his countrymen acknowledged no gods. The German would reply by an enumeration of the deities above mentioned. The next question would be, "Where are their temples—their images?" and it would draw forth the explanation concerning the Druidical groves, and the want of any material representation of the objects of worship. These were the points in which the German practice differed from that of the Romans; and when they were explained, the curiosity of the invaders was satisfied. If they had observed statues and temples, it is possible enough they might not have thought at all of inquiring to what gods they were dedicated, or what the rites of worship were. Contented with the single piece of information that the Germans really had a religion of some sort, the Romans proceeded no farther in their interrogations; entered into no discussion for the purpose of discovering what hold his religious opinions had upon the mind of the German, or whether it might not be possible to improve him by communicating a better system of morality. All the dreary expanse of intellectual darkness over which superstition exerts her sway was left unexplored, for the proud Roman enjoyed no brighter a day than the poor barbarian. His ideas of civilisation had relation merely to those contrivances which minister to the comforts of the present life, and he might despise, or perhaps pity, the German, on account of his inferiority in these respects; but the conqueror had not the power, even if he had felt the inclination, to assist the conquered in forming better conceptions of the Deity. He had no motive but curiosity to direct his inquiries concerning the religious opinions of others; and we have already seen how very short a way that motive carried him.

By way of contrast to this, and in illustration of our opening remark, it may be worth while to look back upon that time when the vast regions of America had been recently disclosed to the European adventurer, and to observe the degree of attention that was turned to the religion of the native tribes; and whether the inquiries on that subject did not incidentally disclose a view of the mind of man in its savage state beyond comparison more accurate than the conquests of the Romans ever opened to them. This object will be

best accomplished by taking the relation of one of the missionaries for our guide, and touching upon a few of the details which his personal experience furnished. The narrative we shall use is that of Hennepin, a monk of the Franciscan order, who spent several years in the then French colony of Canada, and who had also been present in various excursions, made with a view to establish settlements in other parts of the country. He claims credit for being one of the first who described in Europe the Falls of Niagara, and he sailed in the first vessel navigated by Europeans—indeed, the first vessel larger than a canoe that had ever been launched—upon the American lakes, when, as he tells us, “the savages of that vast continent were astonished to behold that fortress moving from one nation to another; and when they heard the noise of the cannon which we carried with us, they cried out that the thunder was about to strike them.”

Father Hennepin seems to have laboured in his vocation with more zeal than was pleasing to those who were associated with him. He makes no scruple of confessing the difficulties that lay in the way of converting the heathen, and the small progress that had in his day been made in enlightening the natives of America. This unaffected earnestness and candour on his part was so little agreeable to the Jesuits and others, who were content with nominal converts, and were studious to circulate at home overcharged accounts of the efficacy of their exertions, that Hennepin found it advisable to retire from France, and published at Utrecht, in 1698, the work from which our materials are extracted.

All savages who have any notion of a heaven seem to agree in making it merely a better sort of earth; they differ only in ascribing to it the characteristics of the country they inhabit. The Canadian supposed heaven to be a place affording plenty of deer in better condition and more easy to be killed than those he was accustomed to pursue. The Greenlanders, on the other hand, imagined the joys of Paradise to consist chiefly in this—that an immense caldron would be kept constantly boiling, from which every one might take as much seal-blubber ready cooked as he wanted. In conformity with these prevalent ideas, when Europeans first appeared in the Indian villages, the natives received them as “ghosts permitted to review this world;” talked of them by the name of “spirits,” and sometimes ventured to inquire concerning the welfare of their deceased relatives, and if they liked the other world well—according to their belief that the dead merely go to inhabit a different part of the globe, where the manner of life is somewhat happier, and hunting less toilsome and more successful than among themselves. After a little intercourse, the savages began to have some notion that the Europeans were a kind of mortals, but still looked upon them as of a nature and destiny entirely distinct from their own. When the priests talked upon religious topics, the Indians listened with the greatest attention, and granted implicit credit to whatever was told them; but then they had their own story to relate in return, and were both disappointed and offended when its truth was questioned. One of the Fathers, trying to persuade a man to become a Christian, expatiated upon the joys of heaven, but was stopt by the savage, who inquired if there was good hunting in the place he mentioned. The priest answering in the negative, the Indian thereupon shook his head, and said that such a place might probably do very well for the people beyond the Great Lake, but it would not suit him. This was the turn, indeed, that was generally given to every conversation with them on the subject of a future state, as well as other topics of a religious nature. Father Hennepin having endeavoured to explain what is taught in the Bible concerning the creation of the world, his hearers readily professed that they had no doubt of the truth of the account; but they only received it as referring to that part of the world from which he came, and he was forthwith called upon to acquiesce in the following legend, by which they accounted for the same event as far as related to their own portion of the globe.

“They told me,” he says, “that a woman descended from heaven, and remained some time poised in the air, without finding any rest for the sole of her foot. The fishes of the sea took compassion upon her, and consulted among themselves which of them should receive her. The tortoise presented itself, and offered its back above the water, and the woman stepped upon it, and took up her residence there. In the course of time the refuse of the sea gathered about the tortoise, and formed a great extent of land.” This fable affords a curious example of the imperfect notions entertained in a savage state of society, assigning as it does a beginning to the land, and supposing the ocean and its inhabitants to have pre-existed. It had occurred to them that the earth which they daily trode must have been created as well as themselves; but their thoughts had not travelled beyond what was offered to their immediate attention, nor endeavoured to find a cause for the existence of water, still less for that of the viewless air. Perhaps the legend ought to be considered a mixture of obscure traditions concerning the creation and the deluge. We find some traces of the history of Cain and Abel in the sequel. “They believe,” Hennepin proceeds, “that this woman [who descended from heaven] had two sons, who, when they grew up to manhood, fell at enmity. The one was a better hunter than the other; and quarrels took place between them daily. One of them was

of a fierce temper, and cherished a mortal hatred of his brother, whose disposition was milder. At last matters came to such an extremity that they could no longer live together; the milder of the youths was obliged to abandon the earth, and, retiring to heaven, called thunder to his aid, which he employed from time to time to frighten his fierce brother.”

The refusal of the missionaries to believe the Indian fables, and their extreme eagerness to make the natives renounce them, perplexed the latter greatly; nor were they less surprised by the alterations recommended in regard to their customs and behaviour. Being in the practice of putting away their wives and taking new ones whenever they found such steps convenient or agreeable, they could by no means be brought to comprehend the propriety of making their marriages indissoluble. “Do you not see,” they said, when argued with on this subject, “that my wife is not pleased with me?—I am not pleased with her; she would agree better with my neighbour—his wife with me. Why would you have the whole four to be made wretched for the rest of our lives?” Where any change of their habits was proposed in points similar to this, the Indians resolutely refused assent; but in all indifferent matters they gave a ready compliance. “When,” Hennepin remarks, “we said to them, ‘Pray to God with me, my brother,’ they did so, and repeated, in their own language, word for word, the prayers which we taught them. ‘Throw yourself upon your knees,’ they kneeled; ‘take off your cap,’ they uncovered; ‘be silent,’ they held their peace. If we said to them, ‘Listen to me,’ they listened with the greatest attention; and if they were presented with crucifix or beads, they used them like trinkets for ornament, as if they were made of common glass or porcelain. When I told them it was Sabbath, or the day of prayer, they answered, ‘Niaouâ’ (very well). I sometimes requested them to promise to the great Lord of life not to get drunk any more; they replied, ‘Netho’ (yes, I promise; I shall not fall into that sin).’ The missionaries, when they saw this extraordinary docility, imagined they should make great progress in the work of conversion, but a short time sufficed to convince them of the fallacy of this expectation. Those savages who had been baptised, having submitted awhile to the restraints of a settled mode of life, under the superintendence of the missionaries, when the whim was over, went off to the woods, and resumed all their old habits. Seeing the eagerness of the priests to baptise, they began to suspect that that ceremony was a spell whereby they should be compelled to become the slaves of the whites in the next world. They submitted to it willingly, nevertheless, if presented with a glass of spirits or a pipe of tobacco; but then they wanted to bargain for its repetition on the same terms; and when they understood it could only be performed once, they offered their children, themselves claiming the solatium.

“This,” proceeds Father Hennepin, “was the cause of dreadful alarms of conscience to our missionaries, at the commencement of their labours among the people of Canada. They saw that the few adults whom they had instructed, and afterwards admitted to the sacrament of baptism, soon fell back into their former indifference for the things which concerned their salvation, and that the children followed the example of their parents, so that the rite of baptism was visibly profaned by being administered to them. The case was examined to the bottom, and discussed with much anxiety. It was even carried before the Sorbonne; and, finally, after all possible attention, determined, that with respect to adults and children on the point of death, and of whose death there should appear a moral certainty, the missionaries might venture to administer baptism when it was desired; but that other savages were not to be baptised, unless long and close observation should have proved that they were really penetrated with the truth of our mysteries, and completely detached from their own barbarous customs. A formulary was prepared, and a sort of fundamental canon to serve as a rule to our missionaries, and to which they should strictly conform in the performance of their functions.”

Hennepin had these regulations to go by, and, though he laboured to enlighten all, admitted to baptism only such as the decision of the Sorbonne pointed at. “One day,” says he, “I baptised a little child, which appeared in certain danger of death. The next day it got better, contrary to my expectation. Some time afterwards its mother related to other women, in my presence, in what manner I had cured her child. She took me for a sorcerer, and declared that I was an excellent one, who could cure all kinds of diseases by throwing water upon the head and temples. The native conjurers became jealous of me, in consequence of what this woman said, and began to spread reports that I was of an austere and gloomy temper, that I lived upon snakes and poison, and ate thunder (!) adding that the Europeans had tails like brutes, and

• An Indian courtship, if this author’s account of it be correct, must have afforded a strange contrast to the European mode: “The savage who is not married,” he says, “goes to a girl who is not married either. He says to her, without preface or circumlocution, ‘Will you come with me and be my wife?’ She makes no immediate answer, but meditates some time, holding her head between her hands. While she is considering what to say, the man holds his head between his hands also, and remains in profound silence. After the girl has thought a while, she says, ‘Netho,’ or ‘Niaouâ,’ which signifies ‘I agree.’ The man then rises and says, ‘One,’ that is, ‘Well, it is done.’ At night the woman takes a hatchet, cuts a burden of wood, and carries it to the hut of the savage.”

many other ridiculous stories; for these impostors were afraid that I should make them lose their credit, and so deprive them of many a good feast. The people listened with astonishment to these unfounded stories, and being simple and easily deceived, began to look upon me with suspicion; afterwards, when one of them fell sick, they came to demand if I had not poisoned him, declaring they would kill me if I did not cure him. I had great difficulty in undeceiving them, and was obliged several times to appease them by presents of knives, needles, awls, and similar trifles, of little value amongst us, but which the savages estimate highly.” Another trait of the simple ignorance of these poor creatures, upon a similar occasion, is as follows:—“They have some conception of the immortality of the soul. They say that there is a most delicious country towards the west, where there is good hunting, and people kill as much game as they please. Thither, these blinded people say, souls go. They hope to see each other all again in that place. But what is very absurd is their assertion that the souls of pots, flints, firelocks, and other arms, which they place near the sepulchres of their dead, go along with them, and serve the same purposes in the land of souls as they do here. One day a savage girl died after baptism, and her mother, who had a slave then at the point of death also, came to me and said, ‘My daughter must be quite alone in the country of the dead among the Europeans, without acquaintances or friends. It is now spring time, and she must plant some corn and pumpkins. Baptise my slave before she die, that she also may go to the place to which the souls of Europeans go, and assist my daughter.’”

A few such simple traits as these disclose to us a more intimate view of the mind of man in his uncivilised condition, and, consequently, establish a better foundation for our inquiries concerning the improved state of the intellectual faculties, than any heathen philosopher had the power to attain. Hennepin gives a more lively picture of savage life than Tacitus, with his infinitely superior abilities, could do. And it would have been the same had civilisation continued among Pagan empires to this day. These were in their whole characters, as communities and as individuals, grasping; they aimed at power in one shape or another, without reference to the improvement of those whom their arms subdued. The love of dominion is indeed not yet extinguished among men; but conquests cannot be extended without carrying along with them a diffusive principle—the elements of ultimate amelioration.

THE ROCKING.

On Fasten-e-en we had a rocking,
On ca’ the crack and weave our stocking;
And there was muckle fun and joking,
Ye needna doubt:
At length we had a hearty yoking
At sang about.

BURNS.

The name of rockings was long given to meetings held in the winter evenings among the peasantry, for the purposes which Burns has explained in the prefixed motto. Even after that species of industry, which had been once practised at these meetings, and from which they received the name,* was discontinued, they retained the appellation, and those who frequented them, at the same time that they enjoyed, in their sphere, the pleasures of social converse, exercised themselves in such operations of thrift as employed the hands without requiring the mind to be constantly fixed. After the labours of harvest were finished, the last cart-load of grain driven home, the *stackyard* *gett shut*, and every comfort provided against the approach of winter, the young men and women of a vicinage went round to one another’s houses, and spent together the hours betwixt nightfall and the time of retiring to rest, which received the name of the *fore-suppers*. These meetings served a variety of purposes. They tended to enliven the dreariness of the season, by calling into exercise the social feelings of a neighbourhood. They afforded an excellent opportunity for disputants on religious and other topics to display their skill and information—and thus cherished the spirit of intelligence among the Scotch peasantry; and they were the schools for the preservation of traditional tales, ballads, and songs. But above all, the rocking served as places of rendezvous for rural wooers—a sort of lesser festivals between the grand gala-days of fair and preaching. Many a man travelled five miles on a bitter winter night, under pretext of anxiety to have a “crack” with the elder, when his real purpose was to get a sight of the elder’s fair daughter; and many a man gave an ear to the elder’s discussions upon points of doctrine and points of worldly economy, for four mortal hours, that he might have an opportunity of whispering a single word to the elder’s daughter as he wrapped his plaid round him to depart. Many great changes have been made upon the manners and habits of the Scotch common people within these thirty years. With other customs, which it is as well that they should have abandoned, they have laid aside some that it were, perhaps, to be wished they had retained. Amongst these are the rockings. In most parts of the country, only those who have reached to old age, or its confines, can tell what a rocking means. The name is lost; and though the practice of mutual visitings is still common to a certain extent, it has acquired more

• Spinning from the simple distaff, or *orrock*; exclusively, it is to be remarked, a female employment.

of formality, and lost some of that forthright spirit of good neighbourhood which formerly distinguished it, when people came uninvited, and were welcome.

"But to our tale." Somewhere about fifty years back, a rocking was held in the farmhouse of Hapcarton. The kitchen was the principal apartment in the dwelling as it then existed:—a handsome tenement, containing drawing-room, dining-room, parlour, and five bedrooms, besides kitchen, cellar, and other accommodations, which render it a fitting residence for a gentleman farmer, or a proprietor who wishes to reside on his own land, all as set forth in the advertisements, has since been erected; but the kitchen was the principal apartment then. There was another division of the house called the bend-end; but it was used merely as a storeroom for household goods not in immediate use. The only partition was a range of low wooden bedsteads, or bedcases rather, above which was stored lumber of every sort. Ceiling there was none; but the roof, a spacious dome gilded with a janneping of soot in a half liquid state, opened above. Where a straw hung from the rafters, it was invested with a profusion of sable flakes, as blades of grass are loaded with rime on a frosty morning; these, during a high wind, descended plentifully among the inmates. Though the fire was placed so directly under the chimney that the rain in bad weather kept every one at a distance from it, the smoke never could find its way out; it curled up to the roof-tree, eddied along, fell lower and lower, till the house was filled, and then issued by the door. The thatching over the door (and this may still be observed in cottages upon the old plan in Scotland) was always dusky with soot from this cause. Food among the peasantry is almost wholly prepared by boiling; and while this process was going on, the lid of the vessel, when lifted off, was suspended over it to intercept the soot which the motion of boiling shook down from the chimney; and the *bussing*, or head-dress of the female (usually the goodwife herself), who superintended this part of the domestic affairs, was always abundantly bedropped with spots of a tawny yellow. Mutton hams, carefully wrapped up in cloths to preserve them from the prevailing contagion, depended in tiers round the brace, and kippers but lately transferred from the cool brooks to these arid regions, were hung up among them, the whole presenting the promise of many future savoury morsels. So much for the scene of our story.

The men sat upon chairs and wooden stools round the fire, the wires of the knitters performing their operations with wonderful rapidity, though those who handled them seldom looked at their work: while the lasses, "bonny witches!" in modest deference, were seated farther back, birling at their wheels, and casting their jokes and their glances alternately among the group. Mighty shaggy collies stretched themselves upon the middle of the floor, while less lordly brutes skulked into corners; and the goodwife bustled about, putting things to rights, or to confusion, as might happen. The night of an October day was just closing in, and all were about to quit their work, those who were at a distance from the window (which admitted but a glimpse of day at any time, not having panes of glass, but of tanned sheep-skin) beginning to depend partly upon the flame of the fire for light; for the economy of the old style of farmers' house-keeping did not admit of candles being burnt, except during the time of supper, or when the master of the house was performing family worship.

"So, ye see," said Tam o' the Binns, who had just returned from England, whither he had gone with a drove to the sheep-markets, and was, as a travelled man, entertaining the company with some of his adventures—"So, ye see, gudeman, when the farmers cam to weir the drove off their grunde—(they're unco feared for their gerse, having but sma' mailens)—I wad say, 'A bonny bit o' land ye hae here, and strang craft craps; and thae kye, I see warrant, I haena seen mony like them;' and then it was wonderfu' to see how fain the bodies grew, and how they pointed out their marches, and what riggs were best for bigg, and what for aits, and then praised me as being a clear-reen lad, and fer-travelled, and the like. My sheep taking a nibble, ye ken, I wasna slack!"

"O Tam, Tam!" interrupted the goodwife, "ye're aye the auld man yet! Na, sirs, that's naething ava to some o' his contrivances. That very Tam o' the Binns—there he sits!—about two years syne, nailed two sticks in the shape of a cross, etting to plant it upon the rigging of Elder Gowdie's house, to vex the honest body; and sae he mounted upo' the roof. But the elder's rafters being sair dazed wi' syppings o' rain and auld age, and Tam a buirdly loon, as ye may see, he cam down upo' the floor, wi' the broken sticks and divots dunting about his lugs. It was the howe o' night, and Tam had deparit by the window-hole, before auld Johnnie, honest man, could discern whether it was beast or body, and he believed till the day of his death, which happened near a twallmonth syne—(our gudeman there gaed to the interment in spite of a' I could say till him, though it was the fearfu'lest day o' black weather that ever blew frae the cluds; mair by token, it whuppit the coomb-claith frae 'mang their hands, and flang it over the wast end o' the kirk—the gudeman was laid by wi' the rheumateeze for a month after that wearfu' day, whilk may be a warning to him to tak better heed to what's said till him for the time to come)—Weel, as I was telling ye, Elder Gowdie believed till his deeing day that our friend Tam there was the enemy, who had comed in at the tae side

o' the house and gane out at the t'other, and never tauld the story without expressing his thankfulness that he had not been permitted to injure a hair of his head, nor of that auld Rachel Williamson his wife. D'ye mind als," continued she, addressing Tam, "ye littleworn moonlighter! how ye garred our gudeman trow that his brass buckles were glenting gowd when the yaud was i' the corn?"

"Ah, but then, gudewife, I cam in har'st, and helpit to shear what she hadna eaten. And when I forgaither wi' the herds, Arthur," addressing the shepherd, "lang swabbles o' chields, you and me could swap a dozen o' them ourselves, I began to joke them about the lasses—the mair if they were but beginners—and what splores I warranted they had seen in their time. They gied me lang screeds about their plays; and though it was aye 'Bawtie this,' and 'Bawtie that,' they didna fash the drove muckle."

"And, Tam, what think ye o' the English lasses?" was the question put by one of the maidens. "Tight, weelfaured queans," was Tam's reply; "I whiles lookit at them—I couldna bide to speak to them, for they're bye ordinar glib o' the gab, and I never kenned a word they said; but they hadna the blithe blink o' the lasses o' my ain country."

A tap was here heard at the window. "The herds and heezles were alarmed" in an instant; for nothing delights rustic gallants so much as to find out whether their neighbours "a-wooin' wend," and they are equally dexterous in preventing a discovery when the case is their own, and effecting it when it is their neighbour's.

"It's just him! it's just him!" whispered bonny Babie Davison to her confidante Peggie Dunlop—"He's surely daft to chap the night." "No sae dooms daft, lass—the door's ranced," was the answer.

It seemed strange that this could have been accomplished with so little noise as not to be heard by those within, and still more without alarming the dogs, which are extremely alert in catching the slightest sound. Nevertheless, so it was; and when the rustics, eager for the pursuit, attempted to open the door, they found it was firmly secured on the outside. A boy was immediately ordered to get out by the window and undo the fastenings. This he was not willing to do, for one of the damsels had slyly suggested that there was great danger in the attempt. "I see warrant," said she, "the man's just standing at the cheek o' the window wi' a tremendous stick in his hand ready to fell ye whenever ye set out your head." It required much persuasion to overcome the boy's reluctance to encounter such a risk; and when at last the urchin consented to adventure forth, the goodwife had her joke to play off; for, perhaps from recollections of her own courtship, she had a fellow-feeling with her maidens. "Callant," whispered she, as she assisted the boy to get out by the window, "leave the sticks i' the gate, and I'll get duds to row up the broken shins, besides gieing you an orra whang o' cheese when you drive out the kye the morn."

"It's nae matter," said Babie, her alarm having subsided when she became fully aware of the precautions taken to insure her lover's safe retreat; "there's no ane o' them could hae catched him at any rate." "I wadna say that, lass," said Peggie Dunlop; "there's our herd Arthur wad the race against ten parochens." "Ay, but somebody didna rin against him," whispered Babie. "But if they couldna hae catched him, they might hae kenned him by his fleetness," said the goodwife; "and now, when I think on't myself!"

The noise at the door interrupted the good dame in her conjecture. The obstacles on the outside had been removed, the door was opened, and the eager band rushed out. A pile of stakes had been thrown in the way according to the directions of the goodwife; the foremost of the rustics tumbled over this impediment, and those in the rear over the prostrate van—the dogs leapt over their masters, barking with all their might, worried each other, and scampered over the green. No sooner had the overthrown pursuers scrambled upon their legs, than a great outcry arose against the ill-deedy knave who had thus retarded them, and who now stood aloof laughing at the success of the trick. When charged with having intentionally left the stakes in the way, he kept at a safe distance, and argued, strenuously and loudly, that the accident was wholly owing to their own impatience, and that, had they staid quietly within for a few seconds, he would have cleared every thing out of the way. There was a show of truth in this pretext, and they were obliged to give up the point. Considering also that the fugitive, if he made the best of his time, as they well knew he would, must already have escaped far beyond their reach, besides that they did not know in what direction to follow him, they returned to the house, crest-fallen all, and some of their number halting a little.

"Hech, sirs! but ye hae run a bauld race atween the tangs and the tae end o' the house," was the greeting with which they were received by the goodwife; "I e'en lookit out some bits o' linen, for I dredd there might be broken heads gaun! and maybe the duds may be usefu', for though ye haena come to handigrips wi' this midnight stravaiger, you have run against something that was mair sure to meet you."

This sarcasm, and the tittering of the maidens, put the discomfited pursuers upon showing their indifference to what had befallen, and every one had his joke to pass upon the damage he had sustained.

"I'll mak' an errand to the maist feck o' the towns i' the parochen the morn," said Tam o' the Binns,

"and tak care to let them ken where I was the night. I'll hirple like a born lamiter, and if the billy be i' the bounds, he'll be hard to pit aff wi' a wrang story about my limp."

"Ay, ay," said the goodwife, "there's Rob o' the Shaws; he bude to be rinnin' too, the young henny that he is! and whae wad hae thought it o' him? he's as modest afore folk as gin he durstna look to the side o' the gate a woman body was passing on; but I warrant he could tell a bonny story ower, an he had a young thing by hersel'!"

Rob's glance wandered to the opposite side of the house, and encountered by the way one from the bright black eyes of the goodwife's own daughter Bell. Both instantly looked upon the ground, and it was not easy to tell which of them seemed most shamefaced. Here was an unexpected disclosure unwittingly made on the part of the two inexperienced lovers; but it was complete, and the ordeal of railery to which it subjected them was unrelenting. The young men passed across the floor to "rub shouters" with Bell, under pretence of wishing to catch the infection of falling in love from her, while the poor young creature was ready to sink down with confusion.

"Haud up your head, deem, and dinna be blate," said her mother, who, Rob being a creditable lover, was much rejoiced "to see her bairn respekt like the lave," and was, moreover, a counthie dame, and loved a joke dearly. "Bonny doings!" said her father, expressing his pride of heart in such a way that his words might also be understood as conveying reproof. "Rare doings, truly. Ye haena seen seventeen simmers yet, lassie!" "Dinna tak it sae sair to heart, my woman," said Katie Dodds; "or ye come to my time o' life (the confident little gipsy was not half a year older than the companion to whom, with a mock-matronly air, she thus addressed herself) or ye come to my time o' life, ye'll hae learned better."

This was meant as a sort of diversion in favour of her friend; for women, that is, beautiful young women, have a greater sympathy for each other in such cases than is generally allowed, and it had the effect of turning part of their railery upon herself.

"Weel, just that ye mayna die of auld age, Katie," said one of the gallants "there needs nane o' us look after Bell, I see), I wad wae ye say to a paction atween us twa?" "On, I'm thinking I wad just hae to tak ye," said she; "but there's Tam o' the Binns has been speaking to me already, and I hae as gude as promised to young Lowrie Loup-the-dike, the fox-hunter, forbye some words of a bargain wi' Sandy Blinders, and —" "Routh o' canny keeks frae somebody else, ye unconscionable limmer," said he, interrupting her, "that gar ye step as lightly as gin ye war stepping to a fiddle—tak care ye dinna dance yourself aff your feet a'thegither some day."

While the conversation was taking this lively turn among the one party, matters were not standing still with the other. A veteran maiden, whose charms might be said to have ungratefully absconded, while she thought of nothing else but repelling the assaults that were made against them—as the commander of a garrison is sometimes abandoned by the townspeople whom he endeavours to defend—this experienced damsel took a seat beside Rob o' the Shaws, and urged him to recount to her every word of his courtship.

"Let us hear what ye said, Rob? How did ye begin? It wad be—How ir ye the night, Bell, and how have ye been sin' I saw you last?" She wad answer, "On, brawly, Rob; ir ye weel?" Syne there wad be some cracks about what for the t'ane or the t'other wasna at the last week's preaching, maybe; at length she wad say it was 'a cauld night,' and ye couldna but gie her a share o' your plaid then, and lead her away to some bield! Was that the gate o't?" And thus she ran on teasing him, with abundance of delight to herself, and vexation to him. Just when his tormentor had got the length of proposing, since he was so brisk a lad, to afford him an opportunity of saying some of his fine things to herself, Babie took pity upon his plight, as Katie Dodds had before upon that of his sweetheart. "Na, na, Mysie," said she, "it's a' ower wi' the young fallows when ye begin to set your cap at them. Mony a ane hae ye garred break his heart in your time."

"In my time!—I assure ye!" said Mysie, tossing her head with as much offended dignity as if she had been a duchess; and she remained silent for the rest of the night.

After these matters of general moment had been pretty fully discussed, the company fell into separate parties, and, by some means or other, Tam o' the Binns found himself left to the mercy of the damsels, who showed some inclination to have a bout at badinage with him.

"Weel, Tam?" said Babie. "Aweel?" rejoined he. "Ye're a braw chield!" said Peggie. "And ye're a bonny lass! Sall we mak a bridal o't?"

Here they were worked in one issue. Peggie was silent, unwilling that he should have the last word, but at a loss to know what it was best to say to prevent it. The goodwife advised her to "say No, and tak him." It was but fitting courtesy that Tam should quit the vantage ground he had possessed, by standing upon the defensive in the first attack, and become the assailant in this tilt of wit.

"If ye'll do as the gudewife bids ye, ye sall hae walth o' your ain will," continued he. "That means—leave to greet my fill when ye cross me," retorted she. "I'll let you keep the purse." "And ye'll

spend the siller." "When I dinna do as you bid me, ye've hae liberty to cut the lugs out o' my head." "And whaten a bonny gudeman wad I-hae o' ye then?" "Now ye hae gien me up my fit," quoth Tam, "ane canna think what to say for looking at your bonny face;" and so saying, he bestowed a kiss upon the healthsome cheek of his fair adversary. "Now, Tam!—weel!" said she, and never got farther.

Tam, heedless of her expostulation, which indeed was not over-earnest, was about to pay the same compliment, as in courtesy bound, to the rest of the damsels, when she for whom he designed it next started up, and made her escape.

"A flie'er wad aye hae a follower," said Tam, as he departed in pursuit. "Tak care o' your fit and the bear trough," cried one; "it's just a man's length frae the jawhole." "But the jawhole's no ower half that to the bottom," added another, "sae there is the less danger."

Tam was out of danger and out of hearing both, ere these warnings were uttered; and those of the party who remained rose and took their leave somewhat more formally.

Such is a specimen of the incidents and conversation by which the firesides of our peasantry were enlivened in the olden times. We could easily have gone on to give a veritable chronicle of the "hearty yoking at sang about," which was also resorted to to help the mirth of these meetings; but it is not required at our hands. The lays they sung are not so perishable as the desultory sallies of "fun and joking" which were first to be exhausted, before the wit of the bard was called for, to eke out the enjoyment of the evening.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE. PERIODICAL WORKS.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the literature of the age in which we live, is the concentration of the talents of many persons, eminent and otherwise, in the composition of individual works, appearing at stated intervals; in other words, our Periodical Literature. During the last century, many of the most distinguished names in the republic of letters employed themselves in sending forth to the world solitary essays at brief intervals; not only, however, did these rarely touch on topics of living interest, but, proceeding in most instances from a very limited number of hands, wanted that variety which alone can secure a sufficiently extensive present circulation to offer any very lucrative return to the author. The system of solitary and acknowledged publications, while it limited, from causes already referred to, the emolument of the writer, and did not encourage so far a circulation of his information or opinions among society, yet exacted a more critical attention in most cases to the matter, and almost always to the form and execution of his work. We may therefore find scattered among the British Essayists, papers which rank among the most profound, most brilliant, and most humorous writings in our language, but we uniformly trace a more methodical arrangement and more tempered digestion than our more hasty, though perhaps not less able, literature can boast. Labour is the point in which the average character—of which alone I can be understood to speak—of the Essayists stands conspicuously higher than that of our periodicals. Hence the more eminent of them have ensured a degree of permanent fame to which, I fear, few, if any, of their successors can aspire; for my young readers may be assured that no reputation can be lasting which has not been reared by patient and persevering application. To society, then, the system of solitary authorship afforded the advantage of a more matured and polished literature; to the authors, that of a more durable and solid reputation.

The periodical literature of the present day is carried on almost entirely by anonymous writing, and it is only in a few cases that the names of the authors are known. The effect produced by this mode of publication is exactly what might have been expected. No writer feels bound to record his conscientious sentiments in his productions. Provided there be an understanding betwixt the writer and publisher, it is considered sufficient; and the readers have no other guarantee for the accuracy of the statements than the character of the publisher. Such a process of issuing opinions certainly induces what may be styled literary hypocrisy, but this is hardly injurious in the end; for such opinions are met by counter-opinions similarly expressed, and so out of the conflict of discussion the truth is elicited. The practice of anonymous writing in our modern periodicals has the beneficial effect of bringing forward humble and retiring genius. The individual who writes an article in a magazine has not the satisfaction of having his name made widely known, but his vanity—one of the most powerful and useful of the passions—is flattered by the immediate and extensive celebrity given to the publication of his sentiments. The various but unalterable modifications of human temperament render it inevitable that when men associate for literary objects, they should arrange themselves in groups, each characterised by some predominant cast of thought. When, therefore, any individual is permitted to employ the organ of one of these parties for the publication of his sentiments, he is certain at least of the approbation of his brotherhood, while the unascor-

tained character of his pretensions ensures him a far less partial judgment from all than he could otherwise have attained. Thus the modest assume confidence, and the vain eagerly seize the present meed of popular applause, without very accurately calculating the chances of their posthumous honours. Whether indeed the new system offers preponderating advantages to the public, may be doubted. Setting aside the consideration of political questions, and viewing our periodical literature as entertaining moral, literary, and scientific subjects alone, I am disposed to answer the question in the affirmative. The quality of the food supplied to society may be in some respects deteriorated, but the supply is more ample, the table infinitely more extended, and greater variety introduced among the viands.

Having premised this much on the general subject of our periodical literature, I will now offer a few remarks on the more important of the works of which it consists. In doing this, I shall endeavour to keep as much as possible out of sight the politics of the respective journals, and confine my observations to their literary pretensions and character. Viewed in this light, I apprehend all persons of all parties will concur in placing the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* at the head of the list. Indeed there is not only no other journal which rivals, but none which approaches it in the ability of its criticisms and discussions in almost every department of literature. In politics it has been the unvarying advocate of the Tory party, and has of course commanded the services of the most able writers among that class of politicians. The political views of the other parties who divide the country may have been advocated with equal ability in their respective organs, but in the departments of classical literature, history, geography, and belles lettres, the *Quarterly* has had no rival, while the extent of its circulation has frequently led the most eminent writers on professional topics to prefer its pages to those of the journals appropriated to such matters.

The *Quarterly Review* attained its present celebrity under the management of WILLIAM GIFFORD, whose life has already been detailed in the pages of the *Journal*. The patient perseverance by which this man won his way into notice from the lowest origin, and in spite of every conceivable disadvantage, is enough of itself to show that Gifford was not a man to be disheartened by difficulties, or exhausted by labour. His prominent literary qualifications were strong common sense, with its "shade inseparable," a keen sense of the ridiculous; ready command of language, and irresistible power of sarcasm. Late as his education commenced, his continued application had stored his mind with varied learning, while the precision of his memory enabled him on all occasions to recall at a moment the particular information required. His moral qualifications for directing the public mind were not less valuable than his intellectual. Towards vice, meanness, hypocrisy, cant, and servility, he felt that genuine indignation which makes the cheek reddened and the tongue eloquent. He published a translation of the *Satires of Juvenal*, which has been reckoned meritorious in its way. In the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, an original satire, he showed that degree of talent which has induced his admirers to regret that he wasted his strength on insects, which, though annoying, were but ephemeral, and against which a lady's fan would have been a more suitable weapon than the club of Hercules. No circumstance can give a higher idea of the sterling value and independence of his character, than that he was originally brought forward into public life by a Whig nobleman, Lord Grosvenor, who continued his zealous patron while patronage was necessary, and whose friendship suffered neither intermission nor abatement from the energy with which Gifford advocated principles opposite to his own. A circumstance like this impresses us with an exalted idea of both the parties.

Such was the man under whom the *Quarterly Review* attained pre-eminence. His talents and his principles gave a respectability and weight to the work, which brought men of the highest eminence to its support, and among Gifford's body of contributors were soon enrolled the most distinguished names not only of the secluded scholars of the universities and the church, but of men engaged in the most active scenes of public life. Heber, Milman, Southey, Canning, Croker, Barrow, and several of the most conspicuous ornaments of the present Episcopal bench, were among the staff who surrounded Gifford on many a field of victory. Under this management, however, the *Quarterly*, though always able, and generally brilliant, became at length somewhat too uniform in its character. Severity in the exposure of veiled wickedness or empty pretension was the giant strength of the editor, and he certainly did sometimes use it as a giant. What he (doubtless conscientiously) believed to be mean or vicious, he scrupled not to expose in a style of abuse only equalled by one other periodical, and for this he has been condemned (doubtless as conscientiously) as acting the character of a base and servile tool of the party to which he happened to belong. The life of Gifford affords an illustration of the contrast drawn between the authors of the present century and those of the last. Had Gifford flourished sixty years earlier, his influence and reputation while alive could scarcely have been half as extensive as they actually were; nor is it at all probable that he would have been able to spend his latter years in the comparative luxury which he enjoyed, while, on the

other hand, his name might have descended to posterity coupled with some monument not less splendid than the *Rambler*. As it is, the Great Editor—the man who long stood at the head of a great branch of English literature—is little more than the shadow of a great name. The *Mæviad* and *Baviad* have perished from the insignificance of their objects of attack; the fame of a translator had but a reflected lustre, and over his contributions in the *Quarterly* there hangs a cloud of uncertainty, which jealousy may thicken at present, as time will rapidly condense it into impenetrable darkness.

After a short interregnum, the management of the *Quarterly* was devolved upon the present editor, J. G. LOCKHART. This gentleman is a Scotchman by birth. He was educated at one of the English universities, and, in after life, was married to a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. While resident in Edinburgh, he contributed largely to Blackwood's Magazine, and produced a volume of translations of Spanish ballads, besides, it is believed, some prose works of fiction. To fill the chair of the Great Editor, without any diminution of its authority, required a combination of qualities not easily to be found. Lockhart, however, has not only fulfilled this condition, but has supplied deficiencies which, though counterbalanced by illustrious qualities, were still experienced under his predecessor. Cradled in literature, the companion of wits from his youth, combining every advantage which domestic cultivation and foreign travel could bestow on a mind naturally acute, lively, and profound, he imparted a degree of grace, polish, and variety to the *Quarterly*, which early disadvantages never permitted Gifford to acquire. Severity was the original character of the *Quarterly*, and assuredly it has not been forfeited under Lockhart's management. It would be difficult to imagine a man better qualified for the situation he occupies. As a classical scholar, he stood in the first class at Oxford; in acquaintance with German, Spanish, French, and Italian literature, he is second to no one of his countrymen; while his juvenile efforts proved him capable of taking the highest rank among our poets and novelists, had he not turned his attention to graver subjects. These solid acquirements and talents would of themselves have ensured him the co-operation of the ablest men of his day; but companionship in education, and his alliance with Sir Walter Scott, have given him a personal influence over large sections of the literary world, independent of his actual attainments. The most frequent contributor to the *Quarterly*, after its successive editors, is understood to have been Southey. His articles embrace a wide range of topics connected with general literature, and particularly in relation to the progress and prospects of society. His writings are distinguished for historical accuracy, purity of idiom, and a felicitous arrangement, the simple perspicuity of which is owing to complete mastery of his subject, and long-continued labour in the art of composition. As I mentioned in my first article on this subject, he is probably the greatest living master of English prose, and may justly challenge that highest praise of art—that the inexperienced reader is left wholly incautious of its exertion. Since the accession of Lockhart as editor, it is believed that Sir Walter Scott has furnished a few articles, also of surpassing merit of their kind, and equally distinguishable for the soft placidity of the diction. The *Quarterly* continues to adhere most resolutely to its original political bias, and it will be freely allowed by persons of the most opposite opinion, that in no publication in the present day has such strength of argument been used in the defence of what are entitled "conservative principles." The work is thus the great bulwark of its party, and were it abandoned in the mêlée of contest, sore, sore, I doubt not, would be the lamentation over its fall.

BABBAGE ON MACHINERY.

CHARLES BABBAGE is one of the few original bold-thinking minds of the present age, in which genius seems to be granulated into a common level, and few take the liberty of thinking for themselves. This ingenious author, who happens to be Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, some years ago had the temerity to write a work on the *Decline of Science in England*, which created no small degree of consternation among various metropolitan societies deeming themselves the sole repositories of modern science and philosophy; and now he has brought forward an instructive volume on the *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, the materials of which can only have been collected by extraordinary industry. The work is superficial in its details, but contains much that is novel and useful to most readers on almost every branch of mechanics and manufactures. Mr Babbage is an enthusiast in matters connected with these very important essentials in the greatness of our empire. For a considerable period he has been labouring to produce a machine capable of working certain questions in arithmetic and logarithms, and has thus contrived, and nearly brought to perfection, one of the most wonderful combinations of mechanism ever invented by man. The book which he has now published contains a brief account of the mode of manufacturing a vast quantity of articles in daily use, particularly exemplifying the value of mechanical and scientific power in simplifying human labour, and saving outlay of capital. To give my readers an idea of the tone in which the work is writ-

ten, I shall present a few passages relative to the economy of human time—the employment of materials of little value—and the use of tools.

“The skins used by the goldbeater are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful, yellow, crystallised salt which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and worn-out iron coal-scuttles traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black die for the use of calico printers.

The difference between a *tool* and a *machine* is not capable of very precise distinction; nor is it necessary, in a popular explanation of those terms, to limit very strictly their acceptation. A *tool* is usually more simple than a machine; it is generally used with the hand, whilst a machine is frequently moved by animal or steam power. The simpler *machines* are often merely one or more *tools* placed in a frame, and acted on by any moving power. In pointing out the advantages of *tools*, we shall commence with some of the simplest.

To arrange twenty thousand needles thrown promiscuously into a box, mixed and entangled with each other in every possible direction, in such a form that they shall be all parallel to each other, would at first sight appear a most tedious occupation; in fact, if each needle were to be separated individually, many hours must be consumed in the process. Yet this is an operation which must be performed many times in the manufacture of needles; and it is accomplished in a few minutes by a very simple *tool*; nothing more being requisite than a small flat tray of sheet iron, slightly concave at the bottom. The needles are placed in it and shaken in a peculiar manner, by throwing them up a very little, and giving at the same time a slight longitudinal motion to the tray. The shape of the needles assists their arrangement; for if two needles cross each other, unless, which is exceedingly improbable, they happen to be precisely balanced, they will, when they fall on the bottom of the tray, tend to place themselves side by side, and the hollow form of the tray assists this disposition. As they have no projection in any part to impede this tendency, or to entangle each other, they are, by continually shaking, arranged lengthwise in three or four minutes. The direction of the shake is now changed, the needles are but little thrown up, but the tray is shaken endways; the result of which is, that in a minute or two the needles which were previously arranged endways become heaped up in a wall, with their ends against the extremity of the tray. They are now removed by hundreds at a time, by raising them with a broad iron spatula, on which they are retained by the fore-finger of the left hand. During the progress of the needles towards their finished state, this parallel arrangement must be repeated many times; and unless a cheap and expeditious method had been devised, the expense of manufacturing needles would have been considerably enhanced.

Another process in the art of making needles furnishes an example of one of the simplest contrivances which can come under the denomination of a *tool*. After the needles have been arranged in the manner just described, it is necessary to separate them into two parcels, in order that their points may be all in one direction. This is usually done by women and children. The needles are placed sideways in a heap, on a table, in front of each operator, just as they are arranged by the process above described. From five to ten are rolled towards this person by the fore-finger of the left hand; this separates them a very small space from each other, and each in its turn is pushed lengthways to the right or to the left, according as its eye is on the right or the left hand. This is the usual process, and in it every needle passes individually under the finger of the operator. A small alteration expedites the process considerably; the child puts on the fore-finger of its right hand a small cloth cap or finger-stall, and rolling out of the heap from six to twelve needles, he keeps them down by the fore-finger of the left hand, whilst he presses the fore-finger of the right hand gently against their ends: those which have the points towards the right hand stick into the finger-stall; and the child, removing the finger of the left hand, slightly raises the needles sticking into the cloth, and then pushes them towards the left side. Those needles which had their eyes on the right hand do not stick into the finger-cover, and are pushed to the heap on the right side previously to the repetition of this process. By means of this simple contrivance, each movement of the finger, from one side to the other, carries five or six needles to their proper heap; whereas, in the former method, frequently only one was moved, and rarely more than two or three were transported at one movement to their place.

Various operations occur in the arts in which the assistance of an additional hand would be a great convenience to the workman, and in these cases tools or

machines of the simplest structure come to our aid: vices of different forms, in which the material to be wrought is firmly grasped by screws, are of this kind, and are used in almost every workshop; but a more striking example may be found in the trade of the nail-maker.

Some kinds of nails, such as those used for defending the soles of coarse shoes, called hobnails, require a particular form of the head, which is made by the stroke of a die. The workman holds the red-hot rod of iron out of which he forms them in his left hand; with his right hand he hammers the end of it into a point, and cutting the proper length almost off, bends it nearly at right angles. He puts this into a hole in a small stake-iron immediately under a hammer connected with a treadle, which has a die sunk in its surface corresponding to the intended form of the head; and having given one part of the form to the head by the small hammer in his hand, he moves the treadle with his foot, which disengages the other hammer, and completes the figure of the head; the returning stroke produced by the movement of the treadle striking the finished nail out of the hole in which it was retained. Without this substitution of his foot for another hand, the workman would probably be obliged to heat the nail twice over.

Another, although fortunately a less general substitution of tools for human hands, is used to assist the labour of those who are deprived by nature or by accident of some of their limbs. Those who have had an opportunity of examining the beautiful contrivances for the manufacture of shoes by machinery, which we owe to the fertile invention of Mr Brunel, must have noticed many instances in which the workmen were enabled to execute their task with precision, although labouring under the disadvantages of the loss of an arm or a leg. A similar instance occurs at Liverpool, in the Institution for the Blind, where a machine is used by those afflicted with blindness, for weaving sash-lines; it is said to have been the invention of a person suffering under that calamity.”

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

THE Twelfth of August!—Are there four words in the English language that call up such a host of agreeable associations? The fair one's whisper must be prodigiously sweet when she articulates the consenting Yes; yet I have known youths, and men of mature years too, who appeared to be in much higher spirits while putting every thing in order for the moors, than when about to depart on their marriage jaunts. And I do not wonder at all at the circumstance. To see the sun rising from the ocean, at half-past four in the morning—ourselves stationed on a high hill-top—the congregated vapours curling and dispersing far below—measureless tracks of heather around, glistening with dew, and tipped with pencils of new-born light, more radiant than its own purple bells—to surprise the shrill skylark at his matins, and the hare as she steals upon her early fare; why, these are enjoyments that would be poorly exchanged for slothful slumbers on the softest couch that ever derived its elasticity from down filched from the eider-duck's breast. Add to this the high gratification of having your cheek fanned by the first breeze that is chased into action by the morning's breath; the independence implied by the possession of manly and vigorous powers; the admirable docility and tactics of animals which bring their instincts to bear upon their masters' pleasures, and then, in place of inquiring *who would*, rather say *who would not be a sportsman?* Toppers, we are told, drive at every fresh debauch an additional nail into their coffins; but as every proposition has its converse, he who repairs annually to the moors must draw at least one nail out; and there is, moreover, some reason for believing that there are many who would sink under the winter's toils, but for the seasonable and needful repair which their constitutions undergo during the autumn. As the viol-strings are slackened by the friction of the bow, so a strictly sedentary life impairs and unhinges the most elastic frame; but air and exercise are the pegs or knobs that screw us into *tune*—that restore the wonted harmony of the system, and give to all the springs that minister to health, a higher tone and a freer play. And if these reasons fail to satisfy you, only think of the sportsman's evening comforts, for then you see him all in his glory. He who never trode the moors knows nothing comparatively of the luxury of dining—not of picking like a bilious citizen, but of eating like a hale and healthy man. An individual, we shall say, who but a week before hung languidly over the breast of a chicken, now acquits himself so super-excellently as a trencherman, that you would not give a pin's fee for the reversion of his interest in a heaped platter of beef-steak. While recounting with a friend the events of the day, he may perhaps take a cup extra, but his slumbers are refreshing notwithstanding. The very depth and breadth of his inspiration may convince you that he has acquired an accession of strength, and that you would find it rather difficult to awaken him, even if you were to employ the town drummer to strike up a march under his ear.

Most sportsmen agree in thinking that grouse are declining, while blackcocks are increasing fast in numbers. Some, in fact, maintain that blackcocks attack and kill the grouse, or extirpate them by some other means, while those who denizen almost constantly on the hills, aver that they never witnessed any thing of

the kind. Formerly live blackcocks were exported to Yorkshire for the purpose of introducing and extending the breed; but, touching this point, many Englishmen have received of late a new light, and have taken such a dislike to the truly *Scottish* qualities of the biped in question, that they now insist stoutly on the necessity of keeping the blackcocks *out*, as the only means of keeping the grouse *in*. As these birds breed on marshy grounds, the moor-burn rarely reaches their dwellings; and hence it has been rather rashly inferred that an immense destruction of grouse is occasioned by the fires that are annually lighted on our moors. But it should be kept in mind, that blackcocks flock to the arable plains in summer, as many a farmer knows to his cost; that their camp is not always a heather bush, but that they often roost on trees at such a height as enables them to escape the ravages of vermin. But grouse and moor-partridges are differently situated; and all the shepherds I have conversed with believe that the principal cause of their depopulation arises from the prejudice that exists as to burning heath. Corn is the staff of human life—green or blooming heather the food of the heathcock, and his numbers, like our own, may be augmented or thinned by the comparative plentifulness or scarcity of food. It may be impracticable to plough a barren hill, but if you burn it occasionally, the crop it bears will be improved both as to quantity and quality. Old heather runs to wood, and only bears a scanty herbage at top; and independently of this, its foliage becomes so tough that neither sheep nor birds will eat it, if there be any thing better within their reach.

I have thus got quit of one objection, and the remaining one is—Does not moor-burn destroy a great many eggs? I believe not, and have evidence before me which seems pretty conclusive. One experienced sheep farmer, and land proprietor, says, “I have burnt heather all my life, and never was placed under any restrictions. I never knew a grouse hatch in a plantation or plot of old heather, but always in young heath, or single bushes too far apart to be touched by the flames. I will give the observations I made last year as a specimen. One nest was in a bush about a foot high, and measuring seventeen inches by thirty-five; the heather was burnt two years before, all round. Other three nests were in young heather, six or eight inches high, and on the sides of brown or broken land; several were at the back of drains and rivulets, as I suppose. But burning of heath ought to be done in rotation; perhaps a *third* or *fifth* rotation, according to the dryness or wetness of the soil, or the stock that feed on it. Old sheep eat heath more than young ones, and it springs sooner on moist soils than dry. By following this plan, the grouse will rapidly increase in numbers. It is evident that sheep, cattle, and hares, always prefer young heath when it can be had; any person who observes where hares feed in winter, when there is a little snow on the ground, may know whether this is true. It is a fact that those farms which are most regularly burnt abound most with game.”

From what has been said, I feel inclined to draw the following inferences:—

First, that part of the heather on every sheep farm which may cover on an average half the surface, should be burnt every year; the nature of the ground regulating the rotation. The stalks, when reduced to ashes, promote vegetation; sweet heather and sweet grass spring up simultaneously; so that umbrageous spots which were formerly avoided, and covered with herbage which no animal would eat, are restored to a profitable state of cultivation.

Second, that as regards mountain-heath, the best thing you can do to promote the growth of game is to follow the best mode of sheep husbandry. A farmer who is unrestricted, as compared with one fettered by conditions, will give L.50 per annum more for a sheep-gang—say of 1500 acres; and if this and the preceding facts be admitted, it would certainly be prudent to abandon a system which is alike prejudicial to the landlord's profits and the sportsman's pleasures.

Third, if heath be burnt on one farm and not on another, the grouse will form themselves into emigration societies, and occupy locations without asking any body's leave, or submitting to the forms imposed on every class of rational settlers; their wings obviating the necessity of tonnage, expense of outfit, and every other charge. Those, therefore, who think the old system the best, would do well to adopt the new in self-defence.—*M'Diarmid's Sketches of Nature.*

THE “PEST” OF ANCIENT TIMES.

FROM “*Anne Breve Description of the Pest. Set forth by Maister Gilbert Skene, Doctoure in Medicine. Imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Leppreik. Anno Do. 1568.*” Published for the ostensible purpose of informing the people how to avoid or cure the plague then recently introduced into the realm.

“The pest is the corruption or infection of the air, or aie venomous qualitie and maist hurtful vapour thairof, quihik hes strenthe and wicketnes above all natural putrefaction, beand contractit, first maist quietlie infectis the spirital partis of manne's bodie, thairefter the humoris, puttand sairest at the natural humiditie of the hart, quihik is tholand corruption and fevir maist wicketlie quietlie and thiefie strikis the patient.”

After describing the plague as being generally the result of God's indignation at the sins of men, he proceeds to state as “inferiour causis”—“Standand wat-

ter, sic as stank, pule, or loche, most corrupte and filthe: Erd, dung, stinkand closetis, deid carriounis unburiert, in speciale of man kynd, quihilkis, be similitude of nature, is maist nocent to man, as everie brutal is maist infectand to thair awin kynd. Farther," he continues, "continual schouris of weit with grete southin wynde, or the samyn blawand from pestiferous places. The cause of pest in aue privet citie is stikand corruptionand filths, quihilkis occupes the comune streetis and gaittis, gret reik of colis without winde to dispatche the sam, corruption of herbis, sic as cail and growand treis," &c. &c.

THE JILTED BAGMAN, A TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

MARK ANTHONY SNUBBS was the youngest son of a respectable butcher in Leeds. Even in childhood, young Snubbs was remarkable for an ambition which soared beyond the narrow sphere to which his birth threatened to confine him. He disdained to associate with the young butchers of the neighbourhood, and attached himself to the genteeler society of attorneys' clerks and mercers' apprentices, a circumstance which excited the indignation of his father, who threatened to disinherite him, on pretence of his being too fine a gentleman to do credit to an honourable calling. But, fortunately, the young man's maternal uncle, a silk weaver in the place, viewed his character in a more favourable light; he admired his nephew's spirit, and, resolving to encourage it, obtained for him the place of shopboy with an eminent haberdasher in London. In this situation young Snubbs neglected no opportunity of cultivating the graces; and as he at the same time had tolerable parts, a modest assurance, and a ready tongue, he rose so rapidly in his master's favour, that he was appointed to travel for the house to the north of England, and to Scotland. This appointment had long been the aim of our hero's exertions, and the object of his ambitious wishes; and Alexander of Macedon felt not greater pride when he had first tamed the fierceness of Bucephalus, than did Snubbs when he found himself master of a stout hackney, trotting on the highway to happiness and Carlisle. It was here that he met, for the first time, the accomplished Miss Geraldine Snooks, the daughter and heiress of a rich attorney. He had the honour of dancing with her at a charity ball; he afterwards met her at a tea party, and took the liberty of offering to accompany her next morning to a concert. His attentions now became more particular; he visited her at her father's house—stole her fan—wrote verses upon her French poodle—and, in short, had made a strong impression upon her affections, when he was discovered, one morning, kissing his mistress's hand, and trying to prevail with her to accompany him upon his northern excursion, as far as Gretna Green, by old Snooks, who kicked him down stairs, and forbade him his house for ever. This was a severe blow to his hopes; and Snubbs, in the height of his indignation, meditated claiming satisfaction from the attorney, either by the duello or an action for assault. Upon farther reflection, however, he adopted the more prudent and Christian resolution of overlooking the affront, in consideration of his love for the fair Geraldine. He immediately quitted Carlisle, where he had lost his heart, and, we are sorry to add, his book of patterns; the latter loss, however, was scarcely felt before it was relieved, by the restoration of the article, with a hastily written and indifferently spelt note from Miss Snooks, expressing sympathy for his sufferings, and swearing unalterable attachment to his person and fortunes. The truth is, the patterns had slipped from the pocket of Mark Anthony's inexpressibles, during his somewhat precipitous retreat, before the enraged Octavius Snooks. The constancy of his mistress greatly consoled our hero under the indignity he had just experienced, and he comforted himself with the thought that "the course of true love never did run smooth"—a truth which was farther confirmed in his own experience, by his horse stumbling on a piece of new laid road, and depositing the unhappy lover in a dry ditch. Snubbs did not allow this accident to ruffle his lately recovered equanimity; on the contrary, as he discovered that his nag had lost a shoe, he led him, with much tenderness, to a neighbouring smithy; and while the grim master of the forge was performing his office, our lover availed himself of the unavoidable delay, to pen a few stanzas to his mistress, in imitation of Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballad." In this piece he paints the pangs of absence, threatens to break his pipe and crook, and pathetically recommends his sheep and his goats to the care of his brother swains, as he is entirely occupied with his passion for the divine Snooks. After dispatching this effusion by a ragged little Cyclops, whom he bribed with a sixpence and a glass of purl, he resumed his journey, and arrived safe in Glasgow, where he for a time forgot his love, in transacting the business of his employers. But a short excursion which he had occasion to take into the Highlands effectually recalled his attention to love and the muses. During his passage by steam, from Balloch to the head of Loch Lomond, he composed a long elegy, of which the following stanzas are a fragment:—

While hapless exile, on a distant shore,
I wander far from joy and Geraldine;
Still 'mid the torrent's rush, the tempest's roar,
Angelic Snooks! my heart is ever thine.

Condemn'd amid these 'orrid scenes to stray,
What dangers has thy Snubbs already pass'd—
Where savage Celts their brawny legs display,
In naked freedom, to the northern blast.

Ah! should my bark, when winds too rudely blow,
Be doom'd to perish in this boundless sea,
Wilt thou, my Snooks—I know thou wilt—bestow
A tear for him who died for love of thee?

It does not clearly appear that Mr Snubbs was entitled to consider himself as dying for love of Miss Snooks, even in the event of the catastrophe which he, here contemplates, seeing that the exclusive object of his excursion on Loch Lomond—which, by the way, he somewhat absurdly mistakes for a boundless sea—was to make a descent on Glenfalloch, and thence pass to Inverary, for the purpose of collecting certain sets of tartan. But poetical licence must be allowed to a bagman and a lover.

On his return from this Highland excursion, Mark Anthony had a short but satisfactory interview with his mistress, who gave him a lock of her hair, which we may here mention was of that shade of red which is commonly called *sandy-colour*. In return, Mr Snubbs presented her with an elegant tweezer-case; vows of the most lasting attachment were mutually pledged between the lovers, and a day fixed for their elopement. In the meanwhile, Mr Snubbs considered himself bound in honour to return without delay to London, and give his employers an account of his northern journey. This account was found to be highly satisfactory; and the manager of the commercial house to which he was attached was so pleased with his diligence and success, that he promoted him, from a trotting galloway, and ninety pounds per annum, to a higher salary, and the luxury of a gig. Greatly elated with his promotion, our traveller lost no time in writing to his innamorato an account of his brightened prospects; nor was he long in receiving an answer, as warm as he could have wished, and earnestly pressing him to return immediately to Carlisle, where his anxious Geraldine was expecting him with open arms. But the gifts of fortune are not only fallacious in their their own nature—they are also very apt to exert a mischievous influence on the character and feelings of individuals. We cannot say that Mr Snubbs's love was now less warm than when he was less favoured by the capricious goddess; but finding himself more flush of ready money than usual, he resolved to make the most of his bachelor liberty, by mixing freely in the gaieties of the metropolis. He spent much of his time at Astley's, the Haymarket, the Cockpit, and even ventured once or twice to the Opera. Such a life of pleasure could not be expected to last; and Mark Anthony's superfluous funds were soon exhausted. But in proportion as his finances began to be impaired, his love revived; and he was seriously meditating a northern excursion, with the intention of acquiring a husband's claim over the person and fortune of his love-sick Geraldine, when, fortunately, his employers resolved to send him thither on commercial business. Hitherto we have contemplated Snubbs as the *enfant gâté* of fortune; but the mutability of human affairs extends to bagmen as well as to kings and heroes; and Mark Anthony Snubbs, like his great namesake the triumvir, was destined to be made the sport of a woman. Though naturally sanguine, and free from superstition, he felt oppressed with a presentiment of evil as he approached the ancient city of Carlisle. It was night before he arrived at his inn; yet the anxiety which he felt would not permit him to call, as usual, for his slippers and nightcap; he therefore hurriedly discussed a pound and a half of minced collops, with a cut of salmon, for his supper, and having swallowed half a quart of distilled waters, by way of security against the night air, he sallied forth to reconnoitre Mr Snooks's premises, and obtain, if possible, an interview with his mistress. The wealthy attorney's house, with the retiring modesty which is supposed to characterise its owner's profession, stood a little back from the line of the street, and was surrounded with a small but neat orchard. An iron gate, which was secured only by a latch, afforded ready access to this second paradise, and Mr Snubbs succeeded in stealing round to his mistress's window unobserved. Here, however, he tapped and whispered in vain; he even ventured to hum, in a disconsolate tone, the words of a Scotch song—

This ae night, this ae night,
O rise and let me in.

Still no Miss Snooks echoed back the cadence of his song. In a fit of desperation, the love-sick bagman now approached a window through which streamed a flood of light. The shutter was only half closed, so that our traveller could easily perceive what was doing within; but what pen can describe the horror of the unfortunate bagman, when he saw, in Mr Snooks's best parlour, which was splendidly lighted up for the occasion, with wax tapers and argand lamp, Miss Geraldine Snooks in her bridal dress, and smiling from ear to ear, leading down a dance with an elderly gentleman in tights, with huge gold buckles and a George the Fourth wig, and whom he readily recognised as old Oronoko, the rich tobaccoist, for whom the fickle Miss Snooks had often expressed a particular aversion. At this unexpected sight, Snubbs could not suppress an audible groan, which instantly interrupted the festivities within. The attorney, snatching a horse-pistol from the mantelpiece, rushed to the door, followed more leisurely by the bridegroom, armed with the fire-shovel. Our hero now endeavoured to effect his retreat, but unsuccessfully, as one leg was caught in a man-trap, which Snooks had placed near a favourite apple tree, and the other was held fast by a large house dog, who had rushed forth upon the first alarm. The bagman's cries guided the company to the scene of action. Lights were procured, and poor Snubbs was at last rescued from his perilous situation. He had fortunately received little bodily harm, but his fright was excessive, and his clothes were torn. He was speedily recognised, and his sufferings excited rather merriment than sympathy; but what affected him most was, that his mistress, instead of showing any signs of remorse or pity, joined very heartily in the mirth which his deplora-

ble plight had provoked. Old Snooks, indeed, threatened a prosecution for trespass; but the good-natured tobaccoist interfered, and even Mrs Oronoko joined in interceding for her unfortunate lover.

The jilted bagman is now a respectable mercer in his native town of Leeds, and, in the arms of an affectionate wife, has forgotten the disdain of Miss Geraldine Snooks. —*Edinburgh Spectator*.

PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

HAVE any of my readers the misfortune to be acquainted with some person who has but one idea, or who speaks for ever upon only one subject, no matter what? There are such persons, and they are serious annoyances in society. I call them *monomaniacs*, or people who have run mad on one subject. On every thing else they will talk rationally, though only for a moment. They feel pained at the introduction into conversation of something apart from their own favourite notion, and hurry to start the idea on which they have talked all their lives, and which they will probably never leave at rest till they themselves are quiescent. Hazlitt, in one of his essays, hits off people with one idea in his happiest and most sarcastic style:—"There is Major C—— (says he); he has but one idea or subject of discourse—parliamentary reform. Now, parliamentary reform is, as far as I know, a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still. Like a piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book, and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of or preamble to a bill, or a collection of grave arguments, for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity, in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified—a walking commonplace we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man were to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get, and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have, and this is what makes the matter hopeless. He goes out of his way to be absurd. He has got possession of a subject which he conceives to be of universal and paramount interest. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself. But time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of ——— stands first in the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to *Coventry*. Business is an interruption; pleasure is a digression from it. It is the question before every company where the person with his one idea comes, which immediately resolves itself into a committee of the whole world upon it, is carried on by means of a perpetual virtual adjournment—and it is presumed that no other is entertained while this is pending—a determination which gives its persevering advocate a fair prospect of expatiating upon it till his dying day. As Cicero says of study, it follows him into the country; it stays with him at home; it sits with him at breakfast; and goes out with him to dinner. It is like a part of his dress, of the costume of his person, without which he would be at a loss what to do. If he meets you in the street, he accosts you with it as a form of salutation; if you see him at his own house, it is supposed you come upon that. If you happen to remark, 'It is a fine day, or the town is full,' it is considered as a temporary compromise of the question; you are suspected of not going the whole length of the principle. A topic of this sort, of which the person himself may be considered as almost sole proprietor and patentee, is an estate for life; free from all encumbrance of wit, thought, or study, you live upon it as a settled income; and others might as well think to eject you out of a capital freehold house and estate as think to drive you out of it into the wide world of common sense and argument. Every man's house is his castle; and every man's commonplace is his stronghold, from which he looks out and smiles at the dust and heat of controversy. There are some who fancy the corn-bill the root of all evil, and others who trace all the miseries of life to the practice of muffling up children in night clothes. They will disclaim by the hour together on the first, and argue themselves black in the face on the last. It is in vain you give up the point. They persist in the debate, and begin again—"But don't you see, ———?" These sort of partial obliquities, as they are more entertaining and original, are also, by their nature, intermittent. They sometimes hold a man but for a season. He may have one a-year, or every two years; and though, while he is in the heat of any new discovery, he will let you hear of nothing else, he varies from himself, and is amusing undesignedly. People of the character here spoken of—that is, who tease you to death with but one idea—generally differ in their favourite notion from the rest of the world; and, indeed, it is the love of distinction which is mostly at the bottom of this peculiarity."

CHINA.

THE following interesting account of China, and the commerce carried on with it by this country, is drawn up from a Parliamentary paper published two years ago.

China and Europe are the two most opposite communities in the world, not merely in geographical position, but in every thing that constitutes nationality; both highly civilised, far above the average of any of the nations surrounding each, yet of a species of civilisation singularly different; the opposition of habits, customs, manners, descending into the minutiae of every-day particulars in a manner and a direction of divergency almost ludicrous. Our relative ideas of each other's importance are regulated by the same standard of opposition; an ancient Chinese map represents the celestial empire as occupying the whole of the sheet on which it is drawn, with the exception of one corner, which is set apart for all the rest of the world; in an ancient European map of the world; on the other side, we look in vain for China, or find it perhaps a solitary name, as a part of *Terra Incognita*. We live now in better times; our globes or maps are not disgraced with distorted drawings of that great nation; and its neighbouring territories, its geographical positions, are laid down with tolerable precision; but as to the interior, with the exception of the general lines of deviation of some of its larger rivers, and the bearings of some of its more important positions, our knowledge, it must be confessed, is very inadequate, either to the absolute magnitude of that wonderful empire, or to its relative importance as affecting our extended and still extending commercial and political relations.

The information given in the evidence now before us fills up several of these chasms. It comes also in an authenticated form, from individuals well acquainted with the particulars they detail, deeply interested in the inquiry, and placed in a situation in which they know that a searching eye is watching over their relation, active to catch and eager to expose any misstatement or fallacy. The accounts given by them may therefore be safely relied upon as to general fidelity and accuracy.

The real amount of the population of China has been long one of the unsolved problems in geography. Though the commonly received statements were usually considered to be overrated, yet it was deemed an indisputable fact that the total, after every reasonable deduction had been made, was far beyond that of any European country, or, indeed, of any with which we are acquainted. From the statistical table already alluded to, it appears that the whole population of China proper, exclusive of Tartary and the dependent provinces, amounts to 141,470,000 souls, which, when compared with the area or surface of the country, gives an average of 103 souls for every square mile. Let this be compared with the known averages of some other countries. China, per square mile, 103 souls; Hindostan, 104; Austria, 110; France, 164; England, 222.

Thus we see that this so much vaunted population does not amount to one-half of that of England, compared with the relative extent of territory of each country.

The cause of the apparently excessive population of China arises from the provinces being very unequally peopled, and the over-crowded portion of the country being that to which foreigners generally, if not solely, had access. There are in fact but four provinces, out of the fifteen into which the empire is divided, that are densely inhabited; these embrace but little more than one-fourth of the entire area, yet contain above two-thirds of the population.

The circumstances connected with emigration have been also ill understood, and therefore much misrepresented. The following summary of the information given in this curious document will serve to show the real state of the case, and in some measure to develop the grounds of the misconception. The emigrations of the Chinese take place chiefly from the four southern maritime provinces. The emigrants direct their course to every neighbouring country where there is any hope of finding employment and protection. They are excluded, like the European nations, from settling in Japan, on political grounds; the government of Cochin-China affords them no great encouragement, from the same reason, and the Dutch and Spanish governments of Java and the Philippines have always looked on them with much suspicion. Distance, and the existence of a dense and comparatively industrious population, exclude them from the British possessions in Hindostan, where there are only a few shoemakers and other artisans from that country, and these confined to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

Every emigrant who leaves China does so with the intention of returning to it, although comparatively few are able to accomplish this object. The expense of emigration to the countries to which the Chinese usually resort, amounts to very little. Yet even the slender sum required is commonly paid from the fruits of the emigrant's labour on his arrival, and seldom in advance. They are invariably of the labouring classes, and their whole equipment for the voyage consists of little else than the coat on their back, a bundle of old clothes, and a dirty mat and pillow to sleep on. They no sooner land than their condition is wonderfully improved. They meet their countrymen, and find immediate employment in a congenial climate, where the wages of labour are perhaps three times as high as in China, and the necessities of life cheaper by half.

The Chinese are not only intellectually, but physically superior to the nations among whom they settle. A Chinese is at least two inches taller than a Siamese, and by three inches taller than a Cochin-Chinese, a Malay, or a Javanese, and his frame is proportionably strong and well built. Their superiority in personal skill, dexterity, and ingenuity, is still greater. The wages of a Chinese labourer at Singapore are eight dollars a month, and of a Malay four; thus proving the work of the former to be of double the value of that of the latter.

The different classes of Chinese settlers not only live apart and keep distinct from those of other nations, but from each other. There is a wide difference between

their character, habits, and manners, according to the provinces from which they proceed. The emigrants from the town of Canton, besides being addicted to mercantile pursuits, are the best artisans, and are much disposed to enter into mining speculations. It is they who are chiefly employed in working the silver mines of Tonquin, the gold mines of Borneo, and of the Malay peninsula, and the tin mines of the latter country, and of Banca. The Chinese of Macao, and the other islands, are held in very little repute by the rest of their countrymen, but those of the mountainous districts, who are numerous, are the lowest in rank. Their most frequent employment is that of fishermen and mariners; and it is from their ranks that European shipping, when in want, have occasionally received hands. Of all the Chinese, these are the most noisy and unruly.

The Chinese settlers, of whatever class, engage with much eagerness in agricultural employments, seldom, however, unless through necessity, as day labourers. They conduct, almost exclusively, the cultivation and manufacture of the catechu or terra Japonica in the strait of Malacca, the pepper cultivation of Siam, and the culture of the cane, and the manufacture of sugar in Java, Siam, and the Philippines. Differing materially from each other in manners, habits, and almost always in language and dialect, and entertaining towards each other provincial prejudices and antipathies, broils and quarrels, sometimes even attended with bloodshed, frequently break out among them. These are occasionally subjects of embarrassment in the European settlements; but nothing is to be apprehended from their systematic combination or resistance; for of all the Asiatic inhabitants of our eastern dependencies, the Chinese are the most obedient to the laws, and notwithstanding the superior amount of their property, and even of their numbers, afford the least employment to the courts of justice.

The emigrant population from China is of a peculiar description, consisting, for the most part, of adult males, and of very few women or children, a circumstance easily explained: The laws of China, which prohibit emigration in general, are a dead letter, as far as the men are concerned; but it is imperative in respect to women and children, or, perhaps, more strictly, the manners and feelings of the people themselves prevent the latter from quitting the country. The person who gives this part of the evidence, and who had resided many years in the British dependencies, states that he had never seen nor heard of a female among the emigrants, and never saw a Chinese woman, except at Hué, the capital of Cochin-China, where two or three were pointed out as objects of curiosity, who had been kidnapped and brought there when children. The emigrants, however, without scruple, form connexions with the females of the country, and the descendants of these repeatedly intermarrying with Chinese, are in time not to be distinguished from the genuine Chinese, either in features or complexion. But in countries where the settlers have been only recently established, the disproportion of the sexes is immense. Thus, out of the 6200 Chinese inhabitants of Singapore, the number of females is but 360, and even of these, the greater part are Chinese only in name. The number of emigrants who return to China, though considerable, is very small in comparison with the arrivals. Even of those, the greater number come back again. There are resident in the British settlements, Chinese emigrants, men of property, who have visited China, and returned with titles.

The evidence details a great number of facts relative to the culture and exportation of tea, highly worthy of notice. The excellence of the herb is attributed chiefly to the attention paid to its culture; hence it is, that though the tree itself is a hardy plant, thriving under a great variety of climate, the marketable commodity produced from it is very inferior in all other countries to that of China. Like the grape, it also differs in flavour from difference of soil and management, and there is as much difference between the choice teas conveyed overland to Russia, and those sent to Europe, as between the claret and Burgundy wines of France. It is also said that the flavour of the plant is much deteriorated by the sea voyage.—*Dublin Literary Gazette.*

TO SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me!
Hail, country of the brave and good,
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

Oh, Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter furze or shelving
That is not garner'd fondly up
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills
With noisy ceaseless note me,
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean;
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze—the "bonny broom,"
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood loves to gather.

Oh, for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lovers,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh, for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!
And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser fort and shrine,
For where is there the spot of earth,
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration?
First, I could sing how brave thy sons,
How pious and true-hearted,
Who saved a bloody heritage
For us in times departed;
Who, through a thousand years of wrong,
Oppress'd and disrespected,
Ever the generous, righteous cause
Religiously protected.
I'd sing of that old early time,
When came the victor Roman,
And, for the first time, found in them
Unconquering foemen;
When that proud bird, which never stoop'd
To foe, however fiery,
Met eagles of a sterner brood
In this our northern eyrie.
Next, of that better glorious time,
When thy own patriot Wallace
Repell'd and smote the myriad foe
Which storm'd thy mountain palace.
When on the sword of Bannockburn
De Bruce his standard planted,
And drove the proud Plantagenet
Before him, pale and daunted.
Next, how, through ages of despair,
Thou brav'd'st the English banner,
Fighting like one who hopes to save
No valued thing but honour.
How thy own young and knightly kings,
And their fair hapless daughter,
Left but a tale of broken hearts
To vary that of slaughter.
How, in a later, darker time,
When wicked men were reigning,
Thy sons went to the wilderness,
All but their God disclaiming;
There, hopeful only of the grave,
To stand through morn and even,
Where all on earth was black despair,
And nothing bright but heaven.
And, later still, when times were changed,
And tender thoughts came o'er thee,
When abject, suppliant, and poor,
Thy Injurer came before thee,
How thou did'st freely all forgive,
Thy heart and sword presented,
Although thou knew'st the deed must be
In tears of blood repented.
Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me;
Hail! country of the brave and good,
Hail! land of song and story,
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

R. C.

SIR DARBY MONAGHAN.

THE Duke of Rutland, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently indulged himself in incognito rambles, with a few boon companions, through the meaner parts of Dublin, in the course of which he occasionally met with strange adventures.

One evening, his grace, Colonel St Leger, and one or two others, having entered into a public-house in the *Liberty*, they found the landlord to be so comical a blade, that they invited him to sit down to supper with them. Darby Monaghan, who knew his grace by sight, took good care that the entertainment should be such as to give every satisfaction to his guests, and he contrived to season it with such an abundant flow of native wit and drollery, that they were quite delighted with him. His wine and whisky punch were so good, that by two in the morning they were all quite jolly, and ready to sally out into the street in quest of adventures. This, however, was prevented by the politic Darby, who contrived, by the humour of his songs, and the waggy of his jests, to fascinate them to the spot, until, one after another, they fell drunk under the table.

During their libations, and after Darby had said several good things in succession, the duke, in a fit of good humour, and by way of a joke, turned round to him, and said, "By Jove! landlord, you are a glorious fellow, and an honour to your country. What can I do for you, my boy? (Hiccup.) I'll *knight* you, my lad! so (hiccup again), down upon your marrow-bones this instant!" "Your grace's high commands shall be obeyed," said Darby, kneeling. The duke drew his sword, and, although Colonel St Leger endeavoured to prevent his carrying the joke too far, he struck him over the shoulder, and uttered the ominous words, "Rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan!" Darby, having humbly thanked his grace, and sworn fealty to the King of England in a bumper, an immense bowl of punch was ordered in; this was filled and refilled, until at length the whole party became blind-drunk, as before stated.

The weather being warm, and the great quantity of punch which they had drunk, prevented the toppers from feeling any inconvenience from the hardness of their couch, and they slept as soundly as they would have done on a down bed, either at the Castle or the Lodge. Darby, who, from long seasoning, was soon enabled to overcome the effects of the whisky, rose betimes, and having bustled about, soon prepared a comfortable breakfast of tea, coffee, and chocolate, for the sleeping partners of his debauch.

When all was ready, not liking to rouse them by shaking or otherwise, he stepped into the room upon tiptoe, and gently opened the window-shutters. The sun shining in full upon them, they soon awoke from their slumbers, wondering where they were. The landlord, who was listening at the door, speedily put an end to their suspense, by thrusting in his black head, and nodding to his grace, assuring him "that they were safe and sound,

and not a bone broke, in Darby Monaghan's own comfortable and fashionable *hotel*; also, that if his honour's grace and the other gentlemen would just shake themselves a bit, and slush their faces with a little nice cold spring water, they might fall to without any more delay, for there was a breakfast fit for a laird laid out for them in the next room."

This intelligence was received with much pleasure by the party, who, having put themselves in decent trim, adjourned to the breakfast room, where they found every thing of the best laid out in homely style; but what pleased them the most, was Darby's attention in bringing in a bottle of whisky under one arm, and one of brandy under the other. Pouring out several glasses, he presented them to each, according to their choice; taking the blessed Virgin to witness that a glass of good spirits was the best maid'cine ever invented for weakness of the stomach, after straitching it with punch the overnight.

Darby's courtesy was taken in good part; and after he had retired, the conversation turned upon his extraordinary humour. At length, Colonel St Leger, seeming to recollect himself, said, "I am afraid, my lord duke, your excellency made a bit of a blunder last night: you conferred the honour of knighthood on this same landlord." "Did I, by heaven!" exclaimed his grace. "That you did," replied the colonel. "Bless me, how unfortunate! why didn't you prevent me?" "I endeavoured to do so with all my might, but your excellency's arm was too potent; and I preferred seeing your weapon fall upon his shoulder, rather than have it thrust into me." "What an unfortunate affair!" exclaimed the duke, rising; "but I suppose the fellow doesn't recollect the circumstance more than myself: let us call him in. I wouldn't have such a thing reported at St James's for the world; I should be recalled, and be the laughing-stock of every one at the court. Zounds! to knight the landlord of a common punch-house! the thing is surely impossible."

"Both possible and true," replied the colonel; "but let us ring for him, and hear what he himself says about the matter." Darby, who was in attendance on the outside of the door, heard all that passed, and resolved to resist every attempt at depriving him of his newly acquired honours. On his entering the room, the following dialogue took place.

Duke of Rutland.—I say, landlord, we were all quite jolly last night?

Darby Monaghan.—Your honour's noble grace may say that same; we drank thirteen whacking bowls of punch amongst five of us?

Duke.—Ah! so we did, I believe—thirteen to the dozen—and you supped with us?

Darby.—Many thanks to your grace's excellency, Darby Monaghan did himself that same honour.

Duke.—No honour at all, my good fellow. But I say, Darby, do you recollect any thing particular that I did, in the way of joke, you know; some foolish thing, when we were all as drunk as fiddlers?

Darby.—Certainly, your dukeship may say that, any how. I daresay the colonel well remembers you filling up the last bowl from the whisky jug, instead of from that containing the hot water. By the powers I could not stand that; it set me off, whizzing like a top, and I doesn't recollect one single thing after we emptied it.

Duke (laughing).—Oh, then, you don't remember my drawing my sword, and threatening to run you through the body?

Darby.—The Lord above for iver preserve yer dukeship's highness from cruel murder and sudden death all the days of yer life! I don't remember any such thing; but I remember well the whack yer excellency's royal highness gave me with that same sword over my shoulder, when ye bade me "rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan."

Duke.—You do? eh! But that was all in jest, you know, Darby, and so we must think no more about it.

Darby.—Long life to your highness! but I took it in right earnest; more by token that my shoulder aches at this moment with the blow; but I mustn't mind that, for it was given upon an honourable occasion, and received with good will—so, thanks to yer excellency for all the favours, now and hereafter.

Duke.—But you don't presume to suppose, my good fellow, that I actually conferred upon you the honour of knighthood?

Darby.—By the powers! your highness, but I do. Sure I wouldn't be after doing your highness such discredit as to think ye meant to break yer royal word to man or mortal.

Duke.—Oh, the devil! (whispering.) I say, colonel, what is to be done?

Colonel (whispering).—Give him some birth, and make him promise to say nothing about the frolic.

Duke.—Well, Darby, I don't mean to act scurvily towards you. I can give you a tidewater's place, or something in the excise, that will bring you in about one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and make you independent for life.

Darby (kneeling, and kissing the duke's hand).—Let me go on my merry bones once again, to thank yer royal highness for being so good and marcful to poor Darby Monaghan! He'll niver forget to remember to pray for yer excellency to the blessed saints, on Sunday or holiday.

Duke.—Well, then, Darby, it is settled that you give up the title, and that nothing shall ever be said about last night's adventure?

Darby.—Give up the title, yer grace, and not be called sur! after all? I thought the hundred and fifty pounds a-year was to keep up my style as a true and loyal knight.

Duke.—No, faith! you sha'n't have place and title too—so choose without delay.

Darby (pausing).—Well, yer grace, if yer excellency pleases, I'd rather keep the title; for, d'ye see, it'll be such a wonderment for a punch-house to be kept by Sir Darby Monaghan, that I'll soon have all the custom of Dublin city; and that'll be better than a tidewater's place, any how.

Duke (laughing).—Well, then, without more argument

about the matter, you shall have a place of about two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and you must give up your knighthood this instant.

Darby (going out).—Praise your excellency, then, I'll just step up stairs, and ax her ladyship's advice; and, I daresay, she'd rather have the money. So I'll inform your honour's grace in a twinkling.

Her ladyship was accordingly consulted on this important question; and she wisely, and without hesitation, voted for the income of two hundred and fifty pounds, which they enjoyed for many years. The title, too, stuck by them till the last; for after the duke's departure from his vice-royalty, the affair was bruited abroad, to the great amusement of the middle and lower orders in Dublin, who never failed to address the fortunate couple by the appellations of "Sir Darby and Lady Monaghan."—*Clubs of London.*

THE ELEPHANT.

To give a description of the elephant would seem superfluous: man has been familiar with it from the remotest times; it has been the auxiliary of armies, the pride of princes, the servant of merchants, and one of the chief attractions of every menagerie. All sorts of persons, from the sage to the showman, have thus combined to set forth the appearance, the magnitude, and the sagacity of the elephant, till, if the brute that roams the thick forests of India could read, it would really not know its own history. From so many and so interested and ignorant sources, it would be vain to expect any thing either very true or very consistent; and probably the most wild and wretched romance in the circulating library is not a more wide caricature of human nature, than the majority of written accounts are of the elephant.

As the elephant is the largest, and, estimating him as a mass in motion, the most powerful of land animals, there has been a great tendency to endow him with those superior attributes, which fancy, without regard to the facts, is so very apt to associate with mere magnitude. He has been styled the wisest and most lofty-spirited of brutes, and his reasoning powers have been stated as more than matter of imputation. As to the reasoning, one fact is decisive; the elephants of the present day have no more understanding than they had in the time of Darius. As for the independence, again, it has just as little foundation; the elephant is at first tamed by fear and starvation; and his motions are directed by an iron hook, which his driver thrusts into his forehead to push him on, and into his ear to turn him aside. The story of their not breeding in confinement, from delicacy or haughtiness, or any other intellectual cause, is not true, as they have bred in that state both in ancient and modern times; and the cause of their doing it so seldom is physical—they are not sufficiently fed, and too hard worked. Even what is told of a sexual paroxysm taking place at a particular season annually, in male elephants, is not true; for in their native forest the elephants breed at all seasons; and it has been ascertained that the period of gestation in the female is about twenty months and a half. The age to which they live has not been fully ascertained; but there is reason to believe that it is not less than two hundred years. According to the observations that have been made, the maternal feelings of the elephant are very blunt.

The form and covering of the elephant are well fitted for enabling it to make its way through jungles and forests. Its head forms a battering ram; and in order that the brain may not suffer pain from the concussion, the frontal sinuses are extended to two large cavities. The projections formed by those cavities are probably one of the causes of that imaginary wisdom which is imputed to the elephant, as they lead those who are not acquainted with its structure, to suppose that the cerebral mass is anteriorly very much developed. But the "sagacious facial line" has nothing to do with the brain of the elephant, that organ being remarkably small, not more than one twenty-third of that of the human subject, in proportion to the weight of both. And yet the senses of the animal are wonderfully acute. Of the sense of taste in this animal, we know less than of any of the others; but the great partiality of the elephant for sugar canes, for the sake of which it leaves the forest, and ravages the cultivated fields, and its fondness for sweet things, show that it has a power of election in its eating. The sense of sight is very quick, though, from the position of the eyes, and the shortness and stiffness of the neck, it is limited in its range backwards, except near the ground. It sees the rider, or the load upon it, with difficulty, if at all. Its hearing is very acute, and thus it has a very great discrimination of sounds; and there have been instances of one once domesticated escaping, be-

ing taken again in the usual manner, and at once obeying its old keeper, though till then it had given no sign of ever having been in human training, or having the least knowledge of the snare in which it had been formerly caught. Indeed the principal sagacity of the elephant seems to depend upon the power of following a certain sound with a certain act. An elephant, which was some years ago butchered in London, probably in consequence of ignorance on the part of those about it, listened to the voice of its keeper, even when it had been irritated and mortally wounded.

The sense of smell is very wonderful, and is no doubt the one by which the course of the animal is chiefly guided in those places where sight would be useless, and hearing of little more avail, on account of the rustling that itself must make. Thick as the hide of the elephant is, it is far from invulnerable. The insects of the jungles give it a great deal of annoyance, and put it to many shifts in order to get rid of them. Indeed, when left to itself, and where it has plenty of food and water, the hide of the elephant is soft; and it is dry and chapped in confinement, only because the animal does not get proper food, or enough of exercise to promote digestion. With the exception of the human hand, and the express organs of feeling in animals that have to grope for their way and their food, there are few organs in nature in which the sense of touch appears to be more acute and delicate than in the trunk of the elephant, especially in that part of it which serves as a hand.

Notwithstanding its great strength, and the formidable weapons with which nature has furnished it, the elephant is a harmless, and even a retiring animal; and, unless when alarmed for its own safety, it wages war upon no other living creature. The extensive and thick forests are its chief abode; and the places of India where it is most abundant, are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the western Ghats, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are still numerous, being found in herds of about a hundred in number. They are, like many of the other animals that live entirely upon vegetables, gregarious; and the herd are generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail; and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. Food, friends, and foes, appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance, by the former; and the latter also admits of considerable variety. An elephant has three cries. The one is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note, produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good humour, and all is safe. The second is a growl or groan, issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; the third sound is loud as the roaring of the lion, and is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. They are seldom found far from each other, unless in the case of males that are expatriated, as is the case with deer and some other animals; and those often quit the forest, and are caught by using three or four tame females as a decoy. Even alone, in these cases, the beasts of prey—even the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength—will hardly venture to attack the elephant. The male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy; but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight.

In their native forests, where they are in herds, the elephants are invincible to all enemies but man. If one gives an alarm, others hasten to the spot, and where they act in concert, the carnivorous animals keep their distance. In those places man is the only inhabitant of the earth by whom they can be subdued; and he owes his superiority chiefly to an element which the lower animals have never been able to engage in their service. Man, even in his most savage and uncultivated state, rubs one piece of wood against another, till one or both be ignited; he applies the match so lighted to a bundle of sticks, or to the reeds, brushwood, or grass, and the stoutest and most daring animals own his sway, and shrink from this the symbol of his dominion. When we reflect on the power and the security which this single and simple operation of the lighting of a fire gives to a man in those parts of the world that are infested by ferocious animals, we cannot help being struck at the vast superiority which the possession, even of the lowest degree of reason, has over the perfection of mere animal courage and strength.—*Picture of India*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.

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CONSULS.

THE population of a large town is perpetually receiving accessions from the country—not for the purpose of increasing the aggregate of inhabitants, but to supply the waste of existence which takes place in such a scene, and to furnish a better selection for the peculiar offices and business of a city than what could be obtained from the successive generations of the ordinary inhabitants. Nothing can be more clear than that the youths born and bred in a large city have a less chance to establish themselves in its first-rate lines of business, than the lads who come in from the country as adventurers; the fact being, that the latter are a selection of stirring clever spirits from a large mass, while only the same proportion of the former are likely to possess the proper merit or aptitude. Besides, the town-bred lad is apt to have some points of silly pride about his status in society; he cannot do this and he cannot be that, for fear of the sneers of the numerous contemporaries under whose eyes he is always walking. But the gilly, hot from Banff or Inverness, who comes into the town, "with bright and flowing hair," rugging and riving for a place in some writer's office, or elsewhere—why, the fellow would push into the most sacred parts of a man's house, like Roderick Random, and at the most unconscionable hours, in search of some prospective situation; and when he has got it, what cares he about what he does (within honesty) in order to advance himself, seeing that all who ever knew him before are on the other side of the Grampians? Thus the sons of the respectable people of large cities are constantly retiring from the field—some to the East Indies—some to the West—some evanish nobody knows how—while their places are taken by settlers from all parts of the country, whose children, in their turn, give way to fresh importations. Then there is a constant tide towards the capital, of all kinds of rural people, who, having failed to improve their fortunes in the country, are obliged to try what may be done in the town. A broken-down country merchant sets up a grocery shop in some suburb—a farmer who has been obliged to relinquish his *dulcia arva*, sets up an hostelry for carriers, and so forth. Every recurrence of Whitunday and Martinmas sends in large droves of people on the tops of heavy carts, to pitch their camps in Edinburgh; many of them with but very uncertain prospects of making a livelihood when they get there, but yet the most of them astonished a year or two after to find that they are still living, with the children all at the school as formerly, although, to be sure, the "reeky town" can never be like the green meadows and dear blue hills which they have left behind in Menteith, or Ayrshire, or Tweeddale. What change, to be sure, to these good people, is the close alley of the Old Town of Edinburgh, the changeless prospect of house-tops and chimneys, and the black wall opposite to their windows, ever casting its dark shade into their little apartments, for the pleasant open fields in which they have sown and reaped for half a lifetime, and where every little rustic locality is endeared to them by a thousand delightful recollections! But yet it is amazing how habit and necessity will reconcile the mind to the most alien novelties. And, even here, there are some blessings. The place of worship (always an important matter to decent country people in Scotland) is perhaps nearer than it used to be. Mr Simpson's chapel in the Potterrow is amazingly convenient. Education for the children, though dearer, is better and more varied. There is also a better chance of employment for the youngsters when they grow up. Then Sandy Fletcher, the carrier, goes past the door every Wednesday, with a cart-load of home reminiscences, and occasionally a letter or a parcel from some friend left at the place which they have deserted. By means of this excellent specimen of corduroyed honesty and worth, they still get all their butter and cheese from the sweet pastures of their own country-side, so that every meal almost brings forward some agreeable association of what, from feeling as well as habit, they cannot help still calling home. Then it is always made a point with them to plant themselves in an outskirt of the town, corresponding to the part of the country from which they come, and where they think they will have at least a specimen of the fresh air. A Clydesdale family, for instance, hardly ever thinks of taking a

house (at least for the first year or two) any where but in the Grassmarket, or about Lauriston, or the Canal Basin. People from East Lothian harbour about the Canongate, Bristo Street and the Causeway-side are appropriated indefeasibly to settlers from Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire. Poll the people thereabouts, and you will find a third of them natives of those two counties. In fact, the New Town, or any thing beyond the Cowgate, is a kind of *terra borealis incognita* to folk from the south of Scotland. They positively don't know any thing about those places, except, perhaps, by report. Well, it must certainly be agreeable, if one is banished from the country into a town, at least to dwell in one of the outlets towards that part of the country; so that the exile may now and then cast his thoughts and his feelings straight along the highway towards the place endeared to him; and if he does not see the hills which overlook the home of his heart, at least, perhaps, hills from which he knows he can see other hills, from which the spot is visible—the long stages of fancy in straining back to the place

"—He ne'er forgets, though there he is forgot."

There is one other grand source of comfort—in fact, an indispensable convenience—to people from the country living in a large city, namely, CONSULS. Every person in the circumstances described must be familiar with the character and uses of a CONSUL, though perhaps they never heard the name before. The truth is, as from every district of broad Scotland there are less or more settlers of all kinds of ranks and orders, so among these there is always one family or person who serves to the occasional visitors from that part of the country, as well as to the regular settlers, all the purposes which a commercial Consul serves in a foreign port. The house of this person is a *houff*, or place of especial resort, to all and sundry connected with that particular locality. It is in fact the Consul-house of the district. Sometimes, when there is a considerable influx from a particular place, there is a Consul for almost every order of persons connected with that place, from the highest to the lowest. The Consul is a person—generally an old lady—of great kindness of disposition, and who never can be put about by a visit at any time upon the most vaguely general invitation. Generally, a kind of open table—a tea-table it is—is kept every Sunday night, which is resorted to by all and sundry, like an "at home" in high life; and though the Consul herself and some of her family sit on certain defined and particular chairs during the whole evening, the rest are tenanted by relays of fresh visitors almost every hour, who pay their respects, take a cup, and, after a little conversation, depart. In general, the individuals resorting to these houses are as familiar with every particular of the system of the tea-table—yea, with every cracked cup, and all the initials upon the silver spoons—as the honest Consul herself. Community of nativity is the sole bond of this association, but hardly any could be stronger. A person from the country takes little interest in the gossip of the city, important as it may sometimes be. He likes to hear of all that is going on in the little village or parish from which he has been transplanted. All this, and more, he hears at the house of the Consul for that village or parish, the same as you will be sure to find a London newspaper in the house of the British resident at Lisbon. Any death that may have happened there since his last visit—any birth—any marriage—any anything—he gets all in right trim at the Consul-house, with all the proper remarks, the whole having been imported on Thursday in the most regular manner by the carrier, or else on some other day by a visitant, who, though only a few hours in town, was sure to call there. At the Consul-house you will hear how the minister is now liked—who is likely to get most votes in the coming election—from whom Mrs ——— bought her china when she was about to be married—and the promise of the crops, almost to a sheaf or a potato. But the topics are of endless variety. One thing is remarkable. The most determined scandal is bandied about respecting their ancient neighbours; and yet they all conspire to think that there is no sort of people to be compared with them in the mass. They will let nobody talk ill of them but themselves. There is sometimes a considerable difference in the characters and ranks of the indi-

viduals who frequent a Consul-house. Perhaps you find, among persons of higher degree and more dignified age, apprentice lads, who, being the children of old acquaintances of the Consul, are recommended by their mothers to spend their Sunday evenings here, as under a vicarial eye of supervision, and being sure to be out of harm's way in the house of so respectable a person. These stolid youths, with their raw untamed faces, form a curious contrast, occasionally, to the more polished individuals who have been longer about town, such as writers' clerks or licentiates of the church. Possibly they will sit you out five mortal hours in a Consul-house, without ever speaking a word, or even shifting their position on their chairs, staring with unvaried eyes, and hands compressed between knees, right into the centre of the room, and hearing all that is going on as if they heard not. At length the young cub rises to go away, and the only remark is, "Well, Willie, are you going home? Good night." After which, the Consul only remarks to the adults around her, "That's ane o' John Anderson's laddies—a fine quiet callant." But this holds good only respecting Consuls in a certain walk of life. There are houses where people of very high style from a particular district are wont to call and converse; and there are dens in the inferior parts of the town, to which only serving girls, or boys (there is no rank among boys), resort. Every place, every rank, has its Consul. And not only is the Consul valuable as an individual who keeps a Sunday-evening conversazione. She actually does a great deal of business for the particular district which she represents. If a townsman wants a gown dyed, or to obtain swatches of some new prints, or to purchase any peculiar article which requires some address in the purchasing, then is the Consul resorted to. A little square inexplicable epistle, with not nearly enough of fold to admit a wafer, and the phrase "for goods" on the corner, supposed to be a kind of Shibboleth that exempts letters from the laws of the Post-office, comes in with the carrier, requesting that Mrs ——— will be so good as go to this or that shop, and do this and that and t'other thing, and send the whole out by return of Pate Fairgrieve, and the payment will be rendered at next visit to town. Thus, the Consul is a vast commission agent, with only this difference, that she makes nothing by it to compensate her immense outlay of capital. The duties, however, of the Consulate are their own reward; and we doubt if Brutus, who first assumed the office, bore it with a prouder head, or more satisfied heart, than many individuals whom we could point out. Henceforth, we do not doubt, people will refer to the days when such and such a person was Consul for their native village, in a style similar to the ancient chronology of Rome; and "Consule Tullo" itself will not be more familiar or more memorable language, than "in the consulate [shall we so suppose?] of Mrs Bathgate!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

SCHOOLS.

It is now fully understood among inquiring minds, that in almost no civilised country in Europe is education less generally diffused, or ignorance more prevalent, than in England. It has happened through the extreme carelessness of those to whose management the country was committed, both in a bodily and spiritual sense, as well as from the dreadfully keen pursuit of gain and animal comfort which every where prevails, that the great mass of the people, whether in trade or agriculture, are totally ignorant of the first rudiments of letters, and have not the smallest knowledge of the art of writing. I have often been astonished at the quietness of the intelligent newspaper and periodical press under this melancholy state of things. The writers of these useful productions must have ample means of being acquainted with, and in some degree the power of reforming, an abuse which makes the heart of the philanthropist sicken, and that of the political economist almost despair. It is a fact perhaps not generally adverted to, as its contemplation is somewhat unpleasant, that the Irish nation have a much greater appetite for literary instruction, and are much more generally educated, than the English. It

is related by the Rev. C. Anderson, in his excellent work on the Native Irish, that the people of Ireland, of all grades and persuasions, are extremely desirous of having elementary instruction communicated to their children. Such, however, has been the lack of books and schools, he continues, that many thousands of children have been taught in churchyards by peripatetic teachers; the letters of the epitaphs being their only primer, and a piece of chalk and the grave-stones being their only pen and copy-book. In Ireland, also, there have been instances of men communicating a knowledge of reading to individuals, only on condition that each would teach other ten, and thus, in the absence of all attention on the part of the state, a knowledge of letters has been diffused over many of the wildest districts of our unhappy sister kingdom. Now, in England there is nothing of this species of feeling. The desire for furnishing children with the elementary branches of education can be said to exist only among those classes who are at perfect ease in their circumstances. There will be found in England, perhaps, two or three millions of parents who would not forego the indulgence in a single draught of beer, were they thereby to have the power of educating the whole of their family for a twelvemonth. Somehow or other, "school learning," as it is called, is not supposed by these and other parents to be a thing of any value to their offspring, or suited to their habits of life, and few seem to be at pains to convince them of the contrary. The apathy of the corporate bodies of England is one of the chief causes of this extraordinary ignorance of the people. It cannot be but known to the clergy, to statesmen, and to the legislature generally, that four-fifths of the industrious classes of the community can neither read nor write; and it cannot escape notice, that the larger proportion of those convicted of crimes, both before the sessions and petty judges, are in total ignorance of all branches of scholastic learning. Yet, with this knowledge, and the most appalling deterioration of the people, nothing is done—that is to say, on an efficient general principle; for the institution of charity and Sunday schools has little effect on the great strongholds of ignorance, which are every where observable.

I have no desire to harrow up, with any thing like bitterness, the complacent sloth of those who ought to take the lead in instituting a great national system of education in England; but as one who is acquainted with the beneficial educational institutions of his own country, and would, above all things, wish to see them imitated in the southern part of the island, I must be permitted to bring forcibly before the English their sad deficiencies in the matter now under discussion, and endeavour to rouse them into a state of beneficial exertion. In the first place, the temptation to keep children from school, by the wages which they can earn even while in the tenderest years of youth, ought at once to be removed by a legislative enactment, calculated to prevent the employment of children in any kind of manufactory till they be ten years of age. There may appear to be a harshness in this regulation, but the safety of the commonwealth and the character of the nation, in a certain sense, depend on its exercise. Simultaneously with this arrangement, a school ought to be established in every parish, or lesser division, and supported in nearly the same manner as is practised with such triumphant success in Scotland. The funds to support institutions of this description cannot require any length of time to be discovered; while the obtrusion of such seminaries on every little vicinity would soon incite a desire among the people to have the minds of their children imbued with the elements of instruction and useful knowledge. I may now bring forward a few useful particulars, illustrative of the nature of the Scottish schools, and of the taste for instilling a knowledge of letters, so characteristic of the nation.

It would be extremely difficult to convey to the mind of an Englishman any adequate idea of the ardent desire which burns in the heart of Scottish parents to give their children a knowledge of the rudiments of scholastic education. So universal is the principle, that the humblest, nay, almost the most vicious and abandoned, would consider themselves guilty of a serious crime, and labouring under an indelible disgrace, if they did not procure for their offspring a knowledge of reading and penmanship; and, except in some remote parts of the Highlands, a human being above the age of childhood is hardly to be found who cannot read his Bible or a newspaper, or unable to subscribe his name; while there are very few, even in the middle ranks of life, who have not enjoyed the advantages of a classical education. To accomplish the object of this passionate desire, families will deny themselves the use of many a luxury and necessary in sustaining life, and poor widowed women will toil night and day, in all seasons of the year, to find the means of educating their children. The feeling is indeed a psychological curiosity in its way, and might attract the investigations of the inquirers into the course of human action.

The establishment of parochial schools in Scotland was begun to be agitated by Knox and other reformers, and something was done in the reigns of James VI. and Charles II. in order to compel the erection and support of such institutions by the landholders. Yet nothing satisfactory was arranged till the Revolution had given an impetus to the public mind. The old laws were revised, and in 1696 an act of Parliament under William III. was passed, appointing a school

to be settled in every parish in Scotland, and compelling the salaries of the masters and other expenses to be liquidated by the landholders. The Presbyterian clergy having obtained the power of supervising the schools, warmly espoused the enactment, and to their fostering and persevering care the country has been much indebted for the success of the institution. Acts of Parliament since 1696 have considerably enlarged the salaries of the parochial schoolmasters, and otherwise bettered their condition. Their salaries are nominally fixed at so much grain, which being computed at the average market prices of so many years back, the amount is paid in money, each landholder paying his proportion. The salaries now vary from about £20 to £35 per annum, exclusive of a neat cottage and garden. They also receive school fees from pupils, but these are generally very small, and are regulated by the clergy and landowners, who have the complete control of the establishment. The fee for reading is now in general two shillings and threepence—writing, about a shilling additional—and these, included with arithmetic, three shillings and sixpence, a-quarter. If algebra or practical mathematics be added, another small charge is made. A very common charge for instruction in Latin is five shillings, and French the same sum, per quarter. Schoolmasters may thus double or treble their salaries; and their condition is bettered by their acting as clerks to the church session, precentors, &c. A number also teach psalmody. What are called the fine arts do not form a branch of education in the parish schools. In a number of the schools, also, Latin is not taught. The poor of the parish are taught gratuitously, and are put on the same footing in the schools as the other children.

The parochial schoolmasters of Scotland form a valuable and respectable body of men, who, in consideration of their toils, are very inadequately provided for. They are, in almost every instance, like their brethren the clergy, drawn from the lower ranks of the people, and have been pushed forward at some little expense to their parents, and often of themselves; as teaching is frequently an after-thought, arising from physical incapacity, or a desire to rise above the common ranks. In many instances the profession is hereditary, and in a number of cases it is made the preliminary to a living in the church, though this practice is now discontinued. The schoolmasters, on their admission by the landowners and Presbytery, undergo examinations as to their ability and moral character; and, by the law of the country, they are called on to subscribe the Confession of Faith of the Scottish Kirk.

While the country parishes of Scotland are thus provided with a ready and cheap means of education, it is very unfortunate that in the large populous cities there are no institutions of this description. This is a serious error in the Scottish national system. One of the ministers of the metropolis, in his statement in the recent reports of the Scottish clergy to Parliament regarding the schools, alludes to this deficiency in these words:—"Some legislative provision in burghs and large manufacturing towns, corresponding to the schools in the landward parishes of Scotland, and adequate to the cheap education of the poorer inhabitants, has become indispensably necessary to uphold the character and prosperity of the country. To this subject the magistrates have, in general, been commendably attentive; but the expenditure required has, in many cases, overgrown their means, and the legislature can alone supply the defect." To this statement I give a cordial assent; for the principal towns being devoid of endowed schools on the parochial plan, education is procured with great difficulty by the poorer class of inhabitants at private seminaries. Charity and Sunday schools have certainly been established to remedy the evil, but a great deal in this way has yet to be done in Edinburgh, and most other large towns. If these places be destitute of such powerful accessaries to the diffusion of knowledge, the case of the greater proportion of the second, third, and fourth-rate towns, is very different. In these places, education is on the best possible footing. Each possesses a parish school for the plain elements of education; and a grammar school for Latin, Greek, and other higher branches of a classical education. It is to this latter description of schools I would beg particularly to direct the attention of my readers in England, for they have hitherto been unaware of their existence or character. The Scottish grammar schools occupy, in some measure, that situation which is held in England by "finishing seminaries for young gentlemen," and which dispense education, at an enormous price, to the children of the upper ranks. These Scottish institutions are under the immediate patronage and supervision of the town-councils and magistracy, who, though frequently an ignorant enough class of men themselves, take no small pride in securing respectable teachers for the schools under their charge, and in the selection of whom they are assisted by the clergy and others. The masters are supported partly by small salaries from the town funds, and partly by fees. These schools are resorted to by pupils who have finished their education at the parish schools, which may be at the age of ten or eleven years, and are attended by boys boarded with the masters. All are taught together, and by this means a very beneficial intermixture of ranks takes place of boys who have been sent from cities and foreign places, and the natives of the towns and country districts. Friendships

are hence perpetually formed among different classes of society, which terminate only with existence, and associations are created in the minds of young men relative to their early haunts and acquaintance, which rarely wear out, though the business of life may compel their emigration to the most distant quarters of the globe.

No kind of schools has been so carefully attended to, and improved as occasion required, as these institutions. The payment of salaries by the towns has had the effect of considerably lowering the price of classical education. As a specimen, Latin is usually taught for, at most, 7s. 6d. a-quarter. Boarders pay for the whole routine of study according to age and other circumstances. In order that the young men from the parish schools may not lose their previous elementary education, they continue to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the former low terms. The general charge for boys, including board and education, varies from £25 to £40 per annum. At present there is an obvious competition of grammar schools throughout the country. As many of the burgh towns have little or no trade, they are excellently adapted, from their retired characters, for the possession of such establishments. Examinations are made once a-year (generally in August) by a number of the clergy of different persuasions, the magistrates, and gentlemen invited for the occasion. Prizes in classical books are given, and the vacation which follows usually lasts for a month. These, and all other schools, are always open to visitors; what is called *fagging* is totally unknown. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and some other large towns, these establishments are called High Schools, as they are under a regular series of masters, and carry on education to a greater height, though at a much greater expense. I regret that my limits prevent me from laying before my readers the outlines of the various courses of study and modes of management, for they do great credit to the national character, and might be advantageously imitated in the south. These grammar and high schools serve as preparatory seminaries for young men intended for a collegiate education; but in a far greater number of cases they are attended by boys whose occupations are to be of a trading and mercantile nature, and who are not sent to the colleges. In nearly all the schools, instruction in religious duties forms an object of careful attention.

The whole tenor of education in Scotland, though confessed to be the best in practice, and though having the effect of distinguishing Scotsmen in whatever country they are found, is not without its faults and deficiencies. Here, as every where else, the art of teaching boys to think or reason has not been introduced on proper or rational principles. Education is still considered an exercise of memory, and it very frequently happens that the "best scholar" turns out the dullest man, and *vice versa*. But this defect is universal, and is only beginning to attract the notice of intelligent men in different parts of Europe.

MAHOMET ALI.

I do not know any species of intelligence which could communicate such a thrill of delight throughout Christendom, as that which would inform us of the surrender of Palestine and Syria by the slothful and sanguinary Turk to the conquering arms of a civilised power. Ever since these unfortunate countries were degraded and disgraced by the settled residence and sway of Mohammedans after the departure of the Crusaders, they have ceased to be an object of political strife among Christian princes—have been almost unheard of, except by the accounts of adventurous travellers—yet have never been forgotten by the reflective, or supposed to be totally lost to the renewed influence of that benign faith which was first promulgated in their rugged mountain recesses, and along the shores of their interesting lakes and rivers. The reform of the Turkish empire, partly effected by the present sultan, but, in particular, the ambition and desire for conquest of the intelligent Pacha of Egypt, give cause to imagine that the restoration of the Holy Land will be accomplished much earlier than we had any reason to anticipate. Mahomet Ali, who has been for some years the chief of Egypt, and nominally a Pacha of the Sultan, is one of the most extraordinary men of the present age; and should he completely subjugate Syria and Palestine, as there can be little doubt he will, these long abused countries will, in a brief space of time, be as open to the visits and settlement of Europeans as any civilised territory we are acquainted with. This being effected, what may we not expect to follow? Roads will be opened up; commodious inns and conveyances established; tours to Jerusalem, and through the scenery consecrated by the events recorded in the sacred Scriptures, will be of easy accomplishment; and the religion of Christ will once more openly be preached in the temples on Mount Zion. But all this in the meanwhile depends on the success of the intrepid Mahomet Ali, whose operations may be traced in the newspaper accounts of the day, and which it is not my province to detail.

As little, I believe, is generally known about this person, on whom so much good now depends, I shall take the liberty of condensing an excellent account of his life and actions, written by a correspondent of the Examiner:—

"The Pacha of Egypt was originally only a com-

man soldier amongst the troops raised in Albania, and by the vigour of his arm, by his talent and enterprise, he rose to be the Pacha of Egypt, one of the highest posts of honour in the whole Turkish empire. Such promotion in Turkey is not very extraordinary, for there are no hereditary honours; and as the Sultan is the heir of all who die in office, there is but little hereditary property. Accordingly, persons originally in the lowest station, constantly rise to the highest rank in the empire, and the sons of the greatest Pachas descend to a low condition. But Mahomet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, on getting the command of that province, soon showed that he was no ordinary man—that he was not one who would travel in the beaten paths of ignorance and prejudice, and the changes which he has wrought in Egypt, although far from being equal to what a still greater degree of knowledge and benevolence would have effected, are utterly astonishing as coming from an originally uneducated Turk. He soon succeeded in establishing a regularly paid and disciplined military force, instead of the irregular and tumultuary bands of men, serving as soldiers in Turkey; and by their help, he soon put down all bodies of robbers and plunderers, and rendered life and property perfectly safe throughout all the land of Egypt. The remnant of the Mamelukes, that singular military body, which, since the days of Saladin, had governed Egypt, he annihilated, it must be confessed, by means but little consonant to our ideas of humanity, but still he did completely effect his purpose, and he made himself the sole and uncontrolled lord of the land of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Caliphs. Travelling from one end of Egypt to the other is now as safe as in any kingdom of Europe; and foreigners, coming either for commercial or scientific purposes, feel themselves perfectly secure.

Having rendered the commerce of Egypt perfectly safe, he next set about rendering the agricultural productions such as would command a profitable return on exportation to foreign lands. He soon became aware that Egypt, possessing almost throughout a great depth of alluvial soil, and annually fertilised by the slimy inundations of the Nile, and warmed by a sun all but tropical, inasmuch as the southern part just reaches within the tropic, might be made to rival the richest lands of the eastern or western world; and the expense of supporting an Egyptian fellah to till the ground was still less than that which would feed and clothe a West Indian negro. Mahomet accordingly caused extensive tracts of Egypt to be cultivated with sugar and cotton. In these operations he availed himself of the science and talents of natives of Europe, and Christians of enterprise and talent found patronage and profitable service under a Mahometan prince. The value of the exports of Egypt was prodigiously increased, but Mahomet did not allow the cultivators to enjoy except a small portion of the advantage. He himself monopolised the whole trade. He compelled the cultivators to deliver over to his agents the whole of their produce at his own price; and this produce, by means of his agents, he sold to the European merchants; and to secure himself against the effects of any combination at Alexandria, to keep down the price, he sent his agents to France and England to dispose of his goods, and hence the cotton of Egypt has long been a regular article of trade in the prices current of Liverpool and Marseilles.

As the chief support of all power, Mahomet set about placing his army on a footing equal to the improved knowledge of the times. Instead of the tumultuous, undisciplined, scarcely regimental hordes of men, without uniform, and armed only with the musket and sabre, Mahomet caused his troops to be formed into regiments, battalions, and companies, like European troops; to be clothed in uniform, to be armed with gun and bayonet, and to be taught European tactics. To effect this, he engaged in his service European officers; and the cessation of the great wars in 1814 made it easy for him to obtain a supply of skilful warriors to any number. His cavalry and artillery were put on a footing equal to the infantry, and the army of Egypt on parade for review soon appeared equal in discipline and efficiency to an equal number of European warriors. Schools for instruction in the sciences necessary for war, and manufactures of arms and ammunition, were also established.

The marine of Egypt was also put upon a formidable footing, and displayed a force of line-of-battle ships and frigates far beyond what could have been expected from a country of a population supposed to be less than three millions of people; and the fleet was kept in a state of discipline corresponding with that of the land forces.

Being well aware that the superiority of modern armies arises from the science of the leaders, the Pacha has endeavoured to supply skilful officers for his troops, by means of an academy, in which instruction is given, chiefly by European masters, in the various branches of knowledge. Young men of marked talent have also been selected, and sent, chiefly to France, and some to England, for improvement. Knowing also the immense power of the press over the minds of the people, the Pacha has also established a newspaper, the first of the kind ever seen in the Turkish empire. Of course this paper will speak only what the Pacha pleases; but still it is an immense step in civilisation to have recourse to a moral power of persuasion, instead of the whip, the

bludgeon, and the sword, the usual instruments of rule in all the Turkish provinces. Even the Grand Sultan himself has seen the use which may be made of the press, and a newspaper now appears in Constantinople itself.

The Pacha has made an approach to what we may even call the liberal in politics. He has selected leading men of the various provinces of Egypt, and brought them together to form a deliberative council or parliament at Grand Cairo. No doubt Parliament men, who have the fear of the scimitar and bowstring before their eyes, will be careful to meddle with nothing but what is propounded to them, and will be guarded in the language which they employ; but still such a council may be of eminent service both to the Pacha and to the people. The evils of bad government more frequently result from ignorance than criminal intention, and even a Pacha may prefer beneficial measures when he has no strong passion to gratify by an opposite course. Such a council, therefore, to supply a Pacha with information of what is to his advantage, may be a considerable blessing.

With the formidable strength of land and sea forces possessed by the Pacha, it was not to be expected that he should not endeavour to enjoy the recreation of monarchs—the game of war. His troops proceeded up the valley of the Nile, far beyond the acknowledged boundaries of Egypt; and the Nubians, after a sanguinary but useless resistance, submitted to his power. His forces crossed the desert, and the inhabitants of the Oases yielded obedience and tribute. He extended his authority along the shores of the Mediterranean to the west of Egypt, into the now thinly peopled territories of Lybia and Cyrene. But a far mightier and more glorious war brought renown to his standards. The fanatical sect of the Wahabees in Arabia, under the name of reform, had overcome the faithful, and at last taken possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and, putting a stop to the pilgrimages, had rendered it physically impossible to observe the most meritorious of all the precepts of the Koran. The Sultan of Constantinople, as head of the faithful, was bound to re-open the way to the tomb and birth-place of the Prophet, and for this purpose he called on the Pacha of Egypt to send his forces to the war. After two campaigns, the most complete success was obtained, the armies of the Wahabees were defeated, and the broken remnants were driven off to the deserts.

For many years political writers have said, why does the great chief of Egypt yield submission to the Sultan of Constantinople and pay him tribute, and waste his treasures and his troops in wars in which he is not himself the party chiefly interested? Such writers have forgot that there is more appearance than reality in the power of the Turkish Pachas. Every one of them appears as a king in his own province, though none so completely so as the Pacha of Egypt has become. They have forgot the fanatical attachment of all the Turks to their Pope and chief, the Sultan of Constantinople; and Mahomet Ali, of Egypt, was so well aware of the extreme hazard of a contest, from the probable desertion of his followers, that necessity only could drive him to the attempt.

Hence, in the case of the war carried on by the Turks to subdue the Greeks, the Pacha of Egypt, on being so commanded, sent his land army to attack the Morea, and his fleet, uniting with the Turkish navy, shared with them in the disastrous defeat at Navarino. After that event, and the arrival of the French troops, the Egyptian army readily yielded to superior power, and, without leave of the Sultan of the Turks, returned to their country. From that time the Pacha of Egypt employed himself in re-establishing his army on its complete war footing, and equipping his marine, and in the two years' war of the Turks and Russians, he excused himself from sending treasures or troops to maintain the standard of the faithful. The Pacha of Egypt probably saw that the time was at last come when he could no longer remain on friendly terms with his chief; and his only chance of safety and honour lay in boldly entering on war, and leading his armies to attempt to conquer the territories of the neighbouring Pachas. Accordingly, he sent his troops across the desert that lies between Egypt and Palestine, and his navy putting to sea, co-operated in the war.

Ali Pacha is now a man in the decline of life, but of stout constitution, and is said to be easy and familiar in his habits. Though despising the Turkish character in some of its points, he is still addicted to all the indulgences of Mahomedanism. In his appearance, he is venerable, from a long flowing white beard, and is remarkable for the keen quickness of his eyes. Should he have the bravery and good fortune to secure Palestine as one of his possessions, he will assuredly be considered one of the most interesting personages in modern history.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SWEDEN.

Flagrant crimes (says Rae Wilson, in his *Travels in Normandy*, &c.) rarely occur in Sweden, and not a single execution, I was told, had taken place in Gottenburg for twenty-four years. An affair, however, attended with circumstances of marked atrocity, took place just before I arrived, that excited a more than ordinary degree of interest. The history of it is shortly this: A Danish vessel was boarded and plundered by some rufians, who had long been notorious for their bad conduct, and, in truth, held to be a pest

to that part of the coast where they lived. At this time their acts of outrage and violence exceeded those of any previous period. In addition to their committing robbery, they attacked and boarded a vessel, which they not only plundered, but barbarously murdered two men and a boy, who formed the crew. On the crime being discovered, the whole country turned out to hunt up the authors of these bloody deeds, and completely encircled the spot to which they had fled for refuge. On being discovered, they were apprehended and taken to Gottenburg, and brought to trial before a court of assize. It is laid down as a fundamental law in the criminal code of this country, that in cases of murder no proof of a circumstantial nature is admitted as sufficient for inflicting capital punishment; and, of course, hearsay must be of still less authority. This can only proceed on two grounds; namely, the full confession of the criminal himself, or a positive evidence of the crime having been actually seen committed. Should this not happen, he is confined to jail; where it often occurs that the horrors of a guilty conscience prompt him to confess his crime, and thus satisfy the ends of public justice. The ring-leader here first admitted the full extent of his guilt, and showed the greatest mark of contrition. The other two confessed their criminality at the distance of three months afterwards, and all were led out for execution. The mode of punishment was as follows:—Their right hands were first cut off, and immediately afterwards their heads; when their bodies, with the clothes, were stretched out horizontally on three different wheels, attached each to the top of a pole about ten feet in height. The heads and hands were nailed on separate poles of similar height, and the whole left exposed, till they dropped from the effects of the elements.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

The literature of Spain is well known to be in the lowest condition, and in a state most prejudicial to the cultivation of genius, or the intelligence of the people. This particularly appears to be the case from an account written by Henry D. Inglis, in his work entitled "Spain in 1830." "A priest, with whom I was acquainted in Madrid (says he), telling me one day that he had thought of going to London or Paris to print an English and Spanish Grammar which he had written, I asked him why he did not print them in Madrid, since they were intended for the use of his own countrymen, especially as they could contain nothing political? His answer was, that nothing was so difficult as to obtain a licence to publish a book, even although it contained no allusion to politics; and 'the better the book,' said he, 'the more difficult it is to obtain a licence, and the more dangerous to publish; because government does not wish to encourage writing, or even thinking, upon any subject; and the publication of a good book sets men a-thinking.' This comprehensive reply explains pretty nearly the present state of literature in Spain, judging of it by the number and merit of published works.

The number of books published from 1820 to 1823 was very considerable. The energy then communicated to letters, from the removal of all restriction, was extraordinary; books upon all subjects issued from the press, and the best proof perhaps that can be given that many of these were books of talent, is, that most of them are now prohibited. Literature, however, then received an impetus, which still continues in some degree to affect it, notwithstanding the difficulties to be overcome; for there is a considerably greater number of books published now than previous to the revolution: and no reasonable doubt can be entertained that another removal of the restrictions which press upon literature would bring into the field a large accession of native talent. Even after a licence has been obtained to publish a manuscript, its publication is still a dangerous speculation; because it frequently happens, that, when the book is printed and partly circulated, some great man, even more fastidious than the censors, discovers a dubious passage, and the book is prohibited. There are four difficulties, therefore, which an author must resolve to face before he sits down to prepare his manuscript:—The probability that he may be refused a licence; the probability that, before being licensed, his manuscript may be mutilated—a probability that, I am told, amounts almost to a certainty, unless the work be upon one of the exact sciences; the probability that, after the work be published, some caprice may forbid its sale; and the certainty that, if the work be a talented work, the author of it, whether obtaining his licence or no, will be looked upon with suspicion; and if in government employment, will almost certainly lose his appointment. These are sad drawbacks upon literary exertion; but there is yet another. Men are afraid to read as well as to write; and the sale of the work is therefore insecure. Booksellers do not care to venture upon the publication without some guarantee; the consequence of which is, that almost every book published in Spain is published by subscription or in numbers, or both in numbers and by subscription—by either of which modes the risk is lessened. What should we say in England of bills posted about the streets, announcing a new novel, to be published by subscription and in numbers? Yet I saw an announcement of this kind, of a novel to be called 'El Dissemulador'—the Dissembler. But the greater number of books at present published in Spain are

translations from French and English, adapted, of course, to the Spanish censorship.

Although the Spanish government endeavours by every means to repress intelligence, and thwart the progress of knowledge, there is no lack of books in Spain to those who will and dare to read them. This is indeed done under the rose; but it is done. There are two libraries in Madrid, which contain the best French authors; and persons who are known to the librarian, or recommended to him, may obtain almost every prohibited book. I had personal proof of this. Sitting one morning with a lady connected with the royalist party, but a woman of very liberal views, and one of the few blue-stockings of Madrid, I was compassionating the situation of those who, like herself, were lovers of literature, but who were denied the means of gratifying their taste. The lady assured me she had no need of my compassion upon this score, for that she might have any French author she chose, and many English authors, from the library of —. And when I expressed some surprise at this, she desired me to fix upon any celebrated books that occurred to me, and they should be put into my hands in less than half an hour. I chose accordingly; and in ten minutes I had in my hands a Paris edition of the 'Social Compact,' and the Basil edition of 'Gibbon's Historical Work.' Books, therefore, may be had; but persons are afraid to have and to read them. We may ask, can these restrictions and fears exist much longer? I think not. The reign of ignorance in Spain, it is evident, already gives symptoms of its dissolution."

WILL BLOCK, A TRUE TALE.

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his "What cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed, that sparkling eye of good-humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers; a straw hat bound with black riband thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief, loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt; a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the wayside, where he purposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. "Never throw hot water and ashes to windward," says the old tar, shortening sail; "I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire-ships than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking." He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage. "What! money, clothes, all lost! did you say?" exclaimed a rough-strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint-mill; "all gone, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, all—all is lost to me," replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. "So you think that story will do, eh?" continued the first; "'twon't though, missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrants, and such like." "Indeed, indeed, 'tis true; the villains robbed me of all, and I've walked many, many weary miles. Oh but for a piece of bread!—a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed, I've not been used to beg!" "Why, that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, forsooth! Where do you come from?" "Oh, ma'am, I'm a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reached me—lost, lost Lucy!" "Ha, I see how it is! Get out of my house—get out, I say! What! you won't, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this miss, and turn her out." "Oh, let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg—" This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her out. "Yo-hoy, what's the matter here?" said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other. "Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what, grapple a vessel in distress? And you (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a Christian country? For shame, old woman!" "Old woman, forsooth!" exclaimed the now doubly exasperated landlady. "What, you takes the part of the young-un, eh? But she shall budge directly." "I say she shan't, then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you

while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage." "Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rascallions, lay hold of her, I say." "Touch her if you dare," says old Will, flourishing his stick, "and I'll—I'll—Ay, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!" Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but, fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. "I am not worthy your notice, sir; only a drop of water, for I am very faint." "Shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeezemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?" "What, give my property to vagrants—not I, indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?" "Avast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine." "And who's to pay? Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack," said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. "Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear! Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, ye old she-shark?" thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold; "will this satisfy you?" The landlady's countenance brightened up: "Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare say you're a gentleman, after all. Come, child (to Lucy), I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear." "Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart!" cried Will; "how readily it expands at the voice of distress!" shaking his pockets. "Here's the key will unlock the floodgates of her benevolence at any time (holding up a guinea). But come, pretty one," drawing a chair, "sit down and rest." "Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?" said Lucy. "Wait till I ax you," replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. "Here, miss," said the landlady, entering, "take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good. Bless your sweet face! why, do you think I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?" "There, there, there's enough of it—no more palaver; I am't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill." Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. "Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor," said Will; "refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I was your father." "Oh, sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart!" "There, there; don't cry: I can't bear to see a woman's tears; it makes a fool of me: but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M——'s by night." "Of—Grove?" inquired Lucy, much agitated. "Why, ay; do you know him?" "No, sir, but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew;" and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. "Why, ay, I see how it is: this is some of Mr Tommy's doings, eh? Zounds!" clenching his fist; "but no matter. And where are you come from?" "From my father's, sir." "And who is your father?" "Oh, do not ask me!—my name is Lucy B——." "What, the daughter of old B——, that was in the Venerable as first lieutenant?" "Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter." "Zounds! why," starting up in a passion, "why, and has Tom dared?—But don't be frightened, don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend?" "Spare me, sir! spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh, succour his erring child!" "Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds! But come, come along." "I thought of going to the admiral's, sir." "To be sure, to be sure! we'll be under weigh in a minute." "Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh, I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart." "A what?—a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along, sweetheart!" and, discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M—— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. "I came in at the hawse-holes," he would say, "and didn't creep in at the cabin-windows." He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform (if of good character, but not so successful as himself)

always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish *stocks*—yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B—— by a brother officer; and that acquaintance, which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immerse himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeably to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains of all she possessed at daybreak, but still continued her journey, till, worn with hunger, and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn, and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will, having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr M—— and his convoy, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next to heaven, she loved most tenderly. 'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery, she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind, informing her that 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr M—— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor.

"Pray, sir," said the admiral, entering the room abruptly when his nephew was sitting alone, and ruminating upon his own hapless condition, but more upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she who occupied his thoughts was at that moment under the same roof—"pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl, under the flag of affection, turns pirate, and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?" The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. "Answer me!" exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice, "answer me directly!" "I cannot, sir; I am too deeply sensible of error." "Or what does he merit," continued the admiral, "who, contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?" "Infamy!—infamy and disgrace!" exclaimed the agonised M——. "I feel it all—all, and shudder!" "You have judged right, sir. Your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lieutenant B—— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you." "Not so much as my heart, sir," replied M——. "Pass what sentence you please; but oh! suffer me to expiate my fault!—do not drive me to desperation!" "Tis well, sir, you are convinced of your error;" and, ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. "Order Mr M——'s horse to the door;" then turning to the young man, "this is no longer a home for you; however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser;" and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M—— while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation; but what were his feelings—what his agony—when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her; but his uncle caught his arm, and, in a voice that made the poor girl tremble, "No, sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir! you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see your face again!" This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined, when she quitted the housekeeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open. How great, then, was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He

was habited in an immense cloak, that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him, imploring mercy. M—, at the same moment, threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with hers. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and, overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands, and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude, of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old WILL BLOCK!—*Greenwich Hospital.*

THE SCOTTISH DUKES.

HAMILTON.

GREAT as this family has been in the recent periods of Scottish history, it is not very ancient. It possessed no distinction before the reign of James II., and cannot well trace its existence any higher than the time of Bruce. In the space of time between the reigns of these two monarchs, *Hamilton of Cadyow* was only a knight of small estate. Sir James Hamilton, the seventh of the series, was man of eminent political ability, and in 1445 became a lord of Parliament, under the title of Lord Hamilton. His principal lands were those of Cadyow and Mawhan, in Lanarkshire, and Kinnell in West Lothian. In the earlier part of his career, he joined the turbulent Earl of Douglas, but at last he left that nobleman at a most critical moment, and gave the superiority to the royal forces. Rising upon the ruins of his former friends, he married the Princess Mary, daughter of James II., and widow of Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran. This great nobleman died in 1479. His son James, second Lord Hamilton, was created Earl of Arran by James IV. immediately after the marriage of that monarch to the princess Margaret of England in 1503. The Earl of Arran bore a conspicuous part in the transactions of history during the minority of James V. His son, the second earl, as great-grandson to James II., would have succeeded James V. as king, but for the birth of the unfortunate Mary, a few days before the death of that monarch. As some consolation for this disappointment, he was made regent of the kingdom, an office for which his vacillating character was ill fitted. Having favoured the views of France in bringing about a match between Mary and the Dauphin, he was honoured with the French title of Duke of Chastellerault, which, however, has since fallen into abeyance. The eldest son of this nobleman was insane, and the family influence and vassalage were managed, during his life, by his brothers Lord John and Lord Claud, the latter of whom was ancestor of the Abercorn family. These nobleman acted and suffered much for Queen Mary, who, when about to submit to the executioner, took a ring off her finger, and sent it to Lord John, as a memorial of her gratitude. After suffering years of exile on her account, he was restored by James VI., and, his insane brother being put aside, was created Marquis of Hamilton, April 17, 1599. He died in 1604. His son James, the second marquis, was a favourite courtier of James VI. during his English reign, but died young, March 2, 1625, a few days before the king. James, the third marquis, son of the preceding, was a remarkably amiable nobleman, and for many years was chief adviser to Charles I. on Scottish affairs. In the unfortunate disputes between his countrymen and their sovereign respecting religion, he took a conspicuous part as a mediator, but entirely failed in all his efforts to preserve peace. He consented to serve his master as commander of the fleet sent in May 1638 to overawe the Covenanters. But he never dared to land. It is said that when his ships appeared off Leith, his mother rode down to the shore amidst the people, with pistols at her saddle-bow, and threatened to shoot him with her own hand if he should dare to set a hostile foot upon his native country. He never put this threat to the proof, but in a few weeks sailed back to England. In the heat of the civil war, he and his brother, the Earl of Lanark, became so obnoxious to the royal suspicions, on account of their mediation, that the king imprisoned them in Pendennis Castle. Previously, however, in 1643, he was created Duke of Hamilton. Having been afterwards released, he endeavoured, in 1648, to rescue his unfortunate master by means of a Scottish army called the *Engagement*, but was defeated by Cromwell, and taken prisoner. When Charles passed through Windsor to his trial, the captive marquis was permitted to approach. He fell at the feet of his royal kinsman, and could only murmur forth, "My dear master!" "Yes," said Charles, punning, in bitterness of spirit, upon the words, "I have indeed been a dear master to you." He was beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster, a few weeks after the death of the king. His brother, who succeeded to his honours, fell at the battle of Worcester, little more than two years after; and the titles and estates then devolved on Anne, daughter of the first duke. This peeress is said to have been supported during the usurpation chiefly by the exertions of a female servant. She married a son of the Marquis of Douglas, who, after the Restoration, was created Duke of Hamilton for life. Thus the family name ceased, in reality, to be Hamilton, and became Douglas. This peer acted a conspicuous part at the

Revolution, by presiding over the Parliament which settled the crown on William and Mary. He died in 1694, and, in 1698, upon the resignation of the duchess (who survived till 1717), the titles were transferred by royal patent to their son James, who had all along been a violent Jacobite. This nobleman acted a prominent part in the politics of Queen Anne's reign, as leader of the country interest, but, in November 1712, was cut off in the famous duel with Lord Mohun, in Hyde Park. On this occasion Lord Mohun was also killed. Owing to the false evidence of the duke's second, Colonel Hamilton, General Macartney, who had acted in that capacity to Lord Mohun, was accused of having killed his grace, of which, however, he was honourably acquitted upon trial. It affords a curious instance of the difficulty of ever altogether wiping off a false imputation, that, in common fame at this day, the Duke of Hamilton is supposed not to have got fair play. This nobleman, who had been created Duke of Brandon as a British peerage, was succeeded by his son James, fifth duke, who in his turn gave place to James, sixth duke, the grandfather of Douglas, the eighth duke, who was succeeded by his uncle, Archibald, father of the present noble inheritor of the titles. The family has not, ever since the reign of Queen Anne, made a great figure in public events, having been, during one part of the intermediate time, Jacobites, and in the remaining part Whigs, and thus, in a great measure, debarred from high official employment. The present duke is a Whig; and the family possessions, which, rather curiously, are just about the same in extent as in the reign of James II., may be estimated at about £50,000 a-year.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, the object of the following interesting biographic sketch, and one of the most distinguished travellers in recent times, was born on the 5th of June 1769, at Willington, in the county of Sussex. "Even when a child," says his biographer, in the work entitled the *National Library*, "he is said to have displayed great narrative powers, which he exercised as frequently as possible for the amusement of his father's domestics and parishioners. In his boyish studies, however, he was wanting in application, a fault arising from the quickness and vivacity of his mind, actuated by insatiable curiosity, and characterised from the beginning by a decided partiality for natural history. In the spring of 1786, he obtained the office of chapel clerk at Jesus College, Cambridge, and next year he sustained the loss of his father, when he had to contend with numerous difficulties. He seems to have been disgusted with the system of education at Cambridge, caring nothing for mathematics, which were there regarded all in all, and finding nothing whatever to kindle the ardour of his ambitious mind. His favourite studies, such as they were, he nevertheless pursued with considerable eagerness; and by degrees his taste, after wavering for some time, settled definitively on literature.

In the year 1790, Clarke obtained the office of private tutor to the Hon. Henry Tufton, nephew to the Duke of Dorset; and in 1794, he was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement to travel with Lord Berwick, through Germany and Switzerland into Italy. He was now in the position for which nature had originally designed him. "An unbounded love of travel," says he, "influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave." Clarke and his companion having passed the Alps, which, however frequently seen, still maintain their rank among the most sublime objects in nature, descended into Italy, visited Turin and Rome, and then proceeded to Naples, in which city and its environs they remained nearly two years.

In the summer of 1793, there was, as is well known, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which our traveller, now an inhabitant of Naples, enjoyed ample opportunities of visiting. And here a striking manifestation of the daring intrepidity of the English occurred: for not only Clarke himself, part of whose business as a traveller it was to familiarise himself with danger, but numbers of other English gentlemen, and even ladies, ascended to the mouth of the burning crater, and the sources of lava streams in an active state, for mere amusement; where on one occasion a lady narrowly escaped death from a large stone from the volcano, which flew by her like a wheel. At another time, the whole party were menaced with the fate of the elder Pliny. It was in the month of February. "I found the crater in a very active state," says Clarke, "throwing out volleys of immense stones, transparent with vitrification, and such showers of ashes involved in thick sulphurous clouds, as rendered any approach to it extremely dangerous. We ascended as near as possible, and then crossing over to the lava, attempted to coast it up to its source. This we soon found was impossible, for an unfortunate wind blew all the smoke of the lava hot upon us, attended at the same time with such a thick mist of minute ashes from the crater, and such fumes of sulphur, that we were in danger of being suffocated. In this perplexity I had recourse to an expedient recommended by Sir W. Hamilton, and proposed immediately crossing the current of liquid lava, to gain the windward side of it; but felt some fears, owing to the very liquid appearance the lava there had so near its source.

All my companions were against the scheme, and while we stood deliberating, immense fragments of stone, and huge volcanic bombs, that had been cast out by the crater, but which the smoke had prevented us from observing, fell thick about us, and rolled by with a velocity that would have crushed any of us, had we been in the way. I found we must either leave our present spot, or expect instant death; therefore, covering my face with my hat, I rushed upon the lava and crossed over safely to the other side, having my boots only a little burnt, and my hands scorched. Not one of my companions, however, would stir, nor could any persuasion of mine avail in getting a single guide over to me. I then saw clearly the whole of the scene, and expected my friends would every moment be sacrificed to their own imprudence and want of courage, as the stones from the crater fell continually around them, and vast rocks of lava bounded by them with great force. At last I had the satisfaction of seeing them retire, leaving me entirely alone. I begged hard for a torch to be thrown over to me, that I might not be lost when the night came on. It was then that André, one of the ciceroni of Resina, after being promised a bribe, ran over to me, and brought with him a bottle of wine and a torch. We had coasted the lava, ascending for some time, when, looking back, I perceived my companions endeavouring to cross the lava lower down, where the stream was narrower. In doing this, they found themselves insulated as it were, and surrounded by two different rivers of liquid fire. They immediately pressed forward, being terribly scorched by both currents, and ran to the side where I was; in doing which, one of the guides fell into the middle of the red-hot lava, but met with no other injury than having his hands and face burnt, and losing, at the same time, a bottle of vin-de-grave, which was broken in the fall, and which proved a very unpleasant loss to us, being ready to faint with excessive thirst, fatigue, and heat. Having once more rallied my forces, I proceeded on, and in about half an hour I gained the chasm through which the lava had opened itself a passage out of the mountain."

In the July of the same year, our traveller viewed Vesuvius under another aspect, when soft, tranquil beauty had succeeded to terrific sublimity. "While we were at tea in the Albergo Reale," says he, "such a scene presented itself, as every one agreed was beyond anything of that kind they had ever seen before. It was caused by the moon, which suddenly rose behind the convent on Vesuvius; at first a small bright line, silencing all the clouds, and then a full orb, which threw a blaze of light across the sea, through which the vessels passed and repassed in a most beautiful manner. At the same time, the lava, of a different hue, spread its warm tint upon all the objects near it, and threw a red line across the bay, directly parallel to the reflection of the moon's rays. It was one of those scenes which one dwells upon with regret, because one feels the impossibility of retaining the impression it affords."

In the autumn of 1793, Clarke received from Lord Berwick a proposal that he should accompany him to Egypt and the Holy Land, with which our traveller, whose secret wishes had long pointed that way, immediately closed. While preparations were making for the journey, Lord Berwick suddenly recollected that some living, to which he was to present his brother, might fall vacant during his absence, and be lost to his family. He determined, therefore, on sending an express to England; and when he had hired his courier, Clarke, who perhaps felt the want of violent exercise, offered to accompany the man, that no time might be lost. He accordingly set out for England, and, having remained two or three days in London to execute the commission with which he had been entrusted, he hurried down to Shropshire, and arranged the business which had brought him to England. This being accomplished, he returned to London, where, to his infinite surprise and mortification, he found a letter from Lord Berwick, informing him that the expedition to Egypt had been postponed or abandoned. His engagement with this nobleman, however, had not yet expired. He, therefore, after a short stay in England, hastened back to Italy, from whence he finally returned in the summer of 1791.

Clarke now spent some time with his mother and family at Uckfield, and, in the autumn of the same year, undertook, at the recommendation of the Bishop of St Asaph, the care of Sir Thomas Mostyn, a youth of about seventeen. This engagement continued about a year, during which period he resided with his pupil in Wales, where he became known to Pennant, with whom he afterwards maintained a correspondence. When this connection had, from some unexplained causes, ceased to exist, our traveller undertook a small periodical work, called "*Le Rêveur*," which, when twenty-nine numbers had been published without success, was judiciously discontinued, and sunk so completely into oblivion, that not a single copy, it is believed, could now be found.

In the autumn of 1796, Clarke entered into an engagement with the family of Lord Uxbridge, which, under whatever auspices begun, was highly beneficial to himself, and satisfactory to his employers. The youth first placed under his care, delicate and feeble in constitution, soon fell a prey to disease; but the next youngest son of the family, the Hon. Berkeley Paget, succeeded his brother; and with him, in the summer and autumn of 1797, our traveller made the tour of Scotland. This was in every respect an

agreeable and fortunate journey for our traveller, who not only enjoyed the scenery, wild, varied, and beautiful, which the north of England and many parts of Scotland afford, but secured in his pupil a powerful friend, who, so long as our traveller lived, promoted his interests, and when his life had closed, continued the same benevolent regard to his family.

On the termination of his connection with Mr Paget, who was now sent to Oxford, Clarke retired to Uckfield, where for a time he seemed entirely immersed in the pleasures of field-sports. His devotion to this species of amusement, however, was destined to be of short duration. A young gentleman of Sussex, whose education had been very much neglected, succeeded about this time to a considerable estate, upon which he intimated his desire of placing himself for three years under the guidance and instruction of our traveller, first at Cambridge, and afterwards during a long and extensive tour upon the Continent. The pecuniary part of the proposal was very liberal, says Mr Otter, and the plan was entered upon without delay. The traveller and his pupil remained a whole year at Cambridge, during which the former, who fully understood the advantages of knowledge, and had been hitherto prevented by his wandering life from pursuing any regular course of study, profited quite as much as the latter.

The preliminary portion of their studies being over, Clarke and his pupil began to prepare for their travels. Two other individuals were at first associated with them—Professor Malthus, author of the celebrated treatise on population; and the Rev. Mr Otter, afterwards the biographer of our traveller. The party set out from Cambridge on the 20th of May 1799, and arrived at Hamburg on the 25th. Here they made but a short stay before they set out for Copenhagen, and from thence, by way of Stockholm, across the whole of Sweden to Tornea, on the Gulf of Bohnia. Malthus and Otter left them at the Wener Lake. Clarke, with all the enthusiasm of a genuine traveller, could never imagine he had carried his researches sufficiently far; but, having reached the 66th degree of northern latitude, declared he would not return until he should have snuffed the polar air. His pupil, Cripps, seems to have shared largely in his locomotive propensity, and in the courage which prompts to indulge it. They therefore proceeded towards the polar regions together; but having reached Enontakis, in latitude 68 degrees 30 minutes 30 seconds north, our traveller, who and previously been seized by a severe fit of illness, was constrained to abandon the polar expedition, and shape his course towards the south. Writing from Enontakis to his mother, "We have found," says he, "the cottage of a priest in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment when they saw it rise from the earth.

Is it not famous to be here within the frigid zone, more than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon, but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his courtesy without setting. At midnight the priest of this place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun's rays."

Having, for the reason above stated, given up the design of visiting the polar regions, they returned to Tornea, and thence proceeded through Sweden and Norway, which latter country (probably for the same reason which made Pope of the opinion of the last author he read) he preferred for sublimity of scenery to Switzerland. They then entered Russia, and arrived at Petersburg on the 26th of January 1800. Clarke, it is well known, entertained a very mean opinion of the Russians; but, judging from the testimony of Bishop Heber, a calmer and more dispassionate man, as well as from that of many other travellers, it would appear that his judgment was neither rash nor ill-founded. "We have been here five days," says he. "Our servants were taken from us at the frontiers, and much difficulty had we with the Russian thieves as we came along. Long accustomed to Swedish honesty, it is difficult for us to assume all at once a system of suspicion and caution: the consequence of this is that they remove all the moveables out of their way. I wish much to like the Russians, but those who govern them will take care I never shall. This place, were it not for its magnificence, would be insufferable. We silently mourn when we remember Sweden. As for our harps, there are no trees to hang them upon; nevertheless, we sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep. They open all the letters, and therefore there is something for them to chew upon. More I dare not add; perhaps your experience will supply the rest."

To this, if we add his picture of the execrable despot who then governed Russia, enough will have been said of his experience at Petersburg. "It is impossible," he writes, "to say what will be the end of things here, or whether the emperor is more of a madman, a fool, a knave, or a tyrant. If I were to relate the ravings, the follies, the villanies, the cruelties of that detestable beast, I should never reach the end of my letter. Certainly things cannot long go on as they do now. The other day the soldiers, by his order, cudgelled a gentleman in the streets, because the cock of his hat was not in a line with his nose. He has sent the Prince of Condé's army to the right about, which is hushed up, and it is to appear that they are ceded to Great Britain. He refuses passports even to ambassadors for their couriers. One is not safe a moment. It is not enough to act by rule, you must regulate your features to the whims of a police-officer. If you frown in the streets, you will be taken up."

From Petersburg they proceeded in sledges to Moscow, which, like most oriental cities, seemed all splendour from a distant view, but shrank upon their entering it into a miserable collection of hovels, interspersed with a few grotesque churches and tawdry palaces. This place,

which is too well known to require me to dwell much upon its appearance, they quitted to proceed to the Crimea. Arriving at Taganrog, on the sea of Azov, Clarke amused himself with swimming in the Don, the ancient Tanais, between Europe and Asia, and in thinking of the vast extent of country over which his good fortune had already carried him, and of the far more glorious scenes—Palestine—Egypt—Greece—which yet lay in his route. "Do, for God's sake, imagine," says he, in a letter to a friend, "what I must feel in the prospect of treading the plains of Troy! Tears of joy stream from my eyes while I write." To a person of such a frame of mind—and no others should ever leave their firesides—travelling, next to the performance of virtuous actions, affords the most exquisite pleasure upon earth. The imagination, impregnated by a classical education, with glowing ideas of what certain scenes once were, invests them with unearthly splendour, of which no experience can ever divest them.—*Concluded in next number.*

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

MANY years ago there appeared in the European Magazine a series of articles illustrative of the civil history, religion, laws, learning, arts, commerce, manners, customs, dresses, &c. of the people of Britain, both before and after the Norman conquest, and which being now little known, I consider worthy of being abridged and introduced to the notice of my readers. The authorities need not be quoted.

SLAVERY.

It is mentioned that the commerce of England was considerable even before the abdication of the Romans, and that it continued to flourish under their successors, the Saxons. During the supremacy of that people, the slave-trade of Britain rose into great importance. Great numbers of unhappy men, women, and children, were annually exported, and exposed to sale in all the markets of Europe; and it was the spectacle of so great a number of English slaves, exposed in this manner, in the market of Rome, that inspired Gregory the Great with the resolution of attempting their conversion to Christianity, and which he afterwards accomplished under St Augustine.

ENGLISH HORSES.

This noble breed of animals seems to be indigenous to this country, as even at this early period they were universally admired all over Europe for their shape and agility, and formed another valuable article of exportation.

ARTICLES IMPORTED.

Books, especially on religious subjects, as well as relics, pictures, statues, vessels, vestments, &c. formed no inconsiderable articles of importation; and when the city of Venice, and afterwards the cities of Pisa and Amalphi, became the repositories of the East, precious stones, gold, silver, linen, spices, drugs, and other kinds of goods, were likewise imported. What particularly increased this bold species of commerce was a law made by Athelstan, which enacts, "That if a mariner or merchant so prosper as to make three voyages over the high seas, with a ship and cargo of his own, he shall be advanced to the honour of a thane." Wines were likewise imported from Germany and Flanders, and furs, deer-skins, whale oil, ropes, &c. from Scandinavia. In short, it appears that the foreign trade of England was so extensive, even in this remote period, as to furnish such of her inhabitants as could afford to pay for them, with a share of all the commodities that were then known in any part of the world.

PRICES OF ARTICLES.

A sheep, by the laws of Athelstan, was estimated at one shilling, or fifteen pence of our money. The fleece was two-fifths of the value of the whole sheep, which is much above its present estimation. Silk and cotton were quite unknown. Linen was not much used. An ox was computed at six times the value of a sheep, and a cow at four. A horse was valued at about thirty Saxon shillings, which may be equal to thirty-six shillings of our money; a mare or colt was twenty shillings. A scouie one shilling and threepence. The board wages of a child the first year was eight shillings, or the price of a cow's pasture in summer, or an ox in winter. Between the years 900 and 1000, a hide of land was bought for 118 shillings, which was little more than one shilling an acre, and which appears to have been the usual price. The Saxon Chronicle tells, that, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, there was the most terrible famine ever known, insomuch that a quarter of wheat rose to sixty pence, or about fifteen shillings of our present money; consequently, it was as dear as if it now cost seven pounds ten shillings sterling. This much exceeds the great famine at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a quarter of wheat sold for four pounds.

CHARACTER OF THE SAXONS.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes were described by all the ancient writers as remarkably tall, strong, and robust in their person; being distinguishable for the elegance of their shapes and the fairness of their complexions. They had considerable genius, and possessed a degree of courage equal to all northern natives, particularly the Danes, who made a considerable proportion of the first settlers, and who, coming from a barren uncultivated state, living mostly by plunder and piracy, were a remarkably hard and daring race. It was one of their favourite martial axioms, "That a Dane who wished to acquire the character of a brave man should always attack two enemies, stand firm and receive the attack of three; retire only one pace from four, and fly from no fewer than five." The Anglo-Saxons and Danes, when they were incorporated as a nation, were of a social disposition, and delighted much in forming themselves into fraternities, and guilds of various kinds, which were cemented by frequent convivial meetings. The social usages of this period introduced a general hospitality, which spread all over the country. Great excesses in eating and drinking were introduced by the Danes, who were always, and in some

respect continue till this day, lovers of the pleasures of the table. The profusion and indulgence of one Gormand, a Danish chief, was so excessive, that his name was applied to characterise persons of a luxurious living, and hence our phrase *gormandise*.

DEMEANOUR AND DRESS.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes were at first rude and unpolished in their manners. The Welsh, or native British, were also so rude, that there was a necessity for making a law, "that none of the courtiers should give the queen a blow, or snatch any thing with violence out of her hand, under the penalty of forfeiting her majesty's protection." The dress of the Anglo-Saxons, on their arrival in this country, was, after the manner of their German ancestors, very simple, consisting of a large mantle or plaid, which covered the whole body, and was fastened on the right shoulder by a button or brooch; and those who could afford it wore under those mantles a kind of tunic, exactly fitted to the shape of their bodies, and ornamented with patches of the skins of different coloured animals. To these were appended breeches made of woollen or linen cloth, which hung below the knee like modern trousers. It is conjectured, with much feasibility, that the ordinary smock-shirt of the English peasantry in the present day is but a modification of the ancient tunic of these Anglo-Saxons, and is thus a very curious memorial. About their bodies, and above their tunics, they wore belts or girdles, in which their swords hung almost perpendicular. As they wore no stockings nor any kind of covering for the legs, for several centuries, they long retained their fondness for bathing in warm water, which was not only considered as one of the necessities of life, but enjoined by the church; and the deprivation of this was among the penances inflicted by the clergy on those guilty of transgressions. To bathe every Saturday was the constant practice of all who had any regard for personal propriety. About the year 785, they began to wear stockings, or bandages of woollen or linen cloth tied about the legs from the foot to the knee. These bandages are very visible on the figures in ancient tapestry. They were in the habit of wearing shoes before the use of stockings; but, what appears extraordinary, so late as the ninth and tenth centuries, wooden shoes were the only ones worn by the highest ranks of the people.

CANADIAN FORESTS.

The bush is the native title of the boundless forests of Canada. To the bush goes the settler hungered out of the old world, and there he finds food for his family. To the bush goes the lumberman, and there is a supply of timber for the Quebec market for ever and a day. To the bush goes the furrier, and there are his ciphers and beavers, the muffs and the tippets. In exploring the bush, a person faces at times the most fearful and terrible solitude: he bustles along, and the rustling he makes in getting through the brushwood deafens his ears to other sounds, while musquitos, &c. are too apt to obscure the functions of the eyes; but let him listen a little, and various singular sounds meet the ear, as do also strange prospects the eye. Birds fly about screaming busily, as if their nests had been lately robbed—these remind us of the lawns in England. None of the feathered tribe get into the woody wilderness perch upon boughs, and warble sweet notes. No linnets—no nightingales there: the music is melancholy, the cadence is sorrow, creating similar sensations in the wanderer. Partridges there sit on the branches, and there is the robin breast as large as a thrush, yet a much greater coward than the British robin: he turns tail on the proffered crumb, and fears to enter the most hospitable mansion, although the doors may be flung open to receive him. In the bushy hemlock the owl is found dozing, while the swamps croak with bullfrogs and bitterns. During the cold frosty nights, the trees creak, as if ten thousand *bûcherons* were at them with their hatchets. On the banks of the wild rivers are curious trodden paths—these are the walks of the wolves, foxes, deer, &c. These roads the Indians always adopt when on their journeys. Places called *deer-holes* are also frequent; these are salt-marshes, where the deer assemble to lick the saline soil. Hunters looking for the animals avail them at these marshes with their guns, and shoot scores of them. When a man loses his way, he follows down the first running brook he comes to, and this never fails to conduct him to the banks of some river, where he generally may obtain information of his situation. The Indian writes his letters on the bark of a tree, and places them in some post-office well known to his tribe; which post-office is generally an old hollow cedar. Thus they conduct their business in the bush, and breathe sighs to their squaws from Lake Simcoe, perchance, to beyond the Rocky Mountains.—*MacLaggart's Canada.*

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

In most of the states of the American Union, if not the whole, there are now schools established by the legislatures for the education of all the youth, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and supported by a public and general tax. This system was adopted in Massachusetts as early as 1647. "All here (says an American writer) can read and write, and rarely can one be found not qualified by education to transact the common concerns of life. To educate his children is the first object and the chief glory of the parent; their ignorance is to him and to them disgraceful. In these schools the mind receives its first impulse in the career of learning; an impulse which carries many forward to high stations of honour and of usefulness." England, it may be seen, has therefore been completely outstripped by the United States, as regards its institutions for the general diffusion of elementary instruction.

PATIENCE OF GEORGE III.

Never, perhaps, was his patience more tried than at a private audience which he gave to Lord George Gordon. On being admitted to the king's presence, his lordship very unceremoniously locked the door, which the lord in waiting had purposely left open. He then said he had an excellent pamphlet in his pocket, which he would do himself the honour, and his majesty the pleasure, of reading. He accordingly began the pamphlet, and the king listened very patiently till it began to grow dark, when he observed, "I am sorry, my lord, that light fails you, but some other day." "Please your majesty," replied Lord George, "there is no time like the present, and as for light, a little of that will suffice for me." He then familiarly poked the fire, the blaze of which enabled him to continue the pamphlet, which he read to the last word. The king expected now to be released, but, to his amazement, Lord George said, "Please your majesty, I have read to you ten or eleven excellent letters which I have received from your Protestant subjects, in which none were, nor ever will be, surpassed." He then commenced the letters, and this vexatious interview lasted two hours longer, at the termination of which, the fire having gone out, or, ceased to blaze, Lord George departed.—*The Georgian Era.*

ANECDOTE OF DAVID HUME.

About a fortnight before his death, he added a codicil to his will, in which he fully discovered his attention to his friends, as well as his own peasantry. What little wine he himself drank was generally port, a wine for which his friend the poet (John Home) had ever declared the strongest aversion. David bequeaths to his friend John one bottle of port, and, upon condition of his drinking this even at two down-sittings, bestows upon him twelve dozen of his best claret. He pleasantly adds, that this subject of wine was the only one upon which they had ever differed. In the codicil there

are several other strokes of railleury and pleasantry, highly expressive of the cheerfulness which he then enjoyed. He even turned his attention to some of the simple amusements with which he had been formerly pleased. In the neighbourhood of his brother's house in Berwickshire is a brook, by which the access in time of floods is frequently interrupted. Mr Hume bequeaths L.100 for building a bridge over this brook, but upon the express condition that none of the stones for that purpose shall be taken from a quarry in the neighbourhood, which forms part of a romantic scene in which, in his earlier days, Mr Hume took particular delight. Otherwise the money to go to the poor of the parish.—*Encyc. Brit. new edition.*

THE HERRING FISHERY.

WITHIN the last sixteen years, the herring fishery carried on in the Moray Frith has risen into great importance, and in a great measure usurped the place formerly occupied by the Caithness and other fisheries. The Moray Frith herring fishery commences in the middle of July, and the fish commonly leave the coast in the end of August or first of September. For the first four weeks the shoals are small and detached, and the fishings only average from two to five barrels per boat. Herrings are caught at this early stage of the fishing on the coast of Moray, nearly opposite the mouth of the Spey; but they swim in no determinate track. As the season advances, they come higher up, form into larger bodies, and pursue a route tolerably certain. At this second stage, the quantity of barrels caught by each boat averages from eight to fourteen. The point at which the shoals unite is a long narrow bank, lying in the middle of the Frith, nearly opposite the Bay of Cromarty, and which the fishermen term *Guilliam*, from the little conical hillocks on the northern shore with that name. The breadth of the ridge does not exceed half a mile, but its length is nearly thrice as much. There have been repeated instances of fishings prosecuted on this bank for the space of a whole week, at the average rate of eight hundred barrels per day; but the quantity of fish does not seem to undergo any diminution. In the beginning of the season the fish advance towards the spawning ground, but proceed so slowly, that in five weeks, supposing them to move in a direct line, they only swim about thirty miles, till they reach the bank, on which they generally remain stationary. Immediately on their ceasing to advance, they begin to spawn, and, when emptied, they turn down the Frith, and swim with such rapidity as to remove beyond the reach of the fishermen in a single night. Their stay on the spawning ground varies from four to ten days, and this is the time when the fishery is prosecuted.

The set of nets employed in fishing by each boat is termed a drift, and the number varies from sixteen to twenty-six. The length of each is sixteen fathoms, and the depth four. The upper edge is bordered by a strong rope laced through square perforated pieces of cork, and termed the cord-baulk. The lower is bound with a cord called the ground-baulk, and furnished with loops for sinkers. These baulks, both lower and upper, are about four feet larger than the body of the net, and by their ends the whole nets of the drift are tied together. At each fastening, that is, between every two nets, a buoy is attached. By all these means, the nets hang or float in nearly a sloping direction, and present a barrier to the progress of the herring shoal; and as the boats sail to and fro, but chiefly against the tide, the herrings strike the meshes of the nets, and being thereby entangled, they are hauled up by the boatmen as soon as a sufficient weight of fish is in the net. The fishermen are first apprised of the nets coming in contact with the shoal by the sinking of the buoys. When the wind is high, the track of a moving shoal is shown by the appearance of the water, which, however rough in other places, is of a dead smoothness over the herrings, and looks as if coated with oil. When one of these calm patches crosses the line of the drift, the fishermen prepare to haul, and are seldom disappointed of a fishing. A slight pull is sufficient to bring to the surface a net charged with live herrings, which, if suffered to remain in the water until the fish died, would defy the united efforts of the crew to raise from the bottom.

The profession of the herring fisherman is one of the most laborious, and most exposed both to hardship and danger. From the commencement to the close of the fishing, the men who prosecute it pass only two nights of each week in bed. In all others they sleep in open boats, with no other covering than the sail. In wet weather their hard couch proves peculiarly comfortable; and even in the most pleasant, it is one upon which few besides themselves could repose. The watchfulness necessary in their circumstances becomes so habitual, that during the fishing their slumbers rather resemble those of the watchdog than of men. They start up on the slightest motion or noise, cast a hurried glance over the buoys of their drift, ascertain their position with regard to the fishing bank, or to the other boats around, and then fling themselves down again. During the height of a stream-tide their occupation is doubly harassing. It not unfrequently happens, that, when shooting their drift, the nets thrown out are caught by the vortices of an eddy, and ravelled together in such a manner that hours elapse, those too, it may chance, the hours of midnight, before they can be disentangled. At such seasons, also, these drifts come in contact with those of other boats, and to free them is one of the most laborious employments of the fisherman. The herring caught in the Moray Frith and adjacent seas on the eastern shore of the north of Scotland, are cured in various towns along the coast, and after engaging the

industry of a large portion of the population, are exported to all parts of the world.

The preceding sketch has been abridged from a pamphlet, entitled "Letters on the Herring Fishery in the Moray Frith," which originally appeared in that intelligent provincial print, the *Inverness Courier*.

SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE UNION.

THE number of Peers in the Scottish Parliament was latterly 160, and of Commons 155. The latter were divided into Members, or Commissioners (as they were called) for shires and burghs, and all sat in one house, and voted promiscuously.

On the meeting of Parliament, the members went to the house in great solemnity; and the procession which they formed, on account of the predominance of equestrian figures (for all except inferior servants were on horseback), was called the *RIDING OF THE PARLIAMENT*. This scene of splendour is spoken of in Scotland with feelings of enthusiasm, even to this day.

When the King, or Lord Commissioner, was ready, the members mounted their horses in the court before Holyrood Palace. The burgesses went foremost, in pairs, each attended by a lacquey, two trumpeters, and as many pursuivants; leading the way. Next came the Commissioners or Knights of shires, two by two, each having two pages. Then came such officers of state as were not noblemen; and two door-keepers of the council brought up the rear. Next to them rode the Lords, two and two, in their robes, their order being arranged according to their rank and precedence. Four trumpeters, four pursuivants, six heralds, and the gentleman-usher of the white rod, followed the Lords. Next, the Lyon King at Arms, bareheaded, in proper habiliments and foot-mantle, with his baton in his hand. Next came the sword of state, the sceptre, and the crown, carried by three of the ancient nobility, bareheaded, and supported by mace-bearers. After them came a nobleman, bearing a purse which contained the warrant of the Lord High Commissioner. Last of all came that great officer himself, with the Dukes on his right, and the Marquises on his left. When the King was present, the master of the horse rode near, but a little aside. Each Duke had eight lacqueys; a Marquis had six; an Earl four; and the Viscounts and Barons had three. Every nobleman had a gentleman to bear his train.

In the time of episcopacy, the two Archbishops were allowed the equipage of Dukes, and the Bishops that of Lords. When the King was present, the Marquises rode after the Earls, the Dukes after the Marquises; then the Lord Chancellor immediately before the King, bearing the great seal. The lacqueys had over their liveries short velvet coats, embroidered with their badges, crests, and mottoes.

The great officers of state being robed, rode up from the palace about half an hour before the cavalcade, attended by their friends on horseback, and waited in the Parliament House.

When the High Commissioner entered, the Lord Chancellor took his purse, and ushered him from the bar to the throne. When the King was present, the Lord Chancellor received his Majesty at the door of the Parliament House, and ushered him up to the throne. All the members of Parliament waited on the King, or Commissioner, in the great hall; the noblemen in their scarlet robes, faced with ermine, according to their degree; the guards following, and the streets lined with the city guard and trained bands.

The throne was raised six steps, with a canopy of state over it. On the first step sat the Lord Chancellor, with other great officers on each side; on the other step sat the judges. On the right hand of the throne were two rows of benches, upon which the Archbishops and Bishops formerly sat. In the middle of the floor were two tables, one for the regalia; and near it, in two great chairs, sat the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marischal. At the other table sat the Lord Clerk-Register, with his deputies the Clerks of Parliament. The Commissioners for shires sat upon forms, on the right side; and the Commissioner for burghs on the left. If the King was present, he spoke to them in his robes, with the crown upon his head, and all the members standing uncovered; but the Commissioner appeared only in a common suit, and spoke uncovered.

The members returned in the same order, only the Constable and Marischal rode on the Commissioner's right and left hand, with caps of permission. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Privy Seal stood behind, till all withdrew; and then returned in the same state to the Palace as they came to the Parliament House.

The same ceremonial of riding was observed also on the last day of the Parliament, but not during the session.

Spaldin, in his *History of the Troubles, &c. in Scotland*, between the years 1624 and 1645, gives an account of the riding of Charles I.'s Parliament in 1633, different in a few particulars from the above, and perhaps more picturesque in detail. "In the first rank," says he, "rode the Commissioners of burghs, ilk ane in their own places, well clad in cloaks, having on their horses black velvet foot mantles; secondly, the Commissioners for barons followed them; thirdly, the Lords of the Spirituality followed them; fourthly, the Bishops, who rode altogether, except the Bishop of Aberdeen, who was lying sick in Aberdeen, and the

Bishop of Murray, who, as Eleemosynar, rode beside the Bishop of London, a little nearer the King; fifthly, followed the temporal Lords; sixthly, followed the Viscounts; seventhly, the Earls; after whom, the Earl of Buchan carried the sword, and the Earl of Rothes carrying the sceptre, riding side for side with each other; eighthly, the Marquis of Douglas carrying the crown, having on his right arm the Duke of Lennox, and on his left the Marquis of Hamilton, following them. Then came his majesty, immediately after the Marquis of Douglas, riding upon a chestnut-coloured horse, having on his head a fair branch of feathers, with a foot mantle of purple velvet, as his robe royal was, and none rode without their foot mantles, and the nobles all in red scarlet-furred robes, as their use to ride in Parliament is; but his majesty made choice to ride in King James IV.'s robe royal, which was of purple velvet, richly furred and laced with gold, which was carried up from the earth by five grooms of honour, ilk ane after another, all the way as he rode, to his Highness lighting; he had also upon his head an hat, and a rod in his hand. The heralds, pursuivants, mace-bearers, and trumpeters, followed his majesty in silence. In this order his majesty came frae the Abbey up the High Street, and at the Netherbow the Provost came and saluted the King, and still attended him while he lighted. The causeway was railed frae the Netherbow to the Sinking Style (a narrow passage between the east end of the Tolbooth, and the west end of the contiguous line of buildings called the Luckenbooths, all of which are now demolished), with stakes of timber dung (driven) in end, on both sides, yet so that people standing without the samen might see well enough; and that none might hinder the King's passage, there was within the rails a strong guard of the townsmen, with picks, partisans, and muskets, to hold off the people; and withal the King's own English foot-guard, with partisans in their hands, was still about his person. Now, his majesty, with the rest, lighted at the Sinking Style, where the Earl of Errol, as Constable of Scotland, with all humility received him, and conveyed him through his guard, to the outer door of the High Tolbooth, and the Earl Marischal of Scotland likewise received him and conveyed him to his tribunal, through his guard, standing within the door, and set the King down. After his majesty, all the rest followed; the Marischal, Prelates, and Nobles, all after their own degree; then the Earl of Errol sat down in a chair, and he in another, side for side, at a four-nooked taffel set about the fore face of the Parliament, and covered with green cloth."

THE WIDOW OF CHARLES STUART.

LADY MORGAN, in her "Book of the Boudoir," gives the following account of this lady (originally a German princess) in 1820:—

"Talking of the accidents, incidents, and odd conjunctions of travelling, it happened, one fine autumnal morning, at Florence, that my illustrious countryman, Mr Moore, my husband, and myself, were seated on a sofa in our old palace in the Borgo Santa Croce, looking at the cloud-capt Apennines, which seemed walking in at the windows, and talking of Lord Byron—from whose villa on the Brenta Mr Moore had just arrived—when our Italian servant, Pasquali, announced 'the Countess d'Albany.' Here was an honour which none but a Florentine could appreciate! for all personal consequence is so local! Madame d'Albany never paid visits to private individuals, never left her palace on the Arno, except for the English ambassador's, or the Grand Duke's. I had just time to whisper Mr Moore, 'the widow of the Pretender! your legitimate queen! and the love of your brother poet, Alfieri,' and then came my turn to present my celebrated compatriot, with all his much more durable titles of illustration: so down we all sat, and 'fell to discourse.'

I observe that great people, who have been long before the public, and feel, or fancy, they belong to posterity, generally make themselves agreeable to popular writers; and they are right; for what are the suffrages of a titled coterie, which can 'bear but the breath and supplance of an hour,' to the good opinion of those whose privilege it is to confer a distinction, to awaken an interest that vibrates to the remotest corner of the known world? Kings may give patents of nobility—genius only confers patents of celebrity. One line from an eminent writer will confer a more lasting dignity than all the grand and arch dukes that ever reigned from Russia to Florence can bestow.

Madame d'Albany, already forgotten as the wife of the last of the royal Stuarts, will live as long as the language of Dante lasts in the lines of Alfieri.

The Countess d'Albany could be the most agreeable woman in the world, and upon the occasion of this flattering visit she was so. She could also be the most disagreeable; for, like most great ladies, her temper was uncertain; and her natural hauteur, when not subdued by her brilliant bursts of good humour, was occasionally extremely revolting. Still she loved what is vulgarly called fun, and no wit or sally of humour could offend her.

We had received very early letters from London, with the account of the king's death (George III.). I was stepping into the carriage, to pay Madame d'Albany a morning visit, when they arrived; and I had them still in my hand on entering her library on

the *roi-de-chaussée*, where I found her alone and writing, when I suddenly exclaimed, with a French theatrical air,

'Grande Princesse, dont les torts tout un peuple deplore, Je vien vous l'annoncer l'usurpateur est mort !'

'What usurper?' asked Madame d'Albany, a little surprised, and not a little amused.

'Madame, l'Electeur d'Hanovre cesse de vivre !' The *mauvaise plaisanterie* was taken in good part; for, truth to tell, though the Countess d'Albany always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude of the royal family, and felt (or affected) an absolute passion for his present majesty, whose picture she had, she was always well pleased that others should consider her claims to the rank of queen as legitimate, of which she herself entertained no doubts. She, however, affected no respect for a husband, whom, living, she had despised for his vices and hated for his cruelty."

SUPERSTITION OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

THE horse-shoe was of old held to be of especial service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. This virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from its being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horse-shoe bears to the rays of glory which in ancient pictures are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity acquired in passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore, had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led into the smithy; the door was closed and barred; the shoes were taken off, and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

We have a farther proof that the efficacy of fire constituted a part of the virtues inherent in the horse-shoe, in the manner of reclaiming bewitched milk. All who have the management of a dairy know that at certain seasons of the year butter will not "come" from cream, nor milk be converted into curd, with the same ease as at others. The modern reasoners on the causes of things look upon this as being occasioned by the sort of food the cattle take; but all the farmers' wives of last century know perfectly well that it was the effect of nothing else but some envious person's evil eye, and they took their measures accordingly. On the return of the milkmaids from the loaming with their milking pails upon their heads, when the foremost took down her vessel in order to pass under the doorway, the mistress was ready to drop a horse-shoe heated red-hot into the milk. It was necessary that the ceremony should be performed at the instant when the young woman was lowering the pail; and as it was farther required that no one should be aware of the good dame's intention, the troop of milkmaids was often thrown into the utmost dismay by the sudden bubbling and hissing, and the screams of their companion more immediately concerned. The loss of the whole meal of milk was the usual consequence, to say nothing of the work created for the cooper by the crash of tumbling cogs; but these were matters of inferior importance, the future productiveness of the milk being an ample set-off against lesser mischances—and *that*, it need scarcely be added, was invariably secured.

A horse-shoe was commonly nailed upon the doors of the cowhouses; but this was not at all times a sufficient protection, as in summer the cows were not driven home at night, but milked a-field, and shut up in an open enclosure. When people began to be half ashamed of superstition, instead of nailing the horse-shoe on the outside, they fixed it to the inside of the doors both of dwelling-houses and farm-offices, and in that situation it may at this day be detected in many parts of the country. Thus the devil, though not openly defied, might come to burn his fingers if he were to attempt an entrance.

Sailors are, or were, for the most part careful to have a horse-shoe nailed to the mizen-mast, or somewhere on deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel.

The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horse-shoe, as we are informed by Captain Hall, in his voyage to Loo Choo; which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition prevalent among ourselves.

BOOK-TRADE OF FRANCE.

The activity of the French press has been very greatly increased since the downfall of Napoleon. The Count Daru, in a very instructive work, *Notions Statistiques sur la Librairie*, published in 1827, estimated the number of printed sheets, exclusive of newspapers, produced by the French press in 1816, at 66,852,883, and in 1825, 128,011,483! and we believe that the increase from 1825 down to the present period has been little if any thing inferior. The quality of many of the works that have recently issued from the French press is also very superior; and it may be doubted whether such works as the *Biographie Universelle*, the new and enlarged edition of the *Art de vérifier les Dates*, in 38 vols. octavo, and the two octavo editions

of *Bayle's Dictionary*, could have been published in any other country. The greater number of new French works of merit, or which it is supposed will command a considerable sale, are immediately reprinted in the Netherlands, or Switzerland, but principally in the former. To such an extent has this piratical practice been carried, that it is stated in the *Requête* presented by the French booksellers to government in 1828, that a single bookseller in Brussels had, in 1825 and 1826, and the first six months of 1827, reprinted 318,615 volumes of French works! Having nothing to pay for copyright, these counterfeit editions can be afforded at a lower price than those that are genuine. This is a very serious injury to French authors and publishers, not only by preventing the sale of their works in foreign countries, but from the ease with which spurious copies may be introduced into France.

DESCRIPTION OF ALMACK'S, BY A "GERMAN PRINCE."

The first Almack's ball took place this evening; and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refreshments; and a company into which, in spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many "nobodies" had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the *tour-nure* was bad—this was all. In a word, a sort of in-entertainment; the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion. This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous *faste* of the rich *parvenus*; while the institution of lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company (in the aristocratical sense of the word) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the "local" of a shooting-hall in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendour and luxury of England.

THE WIDOWER.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS NORTON.

I saw the widower mournful stand,
Gazing on the sea and the land;
O'er the yellow corn and the waving trees,
And the blue stream rippling in the breeze.
Oh! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
Why doth he heave that bitter sigh?
Yain are the sunshine and brightness to him;
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim.
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fixed on it vacantly:
His thoughts are far, where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-haired angels his Mary left,
To comfort her lonely and long bereft.
With a rush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,
And they sigh—oh! not because Mary sleeps,
For she is forgotten—but that he weeps.
Yes! she is forgotten—his patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air,
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After a while she came again—
The pressure soft of her rosy cheek—
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead!
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a summer's day;
Or the sound of her voice (though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was, that they loved so well)
Comes with their laughter, a short sweet dream—
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But he!—oh! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look—and her smile—and her gentle word,
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he loved it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid,
And force hot tears to the burning lid;
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But he will remember and weep for her yet!
Oh! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain;
While the hand which so oft hath been clasp'd in hers
In the twilight hour, when nothing stirr'd
Beat with the deep, full pulse of life,
Can he forget his gentle wife!
Many may love and smile in truth,
May love; but not with the love of his youth:
Ever amid his joy will come
A stealing sigh for that long-loved home,
And her step and her voice will gliding by
In the desolate halls of his memory!
—From "The Undying One."

SONG.

She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.
She died in beauty!—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty!—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory!—like Night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory!—like the sun
Amid the blue of June!
—Sillery's *Eldrid of Erin*.

BATHING.

The great utility of bathing, as regards the establishment of sound bodily health, was fully explained some weeks ago in the *Journal*; and, for a particular reason, I again advert to the subject. The use of sea-bathing is sufficiently acknowledged, and the use of the warm bath is becoming more prevalent; but it unfortunately happens that few towns can command the first of these luxuries, and there are not many which can support the second. Most of the English manufacturing towns have been hitherto destitute of baths for the use of the populace, and this circumstance is very much to be lamented, more especially as such places have beside them the means of erecting and supporting hot and tepid baths to a large enough extent. There are few towns without steam-engines and boilers, and with little trouble the waste hot water would answer all the purposes of the bath. Already this scheme has been tried with great success at Leith. Two or three years ago, a private individual here erected an extensive suit of mills for grinding grain, moved by steam power, adding to the establishment a series of small apartments, furnished with excellent marble baths, and supplied with hot or cold, salt or fresh water, in the utmost abundance, from the tanks and boilers. He also fitted up a large tepid plunge bath, and spared no pains to render the establishment every way worthy of public support. Although sea-water is not to be had in inland towns, this is of comparatively little consequence, as hot fresh-water baths serve almost the same purpose. Let the proprietors of steam-works, therefore, begin to use up the overplus of their hot water in this manner, and, by accommodating the public at a low price, they will be almost certain of reaping a large profit. I would, however, suggest that there ought to be in each town a series of baths of this description appropriated to the use of the working classes; and I have no doubt but that many proprietors of steam-works will fit up baths, at their own charge, for the accommodation of those in their employment.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

The events of Bunyan's life were few. He was born within a mile of Bedford, in the year 1628; his parents were braziers, and he was brought up to the same trade. He seems, by his own account, to have been rather dissipated in his youth, but he married early, and soon afterwards acquired decidedly religious habits. Being of a very enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination, he was continually haunted by what appeared to him visions and heavenly revelations. Having taken means to disseminate his own peculiar notions, he was arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison, where he remained for twelve years. It was here he wrote most of his works, which are very voluminous. He survived his confinement sixteen years, during which time he paid regularly an annual visit to London, employing himself in preaching, and superintending the publication of his different compositions. He died in the year 1688, aged sixty. He left behind him a widow, who had been his second wife, and three children. The year in which the first edition of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" was published is not known. The second edition is preserved in the British Museum, and bears date 1678.

BRAVERY OF THE ABERDONIANS.

No civic community in Scotland has been so distinguished in history for their bravery in battle, and their resistance to foreign aggression, as the people of Aberdeen. They assisted Bruce in 1308, and having aided in vanquishing the English betwixt Old Meldrum and Inverury, they returned and put the garrison of Edward to the sword. They subsequently opposed, with great vigour, the landing of English troops at Dunnotar, and were defeated only after some severe fighting and slaughter. At the famed battle of Harlaw, which was a sort of pitched fight betwixt the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and took place in 1411, the citizens are known to have fought so bravely as to turn the fate of the day against Donald of the Isles and his tartaned host. In 1530, the Aberdonians repelled the attack of a body of Forbesses, with their usual intrepidity, and saved the town from being plundered. Seven years afterwards, they sent a large complement of men southwards to oppose the invasion of the English under the Duke of Somerset; and they nearly all perished on the well-fought field of Pinkey. The brave Aberdonians had also their share in the disastrous troubles of Charles I.'s reign. For the eminent services performed by the citizens during the wars of the independence, they received many privileges from Robert Bruce. In commemoration of a deed of extraordinary daring—namely, the destruction of the whole English that garrisoned the town in one night—they received, as a motto to their arms, the phrase "*Bon Accord*," which was the watchword on the occasion, and which is still used in common speech by the Aberdonians as a familiar name of the town.

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LEISURE.

THE most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this, and I would do that, if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is less than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbours, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so. To do increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself into motion for the same end. This is owing to a principle of our moral nature, which is called the *vis inertia*, literally, the strength of inactivity, but which I will explain at once to unlearned persons, by reminding them, that to set a common child's hoop agoing in the first place requires a smarter stroke than to keep it in motion afterwards. There is a reluctance in all things to be set agoing; but when that is got over, then every thing goes sweetly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the *habit*, he loses the *power* of doing. But a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day, can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed, the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle. As he walks through the world, his hands hang unmuffled and ready by his side, and he can sometimes do more by a single touch in passing, than a vacant man is likely to do in a twelvemonth.

All this is exemplified fully in the actual practice of life. Who, I would ask, compose the class who perform most of the business of public charity? It is not those who are highly endowed with wealth and leisure. It is not in general those whom wealth has placed at ease, but the class of well-employed traders and manufacturers, who, to appearance, are entirely engrossed by their own concerns. These men will snatch an occasional hour from their well-employed lives—perhaps an hour that ought to be devoted to relaxation—and do you more real work in that time than an idle man would accomplish in the half of his yaw-yaw existence. What is curious, if you place the busy trader on the shelf, as no longer requiring to work for his subsistence, he immediately loses the power of doing these little superfluous acts of goodness. In getting out of the way of all exertion, he becomes unable to do any thing, even when he wishes it. On the same principle, men never give a job to a lawyer or any body else, who is not pretty well occupied. And this is from no irrational homage to the name of the man, as is sometimes thought; it is because the man who does much is most likely to do more, and most likely to do it well.

Let no man, then, cry for leisure in order to do any thing. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do any good thing, he will always find time for it, by properly arranging his other employments. The person who thus addresses the public has acquired the power of doing so, such as it is, not by having had a great deal of time at his own disposal, but solely by ravishing the inglorious hours which the most of men spend in unprofitable and unenjoyed pleasures, and employing them in the cultivation of his mind. There is an anecdote told of a French author of distinction, who, by regularly employing, in a few jottings, the five minutes which his wife caused him to wait every day while she dressed for dinner, at last formed a book; certainly not the least meritorious of his works. Hazlitt also remarks, that many men walk as much idly upon Pall Mall in a few years as would carry them round the globe. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do any ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

It is very fair that the busy man should be at ease at last. It is often the object for which he works. Neither can it be allowed that there is any absolute claim upon the wealthy to exert themselves for the good of the community. Wealth must be enjoyed as the possessor pleases, or it is no longer wealth, and one of the objects of industry is taken away. But it would be of vast importance—both to the wealthy idle themselves and to the community—if their tastes could often be directed to some beneficial employment within the range of their abilities and influence. It

is a shame to those who are entirely at their own disposal, that almost all the general good that is done in the world is done by those who are already overworked. It might rather be expected that the affluent, who have no particular business of their own to attend to, should devote themselves to the general good. This is the more particularly to be expected when we observe the worse than trifles upon which idle opulence generally employs itself. If actual vice be avoided, the most contemptible frivolities and paltry amusements are sought after, for the purpose of—disgraceful word!—*killing time*. Sometimes we find the universal necessity of doing something, taking a good direction, or one at least rather on goodness' side. The female part of the affluent world are often found to be actively benevolent; and nothing can be more laudable. But the ells of idle humanity, that every day walk the street in vain, are beyond all mensuration. Now, I am convinced, that if these leisurely persons only once fell into the way of employing themselves for some good end, they would find themselves far more comfortable than they are at present. They would suddenly feel the inspiration of a worthy purpose of existence. They would feel the self-importance of active exertion—the majesty of industry; that lofty feeling which even the hard-working housewife feels in increased proportion amidst the sloperies of a washing Saturday, and which gives to the early-riser his right to taunt and look down upon all the recumbent part of mankind. The gentlemen must think of it. They must up and be doing. It is, I repeat, a disgrace to them, in this universally busy scene, to let all the laurels of charity and kindness be carried away by those who have enough ado to obtain their own subsistence.

OXFORD.

"Unfaded in glory, unfailing in years,
The mother of Churchmen and Tories appears."

It is almost impossible for an untravelling Scotsman, even with the aid of Mr Ackerman's splendid publication, to conceive a distinct idea of Oxford. It is a kind of *VENICE OF THE LAND*, sitting upon the green and leafy meadows of central England, like that ancient capital upon the blue waters of the Adriatic; while, clear into the summer air, rise its numerous fanes and towers, with one immense dome presiding like a sovereign in the centre. Around it the level waters of the Isis and the Charwell press slowly on through masses of verdure and foliage, with a hundred merry skiffs gliding over their surface. Enter the city in any direction, and you immediately find yourself under the majestic shadow of some vast palace of learning, which oppresses you at once with the sense of its antiquity, and its overpowering dignity.

In Scotland, an *university* is one plain quadrangular house, generally placed in some crowded part of a commercial town. In England, an *university* (we are thinking of Oxford) consists of some four-and-twenty splendid buildings, few of them much less elegant, and many of them more so, than the Palace of Holyroodhouse or Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and these are scattered throughout a small beautiful city, which is interspersed with other public structures of an equally magnificent nature. In Scotland, an *university* is chiefly a mere school for the completion of an ordinary classical education, or the instruction of young men in the duties of a very simple church establishment. In England, it is a fortress of literature, garrisoned by hundreds of learned personages, who batten in it most of their lives, like a set of well-fed monks, upon a simple showing that they possess a certain degree of literary accomplishment. While the Scottish establishment is a matter of bare utility of the present day, like a shop or manufactory, the English university seizes the imagination as a thing invested with much of the trappings of an ancient system of worship, redolent of the literary glories of a thousand past years, and full of all kinds of obsolete fashions and customs, which have the merit of being totally useless. In fact, there is all the difference between the two institutions which there is between an honest Scotch parish kirk and the graces of St Peter's or St Paul's.

The colleges in Oxford are generally built of a pale chalky stone, and, though there are many older buildings, the most of them show that elegant mixture of the Gothic and Grecian styles of architecture, which obtained in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and is now fast reviving in our country mansions. In al-

most every case they form a square, the front of which abuts upon some street or lane. The inner court of Christchurch measures 264 by 261 feet, and has a lake in the centre. But all the rest are smaller. Each of these communities is, to a certain extent, independent in itself, and is under the control of its own set of officers. The students, most of whom bear the designation of *commoners*, reside in apartments which they hire for themselves, and of which each purchases the furniture from his predecessor in occupancy. A hall, in which all dine together, generally occupies one side of the square. A chapel, in which they are compelled to attend prayers every day, often occupies another side, or is sometimes a detached and more magnificent building. Besides the officers, who have separate apartments, there are generally a certain number of learned inmates called *fellows*, who having duly qualified themselves by learning, are supported in a style of gentlemanly ease, with hardly any hardship in their situation except an inability to marry, till they are provided for with a church living, of which every college has a certain number in its gift; after which they may marry as they please. For every kind of person connected with the university, there is a particular sort of gown, and also a skull-cap, with a square top more or less decorated. The students, or, as they call themselves, the *men*, are all obliged, under penalties, to wear their *academicals* when they appear abroad. They are in general desirous of escaping this regulation, especially when they walk into the country; but, when caught by any of the proctors, even so much as *sporting beaver*, that is, wearing a common hat (for they have a cant name for almost every thing), they are sure to be put to some extra tasks. Dr Johnson was so devoted an adherent to all the practices of the university, that, whenever he visited it, even late in life, he resumed his academicals. The common undress gown is, however, so slight as to occasion very little inconvenience, while it must be acknowledged that a uniform costume adds much to the *esprit de corps*, which gives Oxford its peculiar character as a seat of learning, and perhaps assists in the preservation of more important rules.

The glory of Oxford is, that every thing about it is old, and long established, and respectable. Antiquity, in the phrase of Smith, would almost appear to have begun since this university attained the ripeness of maturity. This is particularly apt to strike a Scotchman, all of whose antiquities, in respect of native literature, are comparatively modern. If he visits Merton's, he finds that Duns Scotus, whom he supposes to be his countryman, and who lived six hundred years ago, studied in those venerable halls. He learns with a curious feeling that Antony Bek, the puissant Bishop of Durham, who aided Edward I. in his wars for the subjugation of Scotland, was once a quiet schoolboy here. He goes to Baliol's, and finds that Devorgilla, Princess of Galloway (then a savage province), is still "remembered in prayer" every day in chapel, for having fulfilled the designs of her husband for the foundation of this college; that husband being the father of John Baliol, King of Scots! In the hall, he sees a portrait of Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation; for Wycliffe was "of Baliol's." As he treads the street in front, he is startled into awe by being told that on this spot Ridley and Latimer testified, amidst the flames of persecution, their adherence to the Protestant faith. In the cathedral—for Oxford is an episcopal see—he is shown the tomb of Frideswith, a Saxon female saint (contemporary with Edward the Confessor), who had a priory here before the erection of even the present very ancient building. A college, founded by William of Wykeham, in 1390, is termed *New College*, from its comparative want of antiquity, although Scotland had not a college at all for twenty years later. He enters the glorious hall of Christchurch, erected by Wolsey, and which is nearly as large as the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and he is surprised with accounts of plays and pageanties got up here for the entertainment of Elizabeth, of Parliaments held in it by Charles I. and Charles II., when expelled from London by the plagues of pestilence or republicanism, and many regal shows besides; for Christchurch is the college where the sovereign always resides when visiting Oxford. In this splendid room he sees the lofty walls every where covered with the portraits of distinguished personages, who have been educated in Christchurch. Among them is the famous original portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein, and also a picture of certain English divines of the

time of the civil war, who are represented as reading the prayer-book in secret, because it was then a proscribed book. Strange, a Scotchman thinks, that religious associations should here be appealed to, by an object which, in Scotland, is looked back upon as connected with persecution, and the cause of many civil broils. What would Jenny Geddes think?

In this hall several hundred students dine every day; and it is mentioned with envy by the commoners of less magnificent establishments, that the *men* here are a luxurious set of fellows—they take their meat off pewter plates with hot water underneath. (By the way, there seems to be far more silver than crockery used at Oxford: the existence of Wedgewood and Spode is a thing not yet acknowledged in this antique world-within-itself.) The very kitchen of Christchurch is a sight: it has a fire that would roast not only an entire ox, but an entire crocodile. To dine in hall in any of the colleges is a treat of the highest kind to a Scottish visitor. He sits under the shades of the mighty who have sat here before him. He sees around the generous youths from whom the future dignitaries of the land are to be selected. He eats the bounteous food which Old England supplies to her learned sons. He drinks out of silver cups, which were, perhaps, gifted to the college centuries ago by grateful pupils, then advanced to greatness. And when he contrasts all this comfort with the starveling condition in which learning too generally appears in his own country, he feels somewhat like the simple husbandman in Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, who was transported one night, by the powers of his witch-wife, into the King of France's wine-cellar, and permitted there to swill at his ease. This recalls to our memory an amusing anecdote of Dr Adam Smith, which we once lighted upon in a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Smith was one of the young men sent by Glasgow College to be educated at Balliol's, upon *Snell's foundation*—an endowment originally intended for the rearing of a certain number of Episcopal ministers, in order to propagate that form of faith in Scotland, but which has latterly become a mere piece of patronage in the hands of our western university. When Smith first came into the hall to dine, the *scout*, or servant, who brought in the roast beef, was much struck by the bashful, and, perhaps, somewhat grotesque appearance of the young Scottish stranger, who seemed confounded at the grandeur of every thing he saw around him. "Well, Sawney," said the servant, as he placed the groaning representative of English good fare upon the table, "did you ever see any thing like that?" What the future author of the *Wealth of Nations* said in reply, or whether he replied at all, is not recorded.

The real elegance and beauty of many of the objects in Oxford is, in the highest degree, gratifying to a person of taste. The enormous cone of the Ratcliffe Library, so beautifully proportioned, notwithstanding its size; the fine spire of St Mary's Church; the admirable tower of St Magdalen's; and, perhaps, more than all, the sweetly shaded walks which every where surround the city; seize and captivate the imagination. Among the ecclesiastical structures, the chapel of New College bears the first place for beauty. The choir is a hundred feet long, by thirty-five in breadth, and sixty-five in height; the ante-chapel, besides, is eighty feet long. Splendid windows of stained glass, a beautiful diced floor of black and white marble, seats and other furnishings of the most costly magnificence, mostly originating with Archbishop Laud, conspire to render this place of worship an object of the utmost interest. The writer of this article visited it during evening service. A train of robed ecclesiastics; with a few pupils of the college, entered, and took their seats in the desks arranged along the walls. Prayers were first chaunted, then some church music was sung by the choristers, who sat opposite. The organ, a remarkably fine instrument, lent its mellow notes to the general effect, which exceeded any thing of the kind he had ever known. The music, at a distance of more than a year, still haunts his mind in delicious snatches. After about an hour thus spent, the long train left the chapel in the same solemn wise; and concluded a scene which, we must confess, was as seductive to our Presbyterian mind, as ever the feminine vision was to St Augustine.

It is delightful to observe the keen feeling of appreciation with which every college holds up for its own glory the great names connected with it—how Queen's rejoices in Addison and Collins—Lincoln's in Wolsey—Christchurch in Peel, and a thousand great men before him—University in Eldon—Balliol's in Dr Adam Smith, and so forth. Each has its illustrious list, which constantly stands in the eyes of the present *alumni* as a motive for their exertions. Then every college has its own traditionary recollections. In the delightful "water-walk" of Magdalen's, you see a tree beneath which was Addison's favourite seat. You also recollect that it was the attempt of James II. to impose a Catholic head upon this college which helped so materially to forward the Revolution. You farther recollect the allusion of Pope to "Maudlin's learned grove." In reference to this college, and as a trait of the opulence of this learned scene in general, it may be mentioned that there is a deer-park connected with Magdalen's, in which, by the rules of the society, a certain number of those animals must always be kept.

Some of the customs of the university are exceedingly antique and curious, being kept up in accordance

with very ancient rules, in which any flaw, however trivial, might perhaps endanger the whole foundation. For instance, on New-Year's Day, the bursar presents a needle and a thread to every member of Queen's College, saying, "Take this and be thrifty." This is an old punning allusion to the name of the founder, Robert de Eglesfeld, who was confessor to Philip, consort of Edward III.; Eglesfeld being interpreted into *aiguille et fil*. Nor is this all. Hollingshed mentions in his history of England, that, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., who was educated at this college, went to court, in order to clear himself from certain charges of disaffection, he wore a gown of blue satin, full of oilet holes, and at each hole a needle hanging by a silk thread. This is supposed to prove that the original academical habit of Queen's College was also fashioned in allusion to the name of the founder. While this and other customs are simple, and somewhat ridiculous, one kept up at Magdalen's is, in the highest degree, poetical. Previous to the Reformation, a mass was performed every May-day morning on the top of Magdalen Tower, for the soul of Henry VII., who had paid the college a visit in 1487. At the abolition of the Catholic worship, the mass was given up. But yet, early on every first of May, ten choristers ascend to the top of this tall and elegant tower, and there execute certain pieces of church music, for which they receive in remuneration ten pounds yearly out of the Rectory of Stainbridge, in Gloucestershire. The solemnity generally attracts thousands of visitors; and certainly it must be a sight of no common interest to see ten white-robed worshippers raising their voices far and high into the dewy calm of the May morn, as if they would rival the very lark, that at the same time pours its unpurchased music at heaven's own gates.

Another curious ceremony was once practised at Magdalen's. From a stone pulpit in a corner of the square was formerly preached an annual sermon to the members of the college, on the festival of St John; and in order that the scene might be rendered somewhat suitable, the whole place was fitted up with green boughs, to represent the wilderness in which that blessed apostle first announced the gospel. Some of our countrymen will be apt to declaim against these observances as rank Popery; but they would be Papists or any thing at Oxford.

As most of the young men at Oxford are the sons of parents in an exalted rank of life, their mode of living is appropriately a somewhat expensive one. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that any general system of prodigality prevails. Such of the youths as come here without the design of studying for a profession, lead perhaps a somewhat idle, and, it may often be, a dissolute life; but these would not be better in any other situation whatsoever. Most of the young men spend their mornings in close study in their own rooms, and only recreate themselves occasionally with a walk into the country, or a-boating on the river. As no wine is permitted at the general table in the hall, they often retire in little parties to each other's rooms, and crack a bottle or two together. Music is a favourite amusement amongst them, as is testified by the great number of music shops in the town, and by the frequent strains which are heard issuing from the rooms in the evenings. It is pleasant, in passing under their open windows, to observe here a flute, and there a guitar, hung against the walls within. It conveys the idea of innocent recreation, and of an accomplishment which always sits gracefully on youth. As every man is obliged, upon a penalty, to be in his own college at nine in the evening, it is very difficult to carry any entertainment to excess at Oxford. The bell of Christchurch, called the Great Tom, is then rung; and though, as their old song says,

"There's not a man
Will leave his can,
Till he hears the mighty Tom,"

yet they must sit no later, if they wish to preserve either their own comfort or their good character. The janitors, who are always respectable conscientious men, are rigorous in marking down any delinquency, and the aggregate of these at the end of the term, or season, always counts against a man in the eyes of his superiors, to whom he is to look for his honours. The Great Tom is a curiosity in his way. He formerly belonged to the neighbouring abbey of Ouseney, whence he was translated, at the Reformation, to the great tower of Christchurch. His rim was at that time inscribed with the following whimsical sentence:—

"In Thomæ laude, resono, Bim Bom sine fraude."
In the praise of Thomas, I sound Bim Bom without fraud; the meaning of which is certainly far from clear. However, Tom was re-cast in 1680, and his present inscription simply implies that he is the Great Tom of Oxford.

In the square of Christchurch, by the way, is shown a statue of Bishop Fell, who presided over the College in the reign of Charles II. It was either upon him, or upon his predecessor, Dr Samuel Fell, that the well known epigram was written—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But this at least I know full well—
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

This last Dr Fell, however, must have been a man of some sensibility, and we should suppose, not so utterly unamiable as the jest would represent him. He was a great royalist, and on that account was expelled by

the republicans in 1647. Two years afterwards, on hearing of the execution of Charles I., he immediately expired! It is also worth mentioning, that the celebrated Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and who, as we have heard, was descended from Scottish parents, lies buried in the Cathedral connected with Christchurch College. We were much struck by his epitaph, which, if we recollect rightly, runs thus—

"Hic jacet Thomas Burton,
Cui vitam et mortem dedit melancholia."
Here lies Thomas Burton, to whom melancholy gave both life and death. Opposite to Christchurch, is the small and comparatively obscure institution called Pembroke College, in which Johnson received his education. His apartment is still pointed out.

Such, in fine, is Oxford—at least as Oxford appears to a native of our own country. The whole produces such impression of misty and entangling antiquity, that, after labouring under it for a day or two, it becomes a relief to see any object of expressly modern associations—such, for instance, as a Birmingham stage-coach. Reader, let us escape into the nineteenth century!

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HEAT—ITS PROPERTIES AND EFFECTS.

IN resuming the duty we have undertaken, of explaining in a simple and popular manner the principles of science, we again come forward, like the guide to a stranger in a foreign country, desirous of leading our young friends through the most agreeable paths to knowledge. Still no scholastic difficulties will be found to perplex or impede our progress; for there is now no necessity to affect, like the priests of old, an air of mystery in explaining the very simple means which nature takes to accomplish many of her most important and beautiful operations. Already we have spoken generally of light, and surely there is no person of any intellect or feeling who can fail to be affected by the exquisite beauty of its numerous and diversified phenomena; but another agent, as universally diffused, and as important, now claims our attention:—let us proceed to examine the properties and effects of heat, without whose benignant influence the earth would not pour forth its thousand streams, nor be clothed with verdure—nor the air be refreshed with genial moisture—nor the humblest of living beings be enabled to support its own bare existence.

When speaking of the nature of heat, we stated that most probably it consists of a peculiar and very subtle fluid, which interposes itself in greater or lesser quantities between the particles of all bodies—an opinion which seems sufficiently supported by the fact that heat may be readily transferred from one body to another, which certainly could not happen did it consist only of a certain vibration of the particles of the body itself giving rise to the sensation of heat. It is reasonable to consider—although, like light and the electric fluid, it cannot be weighed in our clumsy scales—that it is a substance distinct from the body which gives it forth, and it is called a fluid, because, like all fluids, it has a tendency to seek its own equilibrium; that is to say, to distribute itself equally in every direction.* If we suspend a red hot iron ball in an apartment, the heat from the iron escapes, dispersing itself equally through the cooler air, until the iron ball is reduced to the same temperature as the air by which it is on all sides surrounded. A fire burning in a grate communicates its heat equally in all directions, until every object in the room has arrived at the same temperature. By rarifying the air, and thereby producing motion in it, heat is very equally diffused through the air we breathe; and were it not for this tendency to equalize its distribution, it is obvious that it would accumulate in vast and irregular quantities, and we should be continually exposed to the most painful transitions, like the unhappy spirits described by Dante and by Milton, hurried incessantly from the sufferings of the most excessive heat to the equally intense agonies of the extremest cold:—

Thither by happy-footed furies hurld
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice.

Heat, therefore, at all times seeks its own equilibrium; it also enters in greater or lesser quantities into the pores of all bodies; but some do not allow it to pass through them so readily as others. If we place the one end of a rod of iron in the fire, the heat from the fire passes so quickly through the whole length of the rod, that very shortly we cannot touch the other end without being burned; but we may hold the one end of a short stick, while the other is actually blazing, so slowly does the heat pass through the substance of the wood. Urns, coffee-pots, tea-pots, and other metallic vessels used for containing hot fluids, require ivory, bone, or wooden handles, which, on the same principle, being very slow conductors of heat, interrupt its communication to the hand. Those bodies which allow heat to traverse through them very quickly, are called good conductors—those that retard its progress, bad conductors of heat; and it has been found that the densest bodies are the best conductors. Silver, copper, gold, iron, allow heat to traverse them more readily than glass, wood, porous earths, and bodies of a looser texture. The hardest woods ge-

* Philosophers call this matter *Caloric*, and restrict the use of the word *heat* to the sensation it produces; but in this place, instead of using the word *caloric*, we prefer speaking simply of heat, or of the matter of heat.

nerally conduct heat best; and it is worthy of remark, that heat, seeking its equal distribution, rises from the earth, and is conducted along the longitudinal course of the woody fibres, rather than across them; so that the interior of a tree becomes of the same temperature as the soil whence it derives its nourishment. It is evident that bodies which are good conductors soon carry away the heat from those with which they are in contact; it is well, therefore, that porous earths are bad conductors, since, on this account, the soil on the surface of the globe retains, for a sufficient length of time, the temperature necessary for the evolution of seeds, and the growth of plants, shrubs, and trees. Fluids, owing to the mobility of their particles, receive and transmit heat better than solids; hence, when a hot body is plunged into water, it cools more quickly than it would do were it plunged into a mass of sand. Air is not a good conductor of heat, which is another admirable provision; for if it allowed its transmission as readily as the metals of which we have spoken, the heat from the surface of the earth would be so rapidly carried away, that no being, however humble in the scale of organisation, would be able to support life. Count Rumford, indeed, discovered that air, in a state of absolute rest, does not conduct heat at all—a fact of very considerable importance. On a hot summer day, when there is scarcely a breath of wind stirring, the oppression we feel is in a great measure owing to this cause, for we are then moving in an atmosphere which does not conduct away the accumulating heat of the body. Furs, wools, feathers, and loose spongy substances, are, for the same reason, bad conductors of heat; for the air which is retained between their interstices, and which is at rest, prevents its transmission through them. Such materials we choose, therefore, for winter clothing, not because they contain or impart any heat, but simply because they prevent its escaping from the body, and protect us at the same time from the external cold air. Thus protected, many bold and enterprising navigators have braved the winter of the northern regions, and lived with impunity amidst the appalling coldness of those dreary solitudes, which seem to place an insurmountable and eternal barrier against the further extension of human dominion.

Nature, prodigal in her beneficence, has, on the principle we have endeavoured to explain, provided an appropriate and adequate covering for the animals of every region on the face of the globe. Those that live in hot countries have the hair of their coat fine, thin, and short, as may be observed in the graceful antelope, the camel, and in the stupendous elephant. Again, in those that frequent more temperate climates, the hair becomes thicker and woolly, as may be observed in the horse, dog, and sheep. Lastly, in the coldest countries in high latitudes, the coat becomes shaggy, coarse, and thick, as may be observed by looking at the Lapland dog, arctic bear, or fox. Animals that live much in water—the beaver, otter, and other quadrupeds—are provided with the finest, longest, and thickest furs; and in all instances the fur is thicker on the parts of the body most exposed, more especially on the back, because the heat, escaping upwards, requires a greater obstruction in that direction. Birds frequenting the higher regions of the atmosphere require not only that their bodies should be light, but well protected from the cold, which, as we before explained, increases as we ascend into the higher regions of the air. Accordingly, we find that nature has not been unmindful of their exigencies; for in them the bones constituting the skeleton are hollow, and communicate with the lungs, so that they are continually filled with air, whereby the body is not only rendered light, but enveloped in a medium which does not readily carry off their natural heat. But this is not all; for their plumage, so beautiful to the eye of the spectator, is also an admirable protection against cold; for the quill, the shaft, and the web of the feather, are so constructed as to offer the necessary obstruction to the escape of heat. The feathers, too, vary in kind and in quantity according to the habits of the bird, the climate it inhabits, and the season of the year. We elsewhere observed, that dark substances absorb and retain more heat than light ones; and this may be the reason why the birds of tropical climates are provided with such bright and dazzling plumage, which cannot but reflect the rays of heat, which otherwise might be absorbed. Many birds frequenting the colder countries have a feathery covering nearly as bulky as their whole body; but the contrary is observed in the birds of warmer climates. Birds that frequent the water are provided with an admirable defence against the cold to which they are subjected; for between the ordinary plumage we find a more delicate feathery structure, called down, which protects the breast against the coldness of the wave, which, in swimming, it divides. The swan, which is a favourite bird on account of the exceeding grace it exhibits on the waters, and indeed all water-fowl, exhibit this admirable provision. But there are animals destined to live in the northern seas, which are exposed to a much more intense degree of cold, yet which are neither protected by feathers nor by furs. These are provided, however, with an equally efficient protection, for, beneath the skin, disposed in small cells, vast quantities of fat or thick oil are imbedded, which completely envelopes the whole body. Such is found in the walrus, the seal, and the whale; and the oil that is thence procured is well known to be a very important article in commerce. In all these instances

such coverings operate simply as non-conductors of heat; preventing at the same time the escape of the natural warmth of the body, and the penetration into it of the external cold. Man, taught by observation and experience, has taken advantage, as we have already observed, of these facts to supply himself with winter clothing; and according to the experiments of Count Rumford, it appears that hare fur and elder down are the warmest materials for such apparel; after which beavers' fur, raw silk, sheeps' wool, and cotton wool, and after them lint, or the scrapings of fine linen.

Here we may pause to remark, that in pursuing any subject connected with science, it is desirable, nay, absolutely necessary, to understand and remember every principle explained; because, however trivial it may at first sight appear, on proceeding further it may be found to constitute a most important link in the great chain we have to unravel. We presume, then, from what we have above stated, that it is understood that heat has at all times a tendency to distribute itself equally in all directions, and that some bodies allow it to pass through them more readily than others; which facts will now enable us to understand the cause of our sensations of heat and cold. When several bodies having the same temperature are placed in contact with each other, they each give out and receive the same quantities of heat, so that there is no increase of the temperature; but when bodies of different temperatures are placed in juxtaposition, the hotter gives out heat to the colder, the exchange always being from the hotter to the colder body, until the same temperature is established between them. Accordingly, when the hand grasps a body colder than itself, it becomes sensible of cold, because a portion of its heat is conducted away by the colder body; but if it grasp a body that is hotter than itself, then the body of higher temperature communicates heat to the hand, which becomes sensible of warmth. In all these instances the intensity of the sensation depends on the superior or inferior conducting power of the body grasped, for the more rapidly the heat is carried away from the hand, the more intense is the sensation of cold thereby produced. The carpet in a room, of usual temperature, feels nearly as warm as the hand; the table feels rather colder; the marble chimney-piece still colder; and the fire-irons coldest of all; but each of these will, on the application of a thermometer, be found of the same temperature, and the difference of the sensation is produced only by the greater or lesser rapidity with which they severally conduct away the heat from the body. Our sensations of heat and cold, therefore, are merely relative; for even ice, when transported into a room, the temperature of which is below the freezing point, will radiate heat. Snow appears cold to a healthy finger; but it is applied to a frost-bitten limb because it is warmer than the limb so affected; and the object is to apply heat in the most gradual manner. Two persons bathing will, according to the heat of each, find an apparent difference in the temperature of the same stream. A person arriving from India into England, in the spring of the year, will complain of the coldness of the season, although the residents in that country are beginning, at that period, to cast away their winter apparel. The danger which arises from going out of a heated ballroom, or theatre, is occasioned in this way by the transition of the warm body into a colder medium; by which, indeed, many lives are annually sacrificed, as it were, on the shrine of pleasure, and the seeds are sown, by which the fairest and loveliest of the land fall victims to lingering consumption.

So subtle and so universally diffused an agent is heat, that we at present have not discovered any kind of matter that is totally destitute of it, and its accumulation, or abstraction, in various bodies, must necessarily effect great changes in them. It is well known that the particles of all solid bodies are held together by a power of attraction which they exert among themselves, and which is called the attraction of cohesion, or aggregation; but no two particles of matter are ever in actual contact. Interstices of greater or lesser magnitude must exist between them; and it is into these that the matter of heat insinuates itself. It is evident, therefore, that heat must produce expansion; for by accumulating, it must distend these spaces, and force the particles bounding them to a greater distance from each other, whereby the whole body must necessarily be increased in bulk. But as this accumulation of heat causes an increase in the size, so must its abstraction, by diminishing the size of these interstices, and allowing the surrounding particles to approach nearer to each other, occasion the contraction of a body. An iron bar, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening which, when cold, it will enter readily. Coachmakers avail themselves of this fact. In making carriage wheels, they place the outer large iron rim round the wheel while red-hot; then, as the iron rim cools, it contracts, and embraces more firmly the wooden framework of the wheel. The heat of summer alone is, even in this country, sufficient to occasion remarkable changes in the condition of metallic bodies; thus the centre arch of an iron bridge is higher in hot than in cold weather; the gate of an iron railing, which during cold weather will open and shut readily, will sometimes stick fast on a warm day, owing to there being a greater expansion of it and of the neighbouring railing than of the earth in which they are fixed. The pitch of a pianoforte or harp is lowered during a warm day; and although tuned in a

morning drawing-room, will become out of tune when the crowded party has heated the room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than that of the wooden framework of the instrument. The pendulums of clocks, the balance-wheels of watches, and many delicate metallic instruments, are thus affected by the change of season, or removal to a warmer or colder climate, to compensate for which, numerous very ingenious methods have been devised. Buildings of considerable size and strength are often very much injured by the expansion of the iron bars fixed in different parts of them, which only lately happened to Bow Church in London. In this church the bars of iron used to hold together the stones of its fine steeple expanded during summer, and forced the stones sufficiently apart to allow dust and sandy particles to lodge between them; nor is there any doubt but that, had it not been repaired soon enough, the whole edifice in the course of time might have fallen.

Accordingly, from what we have now stated, it must be obvious that the first effect of heat is the expansion of the body into which it enters; and when a still farther quantity is added, another change is produced, and the body, however dense it may be, is converted into a liquid. Silver, gold, iron, lead, tin, and all substances with which we are acquainted, excepting the diamond, which is a combustible body, and catches fire at a low temperature, may thus be liquified. The most remarkable circumstance attending liquifaction is this—when a body changes its state from a solid to a liquid, or from a liquid to a vapour, its expansion occasions a sudden increase of its capacity for heat, in consequence of which it absorbs an additional quantity, which becomes fixed, and so concealed as not to affect the thermometer. This is called latent heat. It is this addition of heat which occasions the body to pass from the solid to the fluid state; thus, when ice is converted into water, it absorbs as much heat as would, if it did not melt it, raise its temperature 140 degrees. On the other hand, before water can be converted into a solid state, it must, after being reduced to 32 degrees, part with this 140 degrees of heat, which occasioned it to exist in a fluid form. It is on this account that the processes of freezing and of thawing are slow operations; were it otherwise, the cold of a single night might suddenly freeze an ocean, and the heat of a single day suddenly convert the accumulated snows of winter into one sudden and frightful inundation. When water has been heated in an open vessel to the boiling point, instead of its temperature increasing, the additional heat escapes in the form of steam, and this steam absorbs 1000 degrees of heat, which immediately becomes insensible. It is for this reason that water projected on a raging fire so powerfully represses it, for the heat enters so rapidly into its latent state in the conversion of the water into steam, that it is soon abstracted from the burning body. We now, therefore, understand that, after expansion, the next effect of heat is to produce liquifaction; but if the heat be still continued, the material particles being forced to a still greater distance from each other, the liquid enters into a state of vapour. Water affords a good example of this, being very readily vapourised; indeed, it undergoes spontaneous evaporation at very low temperatures; but on the application of cold, the watery vapour is soon condensed. When steam is first formed, it is invisible, as may be observed by noticing it issuing from the spout of a kettle; but when it comes into contact with the colder air, it is immediately condensed, and assumes the appearance of a visible cloud. An immense quantity of water is continually evaporating from the surface of the earth. After a heavy fall of rain, the fields and roads are inundated, but the water soon disappears during a little subsequent fine weather. The Mediterranean Sea receives many large rivers; but the evaporation from its surface is so considerable as to prevent its increasing in size. The water thus evaporated from rivers, lakes, and seas, ascends into the air, and becomes condensed into clouds. It seldom happens in this country that the sky is perfectly transparent, but often, on a fine day, we may observe a cloud suddenly formed by a cold current of wind in the upper regions of the air, which rapidly condenses the watery vapour there into light fleecy clouds. Water, we may add, does not evaporate so quickly when still, as when agitated by a brisk wind; hence variable winds are generally regarded as the precursors of rain, and more rain falls during spring and autumn than during summer or winter.

When a body has absorbed a certain quantity of heat, it distributes it forth again; and in so doing, the heat passes off from its surface in rays or straight lines. When a solid substance is interposed, however, the rays of heat are intercepted, as happens when we use a handscreen to protect the face from the heat of a common fire. Professor Leslie, of this University, has made a number of curious and interesting experiments on this subject; and he found that a rough and dark surface projects heat better than a smooth and polished surface, so that metals do not radiate heat so well as other substances. Since bright metals project heat most feebly, vessels intended to retain their heat, as tea and coffee-pots, should be made of such materials. Steam-pipes intended to convey heat to distant apartments should be on this account bright in their course, but dark when they reach their destination. Were it not for this radiation, the earth which has been absorbing the sun's rays for many days would become parched up by the accumulation of heat; instead of

which, when the sun has set, it radiates it forth again into the circumambient air. The consequence of this is, that the surface whence this radiation takes place becomes colder than the surrounding atmosphere, and condenses the invisible vapour which the air always contains, into dew. Accordingly, dew is only deposited on those substances that are below the temperature of the air by which they are surrounded; and as filamentous substances radiate heat best, the dew appears in greater abundance where it is most wanted, on the grass of open plains rather than on bare earth, rocks, and masses of water. It is known that dew is deposited in the greatest quantity on a fine clear night, and that little is produced when the sky is overcast with clouds—the reason of which is, that the clouds, acting like a concave mirror, reflect back the radiated heat to the earth's surface, and so tend to keep it warm. Gardeners on this principle protect their tender plants, by covering them over with a mat or layer of straw, which protects them from cold, by preventing the heat being radiated away from them. Snow acts in the same manner; and by obstructing the radiation of its heat, keeps the earth below warm, while the air above is many degrees below the freezing point. Our own bodies radiate heat. When we go out into the open air at night, this radiation of heat induces a sensation of cold; and the coldness we experience is most intense when we are in an open country on a clear calm night. When it is cloudy, the heat is reflected back to us; and even in towns the reflection from the houses affords to us some compensation; but in the country, when the night is clear and calm, this radiation proceeds without interruption.

MYSIE AND THE MINISTER.

THAT eccentric genius, the late John M'Taggart, in his "Gallovidian Encyclopædia," says that Nathan M'Kie, the minister of Crossmichael, who died in the year 1781, was so much afraid of bogles, that he would not go out of a house at night, without some person going along with him, and holding him by the coat-tail, which assertion is strengthened by the following anecdote:—

Returning home from the manse of Kells on a hot summer day, he stepped off the road to rest his nag, and have a little chat with his old friend Snodgrass, who at that time rented the moorland farm of Tornorroch, at the junction of the Dee and the Ken. The farmer, and Nanny Nettle, his old maiden housekeeper, with nearly all the domestics, were busily employed in the kail-yard, striving to conduct a swarm of young bees into a new hive, by the rattling of old girdles, tongs, candlesticks, and such other articles about the steading as are usually put in requisition on such occasions.

Nothing could have been more agreeable to the minister of Crossmichael than to assist this rustic band in skepping the bees; and being well acquainted with all the rules since laid down by Bonar for the management of these insects, he soon succeeded in lodging the young community in their new habitation. Snodgrass was too good a landlord to allow his guest to depart without taking pot-luck, but it was unfortunately what is called in the country CAUL-KAIL-DAY, and the minister took only a few slices of a braxy ham; but what he wanted of *soddin* he made up in *sap*, of which few people ever left Tornorroch without a quantum sufficit.

Snodgrass was such a noted hand at the bottle, that it was said he could drink even Craigdarroch, the champion of "the whistle," a well-known Bacchanalian poem by Burns, blind, without being in the least tipsy himself—which made him more than a match for poor Nathan, who, when the sun was setting in the western horizon, supposed the reflection of that luminary in the "black water of Dee" to be an additional sun going down in the firmament. This the old maid Nanny Nettle took to be a sure indication that it was full time for the priest to be stepping homewards; and knowing how much he dreaded to be out under the cloud of night, and afraid lest on that account, if she allowed him to sit much longer, he might take the resolution of remaining for the night at Tornorroch, and, consequently, protracting his visit longer than she wished him to do, therefore took the liberty of reminding him how far he was from the manse of Crossmichael, and how soon the foxes would begin to howl in the neighbouring mountains. Another cheerer before mounting, and the stirrup-cup occupied so much time, that, ere he had passed the Boat-a-Rhone, the twinkling stars were overshadowed by the dark clouds that rose in the west, and spread over the arch of heaven, and the demons of darkness began already to haunt his heated imagination. His fear was greatly increased by a tinkling which he fancied he sometimes heard at a distance, and at first supposed to be the wedder-bell of some neighbouring flock; but as the sound seemed to follow him on his journey, he became satisfied that his opinion in that respect was not correct, and, as if he had suddenly discovered the mistake, he said to his old gerran, as she cocked her ears, seemingly as much afraid as her master, "Ah! I have it now! The bees have left their new hive at Tornorroch, and crabbied Miss Nettle is tinkling her tongs to wile them back again! What a time of night this is to be following bees! I wish my friend Snodgrass and Lady Nettle had not been plying the bottle a little too freely since I left them." Then reining up his mare, he turned back as if to convince the old

maid of the folly of her pursuit; but as he stood in breathless expectation of her approach, the tinkling sound died away in the evening breeze, filling the good man's mind at the same time with great consternation. But as soon as the mare recommenced her journey homewards, "What a fool I was," said he, "to think that the folk of Tornorroch were following me when the tinkling is actually in another direction; it is undoubtedly the sound of the vesper bell coming from that Catholic house of Glendinning there at Parton." For a few minutes he continued to be of this opinion, but as his mare advanced, every step convinced him more fully that the sound proceeded from her feet, and he fancied it was occasioned by her shoes being loose; his mind was then a little relieved, for he was just at the smithy of Black Baldie of Cogarth, who, upon the minister's desiring him to do so, examined the shoes of the horse, and declared them to be all firm and fast.

"You are certainly in your cups to-night, Baldie, as I have too frequently found you to be before, otherwise you would not say so; the mare's shoes have clinked one after another every step from the Boat-a-Rhone, and you must therefore put a good stout nail into each of them."

"Aweel," said Baldie, "a body shon'd na stand in his own light by refusing a job when he can get ane from sic a good customer," at the same time lifting his tool-box, and going through all the operations of horse-shoeing, without either drawing or driving a nail, so dexterously, that he of the manse was quite satisfied, and mounted again, praying that he might meet with no further interruption on the way. But at the first step the tinkling commenced as loud as formerly, not far distant from where he supposed the sound to have proceeded before, but not quite so near the earth. He now believed that the whole was undoubtedly an illusion of the Great Enemy of Mankind to gain an ascendancy over him for some unseen purpose.

In great preturbation of mind he arrived at the manse, where the beadle of the parish was in attendance to receive him. "Lord save us, sirs but you are late to-night." "Ay, ye may weel say that, John," was the reply; "but you little ken how my patience has been tried, and how the arm of Omnipotence has supported me through the dark watches of the night, since I left the haunted How of the Airds, where ye ken the deil was once seen making spoons, and he has clinked at my heels all the way. But let us overcome the foul fiend by prayer." John was as superstitious as his master, and hearing what he supposed to be an unearthly sound somewhere about the person of the priest, was equally terrified. To prayer they went, but all to no purpose, for as the minister staggered up stairs, the former ting-tang commenced, and sapient John stood motionless as a statue; but Mysie, the minister's maid, who was less afraid of bogles than either her master or his man, saw there was a "whaup in the rape" that would soon get dispelled; nor was she kept long in suspense.

The sound that was heard below indicated that the reverend gentleman had only trampled once across his chamber, when a sudden rap was heard on the floor, with a loud accompanying ting. "Ah!" cried John, "our master is triumphant at last; that is the sound of the foul fiend taking his departure: he is nae doubt in an unco fyke at being sae worsted." "If that be the case, I maun hae a parting glimpse of him," said Mysie, bounding up stairs; and, looking through the key-hole of the door of her master's chamber, she saw him lift a dark globular substance from the floor, which had seemingly fallen from a pocket in his coat, which he had cast off preparatory to going to bed, and had laid over the back of a chair, as was his usual custom; and as he held it in his hand, she heard him exclaim, "Gramercy! does what I so recently conceived to be a wedder-bell, the bees of Tornorroch, the vespers of Glendinning, the sound of my horse's shoes, and even the voice of Satan himself, turn out to be only this minikin table-bell, which I must have unconsciously pocketed in the kail-yard of my friend Snodgrass, after I had used it in skepping the bees. Had this mistake been discovered by my hairbrained maid Mysie, who is whiles fyking where she is no wanted, it might have proved unpleasant to me, as she would soon have made it ring over my whole parish, and then some ill-willy folk might have called John Barleycorn the father of it."

How the bell was returned to its proper owner, or if Mysie's account of it never met poor Nathan's ear, are particulars I have not been able to learn. But certain it is, that, from her recital, the lost bell of Tornorroch soon became a favourite fireside story in the Glenkens of Galloway.

DOLLS' EYES.

THOSE who are strangers to the extraordinary extent of manufactures in England, can have no idea of the amount of capital sunk, and industry exercised, on what might be termed the merest trifles. The following extract from the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, on the Report on Artizans and Machinery, and introduced with effect by Babbage into his late work on the Economy of Manufactures, illustrates this remark. The person examined was Mr Ostler, a manufacturer of glass beads, and other toys of the same substance, from Birmingham. Several of the articles made by him

were placed upon the table for the inspection of the committee, which held its sittings in one of the committee-rooms.

"Question. Is there any thing else you have to state upon this subject?

"Answer. Gentlemen may consider the articles on the table as extremely insignificant; but perhaps I may surprise them a little, by mentioning the following fact. Eighteen years ago, on my first journey to London, a respectable-looking man in the city asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and perhaps twice the length of this, and we had just room to walk between stalks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of L.500. I went into the country, and endeavoured to make them. I had some of the most ingenious glass toy-makers in the kingdom in my service; but when I showed it to them, they shook their heads, and said they had often seen the article before, but could not make it. I engaged them by presents to use their best exertions; but after trying and wasting a great deal of time for three or four weeks, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. Soon afterwards I engaged in another branch of business (chandelier furniture), and took no more notice of it. About eighteen months ago I resumed the trinket trade, and then determined to think of the dolls' eyes; and about eight months since, I accidentally met with a poor fellow who had impoverished himself by drinking, and who was dying in a consumption, in a state of great want. I showed him ten sovereigns, and he said he would instruct me in the process. He was in such a state that he could not bear the effluvia of his own lamp; but though I was very conversant with the manual part of the business, and it related to things I was daily in the habit of seeing, I felt I could do nothing from his description. (I mention this to show how difficult it is to convey, by description, the mode of working). He took me into his garret, where the poor fellow had economised to such a degree, that he actually used the entrails and fat of poultry from Leadenhall market to save oil (the price of the article having been lately so much reduced by competition at home). In an instant before I had seen him make three, I felt competent to make a gross; and the difference between his mode and that of my own workmen was so trifling that I felt the utmost astonishment.

"Question. You can now make dolls' eyes?

"Answer. I can. As it was eighteen years ago that I received the order I have mentioned, and feeling doubtful of my own recollection, though very strong, and suspecting that it could [not] have been to the amount stated, I last night took the present very reduced price of that article (less than half now of what it was then), and calculating that every child in this country not using a doll till two years old, and throwing it aside at seven, and having a new one annually, I satisfied myself that the eyes alone would produce a circulation of a great many thousand pounds. I mention this merely to show the importance of trifles; and to assign one reason, amongst many, for my conviction, that nothing but personal communication can enable our manufactures to be transplanted."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.—*Concluded.*

THE stay of Clarke in Russia was of no long duration, and was rendered so disagreeable, first, by the savage tyranny of the emperor, and, secondly, by the evil character of his subjects—which, as being every where felt, was infinitely more annoying—that our traveller regarded himself among a civilised people when he reached Constantinople. In fact, he found himself in a sort of English society, which, congregating together at the palace of the embassy, engaged in the same round of amusements which would have occupied them in London. The time which these agreeable occupations left him was employed in searching for and examining Greek medals, and in viewing such curiosities as were to be found in Constantinople; among other things the interior of the seraglio, where no Frank, he says, had before set his foot.

Clarke next proceeded to Rhodes, the Gulf of Glaucon on the coast of Asia Minor, and thence by sea to Egypt, where the English fleet was then lying in Aboukir Bay. He did not, however, see much of Egypt on this occasion, for the country was still in possession of the French; and, therefore, after a short visit to Rosetta, he sailed for Cyprus, and on returning from this voyage, proceeded to Palestine. Here he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, the Lake of Gennesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes, or Israelites of Mount Lebanon.

His stay in Palestine was exceedingly short, just sufficient to enable him to say he had looked at it. He then returned to Aboukir Bay, where his brother was commander of an English ship, which now, on the 6th

August 1801, swarmed with French prisoners, like a beehive. When the road to Cairo was rendered practicable by the defeat of the French, our traveller proceeded to that city, where the most interesting objects existing were the beautiful young women who had been torn by the French soldiers from the harems of the bey, and then, when they evacuated the country, deserted and abandoned to their fate. Here he procured a complete copy of the "Arabian Nights," which, with many other works that were so many sealed books to him, gave rise to much unavailing regret that he had bestowed little or no attention on the Arabic language. The pyramids he of course admired. "Without hyperbole," says he, "they are immense mountains; and when clouds cast shadows over their white sides, they are seen passing as upon the summits of the Alps." From the pinnacle of the loftiest he dated one of his letters to England, all of which are filled with lively dashing gossip, accompanied with rash, headlong, unphilosophical decisions, which the reflection of a moment, perhaps, might have served to dissipate. The news of the capitulation of Alexandria induced him to hurry back to the coast. He found the French troops still in the city, but preparing to embark with all speed. Great disputes, he says, had already arisen between General Hutchinson and Menou respecting the antiquities and collections of natural history which had been made by the French; the former claiming them as public, and the latter refusing them as private property. The part performed by Clarke himself in this affair, we shall relate in his own words:—"When I arrived in the British camp, General Hutchinson informed me that he had already stipulated for the stone in question (the Rosetta marble), and asked me whether I thought the other literary treasures were sufficiently national to be included in his demands. You may be sure I urged all the arguments I could muster to justify the proceeding; and it is clear they are not private property. General Hutchinson sent me to Menou, and charged me to discover what national property of that kind was in the hands of the French. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, had gone the same morning about an hour before, with Colonel Turner of the Antiquarian Society, about the hieroglyphic table. I showed my pass at the gates, and was admitted. The streets and public places were filled with the French troops, in desperate bad humour. Our proposals were made known, and backed by a menace from the British general, that he would break the capitulation if the proposals were not acceded to. The whole corps of scavengers and engineers beset Menou; and the poor old fellow, what with us and them, was completely hunted. We have been now at this work since Thursday the 11th, and I believe have succeeded. We found much more in their possession than was suspected or imagined. Pointers would not range better for game than we have done for statues, sarcophagi, maps, MSS., drawings, plans, charts, botany, stuffed birds, animals, dried fishes, &c. Savigny, who has been years in forming the beautiful collection of natural history for the republic, is in despair. Therefore we represented to General Hutchinson, that it would be the best plan to send him to England also, as the most proper person to take care of the collection, and to publish its description, if necessary."

No man, I suppose, who has passed beyond the frontiers of his own country, can fail to have experienced frequent depressions of spirit, during which he has probably repented him of his wandering habits. But Clarke was like a weathercock, now pointing to the east, now to the west. In the island of Zea, off the promontory of Sunium, he repented heartily of having undertaken the voyage to Greece. "Danger, fatigue, disease, filth, treachery, thirst, hunger, storms, rocks, assassins, these," he exclaims, "are the realities" which a traveller in Greece meets with! Anon, at Athens, he writes, "We have been here these three days; we sailed into the port of the Piræus after sunset on the 28th. The little voyage from Cape Sunium to Athens is one of the most interesting I ever made. The height of the mountains brings the most distant objects into the view, and you are surrounded by beauty and grandeur. The sailors and pilots still give to every thing its ancient name, with only a little difference in the pronunciation. They show you, as you sail along, Egina and Salamis, Mount Hymettus and Athens, and Megara and the mountains of Corinth. The picture is the same as it was in the earliest ages of Greece. The Acropolis rises to view as if it were in its most perfect state; the temples and buildings seem entire; for the eye, in the Saronic Gulf, does not distinguish the injuries which the buildings have suffered; and nature, of course, is the same now as she was in the days of Themistocles. I cannot tell you what sensations I felt—the successions were so rapid, I knew not whether to laugh or to cry—sometimes I did both."

"Our happiness is complete: we have forgotten all our disasters, and I have half a mind to blot out all I have written in the first part of this letter. We are in the most comfortable house imaginable, with a good widow and her daughter. You do not know Lusieri. He was my friend in Italy many years ago. Think what a joy to find him here, presiding over the troop of artists, architects, sculptors, and excavators, that Lord Elgin has sent here to work for him. He is the most celebrated artist at present in the world. Pericles would have deified him. He attends us every where, and Pausanias himself would not have made a better cicerone."

"Athens exceeds all that ever has been written or

painted from it. I know not how to give an idea of it; because having never seen any thing like it, I must become more familiar with so much majesty before I can describe it. I am no longer to lament the voyage I lost with Lord Berwick; because it is exactly that which a man should see *last* in his travels. It is even with joy I consider it is perhaps the end of all my admiration. We are lucky in the time of our being here. The popularity of the English name gives us access to many things which strangers before were prohibited from visiting, and the great excavations that are going on discover daily some hidden treasures. Rome is almost as insignificant in comparison with Athens as London with Rome; and one regrets the consciousness that no probable union of circumstances will ever again carry the effects of human labour to the degree of perfection they have attained here."

Not one, after this, will accuse Clarke of being deficient in enthusiasm; but this is not all. On reaching the summit of Parnassus, he bursts forth into expressions of admiration, which, if they were not justified by the sublime beauty of the scenes themselves, or by the historical glory with which they must be eternally associated, would be absurd. "It is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia—Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins!—awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales!—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can portray it!"

"I know not when we shall get to Constantinople. We are as yet only three days' distance from Athens; and here we sit on the top of Parnassus, in a little sty, full of smoke, after wandering for a fortnight in Atica, Boeotia, and Phocis. We have been in every spot celebrated in ancient story—in fields of slaughter and in groves of song. I shall grow old in telling you the wonders of this country. Marathon, Thebes, Platea, Leuctra, Thespia, Mount Helicon, the grove of the Muses, the cave of Trophonius, Cheronea, Orchomene, Delphi, the Castalian fountain, Parnassus; we have paid our vows in all! But what is most remarkable, in Greece there is hardly a spot which hath been particularly dignified, that is not also adorned by the most singular beauties of nature. Independently of its history, each particular object is interesting."

From Athens they proceeded by land to Constantinople through ancient Thrace, by a route partly trodden by Poclcock. After a short stay at this city, they directed their course homewards through Roumelia, Austria, Germany, and France, and arrived in England after an absence of upwards of three years. Cripps now returned for a short period to his family, and Clarke, who had by this time acquired an immense reputation, took up his residence at Cambridge, where, with very few intervals of absence, he remained nearly twenty years. He was very soon rejoined by his pupil, the completing of whose education, together with the arranging of his curiosities and antiquities, and the composition of his travels, fully occupied his leisure for some time. A statue of Ceres, which our traveller had dug up, and sent home from Greece, was presented, on his return, to the university; in consequence of which the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Clarke, and that of M.A. upon his companion.

In 1805, Dr Clarke published a "Dissertation on the Sarcophagus in the British Museum," which, though necessarily neglected by the public, is said to have given considerable satisfaction to the learned, and procured for its author many valuable acquaintances. Another, and a very different subject, employed his mind throughout a great part of the following year. This was no less a thing than matrimony; which, as soon as the idea got footing in his brain, occupied his ardent imagination to the exclusion of every thing else. His suit, however, was successful. The lady of his choice became his wife; and to increase this piece of good fortune, two livings, for he had entered into orders, were presented him by his friends, the one shortly before, and the other immediately after, his marriage. He now occupied himself with lectures on mineralogy, which were delivered at the university to crowded audiences, and were a source of considerable profit. This, as he expected, led to his appointment as professor of mineralogy; and "thus," says Mr Otter, "were his most sanguine wishes crowned with success; and thus were his spirit and perseverance rewarded with one of the rarest and highest honours which the university could bestow."

Dr Clarke now began to think of turning the treasures he had picked up in his travels to account; he sold his MSS. to the Bodleian Library at Oxford for £1,000, and his Greek coins to Mr Payne Knight for one hundred guineas. The publication of his travels next followed, and produced him a clear sum of £6,595. In the year 1814, his old passion for travelling revived, and an expedition was projected into the Grecian Archipelago, for the purpose of collecting antiquities, manuscripts, &c. But he was overruled by his friends, who probably believed that his constitution was now unequal to the fatigue which would be the inevitable attendant on such a mission. To this scheme he would appear to have been urged by the extravagant manner in which he had for some time lived; but a more practicable, or at least a more

certain mode of recovering from the effects of this false step, presented itself, which was no other than reducing his expenses, and living within his income. This he had the courage to undertake and execute, and from that day forward seems to have led the life of a sensible man. His passion now took a new turn, and he was wholly absorbed by chemistry. In September 1816 he wrote as follows to a friend:—"I sacrificed the whole month of August to chemistry. Oh how I did work! It was delightful play to me, and I stuck to it day and night. At last, having blown off both my eyebrows and eyelashes, and nearly blown out both my eyes, I ended with a bang that shook all the houses round my lecture-room. The Cambridge paper has told you the result of all this alchemy, for I have actually decomposed the earths, and obtained them in a metallic form."

The constitution of this enthusiastic traveller and man of letters could not endure this continued high-wrought mental excitement; and he died on the 9th of March 1822.—Abridged from *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*.

PRONUNCIATION.

THE inhabitants of the Scottish border counties, particularly in Roxburghshire, have a peculiar way of using the letter *g*, which, as the English use it in *gall*, they generally pronounce as in *gale*. The following dialogue, which passed a few years ago, at the inn at Hawick, between a gentleman travelling for a mercantile house in London, and a female servant who had just conducted him to the travellers' room, will serve as an illustration:—

Traveller.—Send the waiter here.

Servant.—Yes, sir—(goes out, but returns almost immediately.) What kind o' waiter do you want, sir?

Traveller.—Kind of waiter! Why, how many kinds have you?

Servant.—Twa, sir; *waiter-waiter* and *wall-waiter*.

Traveller.—*Waiter-waiter* and *wall-waiter*! And pray what is the particular distinction?

Servant.—Distinction, sir? Ou, the *yin* is soft and guid for washin', and the other hard and pleasant for drinkin'.

Our traveller was at a stand-still; he was literally done up. At last he desired the female to send both before him, that he might judge for himself, which she accordingly did; but his surprise came to a climax when she presented him with two jugs, which she said contained the *waiters* he desired. After no little trouble he discovered that the good people of Hawick pronounced the words *water* and *waiter* alike, and that the only difference between *waiter-waiter* and *wall-waiter* was, that the one was water from the river (or *water*), and the other water from the well (or *wall*). As for "waiting waiters" they had "nane"—they were a "waiting maids." The item for "fash" at the end of the traveller's bill was a tickler; but mine hostess contrived to explain it by saying, "it was answering the bell, cleanin' his shoon, and sick-like."

ANTIQUITY OF WHISKY.

There is pretty good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great god of Egypt, was the *first distiller of whisky* on record; for the Egyptians had, from time almost immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say, in flavour, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine, and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews; for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament, under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celts in Spain and France, it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine; Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic kind of part of Iberia, or Spain, who affected great court pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure—a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the reguli chiefs of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not improbably be supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northwards to the Thracians and Celts of Spain and Gaul, who, in their migrations north-westwards, carried it along with them into Ireland and our Scottish Highlands. Aristotle entertained an extraordinary notion of this potation. Those intoxicated with it, he says, fall on the back part of their heads; whereas those drunk with wine fall on their faces!

EPIGRAM.

Lieutenant Charles Gray, of his majesty's marine corps, and author of a volume of poems chiefly in the Scottish language, was once obliged by the boatmen at Deal to pay an exorbitantly high fee for carrying him out to his vessel. Recollecting that this was the scene of Gay's well-known marine ballad, he immediately penned the following epigram:—

When black-eyed Susan came on board—
If from the beach the Deal-men barged her—
I wish it had been on record,
How much those smuggling fellows barged her,

MILES ATHERTON.

THERE are many beautiful little dwellings of industrious men scattered through the suburbs of Manchester; and none who have viewed with consideration their honeysucked walls and the flowery gardens in which they stand, just out of the reach of the smoke and stir of the town, will doubt the good feeling and intelligence of the working classes. Manufactures have by no means that deteriorating influence on the character which some moralists would draw in such frightful colours. Industry at the loom may not be so poetical as industry at the plough, but surely it is not less intellectual. In manufacturing districts, where multitudes are gathered together, the vice that exists will force itself painfully on observation, while retired virtue often escapes notice; and in the din issuing at evening from the licensed haunts of the profligate, the passer-by is apt to forget the stillness of many a neighbouring fireside, where the operative is sitting happy with his wife and children, reading perhaps aloud, for their instruction and his own, or seeking out, should wages be low, the week's means by an occasional by-hour of skill and ingenuity.

In one of those dwellings, for which, if beautiful be too strong an epithet, let us substitute neat and comfortable, Miles Atherton had lived for ten years, and in his own little world of labour, had enjoyed an equal contentment—the only human felicity. His wife was from Scotland, the daughter of a shepherd—brought, when just woman-grown, from her native pastoral braes into the midst of a new life. But in the watchfulness of affection, she soon became familiarised with objects and occupations very different from every thing about her father's house, and in a few years the murmur of the sylvan Jed visited her ear only in some Sabbath dream. The working days were exclusively filled with delights and duties, joys and griefs, born and dying within the room where her husband and her children slept. Her parents had both died since she left Scotland; and though Mary Atherton and a few distant relations still mutually lived in each other's memory, yet in time and separation the living are almost like the dead, and, as they sometimes rise from oblivion, are but pleasant phantoms. But seldom as Mary Atherton, perhaps, now thought of Scotland, her simple and heartfelt voice spoke of her birth beyond the border, and now and then a wanderer from the "north country," directed by neighbours to her house, repaid her charities by telling her that he had been in her native parish, had seen the spire of the kirk, and the plaided shepherds on the hill.

The evil of poverty is not in the suffering which it wrings the heart, but in the poison which it too often mingles with the affections. Bread steeped in tears it is difficult to eat in thankfulness; and there is no blessing in the prayer in which there is no present hope. When earth stops its bounty, we despair of help from heaven; and the piety which worshipped God by the warm hearth, faints over the dead embers. The change on our whole moral nature may be slow, but it is sure. Each successive day is darkened and disturbed to the sullen or angry heart; beloved objects lose their charm; and things formerly abhorrent to our nature possess a spell over us which, loathsome though it be, we cannot break, and under whose infatuation we hurry on to guilt, despair, and death. For three months Miles Atherton was poor—miserably poor; and in other three, just as winter came, with all its severities, he was also profligate, miserably profligate. His pretty children, a boy and a girl, were taken from school; their mother's face had undergone a change like that of many years' sickness; and their house, so long the pride of the suburban village, looked as if it were uninhabited.

Mary Atherton, before the neighbours, endeavoured to look cheerful, and an honest pride sometimes supported her when better feelings had worked themselves out; but that strength was of avail only in the open daylight. When the door was shut, she often sat for hours without moving, in a sort of blind resignation; for the little work she could get or was able to do, could procure so small a portion of the very necessities of life, that she took it up only in hurried snatches, and would lay it down again in despair, when her eyes met those of her pining and sickly children. Misery had made her husband hard-hearted—almost brutal; so that often at midnight she trembled to unlatch the door for him, and dared not, till he slept, approach his bosom. Yet the poor creature loved him as well—better than ever; and kisses and tears he knew not of fell on his haggard countenance, disturbed even in his dreams. The time for advice or reproaches was gone by, and her last hope was in meek silence and uncomplaining sorrow.

One morning the unhappy man took his boy by the hand, and little Alec allowed himself to be led away without ever once venturing to look into his father's face. Fear had not quelled love in that innocent heart, but it had sunk its expression in his downcast eyes; and now he walked along as if conscious of some crime, and about to receive punishment. His father stopped on a bridge over a canal, and placing the boy beside him on the ledge, looked on him in gloomy silence. It was a lonely place—the water brown and muddy—and little Alec began, he knew not why, to weep. His father, incensed at the wailing sound, and distracted by an evil conscience, struck him on the face, and in an instant the child was silent; for this was the first time he had thus felt the hand

that used to stroke down so gently his hair over his forehead; and pain, fear, and wonder, checked sigh and speech. In a little while he heard his father groan, and then was lifted up on his bosom, and there forgot that cruelty as if it had never been. "Alec, my little Alec, would you be afraid to die?" "Yes, to be drowned, father; but not to die in my bed, with you and mother praying beside me, as you did when I had the fever in spring." A grim and hideous figure stood before them at these words, and, after some talking in a low voice, which the child feared to listen to, he felt himself alone in the grasp of a fiend, for his father had suddenly disappeared.

The winter came and went, and the mother knew not what had become of her sweet Alec, or if he were, as her husband said, yet alive in this miserable world. "Our boy is alive; but I could not support him, as you know, and he is apprenticed where he will do well enough, as the world goes, though he will have his hardships." How she herself was able to outlive all these months, was a mystery—an upbraiding to her weary spirit; for, surely, she often thought, had not other wretchedness killed all love within her, she had long since been in the churchyard. All that the kindness of her poor neighbours could do was lost upon her, and she accepted their charity without gratitude. They wondered how she was kept alive, for no one ever saw her at a meal; and often, on the bitterest days, there was not a spark of fire in the house. Her daughter was frequently wiled away into other dwellings, and fed and warmed: but the mother kept her room, like a ghost, and was often seen, by persons looking through the window, leaning with her head on the Bible, which she was nowise able to read, for her eyesight had failed her, and she was almost as one of the blind. "Oh, Mary, leave your worthless husband, and become one of us," sometimes said her best friend—herself with a large family, and very, very poor; but the wife strove to straighten her crouching frame at these words, and said, in a hollow whisper, "Never, never, till he lay me in my grave."

It was the evening of a spring holiday; and for a brief space forgetting, or at least laying aside their sorrows, almost every family, in street and lane, had gone out for amusement. Low as wages were, and provisions dear, parents laid out something on their own dress and that of their children, that they might not seem worse off than they really were; and sights and sounds of merriment were rife through the suburb. Mary suffered her daughter to join the festivities—at least she made no answer to the richly-ribbioned dame who came to invite her solitary child; and then fell back into that stupor which, to many eyes, often appeared to be a mid-day sleep. But the influence of this annual spring-holiday could not be wholly unfelt, far gone as she was in woe and want; and as the merry minstrelsy passed the door, she opened her eyes, and for one blessed moment thought she beheld little Alec, with some flowers wreathed round his hat, and dancing in his glee; but the vision and the music died away together, and she only uttered, "Perhaps it was his ghost!"

In an hour there was a knock at the door, which then slowly opened, and a soldier came in, seemingly off a long march. "Are you Mary Atherton?" said he, with a kind voice. "Yes; I am Mary Atherton: has my husband enlisted; and is he going away to a foreign country? Oh! that he could be suffered to stay for a week or two, and then he would have no widow to forsake." "I have come, my good woman, to tell you good tidings of your lost boy; his name, he says, is Alec, and he is not far off." He was indeed near at hand; for almost while the soldier was speaking, Alec was upon his mother's bosom—not in her arms—for they hung lifelessly—but in her bosom, and upon her neck; and perhaps his sobbings were not unheard in her swoon.

The mother recovered her senses, but not her speech; she held him now fast in her arms, as if about to bear him away from devouring fire; she loved more in that one dreadful clasp than she had ever loved in her whole life; and the thought of the great God was along with that of her first-born; so too was forgiveness of her husband—penitence for her impious sorrows, willingness now to die—and a desire—oh, how profound!—of yet a few days, months, years, of this mortal life!

A few words from her boy told the tale of a whole winter's miseries. A father had sold his child into slavery! All those pretty curls were gone, whose golden lustre had once been the joy of a proud mother's heart; the roses had left his cheek; and his little hands were wasted to the very bone, and covered with scars and wounds; his voice was low and timid, as if terror had pitched its key; but still, in all that rueful change, it was the same cheek, the same forehead, the same hair, the same hands, the same voice, the same smile! "O bitter, bitter cold—dreadful, more dreadful heat—and cruel, cruel stifling of that sweet breath, hast thou, my blessed Alec, too long endured! Yet beautiful is my boy as ever; nor think that I could not have known my boy had I seen him all begrimed in his wretchedness—heard but his small pattering footsteps—had it been even in the uttermost parts of the earth!"

The soldier who had rescued the poor sweep from slavery now rose to depart. The grateful mother began to request him to take some refreshment, and then her voice all at once ceased. After a pause she said—"You have brought riches into the house of po-

verty, for we have not at this blessed moment one morsel of bread!"

Mary was now left alone with her restored son, and that cold, dreary, desolate chamber was to her like one of the many mansions in the house of her heavenly father. With what divine happiness did she gaze on him kneeling once more by the bedside, and saying distinctly his unforgotten prayer! Hardly could she believe that he had indeed been brought back to her from the dreadful darkness of some remote region, till she lay down and took him into her bosom. Wearied and worn with his long journey homewards, and all at once made perfectly happy after so many horrid months, the boy soon fell asleep, and his warm breath thrilled through his mother's heart, to the entire possession of all its affections, and utter oblivion of all its long distress.

When little Alice came home from the merriment, her smiles met with a joyful return, that startled the affectionate girl with a new kind of happiness. Awe-struck by the face of her long-lost brother, covered with the placid light of sleep, Alice muttered not a word, as her mother withdrew the curtain, saying, "Bless God for his return." In a few minutes she was laid by his side, and, without awaking him, placed her little arm softly across his neck, and, closing her eyes, soon beheld him in the pastime of her innocent dreams. No fire burned on the hearth—not even a rushlight twinkled—but the moonshine filled the chamber with a sweet, solemn, and sacred light, and all within was thankfulness, piety, and peace.

"Not yet gone to bed!" said Miles Atherton, with a harsh voice, as he entered the room in that reckless and violent manner habitual to the profligate. His wife was now above the power of fear—no beating at her heart—no trembling in her limbs; for the comforter had been with her, and there was such an expression of blessedness on her countenance, as the moonlight showed it pale, wan, sunken, but rejoicing, that the wretched intruder was fixed in amazement, and calmed by the unexpected and inexplicable change of every feature. "Look here, my beloved husband, look here—look here!" and he beheld Alec and Alice fast asleep, and locked in each other's arms. "Yes, father, I love you—forgive you; will you let me kiss you, father!" murmured the boy, buried in a profound dream; and the sweet broken voice brought the sinner on his knees, as if God's own hand had smitten him with sudden death.

Hours passed away, and the grey light of dawn saw husband and wife yet kneeling as in morning prayer. Mercy and forgiveness are the attributes of the Eternal, and, like an effluence from his Spirit, may be breathed from one human heart to another, destroying both grief and guilt. Remorse had long preyed upon its victim, but now he was delivered up to penitence. Evil found now no abiding-place in his spirit; and after many sudden visits—many ghost-like hauntings and midnight knockings at its gate, forsook it for ever—leaving but a salutary and monitory dread of its return. In a few months the summer flowers were again bright in the garden, and clustering round the porch; and before the summer was gone, as the family, in decent apparel, walked duly every Sabbath to church, the neighbours had almost entirely forgotten how grievously one had erred, and all had been afflicted. But it was on the Sabbath-day that the penitential man most remembered all his sins; and in its blessed freedom from worldly cares, he then communed with his own heart, and knew that it had been desperately wicked. His son's face was a perpetual memento of his guilt, but one that he loved to look on; and the beauty of returning health on that other face which, in its most deadly wanness, never had upbraided him, reminded him, almost every time it smiled, of the long-continued cruelty that had nearly brought it to the dust. But contrition settled down within his heart; for he felt as if he had finally made his peace with God, and that the past ought to be remembered only for sake of the future.—*Janus.*

SIMPLE HABITS OF LIFE.

A manufacturer of Paisley, after a long life of severe toil, and little indulgence in the comforts of life, was suddenly enriched at last by the death of a relative in the West Indies, who bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon afterwards at Edinburgh, where he happened to be introduced to the celebrated Lord Monboddo, to whom, at the same time, the story of his late acquisition of fortune was related. "Then," said Monboddo, contemplating the spare figure of his new acquaintance, "you ought to live generously: you and your wife should begin to take a glass or two of wine, and otherwise improve your diet a little." "Ay, auld man," said the Paisley weaver, evidently thinking the advice completely anticipated by the alteration he had already effected in his system of domestic economy, "we tak parritch and sweet milk to our supper."

The elder Sir William Forbes, banker in Edinburgh, and a very polite man, was one afternoon leaving the bank, about four o'clock, with a plain country acquaintance, who had been doing business with him. "Good morning," said Sir William, in parting with this person. "Good mornin'!" cried the other in surprise; "I got my mornin' two hours syne."

THE ATTENDANTS OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

The Gille-coorse, or henchman, who closely attended the person of his chief, and stood behind him

at table; the Bladair, or spokesman; the Bard; the Piobaire, or piper; the Gille-piobaire, the piper's servant, who carried his instrument; the Gille-more, who carried the chief's broadsword; the Gille-cas-fluich, who carried him, when on foot, over the rivers; the Gille-comhstrathaim, who led his horse in rough and dangerous paths; the Gille-trusareis, or baggage-man; the Gille-ruthe, or running footman, was also an occasional attendant. Besides these, he was generally accompanied by several gentlemen, who were near relations; and a number of the commoners followed him, and partook of the cheer which was always provided by the person to whom a visit was paid. These large followings, or *tails*, occasioned an act of council to be passed, prohibiting the northern lairds from appearing at Edinburgh with so formidable and inconvenient a retinue. The tails of the Highland chiefs were, however, sufficiently imposing on occasion of his majesty's late visit to Dunedin.—*Logan's Scottish Gael.*

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

I HAVE just had put into my hands an instructive and pleasingly written tract, in a pocket size, entitled "A Lecture illustrative of the Architecture of the Human Body, intended for the Rising Generation, by H. W. Dewhurst."

"Man is placed by an all-wise Providence at the head of the whole animal creation, who are made subservient to the gratification of his wants and necessities. In him we perceive a great chain of characters by which the Almighty has been pleased to distinguish him from the inferior classes of animals by whom he is daily more or less surrounded, and to whom he resembles in many points by their structure and functions. The most evident feature is, that man alone is intended to walk in the erect posture, an action no other creature is capable of performing; whilst the structure of the most perfectly formed monkey prevents the animal sustaining the upright position for any length of time without a great effort, or clinging to some external support.

The higher characteristics of man constitute his peculiarities. He possesses intelligence; and the prominent features of his mental powers are his *animal propensities*, by which he is placed on a par with the lower animals; thus enabling him to propagate and rear his offspring, and provide for their necessities—his *moral sentiments*, which govern his animal passions, and give him a sense of good and evil—lastly, his *intellectual faculties*, which stamp his importance and superiority, as composing the summit of the animal kingdom.

Let us philosophically examine the manner in which he is constructed, and we shall find that it is in perfect accordance with the most exact mechanical principles. Investigating the heart and the blood-vessels, through which the vital fluid circulates, it is proved to be a perfect hydraulic machine, the heart being a most powerful engine by which the blood is propelled to the extremest part of the body; the lungs constitute an inimitable pneumatic apparatus; the beautiful membranes and transparent humours of the eye, forming an admirable optical instrument; in the same manner are the ears constructed on the most accurate principles of acoustics.

What an animated being! how vigorous and powerful! what beautiful and complicated machinery forms the graceful column of man!—it being composed of bones, articulations or joints, arteries, and veins, clothed with muscles and integuments!—how duly balanced! how aptly contrived for his various movements! At the summit of this column the head appears, appointed to this high situation as containing the seat of sensation, the light of understanding, and the faculty of sight. In the cranium, or skull, is situated the brain, the *organ* of the immaterial principle. In the brain the mind takes up its residence: here she holds communication with all the material things around her; from the brain she issues her commands, through the agency of the nerves, and sensations are conveyed from all parts of the body to the brain. The brain being extremely tender and susceptible of injury, the slightest local compression disturbing its action, it was necessary that it should be well protected from external violence.

The skull will frequently bear the most surprising degree of mechanical force applied to it without suffering any injury. It is composed of eight bones united by dove-tailed lines or sutures; if it had consisted only of one bone, it could not have answered every purpose for the defence of the brain. The division of the cranium into so many bones enables it to grow much faster, and with greater facility. In the early foetal state, as the first and second month after we are created, that which afterwards becomes the strong bony case of the brain exists only as a tough flexible membrane.

In no other part of animals do we see a greater instance of mechanical advantage, or lever power, than in the *lower jaw*. The temporal and masseter muscles pull almost *directly* at right angles to the line of the jaw; while in most other cases, as in that of the deltoid muscle lifting the arm, the muscles act *obliquely*, and with intensity diminished in proportion to their obliquity: an object placed between the back teeth is compressed with the whole direct power of the strong muscles of the jaw. Hence the human jaw can crush a body that resists with great force. The *teeth* form

an extraordinary set of chisels and wedges for cutting and tearing food. They are covered with a hard substance called enamel; on this account the teeth of many of the larger animals were used in former times for the same purposes as we now use steel, from the quantity of earth it contains. A set of small teeth appear soon after birth, and serve the child until the sixth or seventh year; these, in the course of time, fall out, and are replaced by larger ones, which last during a considerable period of our life. The number of teeth is only completed when the man and woman are full grown, by four more, called wisdom teeth.

In order to facilitate the various movements of the head backward and forward, and in the act of nodding, looking upward and downward—to effect these extensive purposes, it moves as an articulated fulcrum, or prop, on which it can turn either backward or forward, up or down, horizontally to the right or to the left. The two first movements are effected by a hinge joint fitted to the *atlas*, or first bone of the neck, but limited by ligaments, in its movements backward and forward, to prevent suffocation. The horizontal motion is effected by a peculiar auxiliary, placed on the bone below the first vertebra. It is a process of bone resembling a tooth, which fits into a pivot of the bone above it, and serves as an axle for the head to turn, but only to a limited extent, the muscles on each side protecting it from danger.

The spine, or back bones, are a continuation of the vertebrae; its various uses and amazing powers can never be wholly investigated; yet the reflective man can perceive sufficient of the magnificent design to compel him to adore and venerate the superior excellence of his God!

The spine, in figure, resembles, in some degree, an *Italic*, and consists of twenty-four vertebrae, or bones, joined together by smooth rubbing surfaces, and connected to each other by very strong intervening cartilages, more correctly termed intervertebral substance, which is extremely pliable, allowing great motion to the bones, and preventing their separation from one another, which would be followed by a material injury to the spinal marrow, and consequently to the destruction of life. The spine is the centre pillar on the top of which the head is situated; its use is to contain a prolongation of the brain, called the *spinal marrow*, which is of the greatest importance to animal life: if it is injured in the slightest degree, immediate death, or a paralysis of the parts below the injured portion, are the consequences.

From the spinal marrow, the nerves supplying some of the principal organs in the chest, abdomen, and inferior extremities, receive their origin. The spine affords support to all the muscles of the trunk; the ribs are articulated into the vertebrae of the back.

There are twenty-four bones in the human spine, joined to each other by broad bases; in some parts these bases are shallower than in others, according as they are to serve more immediately either the purposes of flexibility or strength. In the back, where strength is most wanted, they are firmer than in the loins, where flexibility is necessary; and still firmer in the neck, where the erect posture is chiefly required. Each of these bones is perforated through the middle, and so placed over and under those next to it, as to form a close canal for the medullary substance. To prevent this passage from being disturbed on change of posture, by the vertebrae shifting over one another, these bones are supplied with cartilages, which, being elastic and yielding, allow of these motions without separation of the bones themselves.

I may mention a curious fact, but yet a truism, that we are taller in the morning when we rise from our bed, than when we retire to it—for this reason, the weight of the body compresses the cartilages between the bones of the spine, which are restored partly by their elasticity, and partly from the superincumbent weight being removed during the horizontal position we assume when at rest.

On the various joints of the bones much of their different effects depend. Each is mechanical, and resolvable by human reason. There are two principal sorts of joints; viz. *ball and socket*, and the *hinge-joint*; one or other is used according to the extent of motion required. At the knee (the most complicated in structure) a hinge answers the purpose of moving the leg backwards and forwards; at the hip, a ball and socket serve to co-operate with the motion of the leg, and to move the limb to the right or left in any required position. The shoulder-joint is a ball and socket; but the socket here is very shallow, with a cartilage round its margin, while the cup of the thigh bone is very concave, and formed of more solid materials. These differences agree with the situations of each of them, and the purposes they are separately to answer; for as the one is a principal instrument of motion, the shallowness of the socket, and the flexibility of the cartilage, form its motion; while in the thigh and leg, which are to support the body, firmness is likewise necessary, which has been conceived in the conformation of the joints connected with them. In all the joints of the body, the ends of the bones are covered with cartilage, to prevent injury by the friction of hard substances. The ball, or head of the thigh bone, is tipped, and the cup lined, with this yielding substance: and the hip joint is protected by it. Each joint is supplied with a fluid denominated by anatomists *synovia*, by butchers, *joint oil*, which prevents the dreadful effects of friction.

Having considered the joints on which animal mo-

tions depend, we may next contemplate the mechanism by which these motions are generated and supported. The muscles and their tendons are not only constitutionally endowed to generate and regulate motion, but also differently constructed for these purposes, according to the movement required and the instruments used.

Muscles in general are pairs (with one or two exceptions we find them single, as the circular muscle of the mouth, &c.); their number has been estimated at two hundred and eighty-nine; but as they are the same on both sides, this must be doubled, which makes five hundred and seventy-eight, an enumeration which is pretty nearly correct. All animal motion is effected by muscles. They are divided into two great classes, viz. the *voluntary* and *involuntary*; those under the influence of the *will*, as the muscles of the arm and leg, &c.; and those whose action is independent of the will, as the *heart*, &c. which is merely a hollow muscle for the purpose of receiving the blood, and propelling it by means of arteries to all part of the body. Each muscle has an antagonist muscle; viz. one that acts in a direction contrary to the other: one muscle throws the arm out, which is called the extensor; the other bends the arm, and is called the flexor; one muscle relaxes, while the other contracts. Nothing is satisfactorily known about muscular contraction: this physiological question is not decided. The muscles are supplied with nervous energy by means of white cords, called nerves, which arise from the brain and spinal marrow; we know nothing of the nature of this principle circulating in nerves; we can only witness its effects. That nervous energy is necessary to the healthy performance of the various functions of the body, there can be no doubt. Digestion, secretion, sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, &c. cannot be effected if the nerve of communication between their respective functions and the brain be divided.

The body is supported by the blood, which is circulated by means of tubes denominated arteries and veins; the former carrying it from, and the latter returning it to, the heart, which organ gives a motion to the arteries, synchronous with the heart itself, and extending to the extremest ramification in the body; this motion we denominate the pulse. Thus is man a complete piece of machinery, the whole of which is put into action by means of a power derived from the brain through the agency of its nerves. The vital fluid passes from the heart into the lungs in a state dangerous to the preservation of life, being loaded with carbon, which it gives off in these organs; on receiving a due proportion of oxygen from the atmosphere, the blood becomes purified, and fit for the support of animal life. It circulates from the heart of a bright scarlet colour, and returns again to this organ of a reddish black, united with a great quantity of carbon, which it has obtained in the course of its circulation, after it has performed the trifling offices of *secretion*, *nutrition*, and *vivification*, or the *preservation of life*; while the digestive organs perform their due offices; create the various secretions, and form new blood in lieu of that which is expended.

The blood in an adult human body has been estimated to circulate throughout the whole system in four hours, or about six times in the course of a single day. Its quantity has been estimated by Bartholine to be about twenty-four pounds, and Sir Charles Bell considers thirty-three pounds as the average proportion, but in my opinion its exact quantity can never be truly ascertained.

By means of the beautiful mechanism of the heart and lungs is the important function of the circulation of the blood accomplished; and there is no portion of physiological research which displays greater perfection of design, a more admirable and splendid contrivance, or more ingenious machinery, than is exhibited in the formation of the heart and its vessels. The exquisite construction of even the most minute organ, and the harmonious sympathy pervading the whole, are objects of wonder, and must ever excite the veneration and admiration of all who delight to search after and contemplate the more elaborate works and unerring operations of the great Author of Nature.

I have already stated that an animal body is supported by means of blood, which is carried from the heart by means of tubes called arteries, and circulated by these through all parts of the body, and conveyed back again to the heart by veins. The nutritious portions of the various kinds of food we daily swallow are converted into blood. After masticating our food, it mixes with the saliva of the mouth, and is conveyed in a pulpy state to the stomach; it is there acted upon by a juice secreted by glands within the coats of the stomach, called *gastric juice*, which converts the food into *chyle*; it then passes from the stomach in this state into the large intestine, called the *duodenum*, where the nutritive part becomes separated from the feculent, and is converted into *chyme*, a substance resembling milk, which enters into a large vessel called the *thoracic duct*, and passes upwards to its termination in a large vein near the neck, where it is converted into blood. This blood is not adapted for the nourishment of the body without passing through the lungs, where it is acted upon by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and becomes oxygenated, converted into *arterial blood*, in which state it nourishes the human body.

The organs of sense are the instruments by which we enjoy intercourse with the external world; and first, The organ of *vision*. In man and the higher orders

of animals, they are two in number, situated in cavities formed by certain bones of the cranium and face. They are furnished with muscles that move it in every direction, and surrounded by a very soft delicate species of fat, which protects them and yields to them in all of their movements. The eye is composed of a series of tunics, some of which are transparent, containing diaphanous humours, through which the rays of light are transmitted to the retina, and enables us to perceive objects around us. There are appendages, as the eyebrow, &c. whose offices are to preserve the eye from injury.

2. The organ of *hearing*, a most beautiful but complicated piece of mechanism, is divided into the external and internal ear, by the musculus tympani, or drum of the ear. The former is on the outside and well known, the latter is contained within the petrous process, or internal portion of the bone. The limits of this lecture, however, will not permit me to give even a concentrated description of this organ.

3. The organ of *smelling*. The seat of this sense is in the cavity of the nose, in which a delicate vascular membrane is distributed throughout its extent, and upon which the olfactory nerves are ramified in great numbers. Its office is the detection of fragrant and unpleasant odours, and to secrete a mucus for its defence.

4. The organ of *taste*. It would be waste of words to describe the form and situation of the tongue. Besides constituting the organ of taste, it presents a most interesting subject to the physiologist and pathologist, from the concern it has in the functions of mastication, deglutition, and articulation. Its bulk is composed of numerous muscles. It is covered by the continuation of the membrane of the mouth. At the tip, edges, and upper surface of this organ, there are numerous projecting processes, called papillae, and in these the sense of taste resides.

5. The organ or sense of *touch*. The whole external surface of the body is covered with a strong elastic integument, called the skin. Anatomists divide this into two layers, of which the internal is termed the true skin, while the external is called the scarf skin; a third layer can only be demonstrated in negroes, in which the colour is said to reside; this layer is called the *rete mucosum*: it also exists in Europeans, but it is difficult to demonstrate. The use of the skin is to afford protection and support to the organs beneath it, and to exercise a function necessary for our comfort, viz. the exhalation of a gas, the exudation of the perspirable matter.

HUMAN STRENGTH.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the foregoing article, we are tempted to present the following anecdotes of the power of the human frame, which we derive from a delightful volume, just published in the *Family Library*, by our countryman Sir David Brewster, entitled "Letters on Natural Magic." The feats which immediately follow relate to Thomas Topham, who exhibited about a century ago, being 31 years of age, and 5 feet 10 inches high:—

1. Having rubbed his fingers with coal-ashes to keep them from slipping, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter plate. 2. Having laid seven or eight short and strong pieces of tobacco pipe on the first and third finger, he broke them by the force of his middle finger. 3. He broke the bowl of a strong tobacco pipe placed between his first and third finger, by pressing his fingers together sideways. 4. Having thrust such another bowl under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the bending of his leg. 5. He lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundred-weight hanging at the end of it. The feet of the table rested against his knees. 6. Holding in his right hand an iron kitchen-poker, three feet long and three inches round, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. 7. Taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and then pulled it almost straight again. This last feat was the most difficult, because the muscles which separate the arms horizontally from each other are not so strong as those which bring them together. 8. He broke a rope about two inches in circumference, which was partly wound about a cylinder four inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulder. 9. Dr Desaguliers saw him lift a rolling-stone of about 800 lbs. weight, with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a frame fastened to it. Hence Dr Desaguliers gives the following relative view of the strengths of individuals.

Strength of the weakest men . . .	125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men . . .	400
Strength of Topham . . .	800
The weight of Topham was about 200.	

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe,

first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the direction of an officer of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation.

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

AMONG the prejudices which we should like to see swept away by the advance of enlightened feeling, is that *other kind of self-love* which consists in an intense appreciation of our own nation, to the exclusion of almost all respect for our brethren in the great family of mankind. It is time that the Briton were made aware of the existence of military prowess, learned accomplishment, and other good qualities, in countries beyond his own seas; and it would also be worth while to inform him of what some enlightened foreigners have said respecting us; by which, in learning that he and his fellow-countrymen are beheld occasionally with the same prejudiced feelings which he entertains regarding them, he would be induced to cast those ideas away from him, as quite unworthy and unjust; and, at the same time, perhaps, he might have his own real faults so strongly placed before his eyes, that he must needs be conscience-struck by them. A work containing the remarks of the most enlightened foreigners upon our country would be one of much use, and of very great interest.

We are not going to present any parallel between the British nation and its neighbours—although we may perhaps do so at another time. The two following passages from a very pleasing work, contain a contrast between the manners of Christian Europeans and Mohammedan Asiatics, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Remote as the period is, the reader will blush to think that there should have been so much more humanity under the crescent than the cross. The extracts are from the "History of the Knights of Malta," written for CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY by the late amiable Mr Alexander Sutherland, of Edinburgh, a person of much literary merit, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, carrying with him the regrets of all who had had an opportunity of knowing the extent of his talents, and, what was even more conspicuous in him, his extraordinary worth in private life.

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

On the 7th of June 1099, the Christian army encamped before the city. Battle, desertion, and disease, had frightfully thinned its ranks; and of the seven hundred thousand fighting men who had marched in the plains of Bithynia, there remained, exclusive of the garrisons left in the conquered cities, scarcely twenty-two thousand fit for the field. The pious zeal of the crusaders, however, had survived all the vicissitudes of their long and toilsome march. When they beheld the hallowed city from afar, the vanguard uttered a shout, which, rolling backward on the line of march, was echoed by the whole host. The more devout manifested their rapture by kneeling down in the dust, and shedding tears of joy, and many bared their feet on approaching the sacred walls. The Counts of Flanders and Normandy pitched their tents to the northward of the city, near the church erected on the spot where Stephen the proto-martyr died. Godfrey and Tancred erected their standards on the first swell of Mount Calvary—and Raymond of Toulouse occupied a position to the south of Mount Zion. On the fifth day of the siege, the crusaders made a furious attack, and, amid a storm of arrows and fire-balls, burst the first barrier, and strove to surmount the walls by escalade. The want of engines to batter down the walls, and the necessity to scale them by assault, abortive; and the crosses were driven back with shame and slaughter to their camp. This defeat was followed by a grievous scarcity of provisions and water; and the excessive privations which this deficiency occasioned, overwhelmed the whole army with suffering and anguish. So extreme was the thirst of the soldiers, who vainly sought for water in the stony ravines that seamed the country, that they dug, near the camp, a trench, and pressed the damp clouds of their lips to moisture. On the 15th of July, the army again advanced to the assault. Through the exertions of Godfrey and Raymond, some Genoese mariners from Jaffa constructed two huge movable towers of timber, brought from Sicily, a place thirty miles distant, and rolled them with immense labour to the foot of the fortifications. Drawbridges were made to extend from the top of these turrets to the battlement; and when the sun

rose on the beleaguered city, they were seen crowded with chosen warriors, eager to grapple hand to hand with the Moslem foe. Raymond's tower was burned to ashes by the fire which the besieged hurled against it; but the Count Bouillon's fully answered the purpose for which it had been constructed. Armed as an eagle, he perched himself on its summit, and for a considerable time his bowmen alone maintained the battle. "But at the hour," says the chronicler, "when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior named Letoile, who fought in Godfrey's tower, leaped the first upon the ramparts. He was followed by Guicher—the Guicher who had vanquished a lion; Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights rushed on after their chief. Threading aside the bows and arrows, the Latin knights rode forth at sight of the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ with loud shouts pursued them." At three in the afternoon, the standard of the Cross waved in triumph on the walls; and, after four hundred and sixty years of bondage, the Holy City passed from under the Mohammedan yoke.

Victory thus bravely won was tarnished by the ferocity of the conquerors. All who showed the smallest disposition to resist were hewn down; and for three whole days, promiscuous massacre and pillage prevailed. Ten thousand miserable beings, who had been promised quarter, were barbarously put to the sword; and infants even were butchered in the cradle, and at their mother's breast. In the court of the Mosque of Omar, a structure built on the site of the famous temple of Solomon, with thousands of fugitives piled as a sacrifice, the Latin knights rode forth at sight of the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ with loud shouts pursued them." At three in the afternoon, the standard of the Cross waved in triumph on the walls; and, after four hundred and sixty years of bondage, the Holy City passed from under the Mohammedan yoke.

When the work of death was over, the chief crusaders, in accordance with the devout zeal which animated them, laid aside their arms, washed their bloody hands, and, barefooted and uncovered, traced in solemn procession to the Redeemer's tomb. The fierce warriors who had so recently abandoned themselves to the most revolting atrocities, were seen kissing with pious fervour the memorials of the sufferings of Him who had been the messenger of peace to man; and the Holy Sepulchre resounded with their triumphant anthems and repentant groans. In the height of their enthusiasm, they fell at Peter the Hermit's feet, praising God as glorified in his servant.

THE RE-CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY SALADIN.

The last days of the kingdom of Jerusalem now seemed to be fast closing. The king and the tower of his palace were in captivity—the manhood of the country had fallen under the swords of the Infidels—and the military orders were nearly extinct. It was under these disastrous circumstances that the few Hospitalers, still marshalled under their once victorious banner, assembled to elect a leader in the stead of the venerable knight who had received his death-wound in the battle of Tiberias. That dignity was no longer an object of competition, but set beside with care and peril, that the knights with difficulty prevailed on Ermenegard Daps, on whom their choice fell, to accept it, which he did, under the conviction that it remained only for himself and his brethren to seek an honourable death (1187). Saladin lost no time in following up his victory by new conquests. Many of the strongest places in the kingdom, drained of their garrisons, and filled with the rapidity with which he overran the country, threw open their gates, and, at length, anxious to smite the Christian power to the core, he laid siege to Jerusalem, which was defended only by a few thousand Christians, the chief of whom were followers of the Greek church, and of course hostile to the Latin supremacy. The queen, who awaited within the walls the ruin of her throne, offered to capitulate; but Saladin, knowing her inability to offer a protracted resistance, rejected the proposition, and declared, "If the city did not surrender, he would seal the ramparts, sword in hand, and avenge, by an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants, the Moslem blood shed by Godfrey of Bouillon. This answer rendered the Latins desperate, and they resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their shattered battlements. Even the women, gathering courage from despair, took arms, and prepared themselves to share the death that awaited their men. Saladin sought to seek an honourable death, and every assault, that, at the end of fourteen days, the sultan was glad to sign the treaty which he had previously rejected. The terms were at once honourable to the garrison, and indicative of a rare humanity in the conqueror. The city was left undisputed, and the Christian nobles and soldiers were permitted to march out with their arms, and guaranteed a safe convoy to any town in which they might choose to seek refuge. The sultan, however, the Christian Greeks were allowed to remain unmolested; but such as were Latins by descent, were required to pay a ransom, the men ten, the women five, and the children two crowns of gold, and to remove to some other place. All persons who were unable to pay this ransom were detained as slaves.

Notwithstanding the element terms of this treaty, the last article of which allowed the pressed with severity of his vanquished religious associations gave it an aspect of refined cruelty to the unhappy Latins, who passed the last night they remained possessors of the city in lamentations and tears. Multitudes, carried away by a pious enthusiasm, which momentarily became stronger as the hour of their expulsion drew near, hastened to the Holy Sepulchre, and prostrated themselves in mournful humiliation before the altar, with a consoling prayer that did him honour, refrained from entering the city, though the gates were thrown open at sunrise, until these melancholy demonstrations were ended, and the last of the Latin Christians had bidden it a final farewell. The matrons carrying their infants, led the procession—after them came the men, bearing provisions for their journey, and such household relics as circumstances permitted them to remove;—and, lastly, came the queen, and the two infant princesses, her daughters, surrounded by the priest-hood, the common nobility, and the few military men who were still able to grasp a lance. It is said that several of the Christian ladies, whose lords were in captivity, uttered dolorous cries, and lifted up their hands in earnest supplication, when they beheld Saladin, as he stood watching their departure. The noble-minded Kurd, on being made acquainted with the cause of their grief, which one of them, daughter of a noble, herself had felt, and the same day, he was to be lightened only by the liberation of their natural protectors, humanely ordered such prisoners as they named to be set free, and dismissed the fair suppliants with several princely gifts. Nor did the generosity of the conqueror terminate with this chivalrous action. With that respect for valour and humanity which supremely distinguished him, he no sooner heard of the benevolent attention which the Hospitalers were in the habit of bestowing on the sick and wounded, than he granted ten of them permission to remain a year longer in Jerusalem to perform the cure of all the sufferers who had been confided to their care.

Thus, on the 2d of October 1187, at the distance of eighty-eight years from its conquest by the first crusaders, Jerusalem passed once more under the Mohammedan yoke. Saladin, ere he entered the subdued capital, caused the bells of the Christian temples to be broken and melted down, and the Patriarchal Church, which had originally been a magnificent mosque, built by the Caliph Omar, on the ruins of the famous Temple of Solomon, was carefully purified with rose-water, and again dedicated to Infidel rites. The great cross which surmounted the dome of this superb structure was also displaced by the sultan's orders, and, as a mark of degradation, dragged for two successive days through the fifth of the street, until the wars had lasted a century for the city that had been the object of so much pious zeal and so many sanguinary conflicts, nothing save fresh dishonour and a heavier chain.

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THE STRANGERS' NOOK.

IN country churchyards in Scotland, and perhaps in other countries also, there is always a corner near the gateway which is devoted to the reception of strangers, and is distinguished from the rest of the area by its total want of monuments. When you inquire of the passing peasant respecting this part of the burial-ground, he tells you that it is the corner for strangers, but never, of course, thinks that there is or can be any sentiment in the matter. To me, I must confess, this spot is always more interesting than any other, on account of the more extended scope which it gives to those feelings with which one surveys a churchyard. As you wander over the rest of the ground, you see humble memorials of humbler worth, mixed perhaps with the monuments of rank and wealth. But these tell always a definite tale. It is either the lord or the tenant of some of the neighbouring fields, or a trading burgher, or perhaps a clergyman; and there is an end of it. These men performed their parts on earth, like the generality of their fellows, and, after figuring for a space on the limited arena of the parish or the district, were here gathered to their fathers. But the graves of the strangers! what tales are told by every undistinguished heap—what eloquence in this utter absence of inscriptions!

There can be no doubt that the individuals who rest in this nook belonged, with hardly the possibility of an exception, to the humbler orders of the community. But who will say that the final sufferings and death of any individual whatsoever are without their pathos? To me, who have never been able to despise any fellow-creature upon general considerations, the silent expressive stories related by these little heaps possess an interest above all real eloquence. Here, we may suppose, rests the weary old man, to whom, after many bitter shifts, all bitterly disappointed, wandering and mendicancy had become a last trade. His snow-white head, which had suffered the inclemency of many winters, was here at last laid low for ever. Here also the homeless youth, who had trusted himself to the wide world in search of fortune, was arrested in his wanderings; and, whether his heart was as light and buoyant as his purse, or weighed down with many privations and disappointments, the end was the same—only in the one case a blight, in the other a bliss. The prodigal, who had wandered far, and fared still worse and worse, at length returning, was here cut short in his better purpose, far from those friends to whom he looked forward as a consolation for all his wretchedness. Perhaps, when stretched in mortal sickness in a homely lodging in the neighbouring village, where, though kindness was rendered, it was still the kindness of strangers, his mind wandered in repentant fondness to that mother whom he had parted with in scorn, but for whose hand to present his cup, and whose eye to melt him with its tenderness, he would now gladly give the miserable remains of his life. Perhaps he thought of a brother, also parted with in rage and distrust, but who, in their early years, had played with him, a fond and innocent child, over the summer leas, and to whom that recollection forgave every thing. No one of these friends to soothe the last moments of his wayward and unhappy life—scarcely even to hear of his death when it had taken place. Far from every remembered scene, every remembered face, he was doomed here to take his place amidst the noteless dead, and be as if he had never been. Perhaps one of these graves contains the shipwrecked mariner, hither transferred from the neighbouring beach. A cry was heard by night through the storm which dashed the waves upon the rocky coast: deliverance was impossible; and next morning, the only memorial of what had taken place was the lifeless body of a sailor stretched on the sand. No trace of name or kin, not even the name of the vessel was learned; but, no doubt, as the villagers would remark in conveying him to the Strangers' Nook, he left some heart to pine for his absence, some eyes to mourn for him, if his loss should ever be ascertained. There are few so desolate on earth as not to have one friend or associate. There must either be a wife to be widowed, or a child to be made an orphan, or a mother to suffer her own not less grievous bereavement. Perhaps the sole beloved object of some humble domestic circle, whose incomings and outgoings were ever pleasant, is here laid low, while neither can the bereaved learn aught of the fate and final resting-place of their favourite, nor can those who kindly, but without mourning, performed his last offices, reach their

ears with the intelligence, grateful even in its pain, of what had been done to his remains: here the energies which had battled with the waves in their hour of night, and the despair whose expression had been wasted upon the black tempest, are all stilled into rest, and forgotten. The storm is done; its work has been accomplished; and here lies the strange mariner, where no storms shall ever again trouble him.

Such are the imaginings which may arise in contemplating that neglected nook in our churchyards which is devoted to the reception of strangers. The other dead have all been laid down in their final beds by long trains of sorrowing friends. They rest in death in the midst of those beloved scenes which their infancy knew, and which were associated with every happiness, every triumph, every sorrow which befel them. The burns in which they had "paidlet" when they were children, run still in their shining beauty all around and about their last resting-place; the braes, over which they wandered hand and hand "to pull the gowans fine," still look down in all their summer pride upon the fold into which they have at last been gathered for eternity. But the homeless strangers!—they died far from every endeared scene. The hills were not here like those which they had known; the hills were different too. Instead of the circle of friends, whose anticipated grief tends so much to smooth the last bed of suffering man, the pillow of the homeless was arranged by strangers: they were carried to the burial-ground, not by a train of real mourners, anxious to express their respect and affection for the departed, but by a few individuals who, in so doing, complimented human nature in general, but not the individual. To the other graves there was also some one to resort afterwards, to lament the departure of those who lay below. The spot was always cherished and marked by at least one generation of kind ones; and, whether distinguished by a monument or not, it was always a greater or less space of time before the memory of the deceased entirely perished from its place. Still, as each holy day came round, and the living flocked to the house of prayer, there was always some one to send a kind eye aside towards that little mound, and be for a moment moved with a pensive feeling, as the heart recalled a departed parent, or child, or friend. But the graves of the strangers! all regard was shut out from them as soon as they were closed. The decent few who had affected mourning over them, had no sooner turned away than they were at once forgotten. That ceremony over, their kind had done with them for ever. And so, there they lie, distinguished from the rest only by the melancholy mark that they are themselves undistinguished from each other; no eye to weep over them now or hereafter, and no regard whatsoever to be paid to them till they stand forth with their fellow men at the Great and Final Day.

ANECDOTES OF THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

MANY dogs have an ear for music, and cannot hear a shrill note without breaking into a corresponding howl. They are now for the most part excluded from churches; but at no very distant period it was common for them to attend their masters thither in the country parishes; and large bands being thus assembled, they did not scruple to interrupt the service by gambolling about the passages, snarling, fighting, and other indecorous behaviour. Some of them, too, whose aural nerves were nicely strung, while the psalms were singing, at those turns of the tune which peculiarly affected them, struck in with a howling that was apt to discompose the younger part of the congregation, and greatly scandalized others: so the intrusion of dogs has been at length prohibited. But the evil cannot be altogether prevented, for many will not stay behind their masters; if tied up, they gnaw the rope, and chains are not to be had for confining them. If they are shut up, why, ten to one, some article vanishes from the place where they are confined, or a child, with whom they are favourites, is determined to see how they are passing the time, and, opening the door, allows them to escape. But some of them are by far too cunning to permit themselves to be either tied or shut up. One old cur, in the parish of M—, knows the Sabbath as well as his master, and takes care to keep out of reach at a safe distance from the house all the morning. He watches the time when the family set out for church, and accompanies them. During the sermon and prayers he

lies quiet, but erects himself into a posture of attention and enjoyment when the singing commences. Placed directly before the precentor, he points his nose upwards, and waits till a high note is reached, when, being unable longer to restrain himself, he shuts his eyes, and joins with a shrill and prolonged howl. To a stranger, this accompaniment has an odd effect; but the congregation are well accustomed to it, and nobody is discomposed by it, or disturbs the venerable animal. An anecdote of a different kind, but equally exhibiting the sagacity of the colley, we have heard from the person who witnessed the circumstances.

In the winter of 1823, our informant D. took charge for a few days of the flock of his brother, who was ill. His brother's dog, a docile animal, was easily induced to attend and obey him, contrary to the habits of most of the same breed, who refuse to make themselves serviceable to any but their master. A severe snow-storm took place while D., who had been accustomed to a town life, was performing these novel duties. At such times, it is scarce necessary to remind any of our countrymen the snow drifts to great depths in one place, while in another the surface of the ground is scarcely covered. If the wind, for example, blows upon the north side of a hill, its force lifts the snow from the ground, drives it over the summit, and lodges it on the south side. On this south side, perhaps, is situated the round, or shelter, in which the flock is penned in severe winter weather during the night; but here, though they find protection from the blast, no food is to be had—and hence the necessity of removing them during the day to more favourable ground, where, by penetrating a smaller depth of snow, they may reach the herbage. This work of removing a whole flock is very tedious, as they have to form a track through the snow. To render it less difficult, the shepherd usually takes half a score of the strongest, and drives them in the direction he judges most easy; he then returns for the bulk of the flock, who, finding a road opened, form into a long line, and thus proceed to the place of feeding. In order still more to shorten the time which this necessarily occupies, D. was in the habit of taking the advanced guard under his own charge, and leaving the remainder to that of the dog, who seemed perfectly to understand what was expected of him, and brought on his drove with a steadiness and deliberation which showed him to appreciate fully the difficulties of the way. Sometimes, from the inequalities of the ground, D. was completely hid from view, and, from the strength of the sheep, and greater facility of pushing forward a small number, a long way in advance. On such occasions, the dog would leave his drove, and make his appearance on some elevated situation, whence he could command a view of D.'s motions. Here he sat for some time and watched them; then returned of his own accord to his charge. D. could account for this in no other way than by supposing the sagacious animal to be aware of his inexperience in the employment; that he considered himself in some degree as "his guide, his monitor, and friend;" and made these reconnoitring expeditions from an anxiety he had, lest some difficulty should occur that required his assistance. As soon as they had conducted the flocks to the place where they were to feed, and met to congratulate each other on the successful accomplishment of the task, he testified his satisfaction in a manner which comported with the character of so considerate an animal, not by leaping upon his master and loud barking, like foolish dogs that have no command over their feelings, but he approached, wagging his tail, poked his nose upon D.'s hand, and licked it, his eyes beaming all the while with the liveliest kindness. "Nor can I ever persuade myself," concluded our informant, "that his joy arose entirely from a consciousness of having performed his own duty well: he felt, I have no doubt, a load of anxiety on my account removed from his mind, and was glad beyond measure that no untoward event had fallen out between us. The friendship which then commenced has not been broken off; my faithful assistant still survives, and never fails to recognise me when we meet even after long intervals of absence."

THE COMING COMET.

OF all the bodies which constitute a part of the celestial system, comets are the most remarkable in their appearances, physical constitution, and orbits of motion. They form one of the three classes into which

astronomers have divided the radiant orbs which adorn the sky during the night. There are first those stars, which, from their immense distance, seem constantly to maintain the same situation, and are hence termed *fixed stars*; secondly, the planets, or wandering stars (as the term signifies), of which the earth forms one; and thirdly, comets, which in many respects display a striking difference from any of the two preceding classes. In the early ages, ere the light of true philosophy had disenchanted the mind of man from those superstitious chimeras in which he is always so prone to indulge, the stars were considered to have some mysterious influence over the "fate of men and nations." Such being the case with respect to these bodies, ever placid in their aspects, and regular in their appearances, it does not surprise us to find, that comets shooting down from the remote regions of space with inconceivable velocity, and suddenly presenting themselves under aspects the most uncommon and terrific, should have been looked upon with terror and dismay, and regarded by superstitious ignorance as visible demonstrations of the wrath, and harbingers of the vengeance, of offended deities. But it does not a little astonish us, that, at the present day, ideas no less absurd should be entertained respecting the comet which is to visit us in October of the present year. It is entertained by numbers upon the Continent (we cannot say that we have found a proselyte to the belief in this country), that the heavenly stranger is to come in contact with the earth, and dash it to pieces. What gives this fiction a sort of humorous character is, that some of their own journalists have announced the appalling event as certain; and they have done so with a coolness which would be admirable were it not ridiculous. This has called forth an Essay on Comets by the celebrated M. Arago, of the French Board of Longitude, in which he has not only shown the absurdity of entertaining such a notion, but also given a very able account of the philosophy of comets in general. The grand end of all philosophy is to minister to human comfort; and certainly if any thing can, this essay of M. Arago's will restore the wonted serenity to the minds of our mercurial neighbours. It appeared in the *Annuaire* for 1832 (a species of almanack published at Paris); and as a translation of it has been spoken of by scientific men in this country as a *desideratum*, we obtained one, by the kindness of a friend, which, however, appearing too long for the Journal, we have condensed and simplified it in the following manner:—

These bodies have received the name of comets (*coma* in Latin signifies hair), from the bearded appearance which they frequently exhibit. Independent of their orbits of motion, they have, in general, three distinguished characteristics. First, the luminous point in the centre, called the *nucleus*; second, the nebulosity, vapour, or shining aureola, surrounding the nucleus, which is called the *coma*—these united constitute the head of the comet; third, the brilliant trains, more or less long, which accompany most of the comets—these are called their tails. Every bearded star which the ancients perceived was termed by them a comet. Modern philosophers have still retained the name, although many of the stars so entitled have neither nebulosity nor tail. It is by the peculiarity of their motions that they are now, and more philosophically, distinguished from the planets. They pass through space in curves so extremely elongated as to be carried so far from the earth in some parts of their course, that they become invisible to it. The orbits of the planets are confined within a narrow zone, or to planes not greatly inclined to the ecliptic, while those of comets are inclined in all possible directions. When Herschel first discovered Uranus, the peculiarity of motion which it appeared to have, led philosophers to consider it a comet; but when its track was proved to be nearly circular, it was immediately ranked amongst the planets.

By some ancient philosophers, comets were believed to be only meteors engendered in our atmosphere. To the celebrated Tycho Brahe we are indebted for the first discovery that they are stars. It has since been proved that they revolve round the sun in obedience to regular laws, bearing an analogy to those observed by the planets, and that their orbits are ellipses, or ovals, much elongated. The sun always occupies one of the foci of the elliptic orbit of each comet. The top of the ellipsis, which is that point of its orbit nearest to the sun, is called the perihelion, and that most distant, the aphelion. Comets can only be seen from the earth when they are in the neighbourhood of their perihelion. Their paths during the time of their appearance differ very little from parabolas; and hence it is usual, on account of the facility of computation, to assume that they really move in parabolic curves. An ellipsis, or a parabola, can be travelled in two different directions—that is, from west to east, which is called direct, and is the track of the moon, the planets, and satellites; the other is from east to west, and is called retrograde. Comets move in either direction.

It is not by the physical circumstances of its size and splendour that astronomers are enabled to determine the identity of a comet with one of those which previously visited the system. As soon as one appears, its parabolic elements are computed, which are, the inclination and longitude of its node (or the point in which it cuts the plane of the earth's orbit), serving to determine the plane of the orbit; the longitude of the perihelion, which makes known the direction of the great axis of the orbit, or the situation of that

curve in its proper plane; and the perihelion distance, which frees from uncertainty the form of the parabola, for the focus necessarily coincides with the centre of the sun. In this way, the parabolic elements of a great number of comets have been computed. Now, it is by referring any new calculation to these tables that the fact of a comet's previous appearance and periodic revolution is ascertained. If it coincides with none of them, it is to be considered a new comet; but if it differs only a very little in its parabolic elements from another system of elements contained in the table, and belonging to a comet formerly perceived, then we can with great probability consider them as identically the same comet. There is no mathematical impossibility in two comets describing in space two curves equal and similarly placed, but hitherto, confidence in the probability has been justified by success. I shall now make application of these principles to the only three comets whose periods are at this time properly established.

The comet of 1759.—A comet having made its appearance in 1682, Halley determined its parabolic elements. These were found to correspond very nearly with those of two comets which had respectively appeared in 1531 and 1607. The lapse of time between each of these periods is about 75 years, and Halley, accordingly, concluded that the three orbits belonged to the same identical comet. After a vague estimate of the perturbations it must sustain from planetary attraction, he predicted its reappearance at the end of 1758, or the beginning of 1759. The verification of this prediction was likely to be the commencement of a new era in cometary astronomy; so, to convince the most incredulous, philosophers deemed it necessary to do away with the vagueness of the date assigned by Halley for its return. In his time it was impossible to determine with exactness the strength of the aberrations. This difficult problem Clairaut resolved. He found that, by the attraction of the planets, it would take 618 days more to return to the perihelion than in the preceding revolution. The passage ought, therefore, to have corresponded to the middle of April 1759; but Clairaut, aware that want of time had caused him to overlook some terms in his calculation, intimated that these might amount to 30 days, either more or less, in the 76 years. The event justified all his predictions, for the comet appeared, as had been foretold, and passed its perihelion on the 12th of March 1759. Its parabolic elements were a little altered from those of its former visit, and exactly agreed with Clairaut's calculations.

All doubt being now dissipated as to the periodical return of this luminary, it only remained to reckon the date of its next appearance. This was accomplished by M. Damoiseau, who has brought his approximations still nearer the truth than his predecessor. He has also accounted for the action of the planet Uranus, which was discovered subsequent to the time of Clairaut. The conclusion at which he arrived was this—"The interval between the passage of the comet to the perihelion in 1759, and the next passage through that point, will be 28,007 days, which, to reckon from 12th March 1759, the commencement of this period, answers to 16th November 1835." In three years, then, we may expect a visit from that comet which in 1456 passed so near to the earth, accompanied with a tail which flamed over 60 degrees of the heavens, and was shaped like a Turkish sabre. An object so striking and so terrific could not fail in a superstitious age to excite universal terror, and be regarded as portentous of the greatest calamities to mankind, if not of the final catastrophe which was to terminate the tragedy of time. At the period to which we refer, the Mahometan arms had been very successful. They had carried Constantinople, and overthrown the empire of the east, which in Christendom spread the panic still more. Accordingly, it is not to be wondered at when we find Pope Calixtus exorcising both the comet and the Turks. It is to be hoped, however, that on the ensuing visit his holiness will save himself the trouble of anathematizing the harmless luminary.

The next comet of importance was that discovered by Messier in 1770. Its elements of motion did not correspond with those of any hitherto observed. It was found, however, by Lexell, that it performed its revolution round the sun in 5½ years. This important discovery obviated one objection. With a revolution so quick, frequent opportunities would thus be afforded of observing it. But it seems to have shared the fate of the last Placid; it has never been seen since, though attentively sought for in the exact places where the elliptic orbit of Lexell points out its return. This singular disappearance has been accounted for by supposing that the influence of the planet Jupiter, near to which it approached, was so great as to change its orbit, and compel it to move in another ellipse. It is quite certain that such an influence could bring it within the range of our instruments in the first instance, and deprive us of it in the second; but were we to attempt to prove the fact, it would plunge us into abstruse calculations, which are not consistent with a paper of the present description.

The next comet is one of a very short period. It was discovered at Marseilles on 26th November 1818, by M. Pons. On the calculations being made, its elements were found to resemble those of a comet observed in 1805. Its periodicity was thus put beyond a doubt, and Encke of Berlin afterwards established, by incontestable calculations, that it took only 1200 days to travel the whole extent of its elliptic orbit. Why, it has been asked, since it returns to

its perihelion in so short a space, was it never observed prior to 1805? The only plausible answer is, that this comet is very small, and has so feeble a light as to be invisible to the naked eye. The short period of its revolution, however, has been incontrovertibly proved by its return in 1822, 1825, and 1829. It returned to its perihelion on the 4th of May 1832, but in an unfavourable position for observations. The astronomers of the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland will have had the best opportunity for exactly determining its course.

The Comet of 6½ years.—We have now come to that celebrated periodic comet which certain grave journalists inform us is to run a tilt with our own compact and solid globe, and which heavenly warfare is to terminate so disastrously for us. This comet was perceived at Johannesburg, on the 27th of February 1826, by M. Bield, and ten days afterwards at Marseilles, by M. Gambart. The latter computed its parabolic elements without loss of time, and he found, on inspecting the table already spoken of, that it had appeared before in 1805 and 1772, and hence was periodic. It was necessary from that time to go over the parabolic with the elliptic elements, to discover the duration of the comet's revolution, which the parabolic elements left wholly undetermined. Clausen and Gambart undertook this calculation, and both found, almost at the same time, that the new comet made an entire revolution round the sun in the space of something less than seven years. This curious result was adopted without dispute, for, by 1826, the antiquated notion was completely departed from, that the times of the revolutions should be necessarily very long. However, after the failure of 1770, it would have been hazardous to determine the day of the future appearance without every contingency being accurately calculated—all the derangements and sensible aberrations which would result from planetary attraction. This task was accomplished by M. Damoiseau, and the result was,

That the comet of 6½ years would cross the plane of the ecliptic, that is, the plane in which the earth moves, on the 29th of October 1832, before midnight.

The earth during its annual journey round the sun never swerves from the plane of the ecliptic; it is, therefore, only in that plane that any body can come in contact with it. Let us now inquire whether the point in which the comet will cross the plane of the ecliptic is near the curve described by the earth, because this condition is no less necessary than the preceding to the meeting of the two bodies. By the calculation it is ascertained that the passage of the comet through the plane of the ecliptic ought to take place a little within our orbit, and at a distance from that circle equal to 4½ terrestrial semi-diameters. This distance, already so trifling, would wholly disappear if submitted to the elements given by Damoiseau, the little variations of which it appears difficult to account for. Furthermore, let us take the distance of 4½ terrestrial semi-diameters as true, and allow that it agrees with the centre of the comet; then let us see if the dimensions of that star are large enough to make some of its parts encroach upon points of our orbit.

In the appearance of 1805, some observations made by the celebrated Olbers, of Bremen, gave for the length of the semi-diameter of the comet 5½ terrestrial semi-diameters; from this calculation, compared with the preceding, it is evident that, on the 29th October next, the nebulosity of the comet will comprise a portion of the earth's orbit.

There now remains only one question to solve, and it is an important one, viz. at the moment when the comet will be so near our orbit, that its nebulosity will encroach upon a part of it, where will the earth itself be situated?

I have already stated that the passage of the comet, near a certain point of the terrestrial orbit, would happen before midnight, on the 29th of October; but the earth will not arrive at the same point until the morning of the 30th November, which is more than a month after. It must now be recollected that the smallest rapidity of the earth in its orbit is 674 thousand leagues a-day, and a very simple calculation will prove that

THE COMET OF 6½ YEARS WILL BE ALWAYS, IN ITS APPEARANCE IN 1832, AT LEAST MORE THAN 20 MILLIONS OF LEAGUES FROM THE EARTH!

To ascertain the least distance of the earth from the comet in its future appearances, we must recommence the same operations. If, instead of passing in this year through the plane of the ecliptic on the 29th October, it should arrive there only on the morning of 30th November, it would undoubtedly mingle its atmosphere with ours, and perhaps also dash against us! But it must not be forgotten that an error of a month in the passage of the comet to its node is impossible. I also add, that in this discussion I have been solely occupied with the nebulosity, properly speaking, of the comet, for no trace of a tail has ever been observed attached to this star during any of its previous visits.

The reader is now in possession of all that can interest him concerning the route of the forthcoming comet. In our next article on comets, we shall pursue the subject farther, and give an account of the physical constitution of comets, as far as that is known.

I am aware that, notwithstanding the effort to simplify this description of the approaching comet, certain phrases are necessarily used which may render the article somewhat obscure. In one simple sentence, therefore, I may explain, that the earth which we inhabit travels on a regular road; that the comet, now about to appear, travels on a path which crosses the earth's road, and that it is known by calculation, that the comet will pass about a month before the earth comes up—hence there will be no collision, as some people have imagined.

GRETNA-GREEN.

It is hardly necessary to inform any British reader that Gretna-Green, or rather the village of Springfield, in the parish of Gretna, in Dumfriesshire, has long been celebrated in the annals of clandestine marriages. It happens that, while a marriage can be performed in Scotland without the least solemnity (nothing more being necessary than a mutual acknowledgement of the parties, before witnesses, that they take each other respectively for man and wife), no pair can be coupled in England without many previous ceremonies, besides a regular performance of the marriage-service in the church, or else in private by special licence, which is a luxury that only the wealthy can afford. Hence, when young people in England wish to marry without the consent of friends, they find it necessary to escape to Scotland; and as Gretna is the nearest part of the Scottish border to the bulk of England, it is generally resorted to; and there, of course, a regular matrimonial forge has been established. An account of the Gretna system was published some years ago in a provincial periodical, by Mr M'Diarmid, editor of the *Dumfries Courier*; and as it may well amuse a more extensive circle of readers than it has yet obtained, while the main features of the practice which it delineates can only communicate a wholesome disgust to the mind, we extract the greater part of it in this place:—

"If Gretna-Green marriages be not always the happiest in the end, they are at least by far the merriest at the time; and Miss Lydia Languish was partly in the right when she pettishly remarked, that there was no fun in a love affair at all that did not lead to a leap from a window into a lover's arms, a chase, a challenge, and, as a matter of course, a paragraph in the newspapers. Yet, mistake me not, gentle reader; I am no advocate for imprudent marriages, and have no great respect for your boarding-school misses, who devour novels until their heads are turned, and, with their feelings wound up to the highest pitch, are ready to fly into the arms of the first man they meet, merely because his address is easy, his face handsome, and his carriage *debonair*. Love, they say, must be caught at first sight, and yet I should doubt whether a courtship in which the eye is the sole arbiter is likely to lead to the happiest results. A good husband gained in this way would be as great a windfall as the highest prize in a state lottery; and for every rash and inconsiderate nymph who espouses a man of sterling sense, whose talents and industry more than compensate his lack of fortune and humble lineage, there are probably a hundred that throw themselves away upon dotes and dandies, who are generally too much in love with themselves to become permanent worshippers at any other shrine. On this principle, a cross maiden-aunt or an obdurate parent, who look exclusively to a union of interests, may often do the state signal service by checking the evils of which Dr Malthus is so much afraid. But are there no cases of a different character?—is there no bane of an opposite nature, to which Gretna-Green furnishes an antidote? Many a fraudulent creditor has found an asylum within the precincts of Holyrood; but honest, upright, though unfortunate men, have been glad to fly to the same sanctuary, as the only means of eschewing the fangs of a merciless creditor. A luckless Edinburgh wight of my acquaintance became bankrupt some fifteen years ago, and though he voluntarily surrendered his whole effects, one of his creditors remained inexorable. In this dilemma, he tried every means to bring the churl to reason, fondly hoping he would come round at last, and pass from his threat of attaching his person. But no. A messenger arrived with a caption in his pocket, rung the bell, and inquired if Mr W. Y. was at home. Mr Y., who opened the door himself, with great presence of mind desired the officer to walk in, and without even waiting to lift his hat, closed the door suddenly behind him, bolted down stairs as if the furies had been chasing him, made for Leith Street, turned first one corner, then another, till he arrived unharmed at the back of the Canongate, and then darted away at a speed he never either equalled or exerted before. The officer, too, was a good runner, but he had made a little lee-way in the first instance; and though he strained every nerve, and even, I believe, was the fleetest man of the two, the fugitive gained the strand before him. Though only a few feet intervened between them, the officer, thanks to the strand, knew well that he durst not touch a hair of my friend's head, no more than the witches could have dared to dock Maggy's tail had she gained the farther side of the running stream. In a word, the quarry had escaped—the bay-hound was at fault, and he whom it was sought to place in *durance vile* paused on the very margin of the strand; and panting and blowing, exclaimed in scarcely articulate accents:—'A good race, eh!—won by half a neck, eh!—but I beat, I beat—good day, Sir.'

Now, the goal of the lover, like the goal of the debtor, is frequently gained by speed of foot; the race in the one case being performed by bipeds, in the other by quadrupeds, who drag a vehicle of some kind at their heels. And though the pursued contrive to take the advantage at starting, the tables are sometimes well nigh turned, particularly if they have journeyed far from home; but the accommodating priests are neither far to seek nor ill to find, and when time presses, they discharge their duty with astonishing celerity. Should an enraged father, supposing the distance to be rather trifling, ride or drive his own horse, he has some chance of overtaking the lovers; but if he trusts to

postboys, he leans, alas! on a broken reed. The rascals have a spice of knight-errantry about them which enlists their sympathies in favour of the runaways; and though, with a brace of lovers deposited in the chaise, they rattle along with the speed of Jehu, yet, if called upon to marry, rather than expedite the happy pair's progress, they can play the French postilion in fine style, and make a terrible flourish with heel and whip, while they are purposely losing ground 'all the while.' The very horses seem to guess at the character of the persons they carry, and the time is frequently so accurately reckoned, that just as the marriage ceremony has been concluded, the pursuing party arrives at Springfield, steps out of his carriage, rushes into the inn, and perceives, with looks which it would baffle pen or pencil to pourtray, that all his exertions have been unavailing.

Thoughts and fancies such as these were passing rapidly through my mind on the 25th August 1824, as I was slowly travelling from Annan to Langholm, and nearing the celebrated village of Springfield. Our frugal meal was soon dispatched at the inn, and after divers questions put to the landlord, as well as to the tidy maiden who waited on us, touching the important business of marriage, it was mutually agreed that we should send our compliments to Mr Elliot, one of the priests, and invite him to join us in a glass of toddy. His reverence (I use the word in no offensive meaning), who very probably expected a job, was not slow in making his appearance; and indeed from the hints, whispers, and looks of the landlady, I am firmly persuaded that the belief was general, that I and my companion, if not the principals, were at least the *avant couriers* of a marriage party. But here they laboured under a great mistake; bigamy is not permitted in Britain, and even were it otherwise, neither of us, I suspect, had found the cares of the married life so light as to think playing the fool over again. Be this as it may, our courteous guest neither expressed nor looked disappointment. The cheerful glass circulated freely, and before we parted, he became complimentary, and more than once confessed that he was better pleased with the polite manner in which we had requested the favour of his company, than if he had been sent for professionally, and with the prospect of receiving a pretty handsome fee. The effect of liquor in opening and softening the human heart has been compared to the power of a lighted taper placed in an alabaster or any other vase; what at first seemed opaque and impenetrable, suddenly becomes clear and distinct, enabling the observer to look through and through an object, and scan correctly its internal configuration. And so I found it in the present instance. The man, who seemed naturally shy and taciturn, gradually became frank and communicative, and in the course of a pretty long sederunt, I gleaned from him the following facts and circumstances, which I now lay at the feet of the reader, in the hope, that when he is not better employed, they may serve to while away an idle half hour.

At what precise period the first runaway marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-Green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but in common parlance the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of fourscore years, resided in his youth at Megg's-hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield; and hence the name of Gretna-Green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's-hill, and removed to Springfield as a more convenient spot; and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the Blacksmith, he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil and the forge. On the contrary, he was bred a tobacco-nist, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid until the trade he had followed merely as a by-job threw so surprisingly that he found he could subsist on it alone, and that, too, without taking a *stave from his bicker*. *Welding* or joining is a term well known in the smithy; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term that procured for Paisley the appellation of Blacksmith. Though neither avaricious nor cold-hearted, he was a rough, outspoken, eccentric fellow; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and, when once in his cups, forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolised the whole trade, and only on one occasion was threatened with opposition; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions, by proposing a copartnership, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. On more than one occasion, he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas, in a briefer space than a barber requires to shave a country bumpkin; old Charles B., Lord Deerhurst, and one or two others, paid fully that sum; and though these were catches of rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and yet died in easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that, and the same remark will apply to his successors. What is easily come by goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not so hazardous, has this feature in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

At present there are two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married the granddaughter of Paisley, and fell heir to his trade, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom;

and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made before-hand, a marriage-monger who had no rival to fear might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred in which the parties complained that they had been too heavily taxed. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand to which his reverence demurred, and at the same time stated, that though he married many a couple, his highest fee had never exceeded half-a-guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him, but it was agreed at last that he should pay L.10 in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, which was certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negotiated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired at the time appointed. And here I must mention a circumstance which has not been provided for in the new bill regarding combinations of workmen, though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which each of the latter patronises exclusively. More than this, the house at which a lover arrives at Springfield depends entirely upon what inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys will only stop at one house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest goes snacks with them, and knows full well the value of their patronage. Excepting in the case of sickness or absence, the priests never desert their colours; all the guests of the one house are married by Mr —; of the other by Mr Elliot; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the business. In this way something like a monopoly still exists; and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drives a couple, but the whole of his brethren about the inn, are permitted to share in the profits of the day. The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and the proceeds placed in a sort of a fee-fund, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. To what extent the priests are taxed, I could not with all my art learn, but I suspect the demands made on them are rather exorbitant, and that, if they saw any feasible plan, they would willingly rid themselves of a set of jackalls, who, unlike the animal who brings the lion his prey, neither wait till their master has feasted, nor are contented with a small share of the booty. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield. Indeed, an inhabitant confessed that it is 'the principal benefit and support of the place.' Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year, and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples, and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. In September last, one gentleman had given L.40; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds annually must find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents, the post-boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna-Green merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain parties are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland—a marriage which may be censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the rights of children. Still a formula has a wonderful value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage-service, offer up a prayer, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, &c. &c. But on this part of their vocation they prudently observe a strict silence; for, although the law cannot reach them at present, they could scarcely hope to escape punishment, were they openly to assume the character of parsons. They also grant lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—*These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that — and — came before me, and declared themselves to be both single persons, and were lawfully married according to the way of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of the Kirk of Scotland. Given under my hand at Springfield, near Gretna-Green, this — day, &c. before these witnesses.* At my request, Mr Elliot produced the marriage-record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to confess the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court. True, they cannot subpoena a witness from Scotland, but the priest is of course allowed his expenses, and this he himself remarked, 'when a man knows that he goes in a righteous cause, why should he be either unwilling or afraid?'

A stranger who had leisure to rusticate about Springfield, tipping with the priests, and pumping the crones and oracles of the village, might pick up many a queer story that would add to his stock of standing jokes, or peradventure eke out the well thumbed pages of the 'Encyclopædia of Wit;' but as my time did not admit of this, I can only relate one or two.

Not long ago, a gentleman who had settled somewhere in Scotland arrived at Springfield, and spent an hour or two in one of the inns, chiefly, I believe, from motives of curiosity. He was accompanied by his daughter, a very beautiful and interesting creature, though not more than seventeen or eighteen years of

age. Neither father nor daughter had ever crossed the Sark before, and they were both more than ordinarily curious to know every thing about Scotland and Scotch marriages. In particular, they expressed a wish to see the *Blacksmith*, not doubting that a true son of Vulcan, with a begrimed face and leathern apron, would pop in upon them, and demand their pleasure. But here they were speedily undeceived, and when Mr Elliot arrived, the gentleman endeavoured to be as witty as possible, stating among other things that he wished to introduce a young lady, that she might know both her man and the way back again. To this salutation Mr Elliot answered drily, that he had known as unlikely things come to pass; and in less than three or four months, the same young lady actually came before him, and was married to one of her father's ploughmen. In point of looks, the bridegroom and bride seemed formed for one another, and the jocular priest, who from the first recognised his old acquaintance, ventured to hint after dinner that surely Mr — would not be angry with his fair daughter for proving herself so apt a scholar, and profiting by the lesson he had himself taught. But, alas! the blow fell so heavily on the poor Cumbrian, that it at first threatened to break his heart, or unsettle his understanding. The lovely and light-hearted Beatrice was the apple of his eye—the stay and pride of his maturer years; and so far from wishing to match her with a common clown, there were few even of the better class of yeomen that he deemed worthy of aspiring to such an honour. In the course of time, however, the old man's wrath gradually gave way to better feelings; a farm was taken for his son-in-law, and stocked and ploughed nobody knew how; and if report may be credited, the praiseworthy conduct of both the young people is likely to lead to a complete and permanent reconciliation.

On another occasion, a middle-aged gentleman arrived from the south of England, and was united to a lady considerably his junior in years and appearance, and who, very unfortunately, happened to be the sister of his former wife. The veteran bridegroom was in high spirits, scattered his money very freely, and seemed so well satisfied with the accommodations of the place, that he was in no haste to retire from the scene of his second nuptials. At length, however, the carriage was ordered to the door; and just as the sun was sinking in the west, and, by the agency of the clouds that congregated around the falling monarch, intersecting the broad expanse of the Solway with many a beautiful zone of light, the happy pair bade adieu to Springfield, and with a degree of haste, not at all requisite in their situation, made the best of their way to merry England. Nor had they left the inn above an hour or so, when a second chaise and four drove up, and discharged a fresh cargo of lovers, younger, and fairer, and better matched, but neither so wealthy nor so prodigal as the first. And whom, reader, might the second pair be?—whom but a handsome, well-favoured youth, and the only daughter of the former bridegroom, who, in revenge for her father's frailty and folly, had yielded to the entreaties of an honest yeoman, who had wooed her long and loved her dearly. The spirited young lady had no objection whatever to a stepmother, but a stepmother and an aunt in the same person formed a species of relationship utterly irreconcilable with her notions of propriety; and as she was determined to change her residence at any rate, she thought it just as prudent to change her condition at the same time. On arriving at Carlisle, the father found a letter awaiting him at the inn, marked in haste, and revealing to him the secret of his daughter's elopement; and not doubting that the parties had gone on the same errand as himself, he immediately ordered fresh horses, and hurried back to Gretna-Green. The carriages, in fact, must have met on the road; but the night being dark, neither party was aware of the presence of the other; and though the Yorkshire proprietor reached Springfield before his daughter and her lover had departed, he was unfortunately a stage too late. Much and loudly he bragged and bullied, and fain would he have carried his daughter along with him; but the yeoman refused to part with his bride, and when the other threatened to disinherit his child, and proscribe her husband, he very coolly replied, that, 'as matters stood, the connection was none of the most respectable—that he knew the value of a good wife, though without a guinea or a friend to take her part—that in a moderate way he could do his own turn, as well as the purse-proud gentleman he was addressing—and that as to the rest, he would trust to Providence and his own industry.' 'Nobly spoken,' roared the exultant priest; 'and faith, let me tell you, Jonathan Oldbuck, if I had known you were after marrying your wife's sister, I would have rather thrust my fingers in the fire than welded metals of such an opposite nature. The lines are now your own property; but if you'll restore the bit of plain paper, I'll hand you over every note, and wash my hands of the whole business.' But to this condition the Yorkshireman demurred, and perceiving that matters could not be mended, he left the apartment and the village too, 'growling all the while like a Russian bear.'"

ITALIAN AND BRITISH CLIMATE.

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies.—GOLDSMITH.

ROME, once the chief city in the world, and still commanding respect from its antiquity and the events connected with its history, stands in the midst of one of the most insalubrious plains in Italy, styled the *Cam-*

pagna di Roma. This circumstance is often alluded to in the old Roman writers; among others, by Livy and Cicero, the latter remarking that Romulus, in seeking a healthy spot, built his city in a region of pestilence; and again complaining that the Apian way was so lined with mausoleums and tombs, that little room was left for the habitations of living beings. In modern times, the marshy and pestilential character of the country around Rome has been greatly augmented, and is the dread of the traveller. Dr James Johnson, in his recent work, entitled "Change of Air, or Pursuit of Health," thus describes this fearful wilderness, across which so many of our English tourists proceed in search of the antique, and that ever-fleeting object—health.

"It is from the high mountains of Viterbo (says he) that we have the first glimpse of the wide-spread Campagna di Roma. The beautiful little lake of Vico lies under our feet, its sloping banks cultivated like a garden, but destitute of habitations, on account of the deadly malaria which no culture can annihilate. From this spot till we reach the desert, the features of poverty and wretchedness in the habitations themselves, as well as in every thing around them, grow rapidly more marked. We descend from Monte Rosi upon the Campagna, and at Baccano we are in the midst of it. If a stranger come upon the Campagna in this direction, unacquainted with the causes of its desolation, he would feel no other impression than that of crossing a very extensive heath of moorland, which was destined to pasturage, because not rich enough for agriculture. It is not more marshy than was Hounslow Heath at one time; and it is far more undulating in its surface, its soil being, generally speaking, dry and sandy. To the south of Rome, however, and in many parts of the valley of the Tiber, the ground is very marshy, and there is much stagnant water. But no human form meets the eye, except the gaunt figure of the herdsman, muffled up to the chin in his dark mantle, with his gun and his spear—his broad hat slouched over the ferocious and scowling countenance of a brigand! The buffalo which he guards is less repulsive than he. As for the shepherd, Arcadia forbid that I should attempt his description. The savage of the wigwam has health to recommend him. As we approach within ten or twelve miles of Rome, some specks of cultivation appear, and with them the dire effects of malaria on the human frame. According to Eustace, 'bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexions, livid eyes and lips; in short, all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, united in their persons.'"

To this testimony may be added that of Sir T. C. Morgan, who informs us that "whole villages (meaning, no doubt, their inhabitants) came from La Marca and Ravenna to the Campagna, during the winter and part of the summer. They assemble at daylight in the public squares of Rome for hire. They are a miserable looking people. We were assured that every year one in ten of these wretches dies of the fever; and those who escape carry the marks of the poison in their swollen and sallow countenances. Very few are able totally to throw off the disease, and repeated exposure to the malaria, in successive seasons, never fails to destroy them."

Some of my less informed readers may here ask, "but what is this *malaria*, which is so destructive in its nature?" Malaria signifies a pestilential air or vapour, produced by the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, through the means of heat and moisture. This dreadful species of bad air is extricated from the marshy grounds, and even from the cracks in the dry scorched plains of Italy, to an extent of which we have no conception in this country. In Rome, and other cities where the pavement and foundations of the houses cover the ground, and where the high walls shelter the passenger from the infectious gales, the malaria is less felt and heeded; but let us turn to most of the country parts—to those regions where animal and vegetable matter are acted upon by the heat of the sun, we find it reigning triumphant. According to Dr Macculloch, "the fairest portions of this fair land are a prey to this invisible enemy; its fragrant breezes are poison; the dew of its summer evenings are death. The banks of its refreshing streams, its rich and flowing meadows, the borders of its glassy lakes, the luxuriant plains of its overflowing agriculture, the valleys where its aromatic shrubs regale the eye and perfume the air—these are the chosen seats of this plague, the throne of the malaria. Death here walks hand in hand with the sources of life, sparing none; the labourer reaps his harvest but to die, or he wanders amidst the luxuriance of vegetation and wealth, the ghost of man, a sufferer from his cradle to his impending grave; aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one of disease. He is even driven from some of the richest portions of this fertile yet unhappy country; and the traveller contemplates at a distance deserts, but deserts of vegetable wealth, which man dares not appropriate—or he dies."

So this is Italy, the land whose climate is supposed to be so exceedingly delightful, and which is flocked to by thousands for the restoration of vigour to their animal existence! Vain imagination! The climate of Italy is found, on examination, to be, on the whole, much less salubrious than that of Great Britain. It is allowed that sixty thousand persons fall a sacrifice to consumption every year in this island; but in France, and all along the shores of the Mediterranean, this terrible malady is no less fatal to human life. The warmth of Italy is in reality no protection to the

valetudinarian; for with the warmth there is a moisture, and this induces malaria, which is fully as destructive as consumption itself. The desired climate for those of consumptive habits is that which has at once warmth and dryness, without variability. But these three virtues are rarely to be found combined. It is an ascertained fact there is no part of Europe perfectly sheltered from the piercing winds of spring, or possessing uniform warmth and dryness, or, indeed, any thing approaching to it. Madeira comes nearest to perfection. Its winter is 20 degrees warmer than that of London, while its summer heat exceeds that of London by 7 degrees. It is also exempt from keen winds, and is not subject to great varieties of climate. Nevertheless, how little is observed to be effected by a visit to this apparently salubrious region, and how much more efficacious in most instances is the attention which home can only afford, or the influence of native air. In comparing our climate with those of different countries, and especially that of Italy, we find it exceedingly salubrious, and less injurious to human life than most others. Although occasionally intemperate and variable, it is certainly free from native pestilential vapours, and has nothing deadly in its character. We may every where traverse the land fearless of the consequences; and instead of being affected by the diseased herdsman, or brigand, scowling in his sickliness and villany upon us as we pass, are we not rejoiced in hearing the jocund laugh of the reaper, or in seeing the harmless shepherd boy driving his charge

"along the mountain side?"

SCOTLAND:

ITS TRADE, SHIPPING, AND POPULATION.

THE increase which has taken place in recent times in the trade and manufactures of Scotland has been more rapid and astonishing than is observable in any other part of Europe. Looking back to the year 1666, we find that the whole vessels belonging to the country amounted only to 137, carrying 5736 tons. Of this number, Glasgow had no more than 12, of a burden of from 12 to 150 tons. At the Union in 1707, the shipping of Scotland had risen to 215 vessels, carrying 14,485 tons. In 1760, the number of ships employed in the fisheries, and in foreign and coasting trade, amounted to 999, carrying 53,913 tons; and in 1800, the shipping amounted to the more respectable number of 2415, carrying 171,728 tons, and employing 14,820 men.

It appears, by a Parliamentary paper, that in 1828 the number of vessels belonging to Scotland under 100 tons was 2160, and the number above 100 tons 983—total 3143, the total amount of registered tonnage of which was 300,836. We thus find, that from the Union till 1828, the shipping of Scotland rose from 215 to 3143 vessels, being a multiplication of about 14½ times within the period of 121 years. By a table in the Parliamentary paper it appears that Aberdeen owns the greatest amount of tonnage of any port in Scotland. Its tonnage is 46,587, that of Greenock 37,786, Glasgow 36,220, Leith 26,107, and Dundee 24,227. But this does not give a certain idea of the comparative amount of traffic carried on at these ports, for they employ the shipping of one another, and freight the vessels of inferior ports. In 1755, the imports into Scotland, in round numbers, were £465,411, and the exports £535,576; in 1825, the imports had increased to £4,994,304, and the exports to £5,842,269.

Such has been the extent and value of the agricultural improvements of Scotland within the same period, that the country could now supply her whole population with food without importation of corn, while the exports of her manufactured goods pays for all foreign luxuries, and leaves a heavy balance in her favour. What is remarkable, Scotland both exports and imports nearly the same kind of grain, and, deducting the one from the other, it appears that she is annually indebted to England and Ireland for 120,000 quarters of barley, and 180,000 of oats, while, on the other hand, she sends these countries 60,000 quarters of wheat. There being from three to four millions of bushels of malt made yearly in Scotland, chiefly for the whisky distilleries, the great demand for barley is accounted for.

It was recently calculated by Sir John Sinclair that the whole amount of manufactures in Scotland will annually exceed in value £14,000,000 sterling, including the price of the raw materials. The value of the mineral productions, such as coal, lime, iron, lead, &c. he calculates at £1,597,653, 6s. 8d. The fisheries he reckons at £1,300,000, and the gross produce of land at £23,261,155, 10s. The rise in the amount of population in Scotland, though steadily progressive since the Union, has not kept pace with the increase of trade and manufactures; consequently, the present population must be much more wealthy than their predecessors a hundred and twenty years since. In 1700, the population of Scotland was 1,048,000, and in 1821 it was 2,093,000, having taken 121 years to double itself; but perhaps great allowance should be made for the emigration which has constantly been going on into England, and latterly America. In 1831, the population was 2,365,807.

I cannot close this sketch without mentioning it as a fact well worthy of remark, that the tonnage of vessels on the Clyde is nearly as much as that of all Ireland, the tonnage of which, during 1828, only amounted to 97,369 tons, not one-third of the total tonnage of Scotland; in fact, the tonnage of Aberdeen

is as great as that of Dublin and Belfast, the two principal Irish ports, put together. Were I asked to explain the reason for this extraordinary superiority, I would state that the whole is attributable to the comparative habits of the people. For a hundred and twenty, and, most of all, for the last sixty years, the Scotch have reflected deeply and wrought hard in every department of the arts of civilized life, and the result has naturally been those gratifying facts above narrated. The Irish, on the other hand, have not reflected with judgment, nor have they been at all industrious. Ever pursuing some wild theoretic vision, which, when realized, is to make them happy and great, and ever discussing some great party question, which keeps the mind in a state of constant abstraction, they invariably lose the substance for the shadow, and are never advancing a single step in improvement or real national wealth. If any thing could convince them of this dreadful folly and its results, it would be a dispassionate comparison betwixt the extent, the capabilities, the wealth, and the amount of population of their own beautiful island with those of Scotland, a country not nearly so much favoured by nature, and which is much more severely taxed for the support of the state. The time has been, it must be remarked, when Scotland was also afflicted with abstract questions; the seventeenth century was entirely lost in Scotland, on account of a battle about religion, similar in many respects to that now carried on in Ireland. But this was at length got over, and it is exactly from the date of the settlement of that great question that the country has done any good.

WATERING PLACES.

WITHIN the last few years the resort to watering places has become particularly fashionable among the middle classes of Scotland, while the discovery of salubrious springs in different quarters of the country, and the competition among their proprietors, have given rise to a number of pleasant places of summer recreation, suitable to the demands and taste of the people. As occasionally some difficulty exists at this season in making the selection of a summer watering place of the description I mention, I propose to offer a series of sketches useful for the guidance of families. The first place I may notice is

MOFFAT.

This pleasing village is situated on an eminence at the opening of the hilly country, near the junction of the Moffat and Annan streams, in the upper part of Annandale, Dumfriesshire. It is situated at the distance of fifty-two miles south-west from Edinburgh, and twenty-one north-east from Dumfries. The distance from Glasgow is fifty-five miles. Being environed with lofty hills, some of them finely clothed in plantations of considerable beauty, an air of comfort and seclusion is thereby conveyed to the place, favourable to its character. One principal street, looking from the gentle declivity on which the town stands, towards the south, constitutes the body of the place, and affords fine prospects of the vale beneath. This street is judiciously laid out, spacious, and well calculated to form an agreeable promenade both for inhabitants and strangers. Much of the town is new, and the whole has a neat, cleanly appearance. Among the buildings are two good inns, at one of which at least visitors may be accommodated with horses, gigs, cars, or post chaises, for recreation along the different rides and drives about the town, or for travelling. The Dumfries and Edinburgh royal mail-coach passes through Moffat daily. The town possesses upwards of fifty good lodging houses, whose private apartments may always be had on reasonable terms. The market is well supplied with provisions, including vegetables, fruits, &c. Goats' and asses' milk is also to be had; and as there are more than a hundred cows kept in the parish, butter, milk, and cream, are plentiful. Around Moffat are some neat villas, all of them adding more or less, by their shrubberies and small plantations, to the beauty of the scenery. The parish church is an ornamental structure in the place, and besides it, there are several dissenting chapels.

Moffat derives the whole of its celebrity from the excellence of its mineral waters, which are of the most salubrious character, and are considered fully more efficacious by those who have resorted to them, than those of Harrogate, Leamington, or Bath. In the administration of these waters to valetudinarians, great improvements, suitable to the refinement of the age, have been effected in recent times. Over the chief spring, or well, there has been erected a splendid pump-room, measuring 60 feet by 30, answering the purpose of a lounge and news-rooms. At the back of this structure there is a series of baths, fitted up on the plan of the new baths at Leamington, with a dressing-room and fire to each: and it is mentioned that the supply to the mineral or sulphureous water baths, is sufficient to accommodate bathers at any hour. Shower and vapour baths can likewise be had, and there is a sedan chair for the use of invalids. In the Bath gardens there is a fine bowling-green for the use of visitors.

The salubrious springs at Moffat are three in number, one of them being sulphureous, and two of them chalybeate—that is, having an impregnation of iron or steel. The sulphureous is distinctly styled Moffat Well, and has an odour resembling the water of Harrogate. Its taste is somewhat saline; it sparkles when poured into a glass, and requires, so quickly do some of its best particles evaporate, to be drank at the fountain. No closeness of cork will preserve it

in bottles. Another spring, called, from its rising at the base of the Hartfell mountain, the Hartfell Spa, is a chalybeate, pretty strong at all times, but most so after heavy rains. A third spring, also chalybeate, is near Evan bridge, a little to the south of Moffat. Of a wine gallon taken from each of the three, the analyses made by the late Dr Garret, professor at Glasgow, afterwards lecturer to the Surrey Institution, were as follow:—

MOFFAT WELL.

"Muriate of soda (common salt),	36 grains,
Sulphuretted hydrogen gas,	10 cubic inches,
Azotic gas,	4 ditto,
Carbonic acid,	5 ditto.

"N. B.—This water will become useless if kept. Its efficacy has been proved in scorbutic and scrofulous cases.

HARTFELL SPA.

"Sulphate of iron (iron vitriol),	86 grains,
Sulphate of alumina,	12 ditto,
Azotic gas,	12 cubic inches.

"The water of this spring may be kept long without injury to its medicinal powers. It is a powerful tonic, of proved utility in obstinate coughs, stomach complaints affecting the head, gouty sores disordering the internal system, disorders to which the fair sex are liable, internal ulcers, &c.

EVAN BRIDGE SPA.

"Oxide of iron,	2 grains,
Carbonic acid,	13 cubic inches.
Azotic gas,	2 ditto.

"This being a weaker chalybeate than the preceding, resembling, in fact, a good deal the Harrogate chalybeate, might, it is thought, although now much neglected, prove useful when the preceding would be of too astringent a nature."

Little could be added to this just account of the properties of the mineral waters of Moffat. Having been frequented for many years, the place is one of the most respectable and comfortable among those towns claiming the notice of persons who wish to spend a few weeks agreeably in the country. The society is generally select and pleasing, and if the restoration of health be sought, I do not know a watering place which would be more certain to fulfil the expectations of the valetudinarian. The fame of Moffat is now not confined to Scotland, but is considerably extended in England, and attracts many visitors from the south; and as it lies near the border, on the great north road by Carlisle and Dumfries, it is much better adapted for the visits and residence of the English, than any other watering place in Scotland.

LIBERIA—AMERICAN BLACK POPULATION.

A few weeks ago, I took occasion to say a few words regarding slavery in North America, and the subject has again been brought under my notice by some pamphlets sent to this country, purporting to be Reports of the Pennsylvania Colonisation Society, and of the American Society for Colonising the Free People of Colour. Until I had perused these interesting papers, I was not aware of the great degree of exertion which is at present in operation on the other side of the Atlantic towards the removal of the black population to a land and climate more congenial with their nature and habits than the American continent. "Slavery (we are told in the introduction to one of the reports), and its inconsistency with the dictates of Christianity, have long been freely acknowledged and deeply lamented by the people of the United States, and its removal, the great problem which has occupied the attention of her best and wisest men. So far back as 1693, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, to put an end to the introduction of slaves, laid a duty of L.10 per head upon their importation; but this benevolent law, together with about fifty of similar tenor, which were passed by the neighbouring colonies up to the period of their revolution, were all refused the sanction of the mother country. The introduction of slaves was one of the great causes of complaint which led to their declaration of independence, dated July 4, 1776. Scarcely (continues the writer) had that struggle ceased, when a colony on the coast of Africa, similar to that of Liberia, was proposed, but the prosecution of the slave trade, by every civilized power, defeated these benevolent views. In 1796, the plan was again revived in a series of luminous essays by Gerard J. Hopkins, a distinguished Friend in Baltimore; and shortly afterwards, the legislature of Virginia, a state containing nearly one-third of the black population of the Union, pledged its faith to give up all their slaves, provided the United States could obtain a proper asylum for them. President Jefferson negotiated in vain for a territory either in Africa or Brazil; but that great state renewed its pledge in 1816, by a vote of 190 to 9 (most of the members being slave-holders), upon which, General C. F. Mercer, the Wilberforce of the American Congress, opened a correspondence with the philanthropists of the different states, which led to the formation of the American Colonisation Society on the 1st of January 1817. The great objects of that society were—the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence upon the coast of Africa; thus constituting them the protectors of the unfortunate natives against the ravages of the slave, and seeking through them to spread the lights of civilization and Christianity among the many millions who inhabit those dark regions."

About ten years have elapsed since this association commenced its operations, which have as yet been attended with perfect success. A tract of land was purchased on the coast of Guinea from the aborigines of the soil, south from the free colony of Sierra Leone, from about latitude 5 to 7, and the chief entrepôt for the reception of emigrants settled at Cape Mesurado, between latitude 6 and 7. "Five years of preliminary operations (says Elliot Cresson, in a speech before the society) were requisite for surveying the coast—providing the natives—and selecting the most eligible sites; numerous agents were subsequently employed—ships chartered—the forests cleared—schools, factories, hospitals, churches, government buildings, and dwellings erected, and the many expenses requisite here defrayed; and yet, for every fifty dollars expended by our society from its commencement, we have not only a settler to show, but an ample and fertile territory in reserve, where our future emigrants may sit under their own vines and fig-trees, with none to make them afraid. During the last year (1830), an amount nearly equal to the united expenditures in effecting these objects has been exported by the colonists; and from Philadelphia alone, eleven vessels have sailed, three of them chartered through the efforts of the Pennsylvania society, and bearing to the land of their forefathers a large number of slaves, manumitted by the benevolence of their late owners."

The colony of free blacks thus planted in Liberia, as it is called, already numbers about 2000 citizens, managed by themselves on republican principles, under a governor appointed by the society. The soil is fertile, and the climate congenial to their constitutions. The colonists have established relations of friendship and trade with the native chiefs, more than a hundred of whose children have been sent to Liberia for instruction in the schools established there. Each individual has thirty acres of land bestowed upon him, and in one year the settlers have shipped upwards of seventy thousand dollars' worth of produce. The colony now possesses a newspaper, conducted of course by a black editor, and which, having seen in London, I can vouch for the respectability of its tone and appearance. The import and export trade of the colony is annually improving, and already there are regular traders betwixt it and some of the American ports. The capital of the territory is called Monrovia, a neat town built on a neck of land betwixt the Atlantic and the estuary of the Mesurado river, and therefore well adapted for trade.

When we are informed that there are two millions of slaves, and three hundred thousand free blacks in the United States, which, jointly, have an annual increase of about sixty-six thousand, and that it costs L.7, 10s. to remove a single individual to Liberia, and place him in a way of supporting himself, the foregoing plan of free colonisation appears almost hopeless and desperate. It is impossible for us to see how any thing like an impression can be made on the immense mass of negroism in the United States. It may be very true that Great Britain has expended, in twenty-four years, L.8,000,000 sterling on Sierra Leone—a sum which would colonise the whole coloured population of the Union; but America has not the wealth of this country, and could not indulge in so expensive a freak. It therefore appears, that, as the colonisation societies are supported only by voluntary contributions—and I may here mention, that donations from Britain will be most thankfully acknowledged—the amount of deportation to Africa must continue on a most inefficient footing, as respects the clearing out the whole black population. This, however, is the gloomy side of the picture. We are all well acquainted with the effects of an incessant drop of water, which will wear the hardest rock; and it may be predicted, that an unflinching perseverance in this truly noble cause will eventually work results which human reason cannot now properly foresee. Besides, even although the exportation of the blacks, with their own consent, could not, by any accessible means, be effected, a very great object would be gained, simply by the planting of a civilized negro race on the shores of Guinea. Hitherto the vast continent in the interior has been impervious to the inroads of Christianity, commerce, or any of the ordinary means of civilization, chiefly from the destructiveness of the climate on the lives of white men. By the establishment in Guinea of a nation of blacks, trained in all the varied pursuits and religion of the whites, a grand obstacle is overcome, and I sincerely pray that that light which the American Colonisation Society has kindled on the coast of Africa, and which is growing brighter and brighter, may be the proximate means of illuminating the benighted millions of human beings who inhabit that extensive continent, and of causing them to stand up disenthralled, emancipated, and regenerated.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE Esquimaux constitute a most widely-diffused race, occupying all the shores of the Northern Ocean, and embracing nearly the entire circuit of the globe. Richardson and Franklin found them along the whole coast of the American polar sea; Kotzebue, in the channel near Behring's Straits. The Samoides and Kamtchadales, in Northern Asia, seem to belong to the same family. A similarity of visage and figure, boats, huts, and instruments—even a resemblance in habits, character, and mode of life—might have been produced by the common pressure of the same very peculiar outward circumstances. The affinity of

speech, however, which is such as proves the dialects of all the Esquimaux to be mere varieties of one common language, affords a clear proof that an original race from some one quarter has spread over the whole range of those immense and desolate shores. This migration must have been facilitated by the vast continuity of coast which stretches along the Arctic Ocean, and which is not equalled in any other quarter. Hence, probably, the Esquimaux, at distant ages, connected the old and new continents, which, at all other points, were then wholly unknown to each other.

The external form of that people seems influenced, and, as it were, characterised, by the severity of the climate. Their stature is decidedly lower than that of the Europeans; five feet nine inches being considered, even in a man, as almost gigantic. Though the trunk of the body is somewhat thick, all the extremities are small, especially the hands and feet, and the fingers short. The face is broad and flat, the nose small, and, at the same time, so sunk and deep, that in some instances a ruler could be applied from cheek to cheek without touching it. It is somewhere observed, that their visage presents that peculiar form which the human face naturally assumes under exposure to intense cold, that all the projecting features are drawn in, and the cheeks, consequently, pushed out. In the same way, exposure to the weather may perhaps produce the high cheek-bones of mountaineers. Under these modifications, however, both their bodies and their limbs are very tolerably shaped. Even the female countenance, though without pretensions to regular beauty, is often agreeable, with a frank and good-humoured expression; so that, were it cleared of the thick crust of grease and dirt, so as to exhibit the real complexion, which is only that of a deep brunette, it might, even in Europe, be reckoned handsome. The skin is unctuous, and unpleasantly cold to the touch; the flesh soft and flabby, owing, probably, to the fat animal substances which form the principal part of their food.

In their moral qualities, the Esquimaux, or at least this particular tribe, present much that is worthy of commendation. At the first opening of the intercourse, the most undeviating honesty marked all their conduct, though this quality, in the course of two winters' communication, was considerably undermined. They were exposed, indeed, to most severe temptations, by seeing constantly scattered about the ships, little planks, pieces of old iron, and empty tin pots, which was to them as if the decks had been strewn with gold and jewels. It also came to their knowledge that, in some of their early exchanges, rich skins had been bartered for beads, and other trifles of no real value—a system against which they exclaimed as absolute robbery. From first to last, the virtue now mentioned was practised among themselves in a manner worthy of the golden age. Their dresses, sledges, and all their implements of hunting and fishing, were left exposed inside or outside of the huts, without any instance being known of their having been carried off. Property, without the aid of laws or tribunals, was in the most perfect security. The common right to the products of the chase marks also a singular union, without seeming to relax their diligence in search of food, though it may perhaps contribute to their very thoughtless consumption of it. The navigators admit that they were received with the most cordial hospitality into the little huts, where the best meat was set before them, and the women vied with each other in the attentions of cooking, and drying and mending their clothes. "The women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door, and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp," gave a pleasing picture of savage life. Yet a continued intercourse showed that the Esquimaux inherited their full share of human frailty. Begging we shall pass over, though in many instances persevering and incessant, because it seems to have been called forth almost entirely by their connexion with our countrymen, and by too lavish presents at the first; while their little bursts of envy appear to have flowed from the same source. But the fair Esquimaux are charged with strong propensity to slander and detraction, which were as busy among them as they sat in circles round the door mending their lines, as in the most fashionable drawing-rooms. Their own conduct, meantime, is said to have afforded the most ample scope for censure, especially in regard to conjugal fidelity; and yet, when it is admitted that these faults were carefully concealed, and much outward decorum observed, and that the propensity to calumny often led the natives beyond the strict limits of truth, we doubt whether too implicit reliance may not have been placed on the scandalous chronicle of the frozen regions. The natives certainly do appear to display a peculiar apathy in regard to the sufferings and even the death of neighbours and relations. Widows, and the aged and infirm, if they have not children of their own, experience the greatest indifference. In times of plenty, indeed, they share in the general abundance of food; but, during scarcity, a very small quantity reaches them, and, receiving no attendance in their sickness, they often perish through pure want and neglect. The children are treated with extreme tenderness; though the practice of adoption, which prevails most extensively, and which establishes in full force, between the parties, the ties of father and child, is practised with regard to boys only, and seemingly with the view that they may contribute to support the old age of their fictitious parents.

The religious ideas of the Esquimaux, though they cannot be dignified with any better name than superstition, are not much more absurd than the popular creed of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Their principal deity is Aywillagoo, a female, immensely tall, with only the left eye, wearing a pigtail reaching to her knee, so thick that it can scarcely be grasped by both hands. Captain Lyon witnessed a mighty incantation, in which Zoolamak, the chief magician, summoned Aywillagoo to the upper world to utter her oracles. The party were assembled in a hut, where light after light was put out, till they were left in total darkness. Zoolamak then, after loud invocations, professed to descend to the world below to bring up the goddess. Soon there rose a loud chant of peculiar sound, imagined to be the voice of Aywillagoo. During half an hour, in reply to the loud screams and questions of her votaries, she uttered dubious and mystical responses; after which, the sound died away, and she was supposed to descend beneath the earth, when Zoolamak, with a shout, announced his own return to the upper world. The magician, however, being soon after on board a British ship, was treated with nine glasses of hot water (brandy), under the influence of which he began to act over again his enchantments, when it appeared, that by varying modes of applying the hand or jacket to the mouth, he produced those changeful sounds which had passed for the words of Aywillagoo. This divinity has for her father a giant with one arm. The Esquimaux pantheon comprises, moreover, Pamioli, a spirit frequently invoked, and a large bear, whose dwelling is in the middle of the ice, and who frequently holds converse with mankind. The natives believe also in a future world, the employments and pleasures of which, according to the usual creed of savage races, are all sensual. The soul descends beneath the earth through successive abodes, the first of which has somewhat of the nature of purgatory; but the good spirits, passing through it, find the other mansions successively improve, till they reach that of perfect bliss, far beneath, where the sun never sets, and where, by the side of large lakes, that never freeze, the deer roam in vast herds, and the seal and walrus abound in the waters.—*Murray's Polar Seas and Regions, in Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE STOCKING MANUFACTURE.

"It is well known that the Romans and other ancient nations had no particular clothing for the legs. During the middle ages, however, hose or leggins, made of cloth, began to be used; and, at a later period, the art of knitting stockings was discovered. Unluckily, nothing certain is known as to the individual by whom, the place where, or the time when, this important invention was made. Howell, in his *History of the World*, says, that Henry the Eighth were none but cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings; that Sir Thomas Gresham, the famous merchant, presented Edward the Sixth with a pair of long silk stockings from Spain, and that the present was much taken notice of; and he adds, that Queen Elizabeth was presented, in the third year of her reign, with a pair of black knit silk stockings, and that from that time she ceased to wear cloth hose. It would appear, from this circumstantial account, that the art of knitting stockings, or at least that the first specimens of knit stockings, had been introduced into England from Spain, about the middle of the sixteenth century; and such seems to have been the general opinion, till an allusion to the practice of knitting, in the pretended poems of Rowley, forged by Chatterton, caused the subject to be more strictly investigated. The result of this investigation showed clearly that the practice of knitting was well known in England, and had been referred to in acts of Parliament, a good many years previously to the period mentioned by Howell. But it had then, most probably, been applied only to the manufacture of woollen stockings, and the general use of cloth hose shows that even these had not been numerous. There is no evidence to show whether the art is native to England, or has been imported.

It is a singular fact that the stocking frame, which, even in its rudest form, is a very complex and ingenious machine, that could not be discovered accidentally, but must have been the result of deep combination and profound sagacity, should have been discovered so early as 1589, before, in fact, the business of knitting was generally introduced. The inventor of this admirable machine was Mr William Lee of Woodborough, in Nottinghamshire. He attempted to set up an establishment at Calverton, near Nottingham, for the manufacture of stockings, but met with no success. In this situation, he applied to the Queen (Elizabeth) for assistance; but, instead of meeting with that remuneration to which his genius and invention so well entitled him, he was discouraged and discountenanced! It need not, therefore, excite surprise that Lee accepted the invitation of Henry the Fourth of France, who, having heard of the invention, promised him a magnificent reward if he would carry it to France. Henry kept his word, and Lee introduced the stocking frame at Rouen with distinguished success; but after the assassination of the king, the concern got into difficulties, and Lee died in poverty at Paris. A knowledge of the machine was brought back from France to England by some of the workmen who had emigrated with Lee, and who established themselves

in Nottinghamshire, which still continues the principal seat of the manufacture.

During the first century after the invention of the stocking-frame, few improvements were made upon it, and two men were usually employed to work one frame. But in the course of last century the machine was very greatly improved. The late ingenious Mr Jedediah Strutt of Derby was the first individual who succeeded in adapting it to the manufacture of *ribbed* stockings. Estimating the population of Great Britain at 16,000,000, and the average annual expenditure of each individual upon stockings and knit gloves at 5s., the total value of the manufacture will be £4,000,000. Of this sum, the value of the silk and cotton stockings and gloves may amount to £2,500,000."

The foregoing statements have been extracted from the Dictionary of Commerce by J. R. McCulloch, who quotes from Beckmann's *History of Inventions*. We may now be permitted to say a word relative to the manufacture of stockings in Scotland. Although it appears that the stocking frame came into use in England about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and most likely soon banished the use of the knitting wires, the effect of this invention was very late in being seen in Scotland. Till far on in the eighteenth century, the use of knitted stockings was universal. Mittens, or woollen gloves for the hands, and boot-hose for drawing over the legs in riding, were also quite common, and all were wrought by the hand. The manufacture was carried on solely by women, the wives and daughters of farmers chiefly, and the produce was sold as the means of bringing in a small revenue. In Aberdeenshire, the females of mostly all ranks carried on the knitting of stockings to a considerable extent, not only for home, but for foreign consumption. The introduction of the stocking frame to Hawick in 1771, and the change of manners which took place about this period, soon ruined this lucrative traffic, but still the greater part of the stockings worn by people in the country on ordinary occasions are knitted at home, of white or coloured wool. The art is also still in use in Shetland, where knitting forms almost the only amusement to relieve the tedium of a long winter, and where the articles produced are exceedingly fine in the texture.

LONDON PORTER.

It has been generally believed that the superiority of London porter is caused by its being made of Thames water. This is a very erroneous opinion. The Thames water, from its impurity, has been long abandoned by the London porter brewers, who use either New River water or hard water, I believe, chiefly the latter. London is built on fine sand and gravel, and about two hundred feet below the foundation of the city there is a stratum of clay and a stratum of chalk, and here is found a most abundant supply of water, which is lifted by pumps. Hence, the superiority by no means lies in the water used, but in the immense quantity made, and in the art of the manufacturer. It is a very remarkable fact, that, except at Dublin, this beverage has never yet been equalled in point of strength and flavour. Good porter, of the most refreshing quality, is now sold all over the metropolitan districts. Imitations have been tried, with great exertion and outlay of capital, in different parts of the country, but they can all be detected by their *burnt taste*, and bear no comparison to the rich, full body of the genuine London porter. This generous liquor, as is well known, is always drunk out of pewter or silver pots, which impart a finer flavour to the mouth of the drinker than if glass or earthenware were used. The reason for this can be scientifically accounted for, by the electro-chemical action which is going on betwixt the acid of the porter and the metal; and, therefore, the popular taste is quite correct in adhering to pewter pots. The Scotch, who import London porter to a large extent, do not seem to be aware of this remarkable fact, as they always drink the liquor from glass tumblers. Between six and seven millions of barrels of porter or strong beer are made annually in England; in 1830, the quantity exported was 74,902 barrels.

EDINBURGH ALE.

While London bears the palm of superiority in the art of porter-brewing, Edinburgh challenges all the world to compete with it in the manufacture of ale. In the making of this luxurious beverage, it has, for a considerable period of years, had no rival, unless we allow, what is perhaps correct, that the brewers of Leith, Prestonpans, and Linlithgow, and some other small towns, are equally entitled to hold up the superiority of their liquors; nevertheless, the whole fall under the designation of Edinburgh ale. This ale differs entirely, in body, flavour, appearance, and character, from the English ales. It is as clear as amber, and of the same colour; soft and delicious in taste; so strong, that a few glasses produce a slight intoxication, or inclination to sleep; and has a thin creamy top. It is exceedingly difficult to keep, and is easily affected by atmospheric phenomena, although kept in casks in a close cellar, and generally turns hard or sourish after being kept more than a season. It is always used in Edinburgh in glass quart bottles—never in draught; and, when diluted with water, forms an agreeable table beer. It has been occasionally alleged, from the intoxicating qualities of Edinburgh ale, that it is mixed with *cocculus indicus*, or some other poisonous ingredient; but this is, without doubt, an idle fallacy, the liquor being simply the

strength of malt and hops. It is used only in moderate quantities, being quaffed from long tapering glasses made for the purpose, and cannot be indulged in so freely as porter, to which it bears no other resemblance than it is made from nearly the same materials, differently prepared. The quantity of strong beer or ale made in Scotland annually amounts to about 110,000 barrels, upwards of 3000 of which are exported; the chief export being to London. About 130,000 barrels of table beer are also annually manufactured, besides an immense quantity of small beer—a species of light, cheap, frothy liquid, in great domestic request in Scotland, and which, from its resemblance, in some respects, to ginger beer, might be manufactured in the English towns with every chance of success.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

In our last article on this subject it was correctly shown, however painfully to Scottish feeling, that the various families of the Cumyns, the Baliols, the Bruces, the Stewarts, and the Wallaces, were all descended from English settlers in Scotland. In continuing the catalogue of distinguished names who assisted in forming Scottish society, the next to be mentioned is that of *Douglas*. This once exceedingly powerful and haughty family draws its origin from no higher source than the blood of a Flemish emigrant, Theobaldo Flamatico, as he was named in the charters, appeared in this country about 1150, and, as a vassal of the Abbot of Kelso, received a grant of some lands on Douglas water, in Clydesdale; and his descendants, as was customary, took a surname from their estate. *Dhu-glas* signifies the dark blue stream. It has been of late warmly contested that the Douglasses had a much higher foreign extraction; but we have seen no document to prove that such was actually the case, while their Flemish origin seems incontestably fixed by the chartulary of Kelso. The family did not make any particular figure in history till the eventful epoch of the wars of Bruce, when it became conspicuous for its adherence to the interests of that monarch. It was raised to an earldom by David the Second in 1357, but before this period the chiefs of the family went occasionally by the name of the Lords of Douglas.

There are now a number of respectable families in Scotland with the name of *Menzies*. This name is a corruption of the ancient English surname of *Manners* or *Meyners*, having originally been such. The first of the race who settled in this part of the island was Anketil de Meyners, who witnessed a charter of William de Vetrepoint to the monks of Holyrood at the beginning of the thirteenth century. This person is understood to have been a younger son of the English family of Meyners, and he was probably the father of Robert de Meyners, who flourished under Alexander the Second, and was appointed chamberlain on the accession of Alexander the Third. Subsequently the family acquired lands in Perthshire, where their descendants are still found under the appellation of *Menzies*.

The *Hamillons* also draw their origin from Anglo-Norman settlers of the same early period. Roger and William, two younger sons (says George Chalmers) of Robert, the third Earl of Leicester, and the grandson of Robert, the first earl, who came over with the Conqueror, went to Scotland in the reign of William the Lion, to whom they were related by his mother, the Countess Ada. Roger became Chancellor and Bishop of St Andrews, and William married, and, acquiring a large estate, founded the family which afterwards rose to ducal honours. The surname, *De Hambleton*, was assumed by William, from the manor where he was born, in Buckinghamshire.

Families with the surname of Boswell deduce their origin from a branch of the English family of Bosville, who settled in Scotland under David the First, and soon spread into different quarters of the country. It is impossible to trace any connection betwixt this name and that of St Boswell's, a village in the south of Scotland, for it is ascertained that this place took its name from one Boisil, a monk of Melrose who lived many centuries before the Bosvilles arrived in the country. The family of *Charteris* of Amisfield, and other families of the same name, were likewise Anglo-Norman settlers of David's reign. The *Burnetts* are of the same Anglo-Norman lineage, being all descended from Robert Burnard, who settled in Teviotdale as early as 1128, and was the first of the name in North Britain. The *Edmunds* of Mid-Lothian, now extinct, and their place only remembered by the name of Edmondston, an estate near Edinburgh, were also from an Anglo-Norman stock of the same period. The *Ferrarses*, another extinct Mid-Lothian family, were a branch of the English race of Ferrars. The *De Burnvilles*, also extinct, but probably continued under the name of Burn or Burns, were also settlers under David the First. One of them held the lands of Brocsmouth in East Lothian under William the Lion. One of the most distinguished foreign settlers of William's reign was Helias, the son of Hutred, who obtained from Waldeve, the son of Gospatrick, the lands of Dundas in West Lothian. Helias, on his settling on these lands, assumed the appellation as his own surname, and hence the origin of the family of *Dundas*—a name associated with the history of the country for six centuries, and known both for good and evil up even till our own times. The *Mowbrays* likewise settled at this period, and also the *Gourlays* in the year 1174.

The first of the latter family was Inglegram de Gourlay, who obtained some lands in Fife, and became the progenitor of the Gourlays of Kincairg. Another family of the Gourlays settled in Lothian, as vassals of the Earls of Dunbar. The *Mortimers* appeared in the country at the same time, and one of them, receiving the lands of Moncrieff in Perthshire, assumed that title as his surname, and became the progenitor of the families named *Moncrieff*.—*To be continued.*

COUNTERPART ANECDOTES.

THE following remarks on the English language are from a recent work, entitled, "Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England." They are introduced here chiefly for the sake of the anecdote at the end, to which we are surprised to find that we can furnish an exact counterpart:—

"But what is particularly vexatious is, that, having learned English tolerably well with your eyes, it is very possible that your ear may not comprehend a syllable. Not only I do not know a language the orthography of which agrees less with its pronunciation, but I know of none the pronunciation of which is so difficult, so capricious, so uncertain. One would feel inclined to believe that the writing and the pronunciation of this language are separated by a lapse of many centuries. 'You write *bread*,' said Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, to her English master—'you pronounce *bred*: why don't you simply say *du pain*?'"

A French teacher, lately resident at Edinburgh, but now practising his profession, in which he is very eminent, at Glasgow, one evening gave a *petit souper* to some of his friends in the Scottish metropolis. Among those present was a simple-hearted honest Scotch matron, whose claims to be of the party arose, we believe, from her having some children under Mr F——'s charge. During supper, she heard a great deal of French talked, which afflicted her with strong surprise. "It was sic a daft-like language," she thought, "whan ae heard it yattered away that gate. And, dear sake, Mr F——," she added, taking up a slice of a loaf, "just let me ask what ye ca' this, in that queer language o' yours?"

"Pain, madame," answered the polite Frenchman. "Peng!" she cried; "sic a like word! Dear me, Mr F——, wad it no be far wiser like, and mair to the purpose, just to ca' it *breede*?"

The good lady little thought how her wit was jumping with that of a more distinguished person.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea—that is, about twice the height of St Paul's Church in London [or the height of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh], and to fall these eight hundred feet, in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone: that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires. —*Arnott's Physics.*

THE LONG NAILS OF THE PACHA.

When Mahomet Ali, the illustrious restorer of civilization to Egypt, first sent out his army, modelled after the European fashion, to attack the Wahabees in the interior, every where they marched they were looked upon with pity, both by the natives and by the outposts of the enemy. Instead of being mounted on richly caparisoned horses, loaded with all the finery of the Osmanlees, and armed with a scymitar, the men marched on foot quietly in files, dressed in coarse red jackets, and all the arms they appeared to possess was a musket with a *long nail* at the end of it. On coming up and forming a position on a plain in front of the Wahabees, the latter considered that these poor wretches had delivered themselves up for slaughter; rushing down the hills, therefore, with the usual impetuosity of Turkish cavalry, and with the intention of surrounding the Egyptians, they were dreadfully staggered in their career by receiving a well-directed fire from the lines. Surprised and daunted by the shower of balls which fell among them, and emptied scores of saddles at every volley, they were obliged to retreat in quick time, pursued by the grenadiers and light companies, who hunted them through their fastnesses, at every step letting them feel the use of the *long nails* on the muskets, until they retired into an inner part of the country. When the news of this first engagement of his new troops reached Mahomet Ali, he bounded from his divan with joy; and ever since, the dread of the close rank and file, and, above all, the *bayonet*, has favoured every military movement of the Pacha.

Column for Clever Little Boys.

ARITHMETICAL AMUSEMENTS.

Cocker and Dilworth, Walkingham and Vyse, in their own sphere by BIDDER were outdone; They, or with pen or pencil problems solved,—He, with no aid, but with his memory! They, when of years mature, acquired their fame,—He, "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Oh, how I do love to see a clever little boy; none of your dull dunderheads, who never stir from the bottom of their class, and who, when you ask them to do any little job, don't know what you mean, or require to be told twice before they move; none of these stupid fellows for me: show me a smart active boy of industrious and honest habits, a boy who is never at a loss for his lesson, and who will run or jump in a moment to execute what you want done without grumbling, or pretending there are difficulties in the way; nay, who will even know how to be of service to his father, or his elder brothers, or may be his uncle, without constant telling. Oh, how I do love to see such a smart and ingenious serviceable boy. These are the sort of boys who are to be great men when they grow up; these are the boys who are to take the lead in future society. I don't care for boys who cannot count; that is, those who have no knowledge of arithmetic. I have observed that it is of no use for boys to be clever if they do not properly understand the value of figures or numbers. They are liable to imposition on all hands, and may even be cheated by the woman who sells the berries at the corner. I would advise all boys to try what they can to be good counters. Some will arrive at much greater perfection in this art than others; still it is astonishing how expert any boy may become, simply by diligence and attention to his slate. I know there are thousands and thousands of boys, both in England and Scotland, who read the JOURNAL every Saturday when it comes out, and that many of them are quite expert at figures, besides being excellent scholars in other respects. I therefore wish to give these clever little chaps an afternoon's amusement with their pencil. For this purpose, I beg to lay before them the following observations on arithmetic and arithmetical games, selected from that valuable juvenile manual, "THE BOY'S OWN BOOK."

"The delightful and valuable science of arithmetic (says the author) first arrived at any degree of perfection in Europe, among the Greeks, who made use of the letters of the alphabet to express their numbers. A similar mode was followed by the Romans, who, besides characters for each rank of classes, introduced others for five, fifty, and five hundred, which are still used for chapters of books, and some other purposes. The common arithmetic, in which the ten Arabic figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are used, was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and came into Europe, by way of Spain, from the Arabians, who are said to have received it from the Indians. It is supposed to have taken its origin from the ten fingers of the hand, which were made use of in computation, before arithmetic was brought into an art.

The Indians are very expert at computing without pen or ink; and the natives of Peru, in South America, who do all by the arrangement of grains of maize, excel the European, with the aid of all his rules and implements for writing. But the dexterity of those people cannot for a moment be compared with the feats of mental arithmetic exhibited by George Bidder. This astonishing boy at a very early age, and without education, was capable of solving very intricate questions in arithmetic, without the use of pen, pencil, or writing implements of any sort, but entirely in his own mind, as correctly and quickly as the most expert person could in the common way. We have, personally, witnessed his ability in this respect, and among many other complicated questions which were put to him, we recollect the following:—Supposing the sun to be 95 millions of miles from the earth, and that it were possible for an insect, whose pace should be $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per minute, to travel that space, how long would it take to reach the sun? This he mentally solved in a very short time.

Several other mental arithmeticians have appeared within these few years. Among the rest, Jedediah Buxton, an illiterate peasant, who was never taught to read or write, appears to have been eminent. Several of the questions answered by this man have been recorded; among others, we recollect the following:—How many times will a coach-wheel, whose circumference is six yards, turn in going 204 miles? In thirteen minutes Buxton answered—59,840 times. Then he was asked:—And, supposing sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet per second, how long will it be before the report of a cannon is heard 5 miles off? His answer was—23 seconds, 7 thirds, and 46 remain. On being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product in a very short time; and, when requested to work the question audibly, so that his method might be known, he multiplied by 456 first by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300; it remained, therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280 (or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5), by 15, as 5 times 15 are 75. This product, being 34,200 he added to 136,800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and this produced 171,000 which was 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and, having added this number to 171,000, he

found the product of 456 multiplied by 378, to be 172,368. By this it appears that he was so little acquainted with the common rules, as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce, multiplied by 100; whereas, had he added two ciphers to the figures, he would have obtained the product at once.

TO TELL ANY NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

Desire any person to think of a number, say a certain number of shillings; tell him to borrow that sum of some one in the company, and add the number borrowed to the amount thought of. It will here be proper to name the person who lends him the shillings, and to beg the one who makes the calculation to do it with great care, as he may readily fall into an error, especially the first time. Then say to the person:—"I do not lend you, but give you ten, add them to the former sum." Continue in this manner:—"Give the half to the poor, and retain in your memory the other half." Then add—"Return to the gentleman, or lady, what you borrowed, and remember that the sum lent you was exactly equal to the number thought of." Ask the person if he knows exactly what remains: he will answer "Yes." You must then say—"And I know, also, the number that remains; it is equal to what I am going to conceal in my hand." Put into one of your hands 5 pieces of money, and desire the person to tell how many you have got. He will answer 5; upon which, open your hand, and show him the 5 pieces. You may then say—"I well knew that your result was 5; but if you had thought of a very large number, for example, two or three millions, the result would have been much greater, but my hand would not have held a number of pieces equal to the remainder." The person then supposing that the result of the calculation must be different, according to the difference of the number thought of, will imagine that it is necessary to know the last number in order to guess the result: but this idea is false; for, in the case which we have here supposed, whatever be the number thought of, the remainder must always be 5. The reason of this is as follows:—The sum, the half of which is given to the poor, is nothing else than twice the number thought of, plus 10; and when the poor have received their part, there remains only the number thought of, plus 5; but the number thought of is cut off when the sum borrowed is returned, and, consequently, there remain only 5.

It may be hence seen, that the result may be easily known, since it will be the half of the number given in the third part of the operation; for example, whatever be the number thought of, the remainder will be 36, or 25, according as 72 or 50 have been given. If this trick be performed several times successively, the number given in the third part of the operation must be always different; for if the result were several times the same, the deception might be discovered. When the five first parts of the calculation for obtaining a result are finished, it will be best not to name it at first, but to continue the operation, to render it more complex, by saying, for example, "Double the remainder, deduct two, add three, take the fourth part," &c.; and the different steps of the calculation may be kept in mind, in order to know how much the first result has been increased or diminished. This irregular process never fails to confound those who attempt to follow it.

THE MONEY GAME.

A person having in one hand a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver, you may tell in which hand he has the gold and in which the silver, by the following method:—Some value, represented by any even number, such as 8, must be assigned to the gold, and a value represented by an odd number, such as 3, must be assigned to the silver; after which, desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, such as 2; and that in the left by an odd number, as 3; then bid him add together the two products, and if the whole sum be odd, the gold will be in the right hand, and the silver in the left; if the sum be even, the contrary will be the case.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for in that case the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It may be readily seen, that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person, may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number, or piece of silver. The same operations may then be performed, in regard to these two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling the one privately the right, and the other the left.

THE GAME OF THE KING.

This game is an application of one of the methods employed to tell several numbers thought of, and ought to be performed in a company not exceeding nine, in order that it may be less complex. Desire any one of the company to take a ring, and put it on any joint of whatever finger he may think proper. The question then is, to tell what person has the ring, and on what hand, what finger, and on what joint.

For this purpose, you must call the first person 1, the second 2, the third 3, and so on. You must also denote the ten fingers of the two hands, by the following numbers of the natural progression, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. beginning at the thumb of the right hand, and ending at that of the left, that by this order the num-

ber of the finger may, at the same time, indicate the hand. In the last place, the joints must be denoted by 1, 2, 3, beginning at the points of the fingers.

To render the solution of this problem more explicit, let us suppose that the fourth person in the company has the ring on the sixth finger, that is to say, on the little finger of the left hand, and on the second joint of that finger.

Desire some one to double the number expressing the person, which, in this case, will give 8; bid him add 5 to this double, and multiply the sum by 5, which will make 65; then tell him to add to this product the number denoting the finger, that is to say, 6, by which means you will have 71; and, in the last place, desire him to multiply the last number by 10, and to add to the product the number of the joint, 2; the last result will be 712; if from this number you deduct 250, the remainder will be 462; the first figure of which, on the left, will denote the person; the next, the finger, and, consequently, the hand; and the last, the joint.

It must here be observed, that when the last result contains a cipher, which would have happened in the present example, had the number of the finger been 10, you must privately subtract from the figure preceding the cipher, and assign the value of 10 to the cipher itself.

THE GAME OF THE BAG.

To let a person select several numbers out of a bag, and to tell him the number which shall exactly divide the sum of those he has chosen:—Provide a small bag, divided into two parts, into one of which put several tickets, numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 120, 213, 309, &c.; and in the other part put as many other tickets, marked No. 3 only. Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and, after showing them to the company, put them into the bag again, and, having opened it a second time, desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper: when he has done that, you open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only. You may safely pronounce that the ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other numbers is divisible; for, as each of these numbers can be multiplied by 3, their sum total must, evidently, be divisible by that number. An ingenious mind may easily diversify this exercise, by marking the tickets in one part of the bag, with any numbers that are divisible by 9 only, the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; and it should never be exhibited to the same company twice without being varied.

THE CERTAIN GAME.

Two persons agree to take, alternately, numbers less than a given number, for example, 11, and to add them together till one of them has reached a certain sum, such as 100. By what means can one of them infallibly attain to that number before the other?

The whole artifice in this consists in immediately making choice of the numbers 1, 12, 23, 34, and so on, or of a series which continually increases by 11, up to 100. Let us suppose that the first person, who knows the game, makes choice of 1; it is evident that his adversary, as he must count less than 11, can, at most, reach 11, by adding 10 to it. The first will then take 1, which will make 12; and whatever number the second may add, the first will certainly win, provided he continually add the number which forms the complement of that of his adversary, to 11; that is to say, if the latter take 8, he must take 3; if 9, he must take 2; and so on. By following this method, he will infallibly attain to 89; and it will then be impossible for the second to prevent him from getting first to 100; for whatever number the second takes, he can attain only to 99; after which the first may say—"and 1 makes 100." If the second take 1 after 89, it would make 90, and his adversary would finish by saying—"and 10 make 100." Between two persons who are equally acquainted with the game, he who begins must necessarily win.

THE DICE GUESSED UNSEEN.

A pair of dice being thrown, to find the number of points on each die without seeing them:—Tell the person who cast the dice to double the number of points upon one of them, and add 5 to it; then, to multiply the sum produced, by 5, and to add to the product the number of points upon the other die. This being done, desire him to tell you the amount, and, having thrown out 25, the remainder will be a number consisting of two figures, the first of which, to the left, is the number of points on the first die, and the second figure to the right, the number on the other. Thus:

Suppose the number of points of the first die which comes up, to be 2, and that of the other, 3: then, if to 4, the double of the points of the first, there be added 5, and the sum produced, 9, be multiplied by 5, the product will be 45; to which, if 3, the number of points on the other die, be added, 48 will be produced, from which, if 25 be subtracted, 23 will remain; the first figure of which is 2, the number of points on the first die, and the second figure 3, the number on the other.

THE SOVEREIGN AND THE SAGE.

A sovereign being desirous to confer a liberal reward on one of his courtiers who had performed some very important service, desired him to ask whatever he thought proper, assuring him it should be granted. The courtier, who was well acquainted with the science of numbers, only requested that the monarch would give him a quantity of wheat equal to that which would arise from one grain doubled sixty-three times successively. The value of the reward was im-

mense; for it will be found, by calculation, that the sixty-fourth term of the double progression, divided by 1 : 2 : 4 : 8 : 16 : 32 : &c., is 9223372036854775808. But the sum of all the terms of a double progression, beginning with 1, may be obtained by doubling the last term, and subtracting from it 1. The number of the grains of wheat, therefore, in the present case, will be 18446744073709551615. Now, if a pint contain 9216 grains of wheat, a gallon will contain 73728; and, as eight gallons make one bushel, if we divide the above result by eight times 73728, we shall have 31274997411295 for the number of the bushels of wheat equal to the above number of grains: a quantity greater than the whole surface of the earth could produce in several years, and which, in value, would exceed all the riches, perhaps, on the globe.

THE HORSE-DEALER'S BARGAIN.

A gentleman, taking a fancy to a horse which a horse-dealer wished to dispose of at as high a price as he could, the latter, to induce the gentleman to become a purchaser, offered to let him have the horse for the value of the twenty-fourth nail in his shoes, reckoning one farthing for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, and so on to the twenty-fourth. The gentleman, thinking he should have a good bargain, accepted the offer; the price of the horse was, therefore, necessarily great.

By calculating as before, the twenty-fourth term of the progression, 1 : 2 : 4 : 8 : &c., will be found to be 8388608, equal to the number of farthings the purchaser gave for the horse; the price, therefore, amounted to L.8738, 2s. 8d.

THE DINNER PARTY.

A club of seven persons agreed to dine together every day successively, as long as they could sit down to table differently arranged. How many dinners would be necessary for that purpose? It may be easily found, by the rules already given, that the club must dine together 5040 times, before they would exhaust all the arrangements possible, which would require above thirteen years."

GARDENING.—AUGUST, SEPTEMBER.

The operations of the gardener being nearly alike in August and September, may be noticed in one place. Runners of all sorts of strawberries must now be taken off and bedded out, if this has not been done already. Cut down all the last year's canes of such raspberries as have ripened their fruit. This will cause the young canes to grow stronger, ripen better, and be productive of finer and much better fruit than if left, according to the usual custom, till the plants are pruned in the winter or spring. Budding must be performed at this period, beginning with cherries, apricots, or plums, and continuing with nectarines, pears, and apples. Continue to nail up all fruit trees close to the wall, in order that the young wood may be properly ripened. Toward the middle of September cut off close to the principal shoot all such lateral side shoots of the vine as were before shortened back in one joint, as the principal eyes now will not push out any new shoots; this will give the plants air and light, and naturally assist in ripening both their wood and fruit. Protect the grapes from wasps and the large blue flies, by putting the bunches in thin gauze bags. In some seasons, particularly in hot and dry summers, wasps and flies are so numerous, that they attack every description of fruit as it becomes ripe. They may be destroyed very readily by hanging up bottles on different parts of the wall, with vinegar and water mixed with honey, sugar, or treacle, emptying the bottles from time to time, and returning the liquor into them again. Ants are also great devourers of ripe fruit. When they are numerous, they may be effectually destroyed by one quart of water in which an ounce of pounded arsenic has been boiled half an hour, and mixed with sugar, so as to form a syrup. This must be placed in oyster shells at the foot of the trees or bottom of the wall, covering them so as to keep off the rain; this will require to be frequently removed, and kept in a liquid state.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow cauliflower and early purple brocoli for frames, lettuces, Flanders and prickly spinach, short-topped and turnip radishes. Plant out *covee tranchuda* in frames, the same as cauliflower, to be kept through the winter. Make mushroom beds in the mushroom-house, or under sheds, for winter crops. Plant out brocoli and winter greens. Earth up celery, cardoons, and tie up endive blanch. Prick out cabbage plants. Hoe out winter spinach to three or four inches distance from plant to plant. Pull up onions as soon as their tops are nearly dead, or they will push out fresh roots after rain, which will greatly injure their bulbs, and prevent their keeping in a sound and firm state to their usual period in the following spring.—*Lindley's Gardener's Calendar.*

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TALENT AND CONDUCT.

THERE is an idea prevalent, that want of worldly prudence is one of the most obvious marks of talent; and therefore many persons who wish to be thought possessed of ability think it necessary to take down a peg in their morality. What a degrading notion is this—what a miserable affectation! Talent without conduct is like a gilded boat unprovided with rudder or compass. It may make a fine show as it leaves the harbour; but whenever it gets into the open sea, it is found unfit for use, and perhaps leads its crew to destruction. On the other hand, nothing can be more worthy of admiration than talent accompanied by upright conduct and pure manners. In the one case the good faculty is worse than useless; while the folly and vice by which it is attended only show the more contemptible from their connection with so illustrious a quality. In the other instance, the praise of ability at least experiences no drawback. The individual gets the usual credit for his personal worth, and the homage due to his ability besides. But the more general disposition of men is to accord only the more admiration to talent, in so far as it goes hand in hand with virtue.

In an age when intellect is so active, and so many persons are constantly seeking to advance themselves by means of literature from the lower walks of life, it is of great consequence that right ideas should be entertained respecting the personal behaviour of men of genius. To suppose that extended powers of mind are likely to produce, or to be accompanied by, a blindness to the ordinary moral responsibilities, is, in my opinion, an absurdity. The more likely event is, that the man of talent is just the more able to appreciate and walk by the best precepts of conduct. It is true, we have some splendid instances of at least the poetical order of intellects, which distinguished themselves by a line of private conduct in no respect estimable. But not only are these mere exceptions; but, in all such cases, the fault might be traced either to some radical defect of character, or to a want of acquaintance with the world. I am here only alluding to the splendid instances where it is impossible to suppose *affectation*. But, in the great majority of cases, *that* is the key to the mystery. The truth is, that most vicious habits arise at first from affectation. There is not, I am persuaded, much plain honest sin, resulting from real impulse. The most of it is committed in imitation of something which we think fine. One silly fellow thinks it looks fine to be seen smoking cigars. Accordingly he smokes cigars. There is no trace of a love of tobacco in the whole vice. He only wishes to be seen with a cigar in his mouth. Another silly fellow's imagination is dazzled by the glories of the table; he accordingly drinks—not at all because he likes drink—but because he thought some other people looked uncommonly fine fellows when they were drinking, and so he must drink too. A third swears because he liked the sound of an oath one day in the mouth of a friend. In the same manner, the most of the instances which are pointed out, of men of talent who have become degraded by their vices, are in reality only pretenders, or little better, setting themselves with great anxiety to ruin themselves into a character for cleverness. Men of that kind are only worthy of pity. They are foolishly losing the good name of honest citizens, in order to gain—nothing. The fact is, that degraded habits are totally inconsistent with the exercise of the higher mental faculties. Instead of the fancy being bur-

nished, as many people suppose, by the use of liquor, it is deadened. Intoxication enchains and blunts the intellectual powers; and a man might just as well attempt to improve his dancing by tying up his legs, as think of writing better by means of a libation to the jolly god. I grant that liquor loosens the tongue considerably, and in general seems to brighten the hours of conversation. But its effect is quite different when the toper comes to paper. He then finds that the steady accurate exertion of mind which is required for composition is out of the question; and after writing a few sentences, which he knows, even in his blind state, to be incoherent and useless, he quits the pen in despair.

The proper end and use of an extraordinary degree of intellectual power unquestionably is the benefit of those who are less gifted. All talent which is not exerted for some purpose of this kind is useless, or worse. Now I am disposed to affirm that no man is truly capable of improving his fellow-creatures to a great extent, or even of supplying them with fanciful effusions that are calculated to *please without injuring*, unless his own personal character be rather above than below the average. The whole thoughts and sympathies of a man bear the complexion of his habits; and whence are we to expect manly thoughts or worthy sentiments, but from the mind and heart that are manly and worthy? Besides, there is much in personal example. I have always observed that the clergyman whose private life is irreproachable gains far more attention to his precepts, and oftener sees them reduced to practice, than he who has the misfortune to be otherwise. If a reader, for instance, were aware that a historical volume put into his hands was composed by a man notorious in private life for speaking without a regard to truth, would not his mind be haunted by that idea all the time he was perusing it, so as to prevent him in a great measure from trusting, and consequently from deriving any advantage from the work. Again, if the reader were to read a brilliant effusion of feeling or fancy, and be then told that, fine as it looked, it was the composition of a man who in reality had no heart—a cold, haughty, vain person, who plumed himself not only upon his abilities, but upon far more trivial and common-place distinctions—who forgot all to whom he had ever been obliged, even his near relations, on being elevated a little above them in society (if such a person *can* be really elevated)—would he not throw it away with contempt, and turn for relief to the simple virtues of some ordinary character, where much was neither given nor required?

The general truth unquestionably is, that talent can only be profitably exercised—can only appear properly to exist—when it is accompanied by correct conduct; and, with very few exceptions, those who appear to unite it with the reverse are only empirics, or men who have grasped at the shadow instead of the substance.

THE VICTIM OF FACILITY. SECOND INSTANCE.

IT is a common, but very vulgar notion, that legal practitioners are, as a class, selfish and faithless, even on the outlook for their own advantage, and for an opportunity of serving it, however nefarious, if it can only be made consistent with law. This may be true in particular instances: there are rascals in every profession; but, if matters were rightly understood, for every uniaithful *man of business*, as a law-agent is generally termed in Scotland, there are ten clients that would be unjust if they could; and for one charge

against men of business that proceeds on just grounds, ten at least, or ten hundred, proceed either in gross ignorance, or wilful, and often most ungrateful, misrepresentation. Men of business are no doubt responsible persons, and should be correct; but it is too much to insist that they should live constantly amid fire and remain unchanged; constantly liable to be injured, or, if they are successful in guarding against that, misrepresented, and not at last feel callous to the opinion of the world, and, even in defiance of that opinion, to look to themselves and their families. To expect the contrary is to expect in them a constant philosophy, and even a constant Christian feeling and forbearance, far beyond what might be expected, certainly beyond what would be experienced, in those who live by preaching the doctrines of philosophy and Christianity.

And such virtue is actually *often* found among men of business, in its most distinct form, and yet practised as an ordinary duty. After the most arduous and successful exertions, they are often left, not only without payment, but with the bitterest reproaches. Money liberally expended, and at the sacrifice of more lucrative modes of applying it, or with personal inconvenience, is often ungratefully denied, till denial is no longer possible, or the returns of their severe labour are withheld in the express view of compelling them to accept, from necessity, less than they ought to receive in justice. What is even more galling to a man of good feelings, the perverse client, after being preserved by one, runs to be destroyed by another, satisfied if that other can only assist in perpetrating an injustice against the man who had merited nothing but respect and gratitude. Yet all this they often experience, and all this they are accustomed to receive, not as a conduct they are to punish, but to guard against if they can. They express little resentment, perhaps none; but resorting to that law for their protection, without the aid of which they and their families would be ruined, their success in their own cause is termed oppression, and that ruin imputed to them which has been rushed upon by their opponents.

My acquaintance R.—had entered into business in early life. He had no connections but such as his talents and industry might bring him; but these soon became conspicuous, and were followed by the usual success. He was constantly occupied, and very seldom seen, except on business occasions, and then he was cheerful, yet placid; and his facility of apprehension being great, as his openness was proverbial, every one left him impressed at once with a sense of his talents and his integrity. He never affected doubts where he had none, nor sought to create business where no real business was to be done. The consequence was, he deprived himself of many small gains, which a more prudent or self-seeking man might have secured. But he obtained a reputation, that perhaps fully indemnified him, for quickness and liberality; his disdain of these petty gains being considered to proceed from principle, though it was only from constitution. Such as he was, he was envied by many, and respected by all who had occasion to know him; and his arrival at an early and respectable competence seemed certain.

While matters were in this state, a man bearing a recommendatory letter called upon him for his advice. Laying aside the business by which he was occupied, he read the letter, heard the story of the individual, and received his papers, desiring he might see him again, at what appeared a time when he might be prepared to give his opinion. The opinion was favourable to the man's views. His case was gone into, stated, gained for him; and here, if the matter had terminated as it ought, all would have been well. But while the business was in dependence, symptoms of oppression had been manifested towards the litigant, that excited the sympathy of his adviser. He had a wife and family, whose welfare, as well as his own comfort, depended upon evading these oppressions, and his adviser assisted him. In this way he became committed in his client's affairs. Oppressions conquered, were followed by others, all equally easily accounted for, and in appearance equally easy to be repressed. The involvement became greater, till in the end a general trust-assignment

(as it is called) was proposed and accepted. The client was to conduct his business with the assistance and under the guardianship of his trustee; and the trustee was to be secured and indemnified by the actual though only interim possession of the property of the trust, and by receiving the proceeds of his business.

In this way things proceeded as is usual in the outset of most undertakings. This was arduous; but the trustee had energy, and had calculated upon its use, expecting a fair reward for his trouble, besides the consciousness of having not only rescued a man and his family from unjust oppression, but restored both to comfort and independence. For several months the prospect was unclouded; the business proved lucrative beyond expectation, and the owner industrious and faithful. Engagements were therefore readily entered into by the trustee, where they seemed necessary, or promised to be profitable; and had the character of the individual proved as much to be depended on as his talents and the returns of his business, all would have been well.

But the man who had been recommended, and of whose character he had asked nothing beyond what the introductory letter, coupled with the justice of the transaction that had led to it, supplied, was in reality only a smooth rascal. With great talents, he appeared never to have turned them to any account beyond entrapping individuals of respectable character in succession, to support him so far, and, when he could carry them no farther, putting in practice all the devices of a villain who had from the beginning been on the outlook for materials of final annoyance or destruction.

The first intimation of this would seem almost to have been conveyed on purpose, by an associate of the individual, to whom he had boasted, that as he had destroyed several others who had attempted to resist his will, so he would now destroy the man who had raised him from beggary to respectability, if he did not submit to such terms of closing their connection as he should dictate. Mr R—— saw at once that if such was the character of the individual, he had gone too far. He determined to conceal all knowledge or suspicion of the trap that had been laid for him, and by every art that prudence would suggest endeavoured to retreat. But the suspicions of a villain are not to be evaded. He sees in the most obvious act of prudence or necessity a design to counteract the villainies of which he himself is conscious; and a system of these prudent measures, however carefully veiled, must at once drive to the same conclusion, that whether his plans are detected or not, they will be defeated, and nothing is left to him but to throw off the mask.

It would be painful to follow a villain through the maze of his treacheries or acts of heartless ingratitude, with a view to rob at once of fortune and reputation the man who had merited only his prayers, and whose only error had been in not spurning him from his door a beggar as he had entered it. It is enough to say, that he did throw off the mask, denying debt or favour, in the face of a thousand evidences, and resorting to all the chicanery, calumny, and deliberate dishonesty, that the worst character could be guilty of, to carry his purpose out; that he more richly deserved a thousand times to die on a gibbet, than the wretch who, in robbing on the highway, though he may ruin the fortune of the individual, yet leaves his character untarnished; and to the most atrocious crime, short of murder or violation, added the equally detestable, and, morally considered, more damning crime of the blackest ingratitude.

For twelve months the law raged, to the great profit, doubtless, of the parties employed, on the one side to labour through the most revolting falsehoods and attempts at villany, and on the other to defeat them. The law, as usual, showed its total impotence, where it would have been for the interests of society that it should have power. It can apprehend, imprison, arraign, convict, and execute, in the course of a very few days, a misled and miserable creature, who, unwilling to starve, puts forth his hand and steals to satisfy the cravings of his hunger; but it takes years, and an enormity of expense and labour, to bring to conviction the villain who contrives to abuse the confidence of his friend, and finally dismisses him, with only an injunction to restore the plunder he has in the mean time purposely spent or secreted; and by means of which he can still, by the forms instituted for the protection of the honourable and unfortunate, secure himself from all punishment whatever. This is "a sore evil under the sun;" but this evil exists; and let the young and sanguine beware of it, for it is sufficient to dry up the springs of humanity for ever, and give us gall for blood.

While the supreme court of the kingdom was sitting to weigh the gross falsehoods of a reckless plunderer, that plunderer was disposing of and dissipating the fruits of his spoil, in open day, and laughing at the law and all who relied on it.

Meantime his victim was ruined. His engagements for this scoundrel, the expense of a tedious and weighty law-suit in the endeavour to bring him to justice, and some considerable failures in other quarters (for when misfortunes come they come in troops), completely overpowered him. Some friends

(for, to do the world justice, he *had* friends) obtained him the protection of the court, when he was little heedful of what was done, by rendering him a bankrupt, under one or other of the fictions known in law; and he accordingly appeared in that rank that puts a gulf for ever between its occupants and the hopeful world. I saw him in the first days of his grief! and, like a soldier that has been branded with cowardice, he seemed to think that every eye was turned upon him in wonder. He felt unfit to breathe the very air that was breathed by ordinary men! His anguish was indescribable!

And this was not the first of it. For weeks and months before this he had not enjoyed a sound sleep, either from apprehension of what was to happen, or anxiety to devise the means of warding it off. Often did he rise with a palpitating heart and burning brain, to seek, in wandering through his dark apartment, some mitigation of the torture of a sleepless pillow! It was wonderful that rupture of the brain did not follow, or insanity or imbecility relieve him from the tortures of a rational consciousness, to deliver him from the tortures of a consciousness without reason. He escaped all, but to end in a misanthropy and suspicious hauteur, that for a time equally distorted his feelings. No longer a solvent citizen, he shunned the resorts of all men. When he could not avoid meeting a friend, he waited with the most searching suspicion to be recognised; and if not recognised, or not in the style which he conceived had been usual, or his situation demanded, from that moment he refused to be recognised at all; and all peace and truce was at an end between them!

I attended the meeting of his creditors, where I understood some proposal was to be made in his name; but to my astonishment he himself appeared. He had heard that some questions had been asked, and some difficulties started; and pride, that makes a man shrink in ordinary circumstances, impelled him in circumstances of more moment to come forward with a decision that put all ceremonies to flight. He explained every thing with the greatest clearness and the most imperturbable temper, though I could see that every question seeming to infer a shadow of suspicion rivetted his eye on the propounder. There was at last, at the very last, some asperity in his manner; and the person answered ventured to remark, that he seemed to conduct himself as if he were the party injured. "And so I am!" he exclaimed. "You have lost twenty pounds, or such part of it as I cannot pay. I have lost ten thousand! You are the creditor or pretended creditor of an infamous scoundrel! and through him have got hooked on me; and you come here to badger me with questions and suspicions, that ought never to have stood in my presence!" With that he seemed disposed to avenge himself somewhat summarily; but the individual having, it is presumed, satisfied his curiosity, very speedily left the apartment. After this a proposal for compromise seemed out of the question; but it was made, of an amount beyond what the estate could in any probability pay, and with security. This was all that could be desired. But unfortunately the security was cavilled at. A man—a devout man too—and now rich, but who, as it proved, had formerly been otherwise, and while in these circumstances had received many kindnesses from the individual then before him, both in person and in family, had become a creditor through his wish to serve him, and remained a creditor by mere accident. This individual doubted the ability of the proposed cautioner to pay. "I do not mean that he should be called upon," said the bankrupt calmly; "I intend to pay myself. But you are of those wise persons, who having trusted, and been happy to be allowed to trust a man for twenty shillings, cannot, when it happens to be necessary, think of trusting him for less! or perhaps, as you are a religious man, you wish to punish your debtor, as you wish those to punish you who may have debts against you! or as I have fed and clothed you and your children, you think the proper return is to endeavour, as far as in you lies, to prevent me from ever feeding myself, or my children if I should ever have any! If your voice is necessary to my release, may I never receive it in this world! and if it is necessary to remain one moment longer where you are, in order to settle this business, here the business must end, so far as I am concerned!"—and with that he walked from the apartment. It is obvious that such a spirit was not fitted for the part assigned it. He was incapable of following out his release through such a process as the law had rendered necessary, and he from that moment relinquished all thoughts of it.

Yet he was not subdued. He fell into no vice, and submitted to no meanness; but, determined to be restored where he had been hurt, he continued where he was; and, pursuing the avocations left to him, as if nothing had happened, determined to suffer imprisonment rather than submit to the degradations necessary to extricate himself. He lived by tolerance, unmolested, till, his character restored, and confidence so far regained, he found the means of satisfying every claim; and seems likely to die, an instructed, but cold and unconquerably retiring man.

His plunderer lives, but universally avoided; and has often, with his brood, known something of the misery he inflicted, and which they had mocked at. But the punishment of a villain is a slender compensation to society for the loss of a useful member, or to that member for the loss of every comfort of mind and person to which his character had entitled him.

The moral of all this is, that FACILITY, when carried too far, is attended to the individual, and may be so to his family, with all the consequences of crime, except its shame; and that if we wish well to ourselves, if we would even continue to think well of human nature, we will avoid, as at once a crime and a folly, the first approaches of FACILITY.

IRISH COTTAGERS.

We do not know who Martin Doyle is,—we are not so much as informed if this be his real name; but we have no hesitation in allowing that he is one of the most prolific and useful writers at present belonging to "poor old Ireland." Martin is a great writer of shilling publications—half volume and half pamphlet, every one of which is intended to instruct the Irish peasantry in some important particular affecting their condition, and calculated—if they would but "take a thought and mend," to raise them in the scale of civilization and comfort. Martin's "Hints to small Farmers" is a complete system of agriculture, suited to men who cultivate from half a dozen to a dozen acres; his "Hints on Planting," and "Roadmaking," are something of the same nature; his "Address to Landlords" should be read by every absentee and resident proprietor; his "Hints to Emigrants" we have already commended; and his "Irish Cottagers" gives us an insight into the interior of Irish cabins, and presents us with a correct picture of the mode of life of the inmates—their marriages and deaths, fights and frolics,—interlarded with the moral, which, by the way, has been seldom or ever told the Irish before—that they owe most part of their misery to their own misconduct and idleness, and that there is little or nothing to hinder them from being happy and comfortable, provided they would be but industrious. Our honest friend Martin gives us the example of a good and bad cottager; and for the benefit of my readers across the water, we shall endeavour to extract the story of the first of these characters from the different parts of the publication in which he is mentioned.

STORY OF MICK KINSELLA.

"Ah! then, could I be after spaking a few words to you, Peter Brady?" said old Daniel Kinshella, some years ago, to the other, as they were leaving their parish chapel on the Sunday before Shrove-tide, and proceeding together in the direction of their homes, which were in the same township.

"To be sure you can, Dan," responded Peter; "and why shouldn't you? Aren't we neighbours, and neighbours' childer, these hundred years and more? And haven't you a good right to ax me what you please, when I know 'tis all in civility?"

"I'll tell you, Peter," said Daniel; "and if you're not plased, why we won't be any worse friends, I expect, after. My boy Mick has a liking for your daughter Joanny" (something like a grunt from Peter); "and so I was thinking, as we're neighbours and neighbours' childer ourselves, we might knock up a match between them: that's what I wanted to say to you."

"Dan," replied Peter, "Mick Kinshella is no match for Joanny Brady, barring you maue to give him the biggest half of your little houlding, a couple of cows, and lashings of money besides. The best boys in the parish are after Joanny, I can tell you, because they know I'll give her!"

"Ah! then, what will you give her?" so quickly demanded Daniel, as to embarrass, for a moment, his cautious companion, who had no intention whatever of having the depth of his purse fathomed, or of prematurely committing himself in this or in any other matter of bargain.

"Why, I'll give her penny for penny with you, Daniel Kinshella."

"No," said the other, "that won't do; but I'll tell you what Mick Kinshella shall have, since he's so entirely bothered about the girl. I'll divide the parkens equally with him, perch for perch, and give him the brindled cow, and the year old breeding sow, and (after a pause) five guineas in gold."

"It won't do, Dan; you must mend your hand."

"Why, Peter Brady, man, you're mighty hard upon me this day, of all blessed days in the year. Where would I get any more, barring a sheep or two?"

"Well, Dan, give me your hand," taking and slapping it on the palm. "Double the five guineas, and it's a match."

Here Peter Brady's hand was seized by his friend, who giving it a tremendous bang in return, offered, by way of a clincher, two guineas more.

"Seven guineas, Peter; that's the sum total of what I'll give Mick, provided that you give Joanny the thirty hard guineas you have in the box."

"No; make it the even ten guineas," rejoined Peter, "and it's a contract; and I'll give Joanny five-and-twenty guineas in hand."

"Split the difference," sagaciously hinted Dick Doyle, who had just come up, "and let us have a naggin at Pat Colfer's; for there's no luck in a dry bargain anyhow."

"I won't brake your word, Dick," added each of the old boys; so, after a little more hard dealing, when matters were pretty well concluded, they drank—something more than one naggin, you may be sure, at Peter Brady's expense, in Pat Colfer's little parlour, without altering the terms already stated, farther than making mutual stipulations, through Dick's management, that Joanny was to receive a bed, and some other articles of furniture, with two geese and a gander, from her father, while it was admitted by the other party that the marriage-money should be paid by the Kinshellas, and, what was of more importance to the young folks, that they should live, for the first year, turn about with their parents.

These preliminary arrangements being thus concluded, and the marriage determinately fixed on, it only remained to consult Father Murphy, the aged and respected priest of the parish, as a point of duty; and to submit the matter, as an affair of courtesy (a due proportion of self-interest, of course, involved in it) to Mr Bruce, the landlord, a gentleman of rank and character, who a few years before had left England, where he had been chiefly educated, to reside altogether on his Irish estate, in the vicinity of which he became acquainted with a very charming woman, to whom he soon became united by marriage. From the former a wedding was almost sure of approval, from the latter it met no discouragement in this case; and as the young people had long before made up their minds to the match, there was nothing to prevent it from taking place on the succeeding Shrove-Tuesday. It is true that there were a few trifling things to be looked to—beef and mutton, turkeys and geese, chickens and bacon, puddings and pies, whisky and sugar, and a few bottles of port for Father Murphy, his coadjutor, and the landlord (whose condescension in promising to appear for an hour or two at the wedding excited no little vanity in the two families so especially interested), cakes and bread, tobacco and candles, were to be provided; besides petticoats, shifts, caps, shoes, stockings, cloak, bonnet, and gloves. However, as there was nearly a day and a half for the buying, killing, scalding, plucking and cooking, cutting out, stitching, sewing, washing, starching, and drying these necessities for the inside and the outside; and as Joanny Brady, always prompt and diligent, now laboured with double assiduity, the aforesaid preparations were completed in due time. Fortunately there was no need of an attorney to draw up a settlement; the stipulated fortune was paid into Mick's hands an hour or two before the priests and the squire had arrived, and just as nine or ten pair of young men and women were in view, riding double, and "fiery red with haste," to win the bride's garter. One of the jockeys in this sweepstakes, however, was so intent, as many a greater man has been, on the garter, that he left the companion with whom he started, pillion and all, sprawling on the spot where she had fallen from her seat, and arrived singly at the winning post; but not having brought up his weight, he was sent back, very properly, for the girl he left behind him. But the secrets of this wedding shall not be disclosed by me. I might be extremely entertaining and communicative on this subject, if I thought proper to indulge my humour, and could relate many things which occurred at it; for instance, how, when the cloth was taken off, the plate of cake was handed round, first to the landlord, who took a bit, and laid down a guinea in its stead, and how crowns and half-crowns emulously followed, in contribution to the priest's fees; and how Father Murphy drank a blessing to the newly married couple, in a bumper out of his own bottle, which nobody else presumed to meddle with; and how the bride's heart thumped against her ribs when she got up to dance before the gentlemen, and how gracefully she did "heel and toe," and "covered the buckle," and "cut it across;" and how Tom Duff came for the coadjutor to marry him to Mary Donohoe, although he had promised the day before to have Biddy Doyle; and how Biddy got over her disappointment by taking Pat Whelan; and how the coadjutor had afterwards to perform the same ceremony for Mr Bruce's four dairy-maids and their lads; and how tired both their reverences were from all the duty they had discharged in this way during the two days and nights preceding; and how Father Murphy's watch was an hour slower on this night, just to keep within canonical hours; and how the same accident, as to time, had annually happened at the same hour, for half a century preceding; and how he rode home on his own horse that night, which was remarkable, as he was a very absent man, and usually mounted the first horse that was brought to him, provided that he was a steady, sober-going beast, like his own, and somewhat of the same altitude and colour; and how Mick Kinshella, when he was retreating to the bridal bed-room, escaped from the volley

of cabbage stalks which was prepared for him, by cleverly throwing his coat and waistcoat over Nick Moran, who was drunk in a corner of the kitchen, and only roused to sensibility by receiving on his own person the whole discharge of the vegetable artillery which had been designed, according to custom, as a *feu de joie* for the body of the bridegroom; and many other events of that wedding I could also narrate, if I chose to do so; but I won't disclose a single particular that happened, because even if I had been there (and no matter whether I was there or not), I make it a point of honour to keep all matrimonial secrets to myself.

During the year which they passed with their respective parents, our new married folks were industriously employed. Mick, having hired an able young fellow to assist him for a month or two, commenced his mud-walled house, and Joanny plied the wheel (she had sown half a rood of flax on her father's land during the preceding year), until she had as much thread spun as furnished her with a good supply of strong sheets and table-cloths; she also spun two stones of wool for blankets, and made up cheap calico curtains for the bed and window of the intended sleeping room, as neatly as if they had been executed by the mistress general of the Education Society's Model School in Dublin, which confessedly sends out some excellent hands at all kinds of needlework; nor did she allow this occupation to prevent her from keeping Mick's shirts and stockings in good order, nor even from adding a few pair to his supply.

Mr Bruce had recommended that their united fortunes should be deposited in a saving bank, and only taken out as necessity required; a plan of good management from which the young couple afterwards derived profit and comfort. The building of the house, however, cost a smart sum in the first instance; and the hire of the man, during Mick's busy time, came to four pounds, besides the sum expended in the purchase of an ass and cart, and a good heap of dung, and some lime, from a neighbour who was going to America, which, when paid for, left very little in the bank; but still the *nest egg* was there, a matter of great moment to the thrifty and provident.

Mick at first had thought of buying a horse; but when Mr Bruce showed him that his capital would be totally sunk by doing so, and that the farm could never afford such an incumbrance, he adopted the plan of buying the ass for drawing the manure from the emigrant's farm, and materials for roofing and thatching the house from the wood, and his father's bawn, where he got the straw for nothing.

The first piece of farming work was to level the furze fences (if crumbling and uneven banks deserve the name), which, during the time of his grandfather and father, had, at different times, on one foolish plea or another, been raised to divide and subdivide the ill-tilled and dirty fields which they inclosed. By this process the *tenth* part of his land, previously lost to any useful purpose, was brought into cultivation, and not an inch of his four acres (the total quantity of the little farm) left useless; and as much furze stumps and faggots were collected from these levelled fences as afterwards supplied half a year's fuel.

While Mick was engaged in throwing down these mouldering banks, Mr Bruce rode into the field; for this gentleman was constantly encouraging and directing the rural improvements on his estate, as well as promoting the household comforts of his tenants; and seemed highly pleased with Mick's economy of his land, and took the opportunity of explaining to him, that the only parts of those ditches or banks then valuable were the tops and sides, though they had originally formed the worst part of them. He pointed out the fact, that if a bank be made for the purpose of a fence, suppose four or five feet wide at bottom, and diminishing to three at top, the stuff of which that bank (or ditch) is made will in the course of no great number of years entirely alter its nature and condition; for, in the construction of the bank, all the productive soil is at the bottom, and all the unproductive in the upper part; yet, after a lapse of years, when it comes to be levelled, the qualities or characters of its constituent parts will be found exactly reversed: the top will have become mellow and kindly soil, and all parts of it *which were not too far removed from the action of the air* will be found to have improved, while even the fertile surface, or rather the surface which had been fertile when the bank was built, will be found to have changed its texture, to have become hard and stiff, and to have forfeited all claim to fertility. Mr Bruce, therefore, advised Mick to lay off the upper part and sides of his old broken ditches (the dykes of which were very narrow, and not deep), and to dig the foundation part of the bank pretty deeply, filling up the small dykes with part of it, and covering the entire of the levelled surface with what had been laid aside; and assured his young tenant, that when the whole mass should have been exposed for two or three years, by repeated diggings, to the influence of the air, with the addition of some enriching substances, those new parts of his fields would become as productive as any other.

"But here," continued Mick's landlord, pointing

to half an acre of wet land, "you have something to do. Is there a spring in this place to be cut off? or has an under drain been closed? For surely it cannot have been left by your father and grandfather in this unprofitable state, without some effort to drain it."

Mick, however, honestly stated that it had never been thought *worth while* by his predecessors to mend such a *small patch* (although they would at once have gone to law if a square yard had been damaged, or encroached on, by a neighbour), which had been found to answer grazing purposes well enough in summer. It appeared that there was no spring to be cut off, but that a stiff impenetrable bottom prevented the surface waters from soaking downwards; that, while in winter it was in a state of mortar, in dry seasons it was too hard, and apt to open in cracks, until saturated again with water.

"You must treat this," said Mr Bruce, "in the Gloucestershire way. Lay it in ridges thirty feet wide, a few of which will include all the diseased part, and raise them to the height of three or four feet in the centre."

Mick, who though he had never seen nor heard of such highly elevated and broad ridges, had judgment enough to inquire if corn crops would ripen evenly on land so formed, the sunny and sheltered side being likely to ripen sooner than that which would be exposed to the prevailing winds, and less open to the sun.

"It is true," said the landlord, "and I give you credit for your inquiry, that one side will ordinarily produce a better crop than the other; but, on the whole, the return from a field so managed will be much greater than from ridges laid in a flatter form, with a *much greater number* of furrows, which, from being always under water in wet weather, will never yield anything but sour grass in summer. Take your spade and shovel," continued he, "throw off *all* the corn earth, or upper soil, into rows at the distances I have recommended; then shape the hard under clay in the intermediate space into ridges four feet high in the centre (work, in short, as if you were making a road, except in making your ridges much higher than for that purpose), and then spread the earth which you had removed equally over this new surface. By this mode of treatment you will render your land *perfectly* dry at all times, which, with such an under soil, could not be the case even if drains were cut in it as close as the bars of a gridiron; and all your upper soil will be of uniform depth; and when once these ridges are formed, they are completed for ever."

In occasional conversations of this kind, Mick acquired much solid knowledge from his benevolent landlord, which he immediately applied to practice, to the surprise of his neighbours, who could not be persuaded that he was not making a fool of himself by changing the *old method*. One notion, however, quickly got into their heads, namely, that he was only trying to humour the master, and that all his losses, for losses they anticipated as certain) would be made good by him. But this never proved to be the case; because Mick became a gainer, not a loser, by following the new system recommended to him; and Mr Bruce, on principle, abstained from giving any undue advantages to this man, whom he designed for a model to his other small holders. It is true that he gave a fair and accommodating time for paying up the rent, and in this way was more indulgent to him than he would have been had Mick's general habits been different, and his husbandry practices unimproving.

To stimulate his tenantry to the improvement of their farms, and the cleanliness, and even embellishment of their cottages, Mr Bruce had, two years before this time, proposed annual premiums, which, after a very careful and rigid inspection at midsummer, were distributed, according to a fixed scale, among those whose houses, fields, gardens, orchards, and cattle were in the best condition; there was at the same time a minute inquiry into the moral state of each competitor's family, with a well-understood condition that no candidate whose children were of proper age to receive benefit from the schools provided for them, should under any pretences be excused for neglecting to avail themselves of the advantages which these seminaries afforded.

On one of those days in June, when, even in comparatively rude and unimproved districts, the face of nature has that smiling appearance which gladdens the heart of man, which makes him feel that even merely to exist is happiness, the Bruces, the Gumbletons, Father Murphy, Doctor O'Neill the medical superintendent of the dispensary, and several strangers invited for the occasion, assembled at the "great house" to breakfast, after which the visiting procession issued forth in all the pomp of visitatorial dignity. The list of prizes comprehended many heads:—cottage premiums—green crops, including clover and vetches, for summer, and mangel wurzel, turnips, cabbage, and rape for winter food—stall feeding—dairy management—hedges—trees, &c. &c. The respective claims being minutely examined into, each successful candidate was classed according to his merit.

The state of Michael Kinshella's house and farm was as follows: First, as to the interior of his house

the floors, which had been remarkably well and evenly laid with a composition of yellow clay and lime, were as clean as possible; the dresser well scrubbed, and filled with its pewter garniture as bright as silver; the tables perfectly clean; a coarse clean piece of rubber cloth hung suspended from a roller, for the purpose of wiping the face and hands before and after meals, a process especially necessary in a labouring family, whose manual operations are so varied and unceasing. The sleeping-room was equally neat and comfortable; its floor boarded, its window opening on hinges to admit the air, its curtain, as well as that of the bed, neatly arranged, the sheets white and clean though coarse, and the quilt (Joanny's patchwork while a spinster) corresponding in cleanliness. There was a decent chest of cherry-tree drawers, too, and a rack on which Joanny's bonnet and Mick's Sunday clothes were usually hung. Nor was the parlour without its appropriate furniture: a cupboard full of cups and saucers, with a somewhat ostentatious display of china plates, broken at the manor-house, but ingeniously reunited, and here "wisely kept for show," gave an appearance of snugness to the household economy, which was rendered complete by the appearance of two chubby children, the younger just learning to walk, tidily dressed in good strong linsey of home manufacture, and gazing with amazed yet delighted eyes on the group of gentry visitors.

The dairy was next inspected; it was a very little room outside the house, and with a northern aspect, just large enough for the purpose; the small churn and milk-pail, cooler, strainer, wooden bowl, and skimming dish, were each and all of them just as they should be, untainted to the smell, and perfectly clean to the eye.

The garden before the house was small, but well cropped, the walks clean, fruit trees growing in the borders, and the young thorn quicks which had been planted in the breast of the surrounding fence carefully preserved from weeds; carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, onions, and beans, thriving well; and in a sheltered corner there stood nine or ten beehives.

The outside of the cottage presented a very agreeable appearance, being neatly dashed and coloured. The windows of the cottage were large, and a few hop plants and roses appeared over the front wall. Nor were these plants unprofitable: Mick had sold the hops in the preceding year for five shillings, and the roses were taken by a neighbouring apothecary in exchange for some medicines which the children required. The cow was in her shed, feeding most voluptuously on vetches, secure from the attack of the gad-fly and the relaxing effects of a hot sun, and most liberally adding to the accumulations of the dunghill. There were two sheep also confined in a little yard with a covered shed in it, fattening on the refuse of the garden vegetables and clover. A very fat pig, in a dry and well littered sty, completed the stock of this improving small holder. Nor were all these matters arranged merely for the day, and then suffered to fall into disorder.

Mr and Mrs Bruce, who had been in the habit of unexpectedly popping in on the Kinshellas, always found them in the same state. They never embarrassed these cottagers by a visit, for in their little establishment there was time and place for every thing, and every thing was timed and in its place.

The field, too, which three years before had been in a miserable condition, now showed the effects of skill and industry. According to the proposed premiums, Mick was awarded the total sum of L.4. 10s. The visitors, after expressing their admiration of the Kinshellas, proceeded on their inspection, and viewed some other premises, most of which were immeasurably inferior to those of Michael Kinshella. The last upon the list for a cottage premium was the unfortunate drunken and idle wretch Nick Moran, whose house had been so recently trimmed up for the expected remuneration, that there was hardly yet time for its decay; the panes of glass were still unbroken, so that there was not need for stopping up vacancies with the remnants of Nick's corduroy unmentionables, the crown of his *caubeen*, or the tattered fragments of his wife Molly's dirty garments.

The history of this thriving family need not be pursued further. The honest and industrious Mick gradually rose in general estimation, and even wealth, on his small farm, showing what could be accomplished under many disadvantages by the Irish small farmers, simply by paying due attention to their fields and cottages, especially if encouraged in their exertions by the presence and advice of *resident landlords*.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The soil seems favourable to the production of most of those grains, fruits, and vegetables which are in general request in Europe; together with the maize or Indian corn, in America always, from its being so extraordinarily prolific, a favourite article of culture. The soil, of which we are scarcely ena-

bled to give a correct geological description, has been found, in all those parts yet subjected to tillage, favourable to the production of wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, peas, buckwheat, and flax. To these may be added the ordinary esculent roots of Europe, such as turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, beet, radishes; with domestic vegetables, as cabbages, salads, cauliflowers, peas, &c. not omitting that invaluable root the potato, which here yields as bountiful an increase as in any country in which its advantages have yet been introduced. The islands, islets, and slips of interval near the beds of streams, afford good pasture and abundance of hay, which render the rearing of live stock easy and profitable. Botanical investigation, we believe, has not yet been pursued to the length of producing a catalogue of the various plants and grapes indigenous to the soil; but white and red clover, timothy, lucerne, browntop, sainfoin, and others, ordinarily grow in this country, and produce satisfactory crops.

Apples, plums, cherries, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, and cranberries, are plentiful, and form the ordinary produce of gardens; some grapes, of small size but good flavour, are also produced; whilst hazel nuts, beech nuts, and butter nuts, abound in the woodlands, and falling on the ground after the great frosts in large quantities, furnish a seasonable assistance towards the fattening of hogs. There are, besides, a variety of wild plants of trifling value, which it would be here superfluous to enumerate, especially without a scientific classification.

The animals found in this country differ but little from those which characterise the United States. The moose deer, or elk, has been nearly extinguished by the avidity with which it was pursued by the early settlers for the sake of its skin. Bears, foxes, wolves, cariboo, sables, racoons, the minx, squirrel, weasel, musk rat, wild cat, and that valuable animal the beaver, are also natives of the soil, and, though not abundant, are not extinct.

The ordinary domestic fowls of Europe, such as turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, are here reared with every facility; whilst partridges, wild geese and ducks, and pigeons, furnish objects for the sportsman. Crows, owls, and swans, are also found, with many small birds, offering no peculiarities worthy of description.

The rivers abound with salmon, shad, eels, trout, perch, chub, and smelt; and the harbours, coasts, and adjacent fishing ponds supply large quantities of cod, haddock, mackerel, and herrings.—*Macgregor's British America.*

SCHOOLMASTERS.

In the article upon SCHOOLS in a recent number, I forgot to allude to a circumstance of particular moment to English readers. In various papers on the subject of a general system of education in England, the writers have usually represented the impossibility of procuring as many as perhaps ten or twelve thousand men capable of being parochial teachers. This, I am happy to state for their satisfaction, need be no longer an obstacle. Scotland could take in hand to furnish at present two or three thousand individuals every way suited to the duties of a country schoolmaster, and would, with little or no trouble, send across the borders the whole ten or twelve thousand in the course of two or three years at most. The whole of these young men would possess a competent knowledge of the classics, and a general education in mathematics and other useful branches; they would possess a moral and religious character which would bear any scrutiny; they would feel no scruple in conforming to the usages of their southern brethren; while, I have reason to believe, they would be well contented with the remuneration of L.100 per annum, with the chance of rising in their profession. The proposal of irrigating England with Scottish schoolmasters is perhaps ludicrous enough, and may remind some of my readers of the native of Aberdeen, who, according to Smollet, in his Roderick Random, came to London to teach the natives English. The absurdity, is, however, more apparent than real, as the Scotch, however broad they may speak, read in a different style, and according to the just pronunciation of the language. But be this the case or not, it is tolerably evident that there is no other source from whence a large portion of the teachers could be procured than Scotland. Most unfortunately for England, it has no means of educating schoolmasters to a sufficient extent. Its universities can be attended only by the sons of the wealthiest classes, and it possesses no other gymnasia suited to the preparation of teachers. Now, the Scottish grammar schools are excellent preparatories for tutors and masters; and the Scottish colleges, with all their faults, are eminently adapted for finishing the studies of young men whose profession will not demand a knowledge of the very highest branches of classical lore. They could send forth annually some thousands of active, well-informed young men of this description, who would be willing to make themselves available as teachers in any part of the world. The

English may therefore give themselves no further uneasiness on this score; their neighbours in the north being ready at a moment's warning to afford the most efficacious assistance in the great and glorious work of disseminating the blessings of education!

DELHI.

CAPTAIN SKINNER, in his new work on India, presents us with the following vivid sketch of Delhi.

"Generally in the towns of the East the streets are very narrow, and little better than dark passages. In Grand Cairo, if you unfortunately meet a string of masked beauties upon donkeys, you must make a rapid retreat, or resign yourself to be squeezed to a mummy against the wall for daring to stand in their course, if your curiosity should tempt you to do so. The Chandy Choke, in Delhi, is, however, a great exception to this rule, and is perhaps the broadest street in any city in the East. The houses in it have occasionally balconies in front of them, in which the men sit, loosely arrayed in white muslin, smoking their hookahs; and women, who have forfeited all pretensions to modesty, are sometimes seen unveiled, similarly occupied. The din of so populous a place is very great, for every house seems as well furnished as a hive of bees. The population is nearly 200,000 souls, in an area of seven miles in circumference, which is the extent of the wall of modern Delhi. The great peculiarity of an eastern town is, that every thing is done in public; the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner; the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of cart-wheels, and the 'clinking of pewterers' hammers' (for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of each shop), are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noises of the elephants, with the groaning of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard or a cheator (which animals are led about the streets hooded to sell for the purposes of hunting), with the unceasing beat of the tom-tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately nervous person to desperation. Among the natives of Mahometan towns there seems to be a familiarity of manner that places every one in a moment at his ease. If a stranger enter the town and find a group engaged in any amusement, he will not scruple to join it instantly, and take as much interest in its pursuit as if he had known the members of it all his life; and then, perhaps, tendering his pipe to one of the party, or receiving one from it—a sure sign of intended hospitality—sit down and relate his history with as much frankness as if he had met a brother. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different coloured curtains hang before the doors; variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging clothes, particularly scarfs of every hue, pink, blue, yellow, green, and white, on the tops of the houses to dry, makes them look as gay as a ship on a gala-day with all its colours flying. The clouds of dust from the number of equipages, with the insects that surround the pastry-cooks' shops, are the most intolerable plagues of all. The rancid smell of the nasty-looking mixtures that are constantly in course of manufacture before you, with the general stench of the town, is a sign that it is seldom indeed that a 'musk caravan from Koten passes through it.' I think, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, there is a story of a princess threatening to have a confectioner beheaded, if he did not put pepper in his tartlets. However despotic it may appear in this lady, I cannot help thinking it a just satire upon the pastry of the East; for to season it out of all taste of its own fundamental ingredients, is the only way to make it palatable. This cook, I think, nearly fell a martyr to the honour of his profession, and refused to be dictated to; and I do not believe any thing would induce his brethren of the present day to improve their confectionary. Riding through the town requires much management and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push, and kick the whole way, to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at these last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons, which simmer, on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often; and the elephants, in attempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion. In one of my strolls through the city on horseback, I was nearly swept away by a species of simoom, caused by the progress, through the dusty town, of some important personage travelling in state. When overtaken by such a storm, it is a long time before you can recover either your sight or position. The idle cause of all this tumult was reposing quietly in a shining, yel-

low palanquin, tricked out with gilt moulding in every possible direction. He was preceded by a large retinue of strange-looking beings, mounted on horses and dromedaries, and dressed in the most fantastic style. The animals were covered with scarlet housings, bound by gold lace, their bridles studded with shells; round their necks were collars of gold or silver, with little drops hanging to them, that kept time most admirably with their jogging measure. The camels were likewise adorned with bells. The riders were in large cloth dresses, caftans, reaching from their necks to their heels, open only on each side from the hip downwards, for the convenience of sitting on horseback. These were fastened round the waist by a cotton shawl, either of white or green, in several folds. The common colours of the coats were red and yellow. A cimier hung by their sides, and they bore matchlocks upon their right shoulders. A helmet, sometimes of steel and sometimes of tin, pressed close to the head, in shape not unlike a dish-cover; a pair of jack-boots reaching to the knee, and fitting quite tight to the leg; the loose trousers gathered above, giving to the tunic the appearance of being the seat of a dropsy; and a pair of spurs resembling two rusty weather-cocks, completed the equipment of these splendid retainers. Then followed a mass of servants on foot, some naked, and some with their limbs bare and bodies covered. They carried sheathed swords in their hands, and shouted out the titles of their lord at frequent intervals in their passage through the city. They were followed by the stud, each horse beautifully caparisoned, and led by a groom; then came the elephants with their showy trappings, gilt howdahs, and umbrellas of gold or silver tissue. The palanquin, bearing the owner of these motley assemblages, at length appeared, and he was followed by a guard similar to the one that preceded him. At a distance these processions look very grand, particularly the elephants and their castles; but when near there is a great deal of tawdry and ill-assorted tinsel. The horsemen of the party add greatly to the interest of the scene, by exhibiting their evolutions upon the line of their route. Some tilt at each other with their spears, and others affect to pursue with drawn swords the runaways of the party, who, in their turn, chase their followers back into the ranks. In the management of the horse, and the use of the spear, the natives are generally very skillful; but some of the irregular cavalry of the country excel all belief in these exercises. They will gallop at a tent-peg, stuck firmly into the ground, and divide it with the point of a spear, not abating their speed in the least; and I have seen a troop of men, one after the other, break a bottle with a ball from their matchlocks, while flying past at a racing pace."

POPULAR RHYMES.

THE common people of Scotland preserve a species of poetry, which has as yet received but little attention from antiquaries, notwithstanding that in many instances it possesses an inexpressible charm both for the ear and the understanding. This poetry consists chiefly in short snatches of rhyme, which they hand down from one generation to another, respecting the places and natural objects they see around them, and which, it is easy to perceive, are in many cases almost as old as the language itself. For our own part, at the risk of being charged with puerility of taste, we have a strange liking for these old bits of natural verse, which we always think of as things that arose in a distant age, beside the happy firesides of a peasantry that lived, and breathed, and rejoiced like ourselves, but have long been inurned in forgetfulness, leaving no memorial but the songs which they sung, or the rhymes in which they embodied their simple observations and local knowledge. There is a charm, too, it must be recollected, in the mere sound of versified lists of localities; otherwise how does it happen that an ordinary reader will delight just as much in such a passage as the following in "Paradise Lost," as in any average part of that admirable poem.

His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined wall
Of Cambala, seat of Cathaian law
And Samarchand by Oxus, Timur's throne,
To Paquin of Sinezan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecabatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Kear
In Moscow; or the sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan born; nor could his eye ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Erecca, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzar, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, &c.

The truth is, all names of places have their own peculiar associations; and thus, instead of such

verses being poor or cold, they are in reality rich in both thought and feeling. This particularly holds good respecting the local rhymes of one's native land, because the associations awakened by them are much more germane to our own hearts, as connected with all that we have held dear from our youth upward.

There is, besides, a poetical merit in some of these verses, or at least an unintentional power of exciting the mind to a certain extent. We hold, for instance, that in the rhyme which compares the respective attributes of the river Tweed, and its Northumbrian tributary the Till, there is something approaching to sublimity.

Tweed said to Till,
What makes ye rin so still?
Till said to Tweed,
Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye doun ae man,
I droun twa.

The dreadful truth of this rhyme, the striking idea which it gives of the sullen fordless river, so noted for its destructiveness to unwary travellers, and the great force of the impersonation of the two streams, accomplished by a dash of the natural pencil in three or four lines, and involving as complete a contrast of character as if the streams were sentient beings, render this altogether a most extraordinary piece of poetry.

Of the same order, but hardly so effective, is a little rhyme respecting Perth:

Says the Shochie to the Ordie,
Where shall we meet!
At the cross of Perth,
When a' men are fast asleep.

The Shochie and Ordie are two tributaries of the Tay, falling into that river about five miles above Perth. The rhyme conveys the threat of an inundation to take place at some future time, and which shall overwhelm the sleeping inhabitants of a large city. This idea is not without its sublimity; and the words are the more impressive as proceeding from the waters which are to effect the menaced destruction. It must be observed, that the probability of such an inundation is ascertained by the historical fact, that in the year 1210 the town suffered very severely from a great rising of the waters of Tay, met by a spring-tide. It is curious, also, that the Highlanders have a rhyme of their own to the following effect:

Tatha mhor na 'n toun
Bheir i' scriob lom
Air Peart—

Signifying that "great Tay of the waves shall sweep Perth bare." It may be questioned, however, whether these rhymes refer to the past or to an expected inundation. They may perhaps be only prophecies after the fact.

It will be recollected that Dr Johnson, in his journey to the Western Islands, indulges in an enthusiastic expectation that the glories of Iona may all be renewed at some future time. "Perhaps," he says, "in the revolutions of the world, Iona may again be the instructress of the western regions." It is curious that this is in exact accordance with a Gaelic prophecy which the common people ascribe to the great Columba himself, and which is to the following effect:

An i mo chridhe! I mo ghraidh!
An aite guth nhanach gu geum ba;
Ach mun tig an saoghal gu crich
Bithidh i mara bha!

What follows is an English translation:

In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of cattle;
But ere the world come to an end,
Iona shall be as it was.

Whether this ancient prophecy was reported to the learned tourist when he visited the island, is more than we can say. It is worth mentioning, however, that other sayings of the great Columba are recollected by the Scottish islanders. One is,—

Far am bi bo bidh bean,
'S far am bi bean bidh mallachadh.

He is said to have used this apophthegm on resolving to exclude the female sex from his insular retreat. The rhyme signifies literally, "where there is a cow there will be a woman, and where there is a woman there will be mischief." He found it necessary, it seems, in order that none of his followers should have an excuse for introducing a woman, to decree that there should never be a cow in Iona. We are informed, however, that at no great distance, and close to the shore of Mull, there is a snug islet, somewhat less than Iona, which bears the rather suspicious name of "Eilean nam Ban," that is, the Women's Island.

Another of Columba's rhymes is of a more pathetic sort. It promises that Iona, from its sacred character, shall be the sole port of the land of Erin (that is, of the Scoto-Irish country) which shall survive a dreadful inundation which is to take place seven years before the last day.

Seanch bliadhna roimh 'n bhra a
Thig mair thar Eirinn re an tra;
'S thar le ghluim ghlaish
Ach naambaidh Icoluim chleirich!

Dr Smith of Campbellton gives an elegant version of the rhyme in two English ballad verses:

Seven years before that awful day
When time shall be no more,
A dreadful deluge shall o'ersweep
Hibernia's mossy shore.
The green-clad Isla too shall sink,
While with the great and good,
Columba's happier isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood.

It is remarkable that a considerable proportion of the popular rhymes refer to inundations, and to the powers of water in general. In the neighbourhood of Eddlestone, in Peebleshire, is a hill of considerable magnitude, with a deep and spacious lake at the top. This is called Powbate, *pow* signifying pool. The common people often amuse themselves by the winter fire-side with speculations as to the mischief which Powbate would occasion if it were to burst through the sides of the hill. Observing the *lay* of the country, they calculate that it would deluge the whole vale of the North Esk, carrying off, in the first place, three farms in its own immediate neighbourhood. They throw their conjectures into the following shape:

Powbate, an ye break,
Tak the Moorfoot in your gate,
Moorfoot and Mauldsle,
Huntly-cote, a' three,
Five kirks and an abbacy.

The five kirks are those belonging to the parishes of Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith; and the abbacy (which shows the antiquity of the rhyme) is that formerly existing at Newbattle.

Among the rhymes most remarkable for an imposing sound, and a strange indefinite feeling of grandeur, we would instance the following, which appears in a somewhat different shape in Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*:

Atween the camp at Ardoch
And the Greenan hill o' Keir,
Lie seven kings' ransoms,
For seven hunder year.

The space here pointed out is very small,—only the breadth of the narrow valley which interposes between the Great Roman camp of Ardoch (Perthshire), and the Greenan, *i. e.* sunny hill of Keir, on the opposite side of the Knaic water. In the most of minds, we are persuaded, this simple but most euphonous stanza will raise a train of grander ideas than many longer and more laborious compositions.

There is another which breathes the spirit of old misty tradition and early forgotten history. It is current along the coast of East Lothian and Berwickshire.

St Abb, St Helen, and St Bey,
They a' built kirks, which to be nearest the sea—
St Abbs' upon the nabs,
St Helen's on the lea,
St Ann's, upon Dunbar sands,
Stands nearest to the sea.

Not only is the melody of this as beautiful as can be imagined, but the ideas which it excites respecting the piety of the early Christian ages, when the daughters of kings were proud to assume the humblest guise of sanctity, have, by reason of the vague impression which they give, an effect exceedingly fine. St Abb, it is well known, was the daughter of a Northumbrian king, and some time in the sixth century built a small church and monastery upon the top of the wild headland which yet bears her name. The popular idea is, that she and two sisters, St Helen and St Bey (or St Ann, it seems uncertain which), contended which should build a church nearest the sea. St Abb erected hers upon the nabs or points of the headland mentioned; St Helen placed hers on a lea near Cockburnspath, where the empty walls are yet to be seen; and St Ann gained the victory by pitching hers on the very sands or beach of Dunbar, which she perhaps would not have done if she had been properly acquainted with the New Testament. The truth probably is, that the rhyme only arose as a kind of comment upon the somewhat remarkable circumstance, that three churches should have been planted near the coast in such a short space.

For these specimens we are indebted to the collection published some years ago by Mr R. Chambers, under the title of "Popular Rhymes of Scotland."

As a specimen, however, of the whimsical enumerations of localities which the peasantry sometimes compose as a relaxation in the winter-nights, we shall present one which never before appeared in print, and cannot fail, we should suppose, to tickle the ear of the reader. It embodies not only the principal localities, but also many of the families which flourished at a particular period, in the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Bathgate:—

The lang Flints o' Whitburn,
And Temants i' the Inch,
John McCall o' Bathgate
Sits upon his bench.
Tarrybaun, Tarrybaun,
Tarbane-hills and Scout-yawds,
Easter Whitburn's assy pets,
And Wester Whitburn's bra lads.
The Deuck i' the Head,
The Drake o' the Reeve,
The laird o' Craigmalloch and Birnieton-ha',
Hen-nest and hare-nest,
Cock-hill and Cripple-rest,
Belstane and the Belstane byres,
Bickleton-ha' and the Gutter-myres.

SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT, OR CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

THE Cameron Highlanders were raised in 1793, in virtue of letters of service granted to a Perthshire gentleman, Allan Cameron of Errach, who, in consequence of his exertions, was appointed lieutenant-colonel-commandant. No bounty was allowed by government, Mr Cameron and his officers, who, like himself, recruited for their commissions, being at the sole expense. The regiment, on being embodied at Stirling, was numbered the 79th; and in a short time afterwards was increased to a thousand men. Scarcely were the men properly enrolled when it was found necessary, in consequence of the revolutionary war with France being prosecuted with vigour, to order them to Flanders; and they accordingly shared in the campaigns of 1794 and 1795. In the summer of the latter year the regiment embarked for the West Indies, where two seasons spent in Martinique considerably reduced it. In 1797 the privates were invited to volunteer into other corps in the West Indies, with the understanding that such of them as preferred returning to Europe should join the 42d, then under orders to embark, while the officers and non-commissioned officers should retire to Scotland to recruit for another battalion. Many preferred remaining in the West Indies, but 210 returned home—every one of whom landed in England in perfect health. In the course of a single year after his return, Colonel Cameron, who was greatly beloved in his own district, with the support of his officers raised a new corps of 780 men, who, before twelve months expired, gave proof of the gallant spirit that animated them, by deporting themselves with great bravery in the expedition to the Helder in 1799. In 1800 the regiment embarked for Ferrol under Lieutenant-General Sir James Pulteney, from whence it proceeded to join the force under Sir Ralph Abercromby destined for Egypt, in which memorable campaign it gained fresh laurels. In 1804 a second battalion was added to the regiment, the officers raising men for their promotion. In 1808 the 79th embarked for Portugal, and entering Spain under Sir John Moore, accompanied all his movements till his fall at Corunna. In the following autumn it embarked for Zealand under the Earl of Chatham, in which unfortunate campaign it suffered much less from the climate than any other corps. In 1810 it sailed for Spain, where it remained constantly employed in services of danger, till the war was carried into France, and peace proclaimed. At Fuentes d'Onor, in 1811, the 79th mainly contributed to repulse one of the formidable columns sent forward by Massena, in his repeated and desperate assaults on that village. The same observation applies to the Highlanders at the passage of the Nive in December 1813, where their cool and well-directed fire spread death along the enemy's line. At the battle of Toulouse they also bore a conspicuous part, and distinguished themselves for their steady bravery. On that occasion, in common with their countrymen of the 42d, they were mainly instrumental in carrying, and subsequently defending, the batteries which covered that city; and four officers were left dead on the field, three of whom bore the name of Cameron. On the termination of hostilities they returned to England, but were again ordered on service to Flanders in 1815, which led to their being present at the memorable battle of Waterloo. In the precursory action at Quatre Bras their discipline and military qualities were put to a severe proof, but they nobly supported the name they had won in many a former conflict. Each corps might be said to fight separately on its own ground, and to rely entirely on its own individual exertions. Not satisfied with merely repelling the enemy, the Camerons drove them off the ground, yet, at the same time (says General David Stewart, from whose work this memoir is chiefly compiled), "preserved such regularity of formation, that they were prepared for every fresh attack." These attacks were received sometimes in position; at other times

the Highlanders advanced to meet the charge of the French infantry, which never stood the onset. The cavalry were received in squares, and with equal success. In the grand struggle of the 18th June, the third day of the battle, the 79th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Neil Douglas, was in Major-General Kemp's brigade with the 28th and 32d regiments, and formed the centre of the gallant Picton's division. The 32d and 79th were stationed 150 yards in rear of a hedge occupied by a corps of Belgians and part of the rifle brigade. About two hours after the commencement of the battle, three heavy columns of the enemy, preceded by artillery and sharpshooters, advanced with a seeming determination to take possession of the hedge. The Belgians fired a volley, and retreated in great confusion. The 32d, 79th, and rifle corps, instantly pushed forward, occupied the ground left by the Belgians, and, forming upon the hedge, fired a volley and charged. This threw the enemy into confusion as they were deploying into line. The French then made an attempt to turn their opponents' right, but were received by the 28th, which opened a heavy fire as they advanced. The other two regiments followed up the advantage, by each attacking the column opposed to them; and at length the enemy had to sound a retreat. It was at this moment that General Picton fell. General Kemp was also severely wounded, but refused, with a spirit worthy of his old commander Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose confidential secretary he had been, to quit the field. The enemy, anxious to gain the position behind the hedge, repeated their attempts, but in every instance without success. The cannonading and skirmishing of the sharpshooters, however, galled the 79th dreadfully; but what it lost in number was compensated by the honour which, in common with other corps, it acquired in this decisive engagement. It is worthy of remark, that the 79th is the only regiment particularized by Byron in his *Childe Harold*, when describing the marshalling of the British army on the first morning of the battle. He says,

"And wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have their Saxon foes;
How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill. But with the breath that fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evans's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears."

The 79th remained in France attached to the army of observation, and did not return to Britain till 1818. In an eventful period of twenty-two years' service from its formation, till the final peace in 1815, it bore an active share in perilous operations in Europe, Africa, and the West Indies. The affection of Colonel Cameron, the father of the corps, for his gallant mountaineers, was unbounded. Though far advanced in life when he girted on the claymore, he never lost a day's duty when any perilous service was to be performed, till his promotion to the rank of major-general rendered further regimental duty incompatible. He headed the regiment in Flanders, the West Indies, Holland, Egypt, Portugal, and Spain, at a period of life when men of less strength of mind and common constitutions and habits would have been incapable of encountering such changes of climate and such exhausting duties. His eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips Cameron, a young officer of talents and professional promise, fell at Fuentes d'Onor; and his second, a major of his regiment, died of sickness brought on by severe soldierly toil. Under the same honourable banner also fell Captain James Campbell of Duntroon, killed at Bergen in 1799, a perfect model, says General Stewart, of one of Ossian's heroes; also Lieutenant-Colonel Macdowal, nephew of the Earl of Dumfries, who was killed in Egypt; Major Lawrie at Burgos; and Captain Purves, only son of Sir Alexander Purves, at Toulouse; all officers whom their friends and country had great cause to lament. The 79th Highlanders bear on their colours and appointments, in token of their meritorious services, the words Egmont-op-Zee, Egypt, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Toulouse, Peninsula, and Waterloo.

The foregoing account of this gallant corps was written by the late lamented Alexander Sutherland, Esq. editor of the *Edinburgh Observer*, in which it first appeared.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

It is not to be thought that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of water, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most furious stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung,
Armoury of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES.

EXAMINATION OF A CANDIDATE.

About the middle of the 17th century, the office of schoolmaster at Dirleton becoming vacant, several of the *literati* made suit to the patron for the living. A laird then, like our ministers of state now, was accessible only through his principal servant, who was called his *gentleman*. The laird of Dirleton had a gentleman called Hugh —, who presided over his levee service, and turned the admission of tenants and dependents into the presence-chamber considerably to his pocket account. One of the candidates, not very purse-proud, but close-fisted enough, often addressed Hugh for a word of the laird, but was always either very coldly received by Hugh, or industriously shifted, as he would never even so much as attempt to mumble at *speaking to the purpose*. Effectually disgusted at last with Hugh's indifference, the candidate watched an opportunity of the laird going abroad, and, accosting his honour becomingly, told his errand. As the benefice was to be collated on the candidate who should best acquit himself at the competition, Dirleton, being on horseback, and in a hurry, bid him explain the following rule of syntax in *Despauter's Grammar*:—

En ecce hem, semper primum quantum requirunt;
Heu petit et quantum, velut O; hei vaeque dativum;
Proh primum, quantum quintumque, tenere notatur.

And thus the candidate commented:—*En*, an like your honour; *ecce hem*, see what sad hcmplies are laird's men; *semper primum quantum requirunt*, we maun always creesh their loofs before we can get a word of their masters; *heu*, what think you of your man Hugh? *petit et quantum*, he seeks even a fifth part of the salary; *velut O*, like a cipher as he is; *hei vaeque dativum*, deil tak him that gies it; *proh*, 'tis a shame for your honour to keep him in your service; *notatur*, for he's a greatascal; *teneo primum, quantum quintumque*, and is worth a thousand merks. Struck with the punster's ready humour in turning the grammatical rules so happily to his own circumstances, Dirleton ordered Hugh to deliver the key of the school to him instantly, and to cause write out his call, maugre all postponing *interjections* whatsoever.

AYRSHIRE COURTSHIP.

A respectable farmer in the parish of Cumnock being a widower, went a-courting a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer in the parish of Auchinleck. The farmer, who was no great orator, but was young, had a good person, and was in affluent circumstances, addressed his fair one rather bluntly, and proposed marriage without much ceremony. The lady replied, in the same frank and open way, "Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that." The wedding took place accordingly.

THE MAD MINISTER OF MOFFAT.

Dr Walker, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, was not a little finical in dress. His hair-dressing was, till afterwards that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk of Penny-cuik, he stopped at a country barber's on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with astonishing patience did he, for three hours, curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair. At length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, "In all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, except the mad minister of Moffat."

HUMOROUS REPROOF.

A late nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was, for a long time before he died, in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighbourhood. It is told, that one day observing a very pretty little female child tripping through his grounds with a milk-pipkin, he stooped to kiss her; after which he said, in a pompous tone, "Now, my dear, you may tell your grandchildren, and tell them in their turn to tell their grandchildren, that you had once the honour of receiving a kiss from the Right Honourable the Earl of B—." The girl looked up in his face, and, with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked, "But ye took the penny for the milk, though!"

TIMBER TO TIMBER.

At the placing of Mr F-r-l-ng, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities Mr Thom entertained no great opinion, when they came to that part of the ceremony where the hands are imposed, the other members of the presbytery were making room for Mr Thom, that he might get forward his hand on the head of Mr F-r-l-ng likewise; but Mr Thom, keeping at a distance, said, "Na, na; timmer to timmer will do well enough," laying his staff on the head of the new divine.

Another Column for the Fancy.

TRAINING.

ONE of the most important concerns of a regular man of the *Fancy* is the art of training; for without the grand preparative, the human frame is unable to endure exertions in the field, or in any feat of pedestrianism. Without training, a man is a mere *lath*, when it comes to the push; and that closes the philosophy of the subject. Let us see how Pierce Egan, Captain Barclay, and other great men of the *Fancy*, have laid down the rules of this ingenious art. "The pedestrian who may be supposed in tolerable condition enters upon his training with a regular course of physic, which consists of three doses. Glauber salts are generally preferred; and from one ounce and a half to two ounces are taken each time, with an interval between each dose. After having gone through a course of physic, he commences his regular exercise, which is gradually increased as he proceeds in the training. When the object in view is the accomplishment of a pedestrian match, his regular exercise may be from twenty to twenty-four miles a day. He must rise at five in the morning, run half a mile at the top of his speed up hill, and then walk six miles at a moderate pace, coming in about seven to breakfast, which should consist of beef-steaks or mutton chops underdone, with stale bread, and old beer. After breakfast, he must again walk six miles at a moderate pace, and at twelve lie down in bed, without his clothes, for half an hour. On getting up, he must walk four miles, and return by four to dinner, which should also be beef-steaks or mutton chops, with bread and beer, as at breakfast. Immediately after dinner, he must resume his exercise, by running half a mile at the top of his speed, and walking six miles at a moderate pace. He takes no more exercise for that day, but retires to bed about eight; and next morning proceeds in the same manner. After having gone on in this regular course for three or four weeks, the pedestrian must take a four-mile sweat, which is produced by running four miles in flannel at the top of his speed. Immediately on returning, a hot liquor is prescribed, of which he must drink one English pint. It is termed the *sweating liquor*, and is composed of the following ingredients: one ounce of caraway-seed, half an ounce of coriander-seed, one ounce of root liquorice, and half an ounce of sugar-candy, mixed with two bottles of cider, and boiled down to one half. He is then put to bed in his flannels, and being covered with six or eight pair of blankets and a feather-bed, must remain in this state from twenty-five to thirty minutes, when he is taken out and rubbed perfectly dry. Being then well wrapt in his great coat, he walks out gently for two miles, and returns to breakfast, which, on such occasions, should consist of a roasted fowl. He afterwards proceeds with his usual exercise. These are continued weekly till within a few days of the performance of the match, or, in other words, he must undergo three or four of these operations. If the stomach of the pedestrian be foul, an emetic or two must be given about a week before the conclusion of the training, and he is now supposed to be in the highest condition. Ardent spirits are strictly prohibited; and broths, soups, and tea or other solids, are also pernicious. Besides his usual or regular exercise, a person under training ought to employ himself in the intervals in every kind of exertion which tends to activity, such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, &c.; so that, during the whole day, both body and mind may be constantly occupied."

A SPORTING DRESS.

THE first consideration, in our variable climate (says the author of *British Field Sports*), is defence against rheumatic attacks, which ultimately may occasion even the pleasures of the field to be bought at too great a price; and against danger to the lower limbs whilst passing hedge, ditch, wood, or waste, and the attacks of venomous reptiles. In point of general convenience, HALF BOOTS which lace close, and having a sole as substantial as consists with good speed and the safety of the ankle joints and back sinews, with trousers or overall; strongly defended within side by leather, and *thorn proof*, deserve a preference as lower attire. The sole and leather of the boots should be varnished, and rendered water-proof. [Ordinary boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by applying the following compost:—Take three ounces of spermaceti, and melt it in a pipkin or other earthen vessel, over a slow fire; add thereto six drachms of India rubber, cut into slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add successively eight ounces of tallow, two ounces of hog's lard, and four ounces of amber varnish. It will be soon sufficiently mixed, and will be fit for use immediately. The boots or other material to be treated are to receive two or three coats with a common blacking brush, and a fine polish is the result.] For the upper attire, there is no need to urge the use of flannel, so suited to our climate, since, at some periods, our young men have been accustomed to load and waistcoat themselves in the style of *veining jockeys*. I entirely agree with Mr Hawker in the proper materials for the SHOOTING JACKET. In the early and warm season, *jean, satteen, or nankeen*; for late autumn and winter, *fustian or velvet* are to be chosen, the SHOOTING WAISTCOAT to be made of the same stuff. Then, as the French say, persons *d'un certain age*, who would wish to guard against those exquisite comforts during a sleepless night, *lumbago and sciatica*, will not be offended at the caution, to have their winter jackets and waistcoats made long, as a defensive comfort to the loins. A SIDE POCKET next the heart is with me a *sine qua non*, being so convenient for wadding, and various small articles; and the larger, or HARE POCKET, should either be lined with oil-skin, which may be sponged, or, that which is still more cleanly, have a thick lining, which may be taken out and washed. A copper-wire, pendant from a button, should always be at hand to clear the touchhole; and generally the sportsman should go into the field fully provided with all those little tools which will readily occur to the memory, and which are indispensable in cases of emergency, by no means forgetting a flask of the best Nantz, and biscuit.

CURIOUS CRICKET AND RUNNING MATCH.

ABOUT six and thirty years since, when England was a little more "merry" than it has latterly been, the fancy men of the metropolis, and all those loving "a bit of fun," were amused with the announcement of a cricket-match, to be played by eleven *Greenwich pensioners* with one leg, against eleven with one arm, for one thousand guineas, at the new Cricket Ground, Montpellier Gardens, Walworth. An immense concourse of people of course assembled, and about nine o'clock the men arrived in the Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got ninety-three runs. About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a scene of confusion took place owing to the pressure of the populace to gain admittance; but this speedily subsided, and about six o'clock the game was renewed. The field was

now all expectation and anxiety. Those with one arm got but forty-two runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and six were bowled out after they had got sixty runs, so that they left off one hundred and eleven more than those with one arm. The match was played again on the Wednesday following, and the one legs beat the one arms by one hundred and three runnings. After the match was finished, the eleven one legs ran one hundred yards for twenty guineas; the three who were first in the race divided the money.—Such are the amusements of John Bull!

"THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

"THIS character, now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. He always appeared regularly at church on Sunday; and never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

"The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick striped with black timber (this is a style very common in some parts of England); large casement bow-window, a park with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holy-hooks and clasp yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns; in the window his library, consisting of *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincey's Dispensary*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*. In this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants. Here were told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and while the glass was in continual circulation, the traditional tales of the village were solemnly recounted. The best parlour, which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpets, by some industrious female of the family; and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting matches.

"Among the out offices of the house was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the convenience of mounting.

"But these men and their houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and to draw their rents before being due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some lawyer or fortunate contractor."—*Sporting Anecdotes*.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

IN the last "Column for the *Fancy*," in number thirteen of the Journal, it was stated in the sketch of Captain Barclay, that that celebrated pedestrian on one occasion, for a bet of a thousand guineas, lifted from the ground "twenty-one half-hundred weights," being upwards of half a ton. This extraordinary feat, it seems, has been doubted, or supposed to be a typographical error; but I can assure my readers among the fancy that it is quite correct, and consistent with the other feats in the life of the Captain. It will be recollected that in lifting weights a very great deal depends on retaining the body in a particular position, so as not to strain the spine; and it is more than likely that Captain Barclay put this *knack* in practice.

THE TOURIST'S ADVENTURE.

SAUNTERING on the road between Nairn and Campbeltown, in the north of Scotland, I was overtaken by a Highlander, a thick-set, hardy, rough looking fellow, all nerve. "Fine day, Sir," said he, with a friendly sort of smile on his countenance. "Beautiful," replied I. "How far is it to Campbeltown?" "About three miles, Sir."—There is no bittock at the end, I hope?—"No, Sir; the distance is not more than three English miles."—"If you are going thither," said I, "and do not march in quick time, we are comrades." He doffed his bonnet and took out his mull. The Waterloo medal was glistening on his breast, and my own thrilled with pleasure at the sight; I felt respect for the wearer; unconsciously I projected my finger and thumb for a pinch of snuff. "You have seen some service, my good fellow; in what regiment?"—"The Forty-Second, Sir."—"Then you have been in the thick of it."—"Aye, Sir; our regiment has a good name; there are many others as brave, I think."—"Perhaps so," said I, "but not so conspicuously brave; the recollection of this gives a becoming pride to your heart—that medal is your country's sanction of the feeling."—"I think highly of it, certainly," replied he. "I am not a soldier," continued I, "but I have some intimacies with the pleasures and privations to which he is subjected. I visited the field of Waterloo shortly after the battle; saw the scattered fragments of military equipment, the newly raised heaps of mould, and the scorched earth, where fire had assisted in hiding the havoc of that day; were you wounded?"—"I was hit, Sir, towards the close of battle, and while on the ground pierced by a lancer as his horse leaped over me; but by good luck I was carried to the rear, and afterwards to an outhouse at Mont St Jean, where my wounds were attended to, and being in good health, I soon lessened the trouble of the surgeon, refused to go to Antwerp with my disabled comrades, but joined my regiment in time

to march into Paris; never did I feel such pleasure as when the regiments of Russia saluted us as we passed."—"You have been a fortunate, and are a happy fellow," said I. "Yes, Sir, and my pleasure is renewed whenever I meet with one who knows what we had to do." Waterloo would have furnished us with subject for three hundred miles, tired as I was. My travelling trunk had been forwarded to Campbeltown by the coach, as I purposed to cross the Moray Frith. When we arrived at the inn, I invited the Waterloo man to take refreshment with me; he accepted my offer, seemed grateful and happy. He told me he was going home to Inverness; but as I was a stranger in these parts, in return for my kindness he should feel pleasure in pointing out the striking objects which might be seen from a lofty sandhill at the back of the town. Accordingly away we trudged, conversed and took snuff like old acquaintances. On the way a tall thin Highlander accosted my companion in Gaelic, and detained him a few minutes. I had no doubt of being the subject of their remarks, their eyes being frequently turned towards me. I felt uneasy, and could not suppress an increasing dislike to the figure and countenance of the meagre Highlander, whose features exhibited all the characteristics of his country. His eyes were deeply sunk, his brown cheek-bones harshly prominent, a long thin nose, with lips so remarkably narrow, they seemed to increase the width of his mouth; a broad chin, covered with a bristly red beard, and huge whiskers connected with a fiery head of hair, gave him a peculiar expression of ferocity. A small bonnet was placed on one side his head, his shirt-collar was unbuttoned, his clothing was thread-bare, and his general appearance excited the idea of a barbarian. I was glad when my Waterloo man joined me, and we proceeded to the summit of the sandhill. "This," said he, "is the spot on which Oliver Cromwell encamped; no one knew better how to select a good station. That building jutting into the Frith is Fort St George, well placed to intercept the navigation, and to keep these parts in awe; but no longer necessary. On the opposite side of the Frith is the town of Fortrose, and near it the village of Rosemarche, backed by the hills of Ross. A little to the east is the entrance, by the Souters, to Cromarty, a mart for herrings in the season. Onward is the North Sea. On this side of the Frith to the south-east are immense mounds of sand, stretching along the coast from this to Nairn, past the mouth of the Findhorn, and beyond Forbes, where the lofty building stands in memory of Nelson. Looking inland, the celebrated castle of Cawdor may be seen, and far in the south highlands of Perthshire. To the west, near the banks of the Frith, is the famous field of Culloiden; beyond it is the bonny town of Inverness; farther are the highlands that overlook the Hebrides and the Western Ocean. These few leading features of the country I point out to you, Sir, because I know them to possess interest. The great historical events connected with them you are better acquainted with than I." My eyes had followed his finger, and my mind was satisfied. "Thank you, my good fellow," said I, putting a piece of money into his hand as I shook it. He would have refused my present—he would remember me, he said, in connection with Waterloo. "Farewell, Sir, the latest passage of the Frith is about eight o'clock, when the ferry-boat comes with the mail; may health and happiness attend you, Sir." "The same to you; farewell." The last glimpse I had of him was while he was waving his bonnet in the air to me, as he passed on his way to Inverness. I sat down and reviewed the delightful scene. The sun now and then illumed the white sails of the shipping as they passed, and touched with brightness many distant objects I had not seen before. I regretted the loss of my guide, for I desired to know more than sight afforded; a pleasing melancholy came over me; I seemed deserted, oppressed I knew not why; perhaps I had been strongly excited; I felt a loneliness, and gazed about with an approach to unconsciousness, till I was aroused by seeing the tall Highlander slowly pacing along the sandy road that wound from the hill towards the ferry at Fort George. All the unfavourable impressions I had received at first sight of that man returned. We can dislike an object till we dread it; perhaps some fear mingled in my thoughts. I judged our comparative strength. I knew how to use my stick, and it was a stout one; he might know how to use the claymore. I knew the use of my fists, at least with the gloves on; he might have a dirk;—but why either should have occasion to attack or to defend, did not appear. The days of violence have passed away, and I began to think I was unjust to an individual of whom I knew nothing; yet his glancing small grey eyes conveyed sufficient to put any one on his guard; there was nothing to lull awakened suspicion, and the possibility of bad intention remained. I saw I was observed by him, but sat until a ridge of sand intervened; he passed on, and I returned to my inn. The time for departure came, and I engaged a youth to take my trunk to the ferry, about a mile and a half distant. As we walked along I inquired about the tall Highlander, and described

him; he was perfectly represented in my mind's eye. The lad knew nothing of such a man. The Waterloo man he knew well; a better fellow never breathed. The evening was advancing; I was the only passenger, and I felt great anxiety to cross before darkness came on. The lad told me, that by the payment of threepence, I could have a signal hoisted, which the ferrymen on the opposite side would immediately attend to; but it was too near the time at which the mail usually arrived for the signal to be noticed. The lad returned home, and I sat down on my trunk. The sun had shed his farewell beam on the hills beyond Inverness, their dark masses were reflected on the Frith, the gleam that hovered in the west faintly marked the increasing ripple, the wind came chilly from the north-west for August, and I wrapped my cloak about me, looking out for relief like a wrecked seaman. The scene which had so delighted me but an hour ago became dreary. The walls of Fort St George rose behind me in solemn stillness, and I regretted having left the inn at Campbellton. Turning to cast a longing look that way, I beheld, with horror, the tall Highlander! He was leaning with his hands crossed on the top of his long staff, and his bristly chin resting on his hands; his keen grey eyes flashed a fierceness at which I started; but resuming a degree of composure, I inquired if he were waiting for the ferry-boat! He nodded. I observed it was getting cold and dark. He nodded. I looked across the water, perceived with pleasure the ferry-boat standing over with a freshening breeze, and soon heard her stout keel grate on the shore. A man hurried off with the mail-bag; I gave my trunk to one of the boatmen, and ascended a plank to the boat, which was capacious for the conveyance of horses,—rigged with main and fore-sail, and managed by two stout weather-beaten old seamen. Before I had seated myself astern, I saw the tall Highlander spring over the bow of the boat, and haul on board the plank, with a loud Gaelic yell, at which the boatmen laughed. The sails were set, and we commenced a beating passage. Night came on apace, with a drizzling shower, and the spray beat over us, so as to make me feel uncomfortable and melancholy. By tack for tack we reached the opposite shore. The town of Fortrose was a mile and a half from the ferry; how was my trunk to be conveyed thither? The boatmen recommended the tall Highlander, who sprang forward, speaking Gaelic, while he took up my trunk and stalked on shore. I asked the boatmen if they knew the man? "No; but they dared say he would take my trunk safe enough." This was a rude repellant of my suspicion that I did not like. I followed the tall Highlander along the shore, where the sand was so interspersed with tufts of rushes, that I was alternately stumbling over them, or sinking up to my ankles in sand, and it was by great exertion that I could keep up with my trunk, hurried on as it was by the huge strides of the bearer. I called to him—he stopped, and seeing some lights a short distance to the right, I directed his attention to them, inquiring if they were not at Fortrose? He nodded, and away he strode through fields of potatoes. I felt exhausted, and a painful regret at having intrusted a stranger with all on which my comfort depended; danger seemed to surround me, but nothing could be done, save the endeavour to treat it lightly. The Highlander stopped in the middle of a field, seated himself on my trunk, and muttering, wiped his forehead. I watched him with earnestness, and thought he was fatigued; he sat while the lights one after another were extinguished. This, thought I, is the spot, concerted with the boatmen, on which I am to be attacked, and I expected no other than a struggle for my life. All was silent; I asked the Highlander if he were tired? he nodded. Could he proceed? he nodded. Not a word, no voice but my own—where was I? why had I been so rash? what means could I adopt? Thus was my mind occupied, till I became overpowered by apprehensions.—The Highlander rose—the time is come, thought I, glancing my eye around; no one appeared—it was nearly dark—he made to the nearest cottage—I followed in silence, but was glad to find we were on road. I rapped repeatedly at the door; at length a head appeared through a small window.—I learned that we were at Rosemarche, that there was no inn in the place, and that Fortrose was nearly two miles westward. The state of anxiety I had endured prevented my speaking more than was absolutely necessary. I pointed to the road, and the Highlander proceeded in sullen silence till we reached the inn at Fortrose. Here also all were in bed, the house being kept by Miss —, a good kind of lady, who preferred a life of single blessedness to all the happiness a double-tongued gentleman had promised by marriage. She had but one servant, a short, stout, freckled Dingwall lassie, who had been in service far south, and now filled the stations of waiter, boots, ostler, and chamber-maid. She came cheerfully at the first summons. I could have a bed, but no refreshment save oat cake and whisky. I however felt at home, and began to remonstrate with some severity at the Highlander's having subjected me to such disagreeables. He spoke to the girl in Gaelic,

and she became interpreter; it had never occurred to me that he could not speak English. However, I learned from the girl that he was ashamed at having deceived me as to his knowledge of the road; that his necessities had induced him to become my guide; that he was a native of Dornoch, travelling for work as a miller. I gave him half a crown. He gazed at me with astonishment; his grey eyes filled with tears; he called on God to bless me; that he would thank me while memory should last; that had I ten miles farther to go, he would have seen me placed in safety, for he had received directions so to do from his cousin the Waterloo man. Extraordinary! all my fears were caused by that morbid sensibility which often induces tourists to represent that which has no existence but in imagination.

MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

It has been related that one of the chief means employed by Mahomet Ali in civilizing Egypt, or in improving the state of the country, was the destruction of the Mamelukes—a class of hired foreign soldiers, who, as usual in such cases, were opposed to all changes in the government. It was only by resorting to a barbarous stratagem in one of his campaigns that the sanguinary blow was struck. The following is the account given of this dreadful affair, by Giovanni Finati, in the narrative of his life and adventures.

"The chiefs of the Mamelukes, with their adherents, being assembled, by invitation from the Pasha of Egypt, within the citadel of Cairo, after a time, according to Eastern custom, coffee was brought, and last of all, the pipes; but at the moment when these were presented, as if from etiquette, or to leave his guests more at their ease, Mahomet Ali rose and withdrew, and, sending privately for the captain of his guard, gave orders that the gates of the citadel should be closed; adding, that as soon as Saim Bey and his two associates should come out for the purpose of mounting, they should be fired upon till they dropped, and that at the same signal the troops posted throughout the fortress should take aim at every Mameluke within their reach, while a corresponding order was sent down at the same time to those in the town, and to such even as were encamped without, round the foot of the fortress, to pursue the work of extermination on all stragglers that they should find, so that not one of the proscribed body might escape. Saim Bey, and his two brothers in command, finding that the pasha did not return to them, and being informed by the attendants that he was gone into his harem (an answer that precluded all farther inquiry), judged it time to take their departure. But no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror, similar volleys being directed at all the rest, who were collected round, and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds. Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest, and fell there pierced with innumerable bullets. Another chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother to Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart; and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped. An Albanian camp was below, and an officer's tent very near the spot on which he alighted. Instead of shunning it, he went in, and throwing himself on the rites of hospitality, implored that no advantage might be taken of him; which was not only granted, but the officer offered him protection, even at his own peril, and kept him concealed so long as the popular fury and the excesses of the soldiery continued. Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought. All Cairo was filled with wailing and lamentations; and, in truth, the confusion and horrors of that day are indescribable; for not the Mamelukes alone, but others also, in many instances wholly unconnected with them, either from mistake, or from malice, or for plunder, were indiscriminately seized on and put to death; so that great as the number was that perished of that ill-fated body, it yet did not comprehend the total of the victims. For myself, I have reason to be thankful, that, though I was one of the soldiers stationed in the citadel that morning, I shed none of the blood of those unhappy men, having had the good fortune to be posted at an avenue where none of them attempted to pass, or came near me, so that my pistols and musket were never fired. The strange fact of the leap and escape of Amim Bey, and of his asylum in the officer's tent, reached at last the pasha's

ears, who sent instantly to demand him; and when the generous Albanian found that it would be impossible any longer to shelter or screen his fugitive, he gave him a horse, and recommended him to fly with all speed into Asia, where I afterwards saw him, living in the palace of Suleyman Pasha at Acre, at the time of my first visit there with Mr Banks."

ANCIENT VESSELS.

MAGNIFICENT and large as are some of our modern steam-vessels, they are inferior, if we may judge from description, both in size and splendour, to the vessels constructed by the kings of Egypt and Syracuse, on a scale of grandeur corresponding to the immense preparations of their sculpture and architecture. Ptolemæus Philopater, king of Egypt, built a vessel 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, but 80 to the top of the poop. She had four helms of 60 feet; her largest oars were 56 feet long, with leaden handles, so as to work more easily by the rowers; she had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra or beaks, successively rising and swelling out one over the other, the topmost one most prominent and stately; on the poop and prow she had figures of animals, not less than 18 feet high; all the interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting, of a waxen colour. She had 4000 rowers; 400 cabin boys, or servants; marines to do duty on the decks, 2820; with an immense store of arms and provisions. The same prince built another ship, called the *Thalamegus*, or *Bedchamber-ship*, which was only used as a pleasure yacht for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not so long or large as the preceding, but more splendid in the chambers and their furnishings.—Hiero, king of Syracuse, built an enormous vessel, which he intended for a corn-trader; her length is not given. She was built at Syracuse, by a Corinthian ship-builder, and was launched by an apparatus devised by Archimedes. All her bolts and nails were of brass; she had twenty rows of oars; her apartments were all paved with neat square variegated tiles, on which was painted all the story of Homer's *Iliad*. She had a gymnasium, with shady walks, on her upper decks; garden-plots stocked with various plants, and nourished with limpid water that flowed circulating round them in a canal of lead. She had, here and there on deck, arbours mantled with ivy and vine branches, which flourished in full greenness, being supplied with the principle of growth from the leaden canal. She had one chamber particularly splendid, whose pavement was of agates and other precious stones, and whose panels, doors, and roofs, were of ivory, and wood of the *thya-tree*. She had a scholasterium, or library, with five couches, its roof arched into a *polus* or vault, with the stars embossed; she had a bath, with its accompaniments all most magnificent; she had on each side of her deck ten stalls for horses, with fodder and furnishings for the grooms and riders; a fish-pond of lead, full of fish, whose waters could be let out or admitted at pleasure; she had two towers on the poop, two on the prow, and four in the middle, full of armed men, that managed the machines invented by Archimedes, for throwing stones of 300 pounds weight, and arrows eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. She had three masts, and two antennæ or yards, that swung with hooks and masses of lead attached. She had, round the whole circuit of her deck, a rampart of iron, with iron crows, which took hold of ships, and dragged them nearer, for the purpose of destroying them. The tunnels or bows on her masts were of brass, with men in each. She had twelve anchors and three masts. It was with difficulty they could find a tree large and strong enough for her highest mast. Great Britain—an ominous circumstance for the superiority of British oak!—had the glory of bestowing upon her a sufficient tree for that purpose; it was discovered amid the recesses of Albion's forests by a swineherd! What is remarkable in the construction of this gigantic vessel is, that her sentina, or sink, though large and deep, was emptied by one man, by means of a pump invented by Archimedes. Hiero, on finding that the *Syracusan* was too unwieldy to be admitted with safety into the harbours of Sicily, made a present of her to Ptolemy, who changed her name to the *Alexandrian*. We may add, as a *panegeron* to this long tale of a ship, that Archimedes, the Greek epigrammatist, wrote a little poem on the large vessel, which was rewarded by Hiero with 1000 measures of corn—a premium proportioned, if not to the poem, at least to the magnitude of the theme celebrated.—From *Mr Tennant's contributions to the Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE

COUNTRY AND TOWN ACQUAINTANCES.
THE exact balance of favours in ordinary acquaintanceship is a matter very difficult to be adjusted. Sometimes people think they are giving more entertainments than they get, and on other occasions you would suppose that they are mortally offended at their friends for not coming oftener to eat of their meat and drink of their cup. It is hard to say whether a desire of reserving or of squandering victuals predominates; for, though one would argue that it is more natural to keep what one has than to give it away for nothing, yet, to judge by the common talk of the world, you are far more likely to give offence by coming too seldom than by coming too often to the tables of your friends. From this cause, I have often been amused to hear people, about whose company I was not very solicitous, making the most abject apologies for having visited me so seldom of late, but promising to behave a great deal better for the future—that is to say, to give me henceforward much more of what I never desired before, even in the smallest portions.

But this kindness of language is not confined to the party threatening a visit; the party threatened is also given to use equally sweet terms of discourse. "Really, you have been a great stranger lately. We thought we never were to see you again. What is there to hinder you of an evening to come over and chat a little, or take a hand with the Doctor and Eliza at whist? We are always so happy to see you. I assure you we are resolved to take it very ill; and if you don't repay our last visit, we will never see you again." With an equally amiable sincerity, the shocking person with whom you have been long quite tired, having ceased to gain any amusement or any eclat from the acquaintance, replies, "I must confess I have been very remiss. Indeed, I was so ashamed of not having called upon you for such a length of time, that I could not venture to do it. But, now that the ice is broken, I really will come some night soon. You may depend upon it." And so the two part off their several ways, the one surprised at having been betrayed into so many expressions of kindness towards an individual about whom he or she is quite indifferent; and the other, either benevolently resolving, in the simplicity of his heart, to pay the promised visit, or as much surprised at having been brought into circumstances where he was reduced to make such a promise—which, however, as he is sure to forget it in a few minutes, is a matter of very little moment. If these, however, be the puzzlements which beset a town acquaintanceship, ten times more difficult is it to adjust the mutual rights and balance of advantages appertaining to one in which the one party is of the town and the other of the country. In most such cases, either the one party or the other has great and real cause of complaint. For example, a citizen of tolerable style, who has been confined to some laborious employment all the year round, amidst gas light within doors, and a foggy and smoky atmosphere without, with what delight does he throw himself into the country some fine sunshiny day in September, for the purpose of paying a long-promised visit of three days to a country friend! He is received with boundless hospitality. The best bedroom, situated in that part of the house where you generally find a city drawing-room, is aired and provided in the most agreeable manner for his accommodation. The goodman rides about with him all day, and dines and drinks with him all night, except during those intervals when the lady or her daughters solace him with tunes on the piano, learned many years ago at a boarding-school in town. The whole house, in fact, from the worthy agriculturist-in-chief to the chicken that has latest chipped in the barn-

yard, are at his service, and he drinks in health, and rapture, and a taste for natural objects, every hour. The three days are imperceptibly elongated to as many weeks, till at last he has become just like one of the family, calls the lady goodwife, and the daughters by their abbreviated Christian names, and is a very brother and more to his excellent entertainer. At length, replenished with as much health as will serve him through a whole twelvemonth of city life, rosy in cheek and in gill, sturdy as a pine on the hills, and thickened immensely about the centre of his person, he finds it necessary to take his leave. The whole of the worthy ruralists gather about him, and, as if not satisfied with what they have already done for him while he was in their presence, load him with other acts of kindness, the effect of which is only to be experienced on the way, or after he has reached his own home. If he could carry a ewe cheese on each side, like the bottles of John Gilpin, they would have no objection to give them. In fact, there is no bounds to the kindness, the sincere heartfelt kindness of these people, except his capacity or willingness to receive. Of course, he feels all this most warmly for the time; and while the impression is strong upon him, he counter-invites right and left. The goodman is never to be a day in town without coming to take pot-luck. The ladies are to come in next winter, on purpose, and have a month of the amusements of the town, residing in his house. Any of their friends whatsoever, even unto the fourth generation, or no generation at all, he will be delighted to see, whenever they are in the city. He throws himself, his bosom, his house—all, all, open to them. But what is the real result of all this? He goes back to town, and resumes the serious labours of his profession. The roses fade from his cheeks, and gratitude from his heart. Some day, when he is up to the ears in a mysterious green box, like a pig in his trough, or a pullet in a well; or perhaps some day as he is rushing swiftly along the streets, intent upon some piece of important business, his city eyes awake upon a vision of the country, in the shape of that very friend who so lately was rendering him so many acts of kindness. The case is felt at once to be a scrape;—however, he must make the best of it. With almost breathless apprehension, he asks Agricola what stay he is going to make in town. What joy—he goes within an hour to Falkirk tryst! But, ah! this is but a short relief. He comes back the day after to-morrow, and can then spend a day. Well, a day it must be: it is all settled in a moment; and, three minutes after having entered the house, Agricola finds himself shaken by the hand out at the door, which is closed behind him ere he can well believe that he has as yet seen his city friend. He walks a little way in a confused state of mind, hardly able to say distinctly that he is himself, or that his late guest is the identical good fellow he seemed to be three months ago. The whole appears a dream, and he thinks it must be hours since he entered the house, though it is only minutes. Falkirk tryst over, he comes back, and, at the appointed hour, attends his city acquaintance, who meanwhile, having consulted with his spouse, has taken the opportunity, since there was to be a dinner at any rate, to invite all the stiff people he knows, in order to pay off his old debts. The honest agriculturist gets a place among the rest, perhaps a good one; but in such a scene he finds no entertainment, and hardly gets a word of conversation with his friend during the whole evening. At the proper hour, he rises to take his leave among the rest. The host inquires when he leaves town—this is always a leading question for a country friend—hears, to his unspeakable

comfort, that it is to be by the morning coach—and so good night. Of course, after this, there is little inducement for Agricola to send his daughters to spend a month in the house of his city friend. The girls, however, do come in somehow or other, and are living with some other person on a visit, when one day, walking along the most crowded and fashionable street, they meet Urbanus arm in arm with his wife. Seeing that they have first perceived him, he runs forward in the kindest manner, and, after introducing them to his partner, inquires after every particular individual left at home. Some miscellaneous talk ensues, and then, just at the skirts of the conversation, when they are hovering on the point of separation, he throws in—"You will be sure to see us some evening before you leave town." And then—and then there is no more about it.

A varied case often occurs as follows:—A young lady of perfect accomplishments, though of the middle ranks of life, happens to be particularly convenient to a neighbouring family of gentry in the country, where she is constantly invited by them, and becomes the bosom friend of all the young ladies, but only because her accomplishments are useful to them as a means of spending their time. But this acquaintance, though of use in the country, and there felt as involving no risk of dignity, becomes inconvenient when the parties happen to meet in town. The high-born demoiselle, who elsewhere would have rushed into the arms of her humble, but ingenious friend, now tamely shakes her hand, and, with cold complaisance, addresses her thus: "Mamma is keeping no company this winter, but I dare say she would be glad to see you some evening to tea; and—good morning."—Such is the world!

CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLAND.

THE militia of the counties, the London police, village constables, and Mr Macadam, have among them contrived to destroy all the romance of travelling—so that the most adventure-loving knight-errant who wanders forth in search of the picturesque, may now journey from John o' Groat's to the Land's End in Cornwall, without ever meeting with a single incident worthy of noting down in his memorandum book—unless, perchance, the coach wherein he travels be overturned, a horse fall lame, or mine host of the roadside, contrary to his wont on such occasions, serve up a bottle of bad old Port. No making of wills before setting out on a long journey is now necessary; no unexpected pitfalls or quagmires now bisect the road; no postilions now league together with rascally innkeepers and robbers; no gallantly horsed highwaymen, ready booted and spurred, with faces covered with black crape, now leap the hedge to demand, as they politely cock their pistols, "your money or your life." The age of such doughty deeds has veritably passed away; and in travelling in merry old England, you may now either doze, conscious of security, in one corner of your carriage, or look wistfully out of the window, and watch houses, fields, trees, cottages, hedges, and ditches, whirl behind you, while thoughts, some bright with joy, others overcast with sadness, flit like shadows across your brain. Reader, it is the well-known fashion of this country to pass a certain number of the summer or autumn months away from the din of cities—"the buzz—the hum—the shock of men;" some retire from Edinburgh—splendid city as it is—to Portobello or Newhaven, or prefer the lovely neighbourhood of Aberdour, or the classical old city of St Andrews; others betake themselves to the Western Islands, or ramble as far as Inverness; but we, unen-

cumbered by wife or weans, taking advantage of these peaceable times, propose proceeding direct to England, by the intellectual safety-coach, lately started under the title of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, which travels with the most unexampled rapidity through all parts of the United Kingdom.

Hail to thee, fellow traveller! 'Tis now noon—the sun shines warm and bright—it is the month of August, and we have already proceeded far on our road to England; not indeed to take up our abode in that wilderness of dust and brick houses—London; not to sojourn in any crowded manufacturing town, where all is hurry, bustle, and confusion, and the voice of human nature hushed amidst the hum of money-seeking, money-gaining, money-spending denizens: let us rather proceed to some quiet inland village, where youth and age are alike uncontaminated by those artificial habits, which, begotten of luxury and vice, hold always despotic dominion in large and populous cities. Mankind, it would seem, cannot congregate in large masses, without becoming sophisticated and addicted to those follies and vices which undermine human happiness, and fall like a withering blight on the human mind—we, therefore, shall proceed, as 'tis our fancy, to some sequestered retreat, nor shall we, like other travellers, care to gain admission into those circles of gaiety and fashion, where “pale-faced beauty holds her languid court,” and is too often, amidst the dignity of rank and pomp of riches, “girl with the silent crimes of capitals.” But where are we? The black, granitic, heathery hills of old Scotland, have receded—the rough irregular stone walls that lined the road on either side have given place to luxuriant hedges—the uplands and pasture fields are clothed with a softer and richer green than aught we have heretofore witnessed—the sky has a more intense and deeper blue; and surely we are breathing a milder and more balmy air. Yes—this is England! Nor can we help observing, as we proceed on our journey, how the mere luxuries of travelling appear to be augmented; for the coach now whirls along with greater rapidity; the horses now are obviously of a nobler and a finer breed; and even the coachman himself has become a staidier and more important personage: now cracking his whip with an air of conscious pride, he hurries along through the village, tipping, as he goes, a knowing nod to the smirking wench of a bar-maid, who has just run out, and stands gaping and wondering at the inn door. His shining white broad-brimmed beaver hat—his brown coat with huge silken-knotted buttons, and a large nosegay through the button-hole on the left side—his corduroy unmentionables, and snow-white top boots, augur that he has taken no inconsiderable pains with his costume; for the race of English coach-drivers differs marvellously from the race destined to the same calling in Scotland, owing, as report saith, to there being less spirit among the Scottish than among the English coach proprietors; and owing, as we farthermore opine, to the duties of the coachman being of a more arduous and miscellaneous description in Scotland; for the Scottish stage coachman, we have been credibly assured, officiates not only as driver, but as groom, a thing hardly to be believed by the dashing coachmen on the Cheltenham or Brighton road, who have no duties to perform, save when officially enthroned upon their coach boxes. But the increased rattling and jolting of the coach—the more frequently repeated smacking of the whip—the half-musical and half-discordant sound of the guard's horn, now apprise us that we are entering into some large town; and a peculiar sensation—that something “within which passeth show,” and is every whit as intelligible as the booming of the gong, or the sound of the dinner-bell—admonishes us that we shall dine at this hotel; and as we draw up close upon the pavement edge, the anxious look of the master, the hurrying to and fro of the waiters, each with a clean napkin swung under his arm; and the stout landlady seen in perspective at the end of the passage, signify that all within has been haste and anxious activity; and that a good dinner, “tired Nature's sweet restorer,” here at length awaits us. By the memory of the great Epicurus, and the glorious achievements of that prince of gastronomers, Doctor Kitchener, we are not disciples of Heliogabalus; but, assuredly, it escapeth us not, that there is better fare exhibited at stage-coach dinners in England than in Scotland—a fact peculiarly deserving of the attention of all honest and well-disposed landlords, landladies, and deputy-innkeepers, on this side of the Tweed. But these things are of the “earth, earthy;” nor do we desire any stimulus, beyond the healthy excitement inspired by the contemplation of Nature. At the next village, therefore, shall we alight. It consists but of the clergyman's rectory, and a few scattered cottages, and is within a few miles of the spot which was chosen by Milton as the scene for Comus. Here, then, we rest on the brow of a small hill, which commands an extensive prospect; for, from this point, the eye may wander over five adjoining and beautiful counties; and now bearing in mind Scotland, we cannot fail to observe how much more uniform is the face of the whole prospect of this English scene; for in no direction do we here observe any wild and rugged peaks of rocks or mountains—no sudden depressions into wide and deep glens—no openings into extended and winding ravines—no bare bleak moors, with here and there a fertile spot, like “beauty sleeping in the lap of horror.” No; there is less variety, less contrast. The whole scene is chastened and softened down into gentle undulations of rich and fertile land, which,

compared with the scenery of the north, seems like a sea becalmed on a bright summer day, contrasted with the more sublime and awful spectacle of a sea, when its billows are raging mountains high amidst the terrors of the tempest. But let us descend this gentle declivity, and enter the road; and here, again, we cannot but remark, that the thick hedge, rising high on each side the road, and the trees, the boughs of which almost droop with their luxuriant and abundant foliage, seem as if Nature, prodigal of her munificence, sought to shelter alike from sunshine and from storm the weary pedlar, as much as the more wealthy traveller. Nor is this all; for the shortness of the roads, and the graceful curves they take in sweeping gradually out of sight, have, in most parts of England, a peculiarly picturesque effect, seeming, indeed, to invite our footsteps onwards, and inducing a belief, that, at every turning, some new and more lovely prospect will open upon our enchanted sight. But, behold! the road is here bisected with an opening; it is a green lane, so narrow that neither carriage, gig, baggage-wagon, nor cart, can pass along; and on each side arises a bank, covered with weeds and wild-flowers, exhaling delicious odours; while above them a hedgerow, prodigal of its leafy branches, curtains out even a glimpse of the adjoining corn field. Never have we in our northern rambles met with a green lane worth entering; not that we would hesitate, were we a travelling bagman, to explore the most wintry-looking byroad that ever run across a country. All we mean is, simply, that we have never, north of the Tweed, met with that retired, quiet, grassy-looking green retreat, which, under the form of a “green lane” in England, seems destined for the evening walk of two confiding and loving beings, who may there pour forth their secret vows, interrupted only by the occasional murmurs of the passing wind, and overlooked only by the all-seeing eye of Heaven. Such a green lane as this is a peculiar feature of English scenery, and is worth travelling a thousand miles to walk through on a quiet summer evening. Here we may again pause to look around; nor are we less struck with the smooth and verdant aspect of the country. Here extend the richest pasture grounds—there crops of turnips, not indeed drilled, as in Scotland (a practice now becoming general in English counties), but broad-cast—there, again, the richest yellow-looking corn fields, which now reflect, with many softened and chastened hues, the rays of the setting sun. Hush! we hear the light silvery tones of a sheep-bell in the adjoining field. It is a sound we do not remember to have heard in our country rambles through Scotland; but, in the silence and twilight of evening, it has an extremely pleasing, nay, touching effect. We see, too, from this point, rising above the trees, the village spire, which, “tapering, points to heaven;” and, far as we have travelled, we feel forced to confess, that in no country have we seen simpler and more appropriate buildings for the worship of the great God. But, even now, we have entered the churchyard, and meet a train of young persons, chiefly dressed in white, bearing in their hands flowers. They do not speak to each other; but one of them sobs aloud. Here let us pause. They make their way over the briar-bound mounds, significant of the repose of those who have died in hope and faith. They kneel. Their young hearts are now pouring forth a stream of fervent prayer. They rise, and scatter the flowers over a new-raised grave. There is something peculiarly affecting in this simple, but heartfelt ceremony. We would willingly abolish all needless forms and customs, and do not even admire the *Père la Chaise* in Paris; because it is not kept up as a matter of feeling, but of public exhibition. The flowers we there behold may excite soothing and pleasing associations in the mind of a stranger; but these soon vanish, when we recollect that they are not placed there as tributes of love and affection, but for the idle purpose of worldly ostentation. How different is it with the simple ceremony which we have so often witnessed in England, when a gentle and beloved being has been cut down like a flower in the spring of life! Young persons dressed in white, the emblem of purity and innocence, bear the coffin themselves to the grave; they afterwards, generally in the dusk of the evening, go together, carrying flowers, and, after praying round the grave, plant them in the earth. This custom, so affecting, when voluntarily performed, and without any desire of vain display, we are sorry to observe, is now fast dying out, and is only preserved in a few counties immediately bordering on Wales. We have repeatedly, however, witnessed the ceremony under the most touching circumstances, and seldom have failed to remember the beautiful lines of the poet Herrick:—

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmless and enchanted ground:
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodil
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love. The stone,
May no wolf nor screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre,
No boisterous winds or storms go thither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing!

But passing through the rude little country churchyard gate, we re-enter the road; and as we walk back to the village, hear the chimes, or evening bells, which are still rung almost in every village in England, to summon the peasantry to their labours, or to advise

them that they may cease their toils. Here, too, we meet with an English labourer, returning from his daily occupation. He is dressed in a coarse, and, without offence, we must add, dirty-looking frock, thrown over his shoulders, plaited on the breast, and descending to a little above the knees. Upon his shoulder he suspends a spade, a hoe, and some farming utensils; and his walk is heavy and cumbersome. Behind him follows a young clownish-looking boy, probably his son, who bears upon his shoulder a pole, at the end of which is hung a small barrel, which, probably, was filled with cider or perry, the beverages of the county. Here we are compelled to confess, that the English labourer is naturally a dull, heavy clodhopper, who has scarcely an idea beyond satisfying his mere animal necessities. He can, in general, neither read nor write, nor is he in the slightest degree curious to learn any thing that does not appertain to his own immediate interest.—But twilight is now stealing up the valley, and we shall retire to the village, to take “our ease in our own inn.” But we do not do so, without promising to renew our perambulations, for the purpose of pointing out those minute differences, which, when grouped together, constitute the whole distinction between Scotland and England.

COMETS.

In our previous article on this subject, it was shown that the forthcoming luminary will occupy that point of the earth's course round the sun (and hence the only place in which there is the least danger of its mingling its atmosphere with the earth's) a month before that planet reaches the same spot. This would at once decide the question, but for the following objection:—With respect to comets, the theoretic position calculated, and the real position observed, do not exactly coincide; and this difference cannot be accounted for upon the principle of planetary attraction: hence has arisen the theory, that the resistance of a subtle fluid called ether, which is supposed to fill space, is the cause. There can be little doubt that such is the fact. The question then comes to be, how much will this ether retard the velocity of the comet? Will that body be stayed so long in its progress as to afford the earth an opportunity of coming up with it? It may be observed, that the resistance which this fluid offers to the earth is not appreciable, because of the density of our planet; whereas comets, being for the most part simple masses of light vapours, are susceptible of being sensibly retarded. [The principle of bodies of the same bulk, but of unequal weights, passing through the atmosphere with different degrees of velocity, will be found explained in the article *Attraction*, No. 26 of this Journal.] However startling it may at first sight appear, theory and observation demonstrate the fact, that the motion of the comet will be *accelerated*, and *not retarded*—that its encroachment upon the line of the earth's orbit will be rather before than after the time specified. The cause of this can be easily explained. The rapidity with which a body revolves round the sun depends upon its proximity to that luminary. This being allowed, and it is indisputable, the whole mystery becomes plain. The comet is in the first instance retarded—its centrifugal force, or the rapidity with which it recedes from the centre of the sun, is diminished. Now, a little reflection will show that this is just equivalent to an increase of the sun's attractive powers; hence the comet being brought nearer to the sun, the dimensions of its primitive orbit will be reduced, but its motion, according to the principle already laid down, will be *increased*. Thus, then, the resistance of the ether, instead of affording any grounds for alarm, must be looked upon as another strong argument against the probability of the dreaded catastrophe occurring.

But another question arises: Although the collision should not take place, will the comet be able, in any way, sensibly to affect the earth; for instance, will it modify, in any shape, the seasons of the present year? In 1811, a brilliant comet illuminated the heavens. That year was remarkable for the elevation of its temperature, the abundance of its harvest, and the superior quality of its wines: the cause of all this, vulgar prejudice ascribed to the influence of the luminary. That the idea was visionary and absurd, appears both from fact and theory. Comets, say these sapient reasoners, warm our globe with their beams. Now it is a fact, that a majority of the years most prolific in comets were not distinguished for their temperature. For instance, 1808 was a cold year, and yet seldom have so many comets appeared in so short a time. 1829 was rather a cold year, and yet one appeared. Last year, none made their appearance, and yet the temperature was higher than it was in 1819, which was honoured with a visit from three, one of which was very brilliant. There is another fact strongly militating against the theory of cometary influence; it is, that cold years are commonly cloudy, and the most brilliant comets might pass unperceived through a sky thus enveloped.

To set the subject at rest, let us pursue it through its details. According to all philosophical principles, a comet can act upon the earth only in three ways—by attraction—by reflecting luminous and caloric rays—and by the gaseous matter which composes its nebulousity, or its tail, which, in certain positions, may happen to invade the terrestrial atmosphere. It is unnecessary to examine this third species of action, as

the forthcoming comet possesses no tail, and its nebulosity will be situated at an immense distance from the earth.

The comet of 1811 had a brilliant tail, with a maximum length of forty-one millions of leagues; but it could not possibly touch the earth, for at its nearest approach it was distant forty-seven millions of leagues. At the height of its splendour, it did not throw upon the earth a light equal to the one-tenth part of that we receive from the full moon. The rays were concentrated to the focus of the largest lens, and acted on the blackened bulb of a thermometer, and yet no sensible effect was produced. Now, since by this mode of experimenting, a hundredth part of a degree of an ordinary thermometer would be perceptible, we must for ever abandon the idea of the calorific influence of the comets being capable of affecting the earth so as to produce an abundant crop.

Let us now consider the attractive power of comets. The tides of the ocean are caused by the attraction of the moon, and upon the power of this attraction depends the size of the tide. Now, the comet of 1811 exercised not the slightest influence over the waters of the deep; hence the action of the comet upon the earth can only amount to a very trifling part of that of the moon. The attractive influence of the moon cannot fail to produce an atmospheric tide, the strength of which would be ascertained by the barometer; and yet, from an immense number of observations made in different places, and with the utmost exactness, the strength of the lunar atmospheric tide was scarcely susceptible on the scale of the instrument. After this, it would be ridiculous to suppose that in this way the comet could exercise any influence upon the earth. The vine-dressers of the continent must, therefore, look to something else than the appearance of the expected luminary for a realization of their hopes of an abundant harvest.

ON THE PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF COMETS.

In describing, in a former paper, the most common appearance assumed by a comet, I mentioned the nucleus, coma, and tail. I shall now enter into a detail of what telescopic observations have discovered of the peculiar constitution of these heavenly bodies. It has been already mentioned, that many comets have no perceptible tail; that several are destitute of any apparent nucleus; but none have been discovered, after having been carefully observed by the telescope, wanting that species of nebulosity or mistiness which the ancients named the coma.

OF THE NEBULOSITY.

Among the comets destitute of any apparent nucleus, and which seem to be simple globular masses of vapour slightly condensed towards the centre, it is only necessary to mention those of 1795, 7, and 8, observed by Olbers, and the small one of 1804, the nebulosity of which had a diameter of 6000 miles.

Seneca informs us that stars could be seen through comets. This is true of those destitute of any nucleus; and the nebulosity is so rare and transparent, that a feeble light, though placed at an immense distance behind it, will be visible. Herschel discovered a star of the sixth magnitude through the comet of 1795, and others have done the same even with respect to stars of considerably smaller magnitude.

When the comet possesses a nucleus, the nebulosity rarely tends towards it with a progressively increasing intensity; on the contrary, the parts of the nebulosity next the nucleus are the least luminous. They appear to be very rare and transparent. At some distance from the centre there is a sudden increase of brightness, which gives the comet an appearance of being encircled by a luminous ring. Sometimes two, and even three of these, have been discovered, each separated by an interval where the light was scarcely perceptible.

To form some idea of this, let us simply suppose there are three layers of clouds, at three different heights, enveloping the earth; and that all of these, besides being diaphanous, possess certain optical qualities, distinguishing them from the pure atmospheric air which is interposed between each. In the comet of 1811, the envelope was not less than 30,000 miles in thickness, and its inner surface was 36,000 miles distant from the nucleus. When the comet has the appendage of a tail, the ring appears closed only on the side next the sun, and is semicircular. The extremities of this semicircle are the points of the departure of those rays of light, the elongation of which forms the limits of the tail.

THE NUCLEUS.

Comets have often nuclei similar to the planets in their form and brilliancy. In general they are very small, but the reverse is sometimes the case. The comet of 1798 had a nucleus of thirty-three miles in diameter, and in one of those which appeared in 1811, it amounted to 3267 miles. A knowledge of the nature of this nucleus is of considerable importance, and, accordingly, the subject of its transparency or non-transparency has been warmly canvassed by several philosophers. One party states that they have seen stars through this nucleus, and others that they have seen them completely eclipsed by it. The following theory has been proposed:—We have seen that there are comets without any apparent nucleus, which, in all their extent, shine with the same splendour, and yet are nothing but simple agglomerations

of a gaseous substance. A second degree of concentration of these vapours, let us suppose, produces a nucleus in the centre of the nebulosity remarkable for its brilliancy, but, being still in a liquid state, is diaphanous. At a more advanced period, the liquid being sufficiently cooled, will be enveloped with a solid crust, and from that moment all transparency will cease. This nucleus being interposed between a star and the observer, will produce an eclipse as complete as those resulting daily, with the moon and planets. Nothing absolutely disproves the existence of comets with a solid nucleus. The variety of aspect and brightness which these bodies present, proves that they are not all fashioned after a uniform manner. The archives of science supply us with a variety of facts in support of this position. Keeping out of view those numerous stories which would doubtless be considered fabulous, recourse will only be had to incontestible observations.

In the forty-third year before the Christian era, a comet was seen by day with the naked eye, and was looked upon by the Romans as the metamorphosed soul of Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time preceding the event. In 1402 there appeared two very remarkable comets. The first was so brilliant, that, in March, the light of the sun at meridian day did not prevent its being visible, as contemporary authors express it, to the extent of two fathoms. The second appeared in June, and was seen a long time before sunset. It was pretended that this comet announced the approaching death of Jean Galas Visconti. This prince, who had got his horoscope calculated in youth, was so struck with the appearance of the comet, that the fear incident upon this no doubt contributed to realize the prediction.

Cardan relates, that, in 1532, a comet appeared at mid-day, which greatly excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of Milan. At the time it shone (about the period of Sforza the Second's death), Venus was not in a favourable position to be seen in presence of the sun. The star of Cardan was then a comet, and is the fourth mentioned by historians as visible at mid-day. The famous comet of 1577 was discovered by Tycho Brahe before sunset.

But to come to a more modern luminary, the observations upon which have been properly detailed: On the 1st of February, the comet of 1744 was, according to Chezeaux, more luminous than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. On the 8th, it equalled Jupiter; and some days after it did not yield in splendour to Venus. At the commencement of the following month, it was seen by several persons at one o'clock of the day.

After mentioning the appearance of comets so brilliant as these, and knowing that others lately observed vanish almost before the telescope can be brought to bear upon the point of space which they occupy, it can scarcely be doubted that these bodies are of different physical constitutions. It may be concluded, then, that there are comets *without* a nucleus, comets whose nucleus is probably diaphanous; and, lastly, comets more brilliant than the planets, and whose nuclei are probably solid and opaque.

OF THE TAIL.

That long luminous train with which comets have been frequently accompanied, has in all ages and countries borne the name of tail.

Pierre Appian, in observing attentively the comet of 1531, noticed that the tail, whatever might be the motion or situation of the star, was placed on the prolongation of the line which joined the sun and the nucleus. Some philosophers have attempted to generalize this principle, but at the expense of facts. It is true that usually the tail is placed behind the comet and opposite to the sun, but the line which unites the two does not always conform to the axis of the tail. It has also been found, that the tail inclines constantly towards the region which the comet has quitted. It would appear from this, that, in passing through a gaseous medium, the substance of which it is formed experienced a greater resistance than that of the nucleus. In proof of this, it may be stated that the deviation is greater the farther from the head. These deviations are such that the tail acquires a very sensible curve. That of 1744, for instance, formed nearly a quadrant in the extent of some degrees. Suppose, then, that the cause of the curvature is correctly accounted for, it will follow that the convexity will always be turned from that region towards which the comet travels. Only two imperfectly ascertained exceptions have been offered to this rule.

The tail enlarges greatly at a distance from the head of the comet. The sides of the curvature are more luminous than the middle, which commonly shows an obscure stripe, dividing the tail longitudinally into two distinct, and often almost equal parts. Ancient observers believed this stripe to be the shadow of the comet. But this explanation cannot apply to tails not directed towards the sun. It is more consistent with phenomena to consider the tail as a hollow cone. The visual line, directed to the borders of this cone, it is easily seen, will take in a greater quantity of nebulous particles than the line passing through the centre. Now, whether these particles shine by themselves, or only reflect the sun's rays, it is their total number which, in each direction, ought to determine the intensity of the light.

Comets have sometimes several tails. That of 1744, on the 7th and 8th of March, had six, each about six

degrees in breadth, and from 30 to 44 in length. Their borders were bright and well defined, while their middle emitted only a very attenuated light; and, between two of the different tails, it was as dark as the rest of the sky. These tails sometimes stretch out to the prodigious length of 97 degrees; so the head of the comet could thus set, whilst a portion of its tail remained in the zenith.

My readers will, perhaps, look for some details of the nature of cometary light—the of the causes of their tails—what changes their forms—what gives rise to the systems of concentric envelopes, which the nebulosity sometimes forms—are comets inhabited? &c. But, as nothing certain can be stated on these points, I refrain from indulging in vague hypotheses, or philosophical romance. Cometary astronomy has made great progress within the last century and a half, but it still remains in a state of considerable obscurity, notwithstanding the zeal and assiduity which philosophers have displayed to elucidate and explain the subject.

SLEEP-WALKING.

Sleep-walking is in general a profitless occupation. There are, however, instances in which somnambulists have employed themselves in their daily labours, with considerable diligence. We were lately told in the newspapers of a servant girl in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, who, having been one evening desired to prepare a baking of cakes early next morning, arose in the night, brought water, of which there happened to be none in the house, from the canal, whence it was commonly taken for the use of the family, baked a large farl, placed it upon the girdle, which she adjusted properly over the grate, but overlooked the necessity of lighting the fire. All this she discovered next morning when she awoke. What is more to our present purpose, is a relation given by Henricus ab Heeres, in his *Medical Observations*, of a student whose poetical talent was more lively at such times than when awake. This young man cudgelled his brains sometimes the whole day, in making verses, correcting and blotting them out again; and, not being able to please himself, was forced to leave many gaps till a more lucky sitting. Sometimes, after leaving his compositions in this imperfect state, he would rise in the night, open his desk, fall to writing, fill up the chasms, read aloud what he had written, laugh heartily at what pleased him, and call his chamber-fellow to do the like, and yet all this while he was fast asleep: then putting off his shoes and clothes, shutting his desk, and laying his papers aside, he went to bed again, and slept till he was called up, utterly ignorant of what he had written, said, or done in the night time. In the morning, returning to his studies, and finding the blanks in his verses filled up with his own hand, he was at a loss to know whether it was done by man or some evil genius, and was in great perplexity, till his fellow-students set his mind at rest by a recital of his behaviour during his sleep. Some time after, he left the schools, and betaking himself to a virtuous wife, was haunted by the same infirmity, would rise in the night, take the child out of the cradle, walk about the house with it, and answer any question truly that his wife then propounded to him, which he would not do at other times. About the fortieth year of his age, and to his great satisfaction, this custom left him, unless he had drunk hard overnight. His wife and whole family, that had seen him walking, reading, and writing, being desired to observe it, affirmed that he spoke as plainly as if he had been awake, and that his eyes were open all the time, of which he was wholly ignorant, and sincerely protested he saw not at all, and remembered nothing of what they said he had done.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As e'er it was of yore
When, in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore;
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.
The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt,
Since then, upon its breast;
The sea—how oft have tempests broke
Its gentle dream of rest!
So oft hath darker woe come o'er
Calm self-enjoying thought;
And passion's storms a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.
Now, after years of absence, pass'd
In wretchedness and pain,
I come and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless pass'd away;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem'st, my native bay!
Oh, that, like thee, when toil is o'er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last!
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure unruffled sleep,
Oh, might a heaven as bright as this
Be mirror'd in its deep!

BURIAL FANCIES.

"THE seventeenth stanza of the second book of the *Minstrel*," says Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Beattie*, "in which he so feelingly describes the spot of which he most approved for his place of sepulture, is so very exact a picture of the situation of the churchyard of Laurencekirk, which stands near to his mother's house, and in which is the schoolhouse where he was daily taught, that he must certainly have had it in his view at the time he wrote the following beautiful lines:—

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scuteneons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown;
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

"The wish that our bones should be laid 'in the sepulchre with our fathers,' has been so prevalent in all ages, that it seems to be a sentiment inherent in our nature. No wonder, therefore, that the local scenery, where his nearest and dearest connections were interred, should have made an early and deep impression on the mind of young Beattie, and should have suggested to him the idea, that *there*, perhaps, might be his own place of sepulture.

"At a later period, however, he had changed his design in that respect; and after he began to spend so much time at Peterhead, he became fond of an ancient burying ground, at six miles distance, where had originally stood the church, now in ruins, of the parish of St Fergus, in the middle of the beautiful links of that name. This was a favourite spot of Dr Beattie's, where he much delighted to take his walks of meditation. Combining the idea of solitude and repose with the solemn purpose to which the scene was devoted, he felt a more than common interest in that sequestered spot, and used to say to his friends, that it was there he wished his remains might be laid. With that view, the first season in which his niece, Mrs Glennie, accompanied him to Peterhead, he carried her to visit the churchyard in the links of St Fergus. It was the recollection of that circumstance which induced Mrs Glennie to ask him, after the death of both of his sons, where he desired to be interred? to which he replied, that he 'would wish his body to be laid beside those of his two sons, rather than beside that of the greatest monarch upon earth.' He was, accordingly, buried at Aberdeen."

The remark that the wish to be buried with our fathers is inherent in our nature, is a frequent one. Whether it is true or not, the anecdote just cited proves that the wish is not so deep rooted but that it may be superseded before the course of human life is run. Beattie was susceptible of the romantic to a degree seldom equalled; his feelings, indeed, in this respect, bordered upon the morbid; and yet we see him changing his mind twice concerning his burial place: the first, or inherent wish, that he should be laid in the sepulchre with his fathers, having been abandoned upon a fancy that he had found a sequestered spot, where it would be rather an agreeable sort of thing to be buried; for some are so much impressed with the beauties of local scenery, that they could almost wish to die for the sake of having their bones deposited in their favourite retreat.

Wilson, the American ornithologist, as his biographer informs us, "while in the enjoyment of health, had, in a conversation with a friend on the subject of death, expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, whither the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses and the lover of science, and *where the birds might sing over his grave*. It has been matter of regret," adds this writer, "to those of his friends to whom was confided the mournful duty of ordering his funeral, that this desire had not been made known to them, otherwise it should have been piously observed."

Wilson's wish, that his body should lie where the birds might sing over his grave, was a sentiment as finely conceived as any thing of the same kind to be met with in poetry; but the propriety of "piously observing" such wishes may be questioned; it would only encourage other similar fantasies—for it is nothing but a fantasy: man has done his duty to his dead brother when he has committed dust to dust—it matters nothing where. A certain carpenter had such an idea of the dignity conferred upon man by the upright posture, that he thought the purposes of nature ought not to be thwarted even in death. As far as regarded himself, in particular, he could not bear the idea of being laid on his back in the grave, but

wanted to have a deep hole dug, and the coffin placed on end. He was quite serious and earnest on the subject; and, though a man of no public fame, his dying wishes were certainly as binding on his surviving relatives, as if he had been a great poet, philosopher, statesman, or warrior; but the thing was palpably a whim, and was disregarded accordingly. Wilson's fancy had not such an air of absurdity about it; it took a different direction, but was not more founded on reason. Where it is a matter of indifference, there is no harm in attending to injunctions of this kind; but to lay it down as a principle, that they should be "piously observed," and to act upon it, were but to delude, and be deluded. The dead, disguise it as we may, are buried for the sake of the living, not because it is of any consequence to themselves; and no outrage was done to the manes of the carpenter, who was interred in a recumbent instead of a standing posture; nor to Wilson, when buried in the churchyard, and not in the woods, any more than to those of Beattie, because his body was not divided among the three places which, at different periods of his life, he had chosen for his burial ground.

Yet though, to the eye of reason, no one spot, abstractly considered, is more desirable as a place of sepulture than another, the attachment which binds us to the graves where our fathers repose is connected with some of our noblest feelings, and helps to cherish them. We cannot expect to see all mankind raised to the dignity of Stoic philosophers, nor is it certain that that state would confer more real happiness than is derived from the indulgence of prejudices, which, though numerous, are harmless, and even amiable. "Where is your *earth*?" is a question frequently to be heard among the Scottish peasantry; and if all the associations which such an allusion is calculated to awaken, were rooted from our bosoms, why, really, after all, this would be an exceedingly uncomfortable world to live in. In this way is it often found, that those things which we are most sensible are weaknesses, contribute materially to promote that kindness of disposition, without which society were repulsive in its aspect, and unendurable in reality.

The fancy of being laid apart from the resting places of our fellow-creatures, is so beautifully developed in a small poem by the late Mr Crabbe, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it. It must be understood as the address of an ill-fated lady, slightly tinged with insanity, to her sister, when on her death-bed.

Let me not have this gloomy view

About my room, around my bed;

But morning roses, wet with dew,

To cool my burning brows instead.

As flowers that once on Eden grew,

Let them their fragrant spirit shed,

And every day the sweets renew,

Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh, let the herbs I loved to rear

Give to my sense their perfumed breath;

Let them be placed about my bier,

And grace the gloomy hour of death.

I'll have my grave beneath a hill,

Where only Lucy's self shall know,

Where runs the pure pellucid rill

Upon its gravely bed below;

Their violets on the borders blow,

And insects their soft light display.

Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,

Their cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,

The soil a pure and silver sand,

The green cold moss above it grown,

Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:

In virgin earth till then unturn'd,

There let my maiden form be laid;

Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,

Nor for new guests that bed be made.

There will the lark—the lamb, in sport,

In air—on earth—securely play,

And Lucy to my grave resort,

As innocent, but not so gay.

I will not have the churchyard ground,

With bones all black and ugly grown,

To press my shiv'ring body round,

Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,

In darkening beds of cold blue clay,

Through which the ringed earthworms creep,

And on the shrouded bosom prey;

I will not hear the bell proclaim

When those sad marriage rites begin;

And boys, without regard and shame,

Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not it is beneath my care,

I cannot those cold truths allow:

These thoughts may not afflict me there,

But, oh, they vex and tease me now.

Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,

That man a maiden's grave may trace,

But let my Lucy come alone,

And let affection find the place.

Oh, take me from a world I hate!

Men, cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;

And in some pure and blessed state,

Let me my sister minds behold:

From gross and sordid views refined,

Our heaven of spotless love to share,

For only generous souls design'd,

And not a man to meet us there.

THE SEA SHORES OF BRITAIN.

ONE of the most remarkable, and yet, perhaps, least regarded phenomena in nature, is the incessant change which is going on in the configuration and dimensions of the sea shores of this and the adjacent continental countries. So fierce and unceasing is the action of the tides and currents of the ocean, especially if affected by the influx of rapid streams, that in few parts of the coast do we find that outline and appearance which our ancestors beheld some hundreds of years since. Where there were once bare rocks, or bleak sand and morasses, we may find beautiful extensive meadows of alluvial soil; and where the fields once bloomed in perennial beauty, we may behold nothing but huge stones, garnished with marine herbs, and forming the habitation of innumerable shell-fish.

The extraordinary changes of this nature daily in action, are not observable in detail, but, after the interval of years, they can easily be distinguished. It is probably not generally known that the island of Great Britain is melting away, like a mass of ice affected by the warming rays of the sun. Every hour it is becoming less in weight or bulk than it was the hour preceding—every day many hundreds of tons of matter are washed from its declivities, and carried by rivers and floods into the bed of the ocean. The result of so extensive a diminution is no where so observable as in the sea betwixt our island and Holland. Here the ocean is discovered to be fast filling up. It is now full of large banks, extending to a great length, the most extensive being the Dogger Bank, which stretches upwards of three hundred and fifty-four miles from west to south. The mountains rising beneath the waves of the sea are composed of matter chiefly drifted from the land; and as they will in time elevate their summits above the surface of the water, they will next begin to be covered with vegetation; and the period may arrive when there will exist a country as large as our own, though certainly flat in its character, and which will afford a home and support to a nation as powerful as those of elder creation. It is calculated that the banks we speak of would cover Great Britain to the depth of twenty-eight feet, were they scattered evenly on the ground; and this alone may give us an idea of the loss which our country has sustained. Our hills and valleys every where exhibit traces of the devastations which torrents and impetuous rivers have accomplished: every rivulet in our mountains exhibits, by their excavated banks, that large portions of the soil have been irrecoverably lost, or been floated off to form the base-work of new countries not yet emerged from their watery bed.

It is a subject fruitful in interest to the reflective, the great change which must have been thus effected in the character of our dearly beloved island throughout the succession of past ages. On a close examination of facts and appearances, we have the strongest circumstantial evidence that Great Britain was by no means originally an island, but formed merely a prolongation to the north of the continent of Europe. "Whether England," says Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, "was formerly united with France, has often been a favourite speculation; and in 1753, a society at Amiens proposed this as the subject of a prize essay, which was gained by the celebrated Desmarest, then a young man. He founded his principal arguments on the identity of composition of the cliffs on the opposite sides of the channel; on a submarine chain, extending from Boulogne to Folkestone, only fourteen feet under low water; and on the identity of the noxious animals in England and France, which could not have swam across the straits, and would never have been introduced by man. He also attributed the rupture of the isthmus to the preponderating violence of the current from the north. It will hardly be disputed that the ocean might have effected a breach through the land which, in all probability, once united our country to the continent, in the same manner as it now gradually forces a passage through the rocks of the same mineral composition, and often many hundred feet high, upon our coast. Although the time required for such an operation was probably very great, yet we cannot estimate it by reference to the present rate of waste on both sides of the channel. For when, in the thirteenth century, the sea burst through the isthmus of Staveren, which formerly united Friesland with North Holland, it opened, in about one hundred years, a strait more than half as wide as that which divides England from France; after which, the dimensions of the new channel remained almost stationary. The greatest depth of the straits between Dover and Calais is twenty-nine fathoms, which only exceeds, by one fathom, the greatest depth of the Mississippi at New Orleans." The speculative philosopher might perhaps deduce, from this ingenious theory, that, at some early period in the history of the world, our island was thus providentially cut off from France, in order that it might, at some future day, be inhabited by a people peculiar in their habits, and calculated to offer an example for the conduct of neighbouring nations.

With respect to the formation of alluvial land, there can be no doubt that it takes place almost entirely from the deposit of muddy particles brought from the interior by rivers, and prevented from going out to

sea by the action of currents and tides. Thus, Holland and the adjacent low countries are supposed to be formed by the flux of earthy matter from the Rhine and other large rivers. At the mouth of the Thames, there are various examples of the gain and loss of land. On the south shore of the Firth of Forth, there are some places where land is in the course of being saved from the sea to a great extent, particularly near Bo'ness; and there are other places—for instance, betwixt Leith and Newhaven—where the loss has been very great, though not of such importance as to rouse the people to a just sense of the injury. The Carse of Falkirk has, in the same way, been formed of alluvial matter; and the Carse of Gowrie and Strathearn exhibit every appearance of being of the same consistence. The Tay and the Earn are two of the largest Scottish rivers, both disembodying into an estuary called the Firth of Tay. It is apparent that these beautiful streams do not flow in the channel which they once pursued.

The traditions of the country people, although always suspicious, are generally worthy of some credit, especially when local appearances give them countenance. It is a common tradition, that the Tay, instead of forming the southern boundary of the Carse of Gowrie, formerly bounded it on the north, running under the Sidlaw Hills. The usual tale is, that the Tay turned off from its present course about two miles below Perth, and, making the circuit described, fell into the Firth, at the eastern extremity of the Carse; the Earn occupying by itself the channel of the two (now) united rivers. They ran along all the way down the Carse, parallel to, and at no great distance from, each other, winding round, and almost isolating various rising grounds which lay between them, and which, from that circumstance, were called *Inches*, or islands, as Inchira, Meginch, Inchmartin, Inchmichael, Inchture, and others. A countryman, having drawn a furrow with his plough from the Tay along a low field which he wished to irrigate, caused the whole river to take this direction, and to flow into the course of the Earn, leaving its former channel bare, and taking away from the Inches their pristine insular character. Another result has been, that the Tay now appears to flow into the Earn as a tributary, instead of sustaining its real character as a principal. Wild and improbable as this story may appear, it is partly borne out by local facts. It is the opinion of the present writers, that the whole of that district of country, or space forming the beds of the Tay and Earn, with the carses on their banks, from that part of the Tay where it becomes shallow, a few miles above Dundee, to the eminences which bound the Carse of Strathearn on the west, was, at an early period, one immense lagoon, or jungle, such as is now seen on the continent of America, wherein was a trackless labyrinth of watercourses, pools, brushwood, and forest trees. How or when the aboriginal forest disappeared, or the waters of the swamp betook themselves to defined channels, are questions which no writer can answer. It is only a matter of certainty that the country continued in a condition far from reclaimed after the land became inhabited, because the etymologies of the names of places now in use, are significant of the original nature of their respective localities. By these names we further discover that the district was the habitation of beasts of prey and animals of the chase. Boars, wolves, and foxes, from such a deduction, must have been the common inhabitants of the thickest and wilds. It has been shown by the ingenious naturalist, the Rev. Dr Fleming of Flisk, that what is now the bed of the Tay was once a forest, and this is proved by the discovery of the roots of trees, still in their natural position, within low watermark; immense beds of clay, full of the leaves of fresh-water plants; also beds of peat, containing hazel nuts in great quantities; deposits of shell-marl, and other remains equally significant. The process of forming dry arable land, out of the sludge of a shallow river, easily diverted from its course, has been pursued, first by Nature, and, in the second place, by Art. The cause of the windings, or links, of the Forth may be referred to a something so trifling, that it is hardly worthy of belief. The fall of a tree has sent a stream in a new direction; the slight opposition offered by the edge of a stone has directed the water into an opposite course. On a smaller scale, the whole operation may be seen in the case of a rivulet meandering through the bottom of a meadow. The growth of the land is likewise of no difficult solution. The grounds of the carse are the deposition of particles of earthy matter, washed down by the floods from the upper country, mingled with the residuum of forest trees and decayed vegetables. It is interesting to view the spectacle of the reclaiming of land from the Tay, now in operation, at the instance of both nature and art. This large and fine river is constantly bringing down from the recesses of the Highlands an infinitude of particles of sand or other matter, individually so small, that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, and whose presence is only known by the colour they infuse in the water. These particles are not carried out to sea. They are arrested by the tides opposite the carse ground above noticed, and, sinking to the bottom, they imperceptibly form a fine species of mire. In the course of time, this mire rises to the surface of the estuary. It is first left dry at ordinary high tides, and next becomes visible at the height of spring tides. For a very long while, it forms merely long bare reaches at low water, and at these ebbs of the tide, a

person might, from appearances, be of opinion that he could walk across the bed of the estuary with little difficulty. Floods and high impetuous tides at last drift so much matter on these rising reaches and half-formed islets, that they remain, at all times, above water, and finally, by the action of the winds in blowing thither the seeds of plants, or by other causes beyond the reach of human discovery, the land so formed is covered with a rich herbage, shrubs, plants of a various nature, and even trees. In the bed of the Tay there have risen, in this manner, Grange Island, Rhind Island, Cairney Island, Carpow Island, Chisbiny Island, and Mugdrum Island, and perhaps these islands may at a future day be joined to each other, or to the mainland on one side, so as to offer a complete specimen, in modern times, of the way in which the great body of the carses have sprung into existence. The ingenuity and wisdom of man are hastening, though not with a very creditable rapidity, the extension of the dry land on the banks of the Tay, and gradually diminishing the unprofitable breadth of its channel. The work of creation is going on chiefly upon the Fife side, a short way below Newburgh. Rude piers or dikes are run out from the shore, to the length of a few yards, at certain distances from each other, and at every flux of the tide, a small portion of the mire is left betwixt them. Little by little, the margin of the land is protruded farther and farther into the water, and when it has reached the outer termination of the dikes, additional projections are made, and the same result follows of an increase of land. In this way many flat fertile fields have been added to this portion of Fife; and, judging from a superficial calculation, it would seem to be no difficult matter to hem in the Tay to a narrow deep channel on the Perthshire side, thereby not only increasing the quantity of productive land to a vast amount, but doing much for the benefit of navigation.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM BERRY.

THE individual whom we this week introduce to notice, in our biographical department, was one who exhibited great talents of a peculiar order, under very unfortunate circumstances, and, what is far more, who, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, conducted himself through life in the most creditable manner, as a private citizen, and as the father of a family.

William Berry, an ingenious artist, was born about the year 1730, and bred to the business of a seal engraver. After serving an apprenticeship under a Mr Bolton, at Edinburgh, he commenced business for himself in that city, and soon became distinguished for the elegance of his designs, and the clearness and sharpness of his mode of cutting. At this time, the business of a stone engraver in the Scottish capital was confined to the cutting of ordinary seals; and the most elaborate work of this kind which they undertook was that of engraving the armorial bearings of the nobility. Mr Berry's views were for several years confined to the usual drudgery of his art; but, by studying some ancient intaglios, he at length conceived the design of venturing into that higher walk, which might be said to bear the same relation to seal engraving, which historical painting does to portrait painting. The subject he chose for his first essay was a head of Sir Isaac Newton, which he executed with such precision and delicacy as astonished all who had an opportunity of observing it. The modesty of Mr Berry permitted him to consign this gem to the hands of a friend in a retired situation of life, who had few opportunities of showing it to others. He resumed his wonted drudgery, satisfied, we may suppose, with that secret consciousness, which, to some abstracted minds, is not to be increased, but rather spoilt, by the applause of the uninitiated multitude. For many years this ingenious man narrowed his mind to the cutting of heraldic seals; while, in reality, he must have known that his genius fitted him for a competition with the highest triumphs of Italian art. When he was occasionally asked to undertake somewhat finer work, he generally found, that, though he only demanded perhaps half the money which he could have earned in humbler work during the same space of time, yet even that was grudged by his employers; and he, therefore, felt, that mere considerations of worldly prudence demanded his almost exclusive attention to the ordinary walk of his profession.

Nevertheless, in the course of a few years, the impulse of genius so far overcame his scruples, that he executed various heads, any one of which would have been sufficient to ensure him immortal fame among judges of excellence in this department. Among these were heads of Thomson, author of "The Seasons," Mary Queen of Scots, Oliver Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, a young Hercules, and Mr Hamilton of Bangour, the well-known poet. Of these, only two were copies from the antique, and they were executed in the finest style of those celebrated intaglios. The young Hercules, in particular, possessed an unaffected plain simplicity—an union of youthful innocence, with strength and dignity—which struck every beholder as most appropriate to that mythological personage; while it was, at the same time, the most difficult of all expressions to be hit off by the faithful imitator of nature. As a painter finds it much less difficult to imitate any extravagant violence of character, than to represent, with truth and perspicuity, the elegant ease of the

gentleman, so he can much more easily delineate the most violent contortions of countenance than that placid serenity, to express which requires a nice discrimination of such infinitely small degrees of variation, in certain lineaments, as totally to elude the observation of men on whose minds nature has not impressed, with her irresistible hand, that exquisite perceptive faculty which constitutes the essence of genius in the fine arts.

Berry possessed this perceptive faculty to a degree which almost proved an obstruction rather than a help in his professional career. In his best performances he himself remarked defects which no one else perceived, and which he believed might have been overcome by greater exertion, if for that greater exertion he could have spared the necessary time. Thus, while others applauded his intaglios, he looked upon them with a morbid feeling of vexation, arising from the sense of that struggle which his immediate personal wants constantly maintained with the nobler impulses of art, and to which his situation in the world promised no speedy cessation. This gave him an aversion to the higher department of his art, which, though indulged to his own temporary comfort, and the advantage of his family, was most unfortunate for the world.

In spite of every disadvantage, the works of Mr Berry, few as they are in number, became gradually known in society at large; and some of his pieces were even brought into competition, by some distinguished cognoscenti, with those of Picclet at Rome, who had hitherto been the unapproached sovereign of this department of the arts. Although the experience of Picclet was that of a constant practitioner, while Mr Berry had only attempted a few pieces, at long intervals, in the course of a laborious life; although the former lived in a country where every artificial object was attuned to the principles of art, while Mr Berry was reared in a soil remarkable for the absence of all such advantages, the latter was, by many judges, placed above his Italian contemporary. The respective works of the two artists were well known to each other; and each declared, with that manly kind of ingenuousness, which superior genius alone can confer on the human mind, that the other was greatly his superior.

Mr Berry possessed not only the art of imitating busts or figures set before him, in which he could observe and copy the prominence or depression of the parts, but he possessed a faculty which presupposes a much nicer discrimination—that of being able to execute a figure in *relievo*, with perfect justness in all its parts, which was copied from a painting or drawing upon a flat surface. This was fairly put to the test in the head he executed of Hamilton of Bangour. That gentleman had been dead several years, when his relations wished to have a head of him executed by Berry. The artist had himself never seen Mr Hamilton, and there remained no picture of him but an imperfect sketch, which was by no means a striking likeness. This was put into the hands of Mr Berry by a person who had known the deceased poet, and who pointed out the defects of the resemblance in the best way that words can be made to correct things of this nature; and from this picture, with the ideas that Mr Berry had imbibed from the corrections, he made a head, which every one who knew Mr Hamilton allowed to be one of the most perfect likenesses that could be wished for. In this, as in all his works, there was a correctness in the outline, and a truth and delicacy in the expression of the features, highly emulous of the best antiques, which were, indeed, the models on which he formed his taste.

The whole number of heads executed by Mr Berry did not exceed a dozen; but, besides these, he executed some full-length figures of both men and animals, in his customary style of elegance. That attention, however, to the interests of a numerous family, which a man of sound principles, as Mr Berry was, could never allow himself to lose sight of, made him forego those agreeable exertions for the more lucrative, though less pleasing, employment of cutting heraldic seals, which may be said to have been his constant employment from morning to night, for forty years together, with an assiduity that almost surpasses belief. In this department, he was, without dispute, the first artist of his time; but even here, a modesty, which was so peculiarly his own, and an invariable desire of giving perfection to every thing he put out of his hand, prevented him from drawing such emoluments from his labours as they deserved. Of this the following anecdote will serve as an illustration, and as an additional testimony of his very great skill:—Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, on succeeding to his title and estates, was desirous of having a seal cut, with his arms properly blazoned upon it. But as there were no fewer than thirty-two compartments in the shield, which was of necessity confined to a very small space, so as to leave room for the supporters and other ornaments within the compass of a seal of ordinary size, he found it a matter of great difficulty to get it executed. Though a native of Scotland himself, the noble Duke had no idea that there was a man of first-rate eminence in this art in Edinburgh; and, accordingly, he had applied to the first seal engravers in London and Paris, all of whom declared it to be beyond their power. At this time, Berry was mentioned to him, with such powerful recommendations, that he was induced to pay him a visit, and found him, as usual, seated at his wheel. The

gentleman who had mentioned Mr Berry's name to the Duke accompanied him on his visit. This person, without introducing the Duke, showed Mr Berry the impression of a seal which the Duchess Dowager had got cut a good many years before, by a Jew in London, now dead, and which had been shown to others as a pattern, asking him if he would cut a seal the same as that. After examining it a little, Mr Berry answered readily that he would. The Duke, at once pleased and astonished, exclaimed, "Will you, indeed!" Mr Berry, who thought that this implied some doubt of his ability to perform what he undertook, was a little piqued, and, turning round to the Duke, whom he had never before seen, he said, "Yes, sir; if I do not make a better seal than this, I will charge no payment for it." The Duke, highly pleased, left the pattern with Mr Berry, and went away. The original contained, indeed, the various devices of the thirty-two compartments distinctly enough to be seen, but none of the colours were expressed. Mr Berry, in proper time, finished the seal, on which the figures were not only done with superior elegance, but the colours of every part so distinctly marked, that a painter could delineate the whole, or a herald blazon it, with perfect accuracy. For this extraordinary and most ingenious labour, he charged no more than thirty-two guineas, though the pattern seal had cost seventy-five. Thus it was, that though possessed of talents unequalled in their kind, at least in Britain, and assiduity not to be surpassed—observing, at the same time, the strictest economy in his domestic arrangements—Mr Berry died at last, in circumstances far from affluent, June 3, 1783, in the 53d year of his age, leaving a numerous family of children. It had been the lot of this ingenious man to toil unceasingly for a whole life, without obtaining any other reward than the common boon of mere subsistence, while his abilities, in another sphere, or in an age more qualified to appreciate and employ them, might have enabled him to attain at once to fame and fortune in a very few years. His art, it may be remarked, has made no particular progress in Scotland, in consequence of his example. The genius of Berry was solitary, both in respect of place and time, and has never been rivalled by any other of his countrymen. It must be recorded to the honour of this unrequited genius, that his character in private life was as amiable and unassuming as his talents were great; and that his conduct on all occasions was ruled by the strictest principles of honour and integrity.—*Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

AN AMERICAN STORY.

THE following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The twilight of an autumn day; a parlour on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as be seemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening, when, one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave, and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which ~~they~~ had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister; you have eaten not a morsel to-day," she said. "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more!"

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees,

Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlour, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immovably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised, in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door. "How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently ~~coming~~ with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighbouring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad-brimmed hat and blanket coat stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, Goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, Mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why, there has been an express through the town within this half hour," said Goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you wouldn't mind being broke off your rest, and so I stept over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret staid not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon

it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on, and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had lately involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking, and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and, lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unhasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rains curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognised him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapt on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp, and endeavoured to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.—*From the TOKEN, an American Annual.*

ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

PROMOTION.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W., at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The duke was so pleased with the reply, that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

A LAWYER CANNOT BE TOO BAREFACED.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

SHARP ENOUGH ALREADY.

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

NEW CONSTRUCTION OF "EQUAM MEMENTO."

A gentleman told Lord North, that, from a variety of losses, he had found himself compelled to reduce his establishment. "And what," said his lordship, "have you done with the fine mare you used to ride?" "I have sold her." "Then you have not attended to Horace's maxim—

Equam memento rebus in arduis servare."

VENETIAN BLINDS.

Three Venetians, whom the late Lord Byron brought with him into this country, were so dreadfully attacked by ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eye-sight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune. "Why," said Dr. L., "at the worst we can set each of them up as a *Venetian Blind*."

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

Lord Loughborough rallying a physician, one day, on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered the witty lord, "is exactly what the hangman says."

NATIONAL PARADOXES.

Somebody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotsman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

A HARD RUN.

A droll equivocal, and not unreasonable, took place between Sir — and Mr M., at the time of the great cash distresses in 1826. The baronet overtook the latter on returning from a fox chase; and, supposing the banker had been one of the field, and wishing to say something civil as he passed, observed, "A hard run to-day, Mr M." "Oh, no, sir, I assure you!" replied the conscious man of money, not of straw; "no such thing, sir, not in the least *hard-pressed* to-day; no run at all!" "Why, we run him in!" rejoined the baronet, with evident surprise; "would you have all knocked up?" "Oh! you are talking of the fox, perhaps," said the banker, "and I was thinking of my bank. I have not been hunting, but *hunted* all the week by a pack of fools."

A MOVING DISCOURSE.

A certain reverend drone in the country, preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, this learned doctor has made a very moving discourse."

PURITANISM AT BOWLS.

The puritans carried their peculiar tenets into the minutest affairs of life. When Lord Brooke, one of the number, played at bowls, he would sometimes run after his cast, and cry, "Rub, rub, rub," in the eager but absurd hope that such a cry would give effect to his play. On such occasions, his chaplains would run after him with equal eagerness, and earnestly exclaim, "Oh, good my lord, you must leave that to God."

FIAT LUX.

A bishop of Lincoln adopted the strange conceit of having the grand Scripture sentence, "*FIAT LUX*," painted on all the windows of his house. In his hall, in particular, it was so thickly painted, that the reverse of the command was observable, and, as a wag remarked, you could scarcely see for light. A mad scholar, at last, happened to wait upon the bishop, and, observing the opacity of the light, fell a-breaking the windows with his stick. Being carried by the servants into the presence of the bishop, and questioned as to the cause of his conduct, "Why, my lord," answered he, "I was only obeying your lordship's commands: *Fiat Lux*."

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.

A young preacher, in the time of James the First, being appointed to hold forth before the vice-chancellor and heads of the colleges of Oxford, chose for

his text, "What! cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the vice-chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text, in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate vice-chancellor as often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The vice-chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and at the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honour of preaching before the king. Here also he had his joke: he gave out his text in these words—"James First and Sixth, *Waver not*;" which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already;" but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

THE SCOTTISH DUKES.

ARGYLE.

The first of this family was a gentleman of Anglo-Norman lineage, designated Gillespie (or Archibald) Campbell, who, in the eleventh or twelfth century, married the heiress of an old Celtic race of heroes, who had possessed the barony of Lochow, in Argyleshire, if we are to believe the sennachies, from the year 404. Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, seventh in descent from Gillespie, was a notable adherent of King Robert Bruce, through all his various fortunes; he married the sister of that monarch, and was endowed by him with a great quantity of lands, forfeited by the adherents of Baliol. The estates of the family, from this period, increased very fast, inasmuch that Sir Duncan, the fourth in descent from Neil, on becoming a hostage for the ransom of James the First, in 1424, was found to be worth 1500 merks a-year. This great baron was made a Lord of Parliament in 1445, under the title of Lord Campbell. Colin, his grandson, added immensely to his territories, by marrying one of the three heiresses of Lorn; and, in 1457, was elevated to the rank of Earl of Argyle. The family had no political importance till the great division of opinion at the Reformation. It then obtained distinction by embracing the Protestant side. Archibald, the fourth earl, was the very first of the Scottish nobility who did so; and it is remarkable, that, so long as there was the least dispute between the principles of protestantism and popery, or liberal and anti-liberal politics, the weight of this great territorial house was uniformly thrown into the former scale. The family of Argyle thus bear a conspicuous part in Scottish history, from the Reformation downward. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that, in the covenanting movement in Scotland, Archibald, the eighth earl, was, almost from the beginning, in 1637, to the end, in 1651, the dominant spirit. It is related of this nobleman, that he never travelled without a Bible and Concordance. Charles the First, in his absurd endeavours to pacify the Scots, created their favourite, Argyle, a marquis. He was, however, like all the rest of his countrymen, a royalist, and, as such, exerted himself in favour of Charles the Second, who was admitted to a limited, or rather nominal, sovereignty in Scotland long before the Restoration. After that event, Argyle was beheaded for his cruelties to the ultra-royalists, and his acceptance of place under Cromwell. His son Archibald, styled ninth earl, was the eminent patriot so highly eulogized by Fox. He was beheaded in the reign of James the Second, after an unsuccessful attempt at an insurrection. The family estates, forfeited on this occasion, were restored after the Revolution, to Archibald, the tenth earl, son of the last unfortunate nobleman, who made a conspicuous figure under the liberalized reign of King William, and was raised to a dukedom by that monarch in 1701. Though a clever man, he was too dissipated to be a great statesman: it was alleged, by the scandal of the time, that he died from a wound received in a brothel. This event took place in 1703, when his son, Duke John, succeeded. This amiable and most accomplished nobleman, who, according to Pope, was

— the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,

performed to the government of George the First the eminent service of suppressing the insurrection of 1715; which he did with an amazingly small force, and only by an exertion of the most consummate prudence. Archibald, the brother and successor of Duke John, was the confidant of Walpole, and his chief adviser in Scottish affairs. The family, since that period, has only been distinguished as a great territorial house, on the liberal side of the question. The present duke, who is a Whig, is understood, however, to have greatly reduced the estates collected through so many ages.

ABERDEEN JOKES.

The following *facetiae Aberdeenenses* we extract from the last number of the *Aberdeen Magazine*:—"A venerable Aberdeen baillie, long, long ago called to his fathers, had once, on a most extraordinary occasion, to travel all the way to that great city, London. He was informed, before his departure, by an economical friend, that the cheapest way of living in London was to dine at a coffee-room. This practice he accordingly adopted. Seated in a coffee-room one forenoon, very hungry, he could by no means name to the waiters any dish which there was a possibility of procuring. At length, hearing a gentleman call for coffee, he vociferated, "I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae coffee, tee." "Coffee tea, sir," said the waiter; "sorry we've no beverage called that ere in the ouse." "Lord sake, min," said the baillie, "canna ye gie's coffee, the thing theither chap's gettin'?" "Oh, yes, sir; bring you a cup of coffee." But when the coffee was produced, our townsman liked not the three miserable slices of toast which accompanied it; so, having crunched them all up, he vociferated, "I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae nae mair o' them wafers; ye maun bring me a shave o' loaf at ance." "Yes, sir, immediately." But the waiter was not so good as his word; for, returning, he stated, "We've sent and searched every bake-ouse in the street, sir, and can't find no such thing as a shave o' loaf among 'em all." Now, this was truly perplexing, and our townsman had still to rack his ingenuity for his dinner. At length a lucky thought struck him. He saw some pigeons perched on a chimney close by, and he would have a "doo tert;" but what this meant, all the learned men in the coffee-room could not discover, and he was at last enabled, by means of a series of signs, to make known that he wished a "pigeon pie."

THE WEST INDIAN VIPER.

The great viper, called *fer de lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges in the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage, that the moment it sees any person, it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles, formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs, these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advantage; but this requires considerable courage, for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of flying upon him, and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. A M. Moreau de Ionnes was once riding through a wood; his horse reared; on looking round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he discovered a *fer de lance* standing erect in a bush of bamboo, and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so unobeyingly, that he was obliged to look back to somebody to hold him. He now espied at some distance a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When M. Ionnes acquainted him with his intention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notions of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some leaves, made a snare with them, and then, concealing himself behind a bush near the viper, he attracted his attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Ionnes saw this negro twelve months afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the bitten limbs. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous even after the death of the animal. Men and beasts shun this formidable reptile; the birds manifest the same antipathy towards it as they do to hawks and owls in Europe, and a small one of the *loria* kind even gives warning, by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

THE SHARK.

There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in its inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he can't digest the hide."—*Captain Hall's Autobiography*.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECKS ON THE FINGER NAILS.

"I myself," says Milton, in a treatise called *The Figure-caster*, "have known many old women who hold, that, if the nails of the hand grow yellow, it is a great sign of ill luck, and that specks are the true signs of ill luck." The reverse is at this day augured, in Scotland, from the appearance of white specks on the finger nails: they are called "gifts;" and it is said of the person who has them, that he may shortly expect presents, greater or smaller, fewer or more numerous, according to their size and quantity.

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF WATCHING THE DEAD.

If a corpse were left in a house with the door ajar, it was supposed to be at the hazard of its being carried off by malevolent sprights. The spiritual part being separated from the corporeal, and the latter no longer hallowed by the blessing pronounced at baptism, it was supposed to be incapable of invoking the aid of higher powers, and was, therefore, exposed to the machinations of the imps of darkness, unless carefully watched and guarded by the living. The custom, once established, continues, though people are no longer under the influence of the superstition from which it originated.

ACHES AND CORNS.

There is nothing superstitious in the prognostications of weather from aches and corns, for "aches and corns," says the great philosopher Bacon, "do en-grieve (*i. e.* afflict) either towards rain or frost. The one makes the humours to abound more, and the other makes them sharper."

HOUSE LECK.

It is common, in the north of England, to plant the herb house leek upon the tops of cottage houses. The learned author of the *Vulgar Errors* informs us, that it was an ancient superstition; and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defence against lightning and thunder.

SWALLOWS.

It is accounted unlucky to destroy swallows: this is probably a Pagan relic. We read, in Ælian, that these birds were sacred to the Penates, or household gods of the ancients, and therefore were preserved. They were honoured anciently as the nuncios of the spring. The Rhodians are said to have had a solemn anniversary song to welcome the swallow. Anacreon addressed his tenth ode to this bird, of which the following is the elegant translation by Mr Moore:—

Tell me how to punish thee
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing,
Or as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told),
Shall I tear that tongue away—
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest.

ROSEMARY USED AT FUNERALS.

Rosemary, as are all evergreens, is an emblem of the soul's immortality. It is as much as to say, that though the body be dead, yet the soul is ever green, and always in life. It is not like the body, and those other greens, which die and revive again at their proper seasons. No autumn nor winter can make any change in it; but it is unalterably the same, perpetually in life, and never dying.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Mr Addison supposes the popular ballad of the "Babes in the Wood" to have preserved the lives of many Robin Redbreasts. The subsequent stanza places them in a very favourable point of view:—

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man received,
Till Robin Redbreast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

THE RING FINGER.

The particular regard to this finger is of high antiquity. It hath been honoured with the golden token and pledge of matrimony, preferable to any other finger, not, as Levinus Lemnius, in his "Occult Miracles of Nature," tells us, because there is a nerve,† as some have thought, but because a small artery runs from the heart to this finger, the motion of which, in portioners, women, &c., may be perceived by the touch of the finger index.

† Mr Whently tells us, that the rubrick of "Salisbury Manual" has these words: "It is because from hence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart. 'This, indeed,' he adds, 'is now contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well Gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion; and, therefore, they thought this finger the properest to bear the pledge of love, that from thence it might be conveyed, as it were, to the heart.' This opinion has been exploded by later physicians; but it was from hence that antiquity judged it worthy, and selected it to be adorned with a circlet of gold. They called it also the medical finger, and were so superstitious as to mix up their medicines and potions with it."

SPITTING.

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their unmanly barbarity. Several other vestiges of the superstition relative to fasting spittle (*Fasci nationes saliva jejuna repelle, veteri superstitione creditum est. Alex. ab Alex.*), mentioned also in Pliny, may yet be traced among our vulgar. Boys have a custom (*inter se*) of spitting their faith, when required to make asseverations in a matter of consequence. In combinations of colliers, &c. in the north, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy. We have, too, a kind of popular saying, when persons are of the same party, or agree in sentiments; "they spit upon the same stone."

WEATHERCOCKS.

Vanes on the tops of steeples were anciently in the form of a cock (called from hence weathercocks), and put up, in papal times, to remind the clergy of watchfulness. "In summite crucis, quæ campanario vulgo imponitur, galli gallinacea effingi solet figura, quæ Ecclesiæ Rectores Vigilantia admonet."

FORSPEAKING.

To gaze steadily into a dark house or room, or out upon a dark night, when we know that nothing can be seen, is dangerous; for, according to the superstitious, evil spirits often take the opportunity of presenting themselves at these times, in order that we may not look in vain. When the whole creation is hid from our view, they apprehend that they have a right to show themselves. It is also unsafe to look over one's shoulder in the night time, either from fear, or through any other cause. In the first case, we are expressly looking for objects of dread, and it is no wonder they appear to us. On the same principle, imprecations are, above all things, to be avoided, for demons are extremely attentive, and will come for the least hint. "Speak of the devil," says the proverb, "and he'll appear." The same evil genii, though they do not start up in person, are ever ready to hasten calamities; and if a man be of a querulous temper, and give vent to his peevishness in the anticipation of approaching misfortunes, they will visit him—he has forespoken them. In this point, superstition was made to supply the want of reflection, teaching men not to distrust the goodness of Providence, but to live quiet-minded, without the dread of future disaster. They had the maxim; and, perhaps, it often kept them right, though they were unable to appreciate the true spirit of it. It is thus, that if we could trace many superstitions to their sources, we should see them to have been deduced from very excellent rules of morality. Sometimes, also, they are connected with circumstances that may be accounted for from very sufficient natural causes, as in the following well known instance:—

RATS.

If a house is haunted by rats, it is accounted a presumption, that good fortune will attend the inmates, and that when the rats desert them, they will be exposed to want. This is nothing more than an *ex post facto* prophecy; for no rat will take up its abode where it does not find plenty to prey upon; and they will take their departure when they find provisions growing scarce. The same animals are believed to fly from a house about to fall, which may be true, because, having their roads and dwellings about the foundations of buildings, they may be apprised of the approaching catastrophe, by feeling them give way, or perceiving crevices forming in the hearts of walls. When, without reference to the reasons for them, these things come to be matter of belief in regard to a house, it was easy and natural to predicate the same thing concerning a ship; and, accordingly, instances have been known where sailors could not be procured to man a merchantman, when a rumour had gone abroad that the rats had abandoned her, that being considered a sure presage that she would be wrecked on the voyage. Many people forbear to use any means of destroying rats, believing that good luck would be banished along with them; whereas, if, in place of considering the superstition to be abstractedly true, they were to look to the facts it is founded upon, they would perceive the difference between an enemy flying from famine, and being driven back from abundant supplies.

ACCOUNT OF THE LADY WHO NURSED GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Previous to the year 1745, the Earl of Glencairn was governor of Dumbarton Castle. His Countess was sister or cousin of Murray of Broughton, superior of the parish of Annworth, in Galloway. At this time, the schoolmaster of Anaworth was Mr Andrew Waddel, A.M. (afterwards well known as the translator of Buchanan's Psalms), who, being a very learned man, was recommended by Broughton to Lord Glencairn, as tutor to his sons. In this way Mr Waddel was translated from Annworth to Dumbarton Castle. During Mr Waddel's residence with this noble family, a soldier in the garrison, called Sutherland, died. His death was very soon followed by that of his wife; and they left a son and daughter totally destitute. The boy, William, entered the army; and Mr Waddel, who was no less remarkable for his

humanity than his learning, though encumbered with a large family of his own, and having very slender means, adopted the soldier's daughter.

The little Margaret Sutherland, as she grew up, became a paragon of beauty, and was no less admired for the gracefulness of her appearance than she was beloved for her amiable dispositions. Such attractions were too well calculated to excite stronger feelings than those of mere admiration. Though no less virtuous than beautiful, this innocent creature became the victim of unlawful passions. A Captain Scott of the artillery betrayed her unsuspecting confidence, and clandestinely carried her off from under the care of her venerable protector. It may easily be conceived that the good old man was plunged into the deepest distress by this unprincipled act. For three long years, notwithstanding the most diligent and unceasing inquiries, he heard nothing of his much loved protégée. At last a letter came, addressed to him in characters which he himself had taught her to trace. The contents were most consolatory. The sweet girl, whose heart revolted at the idea of living with Captain Scott on the terms he proposed, had, with a degree of spirit for which he was not prepared, insisted on returning to the bosom of the family of her excellent friend in Scotland, from whom she never once doubted, even under such circumstances, of meeting with the most cordial reception. The Captain found, that to part with her was worse than death; and at last adopted the virtuous resolution of affording her the only adequate reparation in his power, by making her his lawful wife, which he had now done.

We here come to the most interesting part of our story. When it became necessary to find a nurse for the infant Prince of Wales, the now happy and respectable Mrs Captain Scott (who had by this time increased her family) was suggested, and accepted; and she had the distinguished honour of suckling our present most gracious sovereign. The person from whom we have derived our information is the grandson of Mr Waddel. He is himself an old soldier, and saw Mrs Scott in London about twelve years ago. At this time she was old and infirm, but still retained traces of her former beauty. In her elevation she did not forget her brother, who, having returned disabled from the wars, enjoyed, through her interest, a small pension.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

AMERICAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

During the sitting of the House of Representatives, boys neatly dressed carry messages that may be required between the members, or from the clerks to the members, and deliver such letters or papers as may be necessary. They also supply the speakers with a glass of water, which is placed on their desk, in case of their requiring it while speaking. Speakers in the pulpit have generally a glass of water placed within their reach. The employment of little boys in the way I have mentioned is attended with this advantage, that they are much less in the way of the speakers or the members, and can move among the desks without disarranging the papers. The reporters are well accommodated in both Houses of Congress, having comfortable seats, and the best part of the house is allotted to them. Divine service is, during the sittings of Congress, performed every Sunday in the House of Representatives, the chaplain of the house preaching from the Speaker's chair. There is no restriction in the admission of persons on this occasion; but, as the house is reckoned a fashionable place of worship, it is necessary to go early, in order to procure a seat. I heard Mr Jones, the present chaplain to the Senate, preach, who is an Episcopalian; but there is no limitation in this respect. Clergymen, whom we should call in Britain sectarians, are all eligible, and have been elected chaplains. In point of fact, the chaplain to the Senate at the present moment is an Episcopalian, while the chaplain to the House of Representatives is a Presbyterian. Strangers are admitted every day before prayers, which last for about four minutes.—*Stuart's America.*

PITT.

He retained such an inclination for the classics, even amid the bustle of politics, in after life, that he was seldom without having a Virgil or a Horace, a Homer or a Demosthenes, at hand. He had been rather addicted, from his boyhood, to poetry, having, before he quitted home, been concerned with his brothers and sisters in composing a play in rhyme, which they afterwards performed before their parents, and a few friends. At college he wrote a tragedy, which, while he was at the head of public affairs, he calmly consigned to the flames, in the presence of a friend, who had just read and warmly admired it.—*Georgian Era*, vol. 1.

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CHILDREN.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come,
From God, who is our home,
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

WORDSWORTH.

I MAY begin with the question of Henry IV. of France, when found by an ambassador at romps with his children, "Are you a father?" If you are, we may go on with the game—if not, you must pass to the next article. A curious thing it is, this same fact, that children in general are only interesting in the eyes of those who are parents, while brats in particular are held as pests by all but their immediate father and mother. Some light-headed author has compared the rush of children which takes place at the conclusion of family dinners, to the incursion of the Goths and Vandals. Perhaps it is all true, that children out of place are not agreeable; but is any thing agreeable that is out of place? Children, abstracted from the homely details of their management, and the anxiety which they always occasion, are a delightful study—a study, I maintain, fitted alike to engage the speculations of the philosopher, and the affections of the benevolent mind. I cannot, I must say, form the idea of a man of extended views and sympathies, who does not like children.

Among the grown-up part of mankind, there is always abundance of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. This fact I consider with reference to the circumstances in which men are placed, and I plainly conceive that where existence is only to be supported by an unceasing struggle, and where self-love is so perpetually receiving injury, it is needless to expect that men should be much better than they are. In children, however, we see no possibility of any rivalry: they are a harmless little people at this moment, and we run no chance of being jostled by them in our course of life, for many years to come. There is therefore no reason for envy, hatred, or uncharitableness with them. On the contrary, in our intercourse with children, our self-love is undergoing a perpetual compliment. The appeal which they are constantly making from their own silently confessed weakness to our tacitly acknowledged strength, soothes and delights us. A fellow-creature lies unconsciously abandoned to our mercy—unconsciously unable to resist. It asks for nothing, for it cannot; but it does not expect harm: there is the charm. It imputes to us none of our original sins of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, but seems to take it for granted that we are blanch and stainless like itself. It puts forth its little arms to us, with a perfect confidence in our gentler and better nature, and we feel it impossible to be evil when we are so sincerely understood to be good. We give, then, the love and faith that are demanded, and press the offenceless type of our original and perfect nature, with all the hues and all the odours of paradise rife around it, to our heart of hearts.

The whole external deportment of a child is delightful. Its smile—always so ready when there is no distress, and so soon recurring when that distress has passed away—is like an opening of the sky, showing heaven beyond. Tales are told of murderers, who, after revelling in the blood of many adults, were at length arrested by the smile of a child, and suddenly became innocent, because they were supposed to be so. The grasp of its little hand around one of our fingers—its mighty little crow when excited by the playfulness of its nurse—its manful spring upon the little woolpack legs that refuse to bear its weight—are all traits of more or less pleasantness. Then, the eye of a child—who can look unmoved into that "well undefiled," in which heaven itself seems to be reflected! Whether the gem be of sweet pellucid blue, or of the mysterious and unsearchable black, what meanings unexpressed, unintelligible, reside within; the germ of a whole life of feelings and ideas. Human nature is familiar in all its bearings to most men; yet how novel does every symptom of it appear, as first shown forth by a child! Every little imperfect function—every step in the attainment of physical power—every new trait of intelligence, as they one by one arise in the infantine intellect, like the glory of night, starting star by star into the sky—is hailed with a heart-burst of rapture and surprise, as if we had never known any thing so clever or so captivating before. The point thus gained is never lost. The darling child is

reminded perpetually of the idea he lately seemed to comprehend, or of the word he seemed nearly able to pronounce, or of the little action he attempted to perform; and thus the whole of his little stock of accomplishments is carefully kept together, liable to a constant increase. Hosannas of affection celebrate every step of his progress towards maturity, and fresh blessings are showered upon his holy and harmless head, for every manifestation of the presence of the god-like mind. Nor is this interest in his advance confined to those whose daily joy it is to fold him to the beatings of a kindred heart. Almost every one who has occasion to observe the march of infant intellect, feels an instinctive satisfaction in the contemplation. It seems, indeed, to be part of the grand and wise design, that all the mature of the human race should be concerned respecting the progress of the young: it is the silent working of nature towards the general good. Without a principle of this kind constantly at work—and it is always at work, in the attentions of the reflecting and grave, as well as in the apparently senseless prattle of the nurse—the moral world would be in danger of standing still.

The love of parents for their children—so far as it is not a sentiment arising from the contemplation of beauty, or innocence, or helplessness—is a kind of self-love. Yet no one ever thinks of imputing to a parent, as a fault, that he has a high appreciation of his children. The truth is, though in one sense self-love, it is, in another, the most generous and self-abandoning feeling in nature. The world is also aware instinctively, that the fondness of parents for their children is necessary for their protection and education; and, therefore, if there were no other palliation of the passion, it would at least be convenient. In virtue of these excuses, a parent can indulge in all the pleasures of the most intense, devoted, devouring, self-appreciation, and yet have none of the usual reproach attending it. He can admire himself in his children, to a greater extent than ever did Narcissus in the fountain, and yet there is no chance that he changes into a daffodil. He can call himself every pretty name in the nurse's vocabulary, and yet no one will ever accuse him of flattering his own person. He may fondle and hug himself, till his miniature counterpart loses both breath and patience; he may expend upon his little self a thousand compliments and praises; and yet it will never be insinuated that Mr — is on uncommonly good terms with Mr —. This, it must be remarked, is one of the compensations allowed by Providence for the anxiety and pains attendant upon the keeping of a child.

It is a very common impression, among those who are practically unacquainted with children, that there is an immense deal of trouble incurred in their management. There is, no doubt, much trouble; but there is also much to alleviate it. Women, to whom, as mothers or as nurses, this trouble chiefly falls, are rarely heard to complain of it. The labour is either kindly and agreeable in itself, or it is rewarded by the generous pleasure of knowing that those are helped who cannot help themselves. There are few duties, it may be said, by which women appear to feel less oppressed, than the labour of managing children. What is very strange, it seems equally lightsome to the hired attendant as to the mother herself. There appears to be a general feeling among women that the neglect of or the least cruelty to a child, is the most monstrous offence in nature: it is the high treason of the sex. In the more refined circles of society, where it is convenient to employ deputies, this certain kindness of every female heart towards a child is very fortunate: in the lower circles it is still more so. There many mothers are compelled to depend much upon the good-will of neighbours for the attentions necessary to their families. The infant is, indeed, in some measure, the protégé of a little vicinity, rather than of any individual. It is handed about from one hand to another, and kept for a little by each, so as to enable the mother to attend to other duties that are still more indispensable, such as the preparation of her family meals, or perhaps the work necessary for obtaining them. There is in this no danger for the child, and not much obligation for the parents. The poor are in the constant practice of performing acts of kindness to each other: they are their own best friends; and their condition would be quite insupportable if it were otherwise. The atten-

tions, therefore, which one neighbour bestows upon another's child, are felt as a very slight burden by the particular party obliging, while the aggregate of many such little favours forms an immense relief to the mother. Then, every one knows that if the case were her own, as it perhaps may be, the individual whom she now obliges would be ready and glad to oblige her in turn. If the trouble of managing children had in it any thing really disagreeable, this universal system of mutual serviceableness could never obtain among the poor. But there is, indeed, no trouble in it which is not amply repaid, as is shown in the most convincing and beautiful language by Allan Ramsay, in a passage of his *Gentle Shepherd* :—

Jenny. Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Synne winnigling gets* about the ingle side,[†]
Yelping for this or that wi' fabulous din;
To mak them brats! then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean's fa's sick, ane sea'ds itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, an' other tynes || his shoe;
The De'il gae our Jock Wabster, ¶ hame grows hella,
And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.
Peggy. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Now, Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots tooling at your knee,
When, a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss!
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?

To this nothing can be added.

It is surprising how much children tend to humanise and soften the stern scene of general life. The man who is so fortunate as to possess one or more children, finds it less easy to be wicked than if he had none; and however evilly disposed any man may be, he will hardly give way to his wicked tendencies in the presence of his children. There is something holy in a child. Its innocence puts it in association with all gentle and devout feelings; and scarcely any parent will venture deliberately to contaminate the bright image of heavenly purity, which the father of heaven has himself placed under his charge. Even the infidel can never form the wish that his child should be the same; he may dare many things, upon the peril of his own soul, but he cannot dare to hazard the soul of his child. His own mind may be torn by the demons of doubt and error, but he will keep his child steadfast if he can, melting nightly at the infantine prayer, which he cannot offer up himself. If a parent has been imprudent, and now suffers the bitter effects of his folly, in misfortunes which have exposed him to the contempt of mankind, here still is a resource. He can steal by night to the couch of his children, and, beside the unconscious babes, whose fate hangs upon his, and who yet reprove not, in their silent innocence, the guilt which has exposed them to misery, weep himself into good resolutions, and into comfort.

One of the chief sources of a parent's pleasure in contemplating children, lies in the prospects which it is impossible to avoid forming regarding their future lives. No parent ever contemplates an unhappy fate for his child: all the look-forward is sunny as its own sweet eyes—stainless as its uncorrupted heart. There is even hardly any parent who rests content with hoping that his children will be as fortunate and as happy as himself. They must be much more so: they must reach heights of distinction far above any he had ever presumed to expect for himself. To the parent who has occasion to lament his unhappy circumstances in life, what treasured consolation there is in these fond imaginings! The father, as he broods moodily over enterprises blighted, and a spirit confined for immediate bread to some narrow scene of action unworthy of its energies—one casual glance alights upon the fair brow of his child, the bitter present gives way to the glorious future, and all his own griefs are repaid by the prospective happiness of his offspring. The mother, who looks back to the comforts of an early home, unhappily exchanged for a scene of care and woe, feels, as she bends over her unconscious infant, her former happiness arise in the prospects of that endeared being, and is for the time consoled. It is this habit of forming flattering anticipations respecting the fates of our children, that renders the loss of them in infancy so very severe a calamity. In reality, the life

* Querulous brats. † Fire-side. ‡ Clothes.
§ Child. || Losses.
¶ A proverbial expression to imply extreme confusion.

of a child is of little value : it has as yet cost little, either in care or expense ; and, unless in particular circumstances, it holds but an unimportant place in society. Yet it is in this very want of all probation of its value, that the poignancy of the loss chiefly lies. We lament it, not at all for what it was at the time of its death, but for what it might have been, if it had been spared. We often find that the loss of an infant is lamented with a more violent and unappeasable grief than that of an adult ; and this is simply because, in the one case, the damage is ascertained, and forms but one distinct idea ; while, in the other, it is arbitrary, vast, beyond imagination. A child, in one sense, a dangerous possession : it is apt to warp itself into the vitals of our very soul ; so that, when God rends it away, the whole mental fabric is shattered. It should always, then, be borne in mind, that life is the more uncertain the nearer its commencement, and that the beings we are disposed to appreciate most are just those whom we are most apt to lose.

The feelings of a parent, regarding a child in dangerous sickness, are beautifully expressed in the following poem, which will surprise many readers into tears :—

Send down thy winged angel, God !
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come, where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep !

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be ;
We hope—and have despair'd at times,
But now we turn to Thee !

Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God !
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child !*

When a scene like this is closed by death, what an extinction of hopes ! No parent, it may be remarked, ever thinks he can spare a child. Whatever be the number of his family, he is almost sure to be afflicted to exactly a certain degree by the loss of any individual infant ; for simply this reason, that every one has established its own claim to his affections, by some peculiar trait of its appearance or character. It is a lovely and admirable trait of human nature, that the parent is rather apt to appreciate the lost child above all the rest. The impossibility of a realisation of his hopes regarding that infant, just makes all those hopes the brighter, so that the twilight of the child's *dead existence* is more splendid than the broad day of its living life. The surviving babes are all more or less connected with the common-place of this world—the homeliness of nature ; but that fair-haired innocent, which went to its place in the blush and dawn of its faculties, what might it not have been ? Then, the stirring grief of parting with that face that was our own—that more than friend, though but an infant—to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness, that had bound us, even in a few months, to that gentle form for ever ! A sorrow like this is long in being altogether quenched ; it comes in soft gushes into the heart for many future years, and subdues us in the midst of stronger and sterner feelings. The imagines always before us in unchanging infancy, and beauty, and innocence ; it ever seems to be walking in our eyes, as of yore, with its bright curling hair, and its lightsome carol ; and we long for heaven, that we may enjoy that no-small portion of its pleasures—a restoration to the company of that mortal angel which has been reft away.

* This exquisite little hymn is extracted from a volume of excellent, but, we fear, neglected, poetry, published under the title of "English Songs, and other Small Poems, by Barry Cornwall." The real name of the author, we understand, is Proctor, and in him much of the old pure spirit of poetry has revived—the poetry of nature and of the affections.

As a farther specimen of this delightful volume, and akin to the subject of the above, we extract

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
Time, like the winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves ;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known ;
Sweet looks he half forget—
All else is flown !

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing !
Look, where our children start
Like sudden spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

In explaining the different sources of light and heat, we have already stated, that, during the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter at the bottom of standing pools, a certain gas is often generated, which ignites immediately on coming in contact with common atmospheric air. The *ignis fatuus*, known also by the names of the *Will o' the Wisp*, and *Jack o' Lantern*, is thus occasioned ; and the fact of its appearing in boggy or marshy districts has given rise to the popular superstition that it is an evil sprite endeavouring to beguile the traveller into some luckless ditch or pond. The aurora borealis, or northern lights, so often witnessed in this country, have been attributed to the same cause : but we may hereafter explain, that this theory does not satisfactorily account for the phenomenon. However, that a certain combination of a gas, called *hydrogen*, with a proportion of *phosphorus*, forms a compound which takes fire the moment it comes in contact with air, we can prove by direct experiment ;* and, strange to say, notwithstanding its apparent incredibility, it would seem that the human body itself may become so impregnated with these elements, or other inflammable matter, as to take fire spontaneously, and be almost entirely consumed. Human knowledge is so limited in its extent, that we should pause with great circumspection before we venture to deny the possibility of any thing ; for facts, which at first sight may appear difficult to believe, may become subsequently explained on very simple principles. Vulgar and ignorant persons can easily play the sceptic, and deny the possibility of every thing which extends beyond the sphere of their own narrow and limited experience ; but it remains for those who are possessed of higher philosophy, to receive, with a proper spirit, facts sufficiently attested by disinterested witnesses, and to explain them afterwards, according to the theories which may be suggested by the advancement of science. We shall here select a few instances of spontaneous combustion, which, we believe, have been recorded by witnesses whose veracity cannot fairly be impeached, and which remain recorded on the best authorities.

Cornelia Bandi, Countess of Cesina, an Italian lady, sixty-two years of age, having felt drowsy one evening, retired earlier than usual to bed, and was attended by her maid until she fell asleep. When the girl on the following morning entered her mistress's apartment, for the purpose of awakening her, a dreadful spectacle presented itself. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes, in which the head, legs, and arms of the countess alone could be traced. The head lay between the legs, but the half of its posterior part, together with the brain and chin, were entirely consumed. The legs and arms were uninjured. This case was communicated to the public by Dr Cromwell Mortimer, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in 1745. The following is another case, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted :—Don G. Maria Bertholi, a friar, who lived in Mount Volere, went to the fair of Filetto, and having walked about all day, retired in the evening to the house of a relation at Fenile, to spend the night. Upon his arrival, he went direct to his bedroom, and had a handkerchief placed between his shoulders, beneath his shirt. In a few minutes after having been left alone, a singular noise, mingled with cries, was heard from his room ; and when the people of the house rushed in, they found him on the floor, surrounded by a lambent flame. When visited next morning by Joseph Battaglia, a surgeon of Ponte Basco, the body was found much burned ; he lingered in pain and died the fourth day afterwards. The details of this case appeared at the time in a German periodical. Another instance worthy of notice, and the authenticity of which may be relied on, is the following :—Anne Nelis, wife of a wine and porter merchant, living in South Frederick Street, Dublin, let in her husband, who had been out at a party, between twelve and one o'clock on a Saturday night. After some altercation had taken place between them, both being in a state of intoxication, Mr Nelis went up stairs to bed, but in a few minutes came down, to request his wife to accompany him, an invitation which she positively declined, upon which he took with him her candle, observing, that if she was resolved to sit up, she should do so in the dark. Next morning the maid-servant having opened the windows of the back parlour, observed something in the arm chair in which Mrs Nelis usually sat, which she at first sight imagined to have been put there by young Nelis, who at the instant entered the room, for the purpose of frightening her. Upon examination, however, it turned out to be the remains of her mistress, which were found in the following state :

* To prepare this gas artificially, pour into a glass retort a little water, then add a small quantity of caustic potash, and, when this is dissolved, drop into the solution a few small pieces of phosphorus. Then place the beak of the retort under water, and apply to it the heat of a spirit lamp. The gas immediately appears rising in bubbles through the water, and the moment they reach its surface, and come in contact with the air, they burst into flame. The action which here takes place may easily be understood. The gas required is a combination of hydrogen gas, with a certain proportion of phosphorus, and is therefore called the *perphosphureted hydrogen*. In the experiment before us, we have in the retort, water, potash, and phosphorus. Now, water consists of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, and when the heat of the lamp is applied to this mixture, the water is decomposed. Its oxygen goes to the formation of the phosphorus, forming phosphoric and hypophosphoric acids, which unite with the potash, and its hydrogen which remains then combines with another portion of the phosphorus, and so forms this, the *perphosphureted hydrogen gas*.

She was seated in the chair at a distance from the fire, which appeared to have burned out, with the head leaning upon her right hand, and bearing behind against the wall. The trunk of the body was burned to a cinder, as also the clothes which invested it ; but the region of the pelvis, and the upper and lower extremities of the body, had sustained no injury. Her face had a scorched appearance ; but her hair and the papers she had put it in, had escaped. The back and seat of the chair had not suffered, but its arms were charred on the inner side, where in contact with the body. With the exception of the arms of the chair, the surrounding bodies were not injured by the combustion. The room was filled with a penetrating and disagreeable odour, which lasted many days. Mr Wood also, a Wesleyan clergyman, residing in Limerick, relates the following case in the *Methodist's Magazine* for 1809 :—Mr O'Neill, keeper of the Life Pounds Alms-house in the city of Limerick, was awakened about two o'clock A. M. by a person knocking at his door, upon which he rose, and having inquired who knocked, he opened the door, and going with the person who called him into his apartment, which lay under Mrs Peacock's room, he found a dead body lying on the ground burning with fire, and red as copper, having dropped down from the loft ; he saw a large hole the size of the dead body burned through the boards and ceiling. He instantly ran up stairs, and having broken open Mrs Peacock's room-door, saw in the middle of the room the burned hole through which the body had fallen. Having, with assistance, quenched the fire about the hole, he examined by what means the body had taken fire, but could find no cause. There was no candle or candlestick near the place ; no fire in the grate but what was raked in the ashes, as is the manner of preserving fire by night ; the room was examined, and nothing had taken fire but that part of the floor through which she had fallen ; even a small basket made of twigs, and a small trunk of dry wood which lay near the hole, escaped, and were not so much as touched by the fire.—Here likewise we shall add another case on apparently good authority. Mrs Stout, widow of a watchmaker, and married a second time to a man of the name of Hanna, went to bed one evening in apparent health, and was found next morning burnt to a cinder, on the floor of her bedroom. When discovered, a vapour was still issuing from her mouth and nostrils, and those parts of the body, the form of which had not been altered, immediately crumbled down on being handled. Her chemise and nightcap remained uninjured. This case occurred in 1808, in a place called Coote Hill, in the county of Cavan. The subject was a woman about sixty years of age, and an inveterate dram-drinker. The Rev. Mr Ferguson, of Camden Street, Dublin, has also attested the following facts :—A woman of about sixty years of age, who lived with her brother in the county of Down, retired one evening to bed with her daughter, both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day, some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke which pervaded their apartment, and on going into the chamber where the old woman and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. The combustion having been arrested, which was effected with difficulty, life was found entirely extinct. Her daughter sustained no injury ; nor did the combustion extend to the bed or bed-clothes, which exhibited no other traces of fire than the stains produced by the smoke. According to the testimony of one of the relations, who is represented as a woman of the strictest veracity, there was no fire whatever in the room.

In Germany, France, and Great Britain, so many cases of a similar description have occurred, that we could easily lay before our readers the details of other analogous instances ; but the above are sufficient to show the curious and remarkable fact, that the human body is, in certain conditions, capable of generating a gas, which, the moment it comes in contact with air, takes fire. This has hitherto happened principally to those who have been addicted to ardent spirits ; that is, to those whose bodies have, from excessive drinking, become saturated with alcohol ; and it is well known, that, after death, the internal organs of such persons—even the brain—will give out the odour of spirits. The gas which is thus formed is a compound of hydrogen and phosphorus. Hydrogen is one of the principal constituents of water, and may, by the decomposition of water, be easily obtained. Now, the human body contains a great quantity of water ; and phosphorus also, in a certain combination with earthy matter, enters into the composition of bones, and other solids of the body. This being premised, it is not difficult to understand how in certain cases the phosphorus may be set free, so as to enter into combination with the hydrogen, producing this inflammable gas. Hence it is not necessary to apply a spark or flame to the body which becomes so ignited ; and only those parts may be destroyed which present the requisite proportion of phosphorus ; accordingly, the clothes of such persons are not destroyed, nor does water put out the flame ; because the water contains hydrogen, and, being immediately decomposed, its hydrogen unites with an additional proportion of phosphorus, and so renews the gas, which thus spontaneously inflames. Vic D'Azyr, Lecat, Lair,

Kopp, Dupuytren, and Marc, have, with many other celebrated men, paid particular attention to the phenomena exhibited during the spontaneous destruction by fire of the human body. Only recently, M. de Fontenelle read a paper to the French Academy, in which he draws the following general conclusions:—

1. Spontaneous combustion generally happens to those who are habitual drinkers.
2. Old women are most subject to this calamity.
3. The combustion is usually general, but sometimes very partial; the feet, hands, and the top of the head, are generally the only parts that have been preserved.
4. This kind of burning does not inflame the most combustible substances.
5. Water, instead of diminishing, increases the flame.

Such are the general facts which have been established on this interesting subject, and the moral we wish here to draw from their detail, is simply this—that we should all of us hesitate before we dogmatically assert any thing to be false, because it does not accord with our own experience; for the progress of sciences with which we are at present unacquainted, may explain, on very simple principles, the very facts which appear to us the most startling and incredible.

THE HAUNTED HEAD.

It was yet early in a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of "Les quatre fils d'Aymon," at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back; and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and, listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs, and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch-tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without farther hesitation he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly; told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap, just stuck on the left side of his head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer, and they immediately set about getting the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. "By St Denis, we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger; "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spunk," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, madam," he added, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the nunnery of St Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure your protection." The lady received the ring, and half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of a Gascon, Captain Sangfieu, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and, twisting it very lightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any farther share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and, to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men: the stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant, so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfieu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end to all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake!" cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio; "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home; and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse; he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Goodbye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called "Il Piccol Nello." Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady for a short time, at least until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims which from time to time reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the courtyard of "Il Piccol Nello." The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper Catharine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground; and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities, and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the "Il Piccol

Nello," had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Conseillers du Parlement. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of "Il Piccol Nello;" and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the courtyard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the "Testa di Marti" he had made was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the laquies of all the conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in "Il Piccol Nello" was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile, the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight; and for this reason—two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. The chancellor, however, pursued the fugitives, resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and in the mean time he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favour with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the Inferno, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers, "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in 'Il Piccol Nello,' and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "I abjure the devil and his power," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; "and, next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long." The king decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marti, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons, unless she looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not do lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the king, "is what they call the Devil's Head?" "Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely; "it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the king; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon." The chancellor, who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He therefore began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen, and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass back-

wards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth; and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed, while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him: in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached. The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident, from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting, that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own. The confessor fell into this scheme readily, and said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this; and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stick of fagots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of the lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time tramping out the fire, which had begun to catch one of the fagots.

"Fiends! monsters!" he cried, "advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!" Beatrice heard his voice, and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl, to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognised Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet; "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection." "But what says the youth?" asked the king of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupefying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the chancellor in a rage; "he has no witness." "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to the king, and kneeling, "I have no witness save God and your majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need, to oppose to perjurers and lawyers! He is no murderer, chancellor!—by my holy patron, Saint Dennis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain; but know, that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor Sangien, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there, I had done it myself."

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again; he kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in "Il Piccol Nello" for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence; and said, that of all the works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as *LA TESTA DI MARTA—Homage aux Dames*.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century, a young Scotsman travelled on the Continent, and appears to have possessed learning and accomplishments greater than might have been expected at his age; which were so well appreciated by his contemporaries, that he has ever since passed by the name of the Admirable Crichton. By this designation he is known to many who are wholly ignorant of the supposed excellent qualities on account of which he acquired it. His is a great name to boast of, but nobody can tell why. What great or meritorious action did he perform? what useful invention did he bequeath to his country? what valuable work did he compose? We ask in vain; for no one ever heard his name mentioned in connection with any of these things, nor indeed in connection with any thing else but the word Admirable.

It so happens that there is one point in which we can judge of the abilities of this wonderful person. He was as celebrated for his proficiency in the poetic art, as for his oratorical powers and his profound acquaintance with almost every branch of knowledge. Some fragments of his productions have been preserved, which are printed in the appendix to his life, written by Mr Tytler; and we are fairly entitled to suppose that these were the parts best worth preserving. What indications of extraordinary genius are to be discovered in these precious relics? Our readers shall have the opportunity of deciding for themselves. By the translation which we present of the Ode to Lorenzo Massa, it will be seen that it has no pretensions to any thing like poetical fire. Crichton's biographer has indeed pronounced it to be "a little lyric poem, which, for classic elegance, might do honour to any age of modern Latin poetry;" and Lord Woodhouselee has called it "a beautiful specimen of the lyric style of writing." But however willing to acquiesce in the decision of these critics, we have been unable to discover in this ode any of the glowing thoughts which might have been supposed necessary to prompt so high an eulogium. It appears merely a commonplace copy of verses, neatly enough expressed, addressed to a great man in order to bespeak his favour. In the original Latin, the use of which language, with its dignified and sonorous flow, has acquired the fame of inspiration for many a meagre grammarian, the want of the "living power" of poetry is not so easily detected, so much attention is required to ascertain, in the first place, the accuracy of the rhythm and the degree of felicity displayed in the use of idiomatic expressions. It is the characteristic of a certain species of spurious wit, that it cannot be transferred to another language; and perhaps no bad criterion of general excellence is, whether it will bear translation. Brought to this test, the ode to Massa is found greatly deficient; but it is worth perusing, for the satisfaction of knowing exactly what are the true merits of that man who has been elevated into so mysterious and unaccountable a reputation. The ode is such that it will be none the worse of a few words to explain the occasion of it. "Soon after his arrival in Venice, in 1580," says Mr Tytler, "Crichton was publicly introduced to the Doge and the Senate, in whose presence he made an oration, of which the eloquence was so brilliant, and the manner of delivery so perfectly graceful, that, in the words of Imperialis, he was esteemed a prodigy of nature. He afterwards disputed upon different subjects of theology, philosophy, and the mathematics, before the most eminent professors of the city, and an immense concourse of people, who, attracted by the high reputation which he had acquired, now flocked from all quarters to hear him. A great and general impression seems to have been made at Venice, by his uncommon learning, his engaging manners, and various accomplishments." It seems to have been after these public displays of his talents that he addressed the ode to Lorenzo Massa, secretary to the Venetian Republic, as in the sixth stanza there is an allusion to the favourable reception he experienced from the "cœtus," or assembly that attended his disputations, and to the numerous friends that these procured him. It was to bespeak the favour of the secretary, as an individual patron, that the following ode was written:—

TO LORENZO MASSA.

When I had left my Scottish home,
O'er seas and distant climes to roam,
Fired by a strong desire to view,
Unwonted scenes and cities new;
The Muses their blest guidance gave
Across the fiercely rushing wave,
Follow'd my devious footsteps still,
And keep me safe from every ill;
As did the Cyprian queen of yore
Attend her son by sea and shore,
His guide and solace still the same,
Through threats of hostile sword and flame.
Nor, should I scorching deserts brave,
Or farthest Gaditanian wave,
Or stray through savage Indian brake,
Would they their votary forsake.

But, the rough ocean's dangers o'er,
See me on friendly Adria's shore;
My home left, and its chilly sky,
To be the guest of Italy.
Nor did the assembly, learn'd and wise,
Me, a poor wanderer, despise;
The Muses still their care prolong,
And place me 'mid a generous throng—
My brethren in the love of song.

Massa, the glory of a famous line!
Sole sharer of the cares of state!
In thee the highest virtues shine,
And wealth combines to make thee great.
Since, then, thou art the muse's friend,
On whom their favours they bestow:
That favour which thou dost extend
To all who love them, to me show.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

THE subject of the present memoir may be considered as the founder of the resident school of Scottish painting. Scotland had not failed to produce artists of eminence, both in history and portrait. Among the latter, Jameson, called sometimes the Scottish Vandyke, and Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, hold most respectable places. Their country, however, did not afford patronage adequate to their merits; and they were obliged to seek employment and distinction in the sister metropolis. During the last half century, however, the progress of wealth and taste led to a sensible improvement in this particular; and during the early life of Mr Raeburn, David Martin, though an artist of only secondary talent, and not to be compared to his two predecessors in the art, had obtained very considerable employment in Edinburgh.

Henry Raeburn was born on the 4th of March 1756, and was the son of Mr William Raeburn, a respectable manufacturer at Stockbridge, then a village about a mile distant from Edinburgh, though, in consequence of the great extension of that city, it has now become a closely contiguous suburb. While yet a child, he had the misfortune to lose both his parents; but this want was supplied to him, as much as it could be, by his elder brother William, who succeeded to the business, and acted to him always the part of a father. We understand that Sir Henry, during his youthful education, did not discover any particular propensity to the art in which he was destined so remarkably to excel. It was only observed, at the class of arithmetic, when the boys were amusing themselves in drawing figures on their slates, that his displayed a very striking superiority to those of the other boys; but this did not lead any farther. In other respects, he was distinguished by the affection of his companions, and formed at that early period intimacies with some of those distinguished friends whose regard accompanied him through life. Amongst this number was the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.

The circumstances of young Raeburn rendering it urgent that he should, as early as possible, be enabled to provide for his own support, he was accordingly, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to an eminent goldsmith in Edinburgh. It was soon after this that he began to paint miniatures. In what manner this taste first showed itself, is not exactly known; but it certainly was altogether spontaneous, without lesson or example, and without even having ever seen a picture. His miniatures were executed, however, in such a manner as drew immediate attention among his acquaintances. His master then took him to see Martin's pictures, the view of which altogether astonished and delighted him, and made an impression which was never effaced. He continued to paint miniatures; they were much admired, and were soon in general demand. His time was fully occupied, and he generally painted two in the week. As this employment of course withdrew his time from the trade, an arrangement was made, by which his master received part of his earnings, and dispensed with his attendance.

In the course of his apprenticeship, young Raeburn began to paint in oil, and on a large scale. To aid him in this task, he obtained from Martin the loan of several pictures to copy; but that painter did not contribute advice or assistance in any other shape; and having once unjustly accused the young student of selling one of the copies, Raeburn indignantly refused any farther accommodation of this nature. Having begun, however, to paint large oil pictures, he soon adopted them in preference to miniatures, a style which he gradually gave up; nor did his after manner retain any trace of that mode of painting.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr Raeburn became professionally a portrait painter. At the age of twenty-two, he married a daughter of Peter Edgar, Esq. of Bridgelands, with whom he received some fortune. Ambitious still farther to improve in his art, he repaired to London, where he introduced himself and his works to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That great man instantly saw all that the young Scotsman was capable of, gave him the kindest reception, and earnestly advised him to enlarge his ideas by a visit to Italy. He even offered, had it been necessary, to supply him with money. Mr Raeburn accordingly set out for Rome, well furnished with introductions from Sir Joshua to the most eminent artists and men of science in that capital. He spent two years in Italy, assiduously employed in studying those great works of art with which that country abounds. He travelled with all practicable expedition to and from Italy, without stopping at Paris, or at any other place.

His powers now fully matured, Mr Raeburn returned, in 1787, to his native country, and immediately established himself at Edinburgh. Having taken apartments in George Street, he came at once into full employment as a portrait painter. Martin, who was still on the field, soon found himself eclipsed, and retired. Raeburn became the only portrait painter of eminence; and he continued always decidedly the first,

notwithstanding the able artists who have since risen in Edinburgh, to adorn both that and other branches of the art.

A life spent in one place, and in uniform application to professional pursuits, affords few materials for narrative. The real history of Mr Raeburn is that of his painting; but his, unfortunately, only himself could fully have given. Having stored his mind with ideas drawn from the purest school of modern art, he was indebted for his subsequent improvement solely to his own reflections, and the study of nature. He was never in the habit of repairing to London; and, indeed, he did not visit that metropolis above three times, nor did he reside in it altogether more than four months. He was thus neither in the habit of seeing the works of his contemporaries, nor the English collections of old pictures. Whatever disadvantage might attend this, it never stopped the career of his improvement. Probably, indeed, it had the effect of preserving that originality which formed always the decided character of his productions, and kept him free from being trammelled by the style of any class of artists. Perhaps, also, the elevation and dignity of style which he always maintained, might be greatly owing to his exclusive acquaintance with the works of the Italian masters. In English collections, the Dutch specimens are necessarily so prominent, both as to number and choice, that a familiar acquaintance with them must be apt to beget a taste for that homely truth and minute finishing in which their merit consists.

The first excellence of a portrait, and for the absence of which nothing can atone, must evidently be its resemblance. In this respect, Sir Henry's eminence was universally acknowledged. In the hands of the best artists, there must, in this part of their task, be something precarious; but in a vast majority of instances, his resemblances were most striking. They were also happily distinguished, by being always the most favourable that could be taken of the individual, and were usually expressive, as well of the character as of the features. This desirable object was effected, not by the introduction of any ideal touches, or any departure from the strictest truth, but by selecting and drawing out those aspects under which the features appeared most dignified and pleasing. He made it his peculiar study to bring out the mind of his subjects. His penetration quickly empowered him to discover their favourite pursuits and topics of conversation. Sir Henry's varied knowledge and agreeable manners then easily enabled him, in the course of the sitting, to lead them into an animated discussion on those ascertained subjects. As they spoke, he caught their features, enlivened by the strongest expression of which they were susceptible. While he thus made the portrait much more correct and animated, his sitters had a much more agreeable task than those who were pinned up for hours in a constrained and inanimate posture, and in a state of mental vacuity. So agreeable, indeed, did many of the most distinguished and intelligent among them find his society, that they courted it ever after, and studiously converted the artist into a friend and acquaintance.

Besides his excellence in this essential quality of portrait, Sir Henry possessed also, in an eminent degree, those secondary merits which are requisite to constitute a fine painting. His drawing was correct, his colouring rich and deep, and his lights well disposed. There was something bold, free, and open, in the whole style of his execution. The accessories, whether of drapery, furniture, or landscape, were treated with elegance and spirit, yet without that elaborate and brilliant finishing which makes them become principals. These parts were always kept in due subordination to the human figure; while of it, the head came always out as the prominent part. Animals, particularly that noble species the horse, were introduced with peculiar felicity; and Sir Henry's equestrian portraits are perhaps his very best performances. The able manner in which the animal itself was drawn, and in which it was combined with the human figure, were equally conspicuous.

Sir Henry painted portraits of most of the celebrated individuals by whom Scotland has been illustrated during the last forty years.

Sir Henry did not devote any part of his attention either to historical or to landscape painting. His employment as a portrait painter was constant, and his leisure hours were devoted to other pursuits. Although his pieces were carefully finished, yet he painted with uncommon expedition. His firm and sure touch enabled him to execute at once what others effected only by successive trials and operations. Even Sir Thomas Lawrence, we understand, has been heard to say, that though he received a higher price for his pictures, he was worse paid for his time than Raeburn. An advice which Sir Henry received at Rome from Mr Byers, a gentleman of great taste, and to which he invariably adhered, was, never to copy any object whatever from memory. Whether it was the principal figure or the minutest accessory, he had it always before him; and to the strict observance of this rule, he ascribed, in a great measure, his continued improvement, and the genuine and natural character which his pictures always preserved.

The active mind of Sir Henry was by no means confined within the circle of his profession. Indeed, those who best knew him, conceived that the eminence to which he attained in it was less the result of any exclusive propensity, than of those general powers of mind which would have led to excellence in any pur-

suit to which he had directed his attention. Though in a great degree self-taught, his knowledge was varied and extensive. His classical attainments were considerable; but mechanics and natural philosophy formed the favourite objects of his study. To these, in a particular manner, he devoted the leisure of his evenings, when not interrupted by the claims of society. Sculpture was also an object of his peculiar study; and so great was his taste for it, that at Rome he at one time entertained the idea of devoting himself to that noble art, as a profession, in preference to painting. A medalion of himself, which he afterwards executed, satisfied all men of taste who saw it that he would have attained to equal excellence in this art, had he made it the object of his choice.

Few men were better calculated to command respect in society than Sir Henry Raeburn. His varied knowledge, his gentlemanly and agreeable manners, an extensive command of anecdote, always well told and happily introduced, the general correctness and propriety of his whole deportment, made him be highly valued by many of the most distinguished individuals in Edinburgh, both as a companion and as a friend. His conversation might be said, in some degree, to resemble his style of painting—there was the same ease and simplicity, the same total absence of affectation of every kind, and the same manly turn of sense and genius. But we are not aware that the humorous gaiety and sense of the ludicrous, which often enlivened his conversation, ever guided his pencil.

Sir Henry Raeburn, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of the art, possessed the advantages of a tall and commanding person, and a noble and expressive countenance. He excelled at archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and it may be added, that, while engaged in painting, his step and attitudes were at once stately and graceful.

The mental qualities of this excellent man corresponded with the graces of his conversation and exterior. By those who most intimately knew him, he is described as uniting in an eminent degree the qualities which command genuine esteem. His attendance on the duties of religion was regular and exemplary. In domestic life, he appeared peculiarly amiable. Though so much courted in society, he seemed always happiest at home, in the bosom of his family and of his grandchildren; and he was sure to unbend himself by mingling in their youthful sports. To young men who were entering the arduous career of art, he showed himself always a most active and generous friend. Whether acquainted or not, they were welcome to come to him, and were sure of his best advice and assistance. Notwithstanding his extensive engagements and pursuits, a large proportion of his time was always spent in rendering these kind offices. When unable to command time during the day, he would engage them to come to him early in the morning. In passing sentence on the works of his brother artists, he evinced the most liberal candour, and, even where unable to bestow praise, was scarcely ever heard to blame.

The merit of Sir Henry was amply acknowledged, both by literary societies and by those formed for the promotion of art. He became a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New York, and of the South Carolina Academy. On the 2d of November 1812, the Royal Academy of London elected him an associate; and on the 10th of February 1815, they named him an academician. This honour was conferred in a manner quite unprecedented, not having been preceded by any application whatever; while in general it is the result of a very keen canvass, and at that very time the candidates were particularly numerous.

The time was come, however, when the talents of the artist were to meet a still more brilliant and imposing homage. His Majesty, in the course of that visit which left so many grateful recollections in the mind of his Scottish subjects, determined to show his esteem for the fine arts by a special mark of honour conferred on the most distinguished of their professors. This view was happily fulfilled by conferring on Mr Raeburn the dignity of knighthood. So far was this from having been the result of any application, that Mr Raeburn had not the remotest idea of it till the evening before, when he received a letter from Mr Peel, announcing the royal intention, and requesting him to meet his Majesty next day at Hopetoun-house. The ceremony was performed in the great saloon, amid a numerous assemblage of company, and with the sword of Sir Alexander Hope.

The honour thus conferred on Sir Henry being completely sanctioned by public opinion, conferred equal credit on the bestower and receiver. His brother artists, instead of being moved with any feeling of envy, considered it as a noble tribute, which threw new lustre on themselves and their profession. These sentiments they expressed by a public dinner given to Sir Henry on the 6th of October.

Sir Henry received afterwards the appointment of portrait painter to his Majesty for Scotland; a nomination, however, which was not announced to him till the very day when he was seized with his last illness. The King, when conferring the dignity of knighthood, had expressed a wish to have a portrait of himself painted by this great artist; but Sir Henry's numerous engagements prevented him from visiting the metropolis for that purpose. It reflects great honour on the subject of this memoir, that he never

gave way to those secure and indolent habits which advanced age and established reputation are so apt to engender. He continued, with all the enthusiasm of a student, to seek and to attain farther improvement. The pictures of his two or three last years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted. But perhaps the most interesting part of his recent works consists in a series of half-length portraits of eminent Scotsmen, which, during this period, he executed for his private gratification.

This amiable and excellent man was suddenly affected with a general decay and debility, not accompanied by any visible complaint. This state of illness, after continuing for about a week to baffle all the efforts of medical skill, terminated fatally on the 8th July 1823, when he had reached the age of 67.

Public honours were rendered to his memory both in Edinburgh and London.

Sir Henry, as we already observed, married early in life, and Lady Raeburn survives him. He had two sons, the elder of whom, Peter, a most promising youth, who inherited his father's genius, died at the early age of nineteen. Henry, the second son, is married, and has a family. From his society his father always derived peculiar gratification, and with the affectionate disposition which distinguished him, had entirely adopted his family as his own. During the whole period of their joint lives, they lived under the same roof.—*Annual Obituary.*

VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In a certain point of view, man is one distinct creature; the rational sovereign of all other animals. It is found, however, that there are at least three kinds of men on the face of the earth; each of which kinds is different in many respects from the rest; and that even of these three kinds there are many subdivisions, and also some curious mixtures.

Upon the whole, the general tradition of Christendom, that the three departments of the old continent, Europe, Asia, and Africa, were divided among Noah's sons, Japhet, Shem, and Ham, gets some countenance from the scientific inquiries into this curious subject. The three races are called by learned men, Caucasians, Mongolians, and Negroes; and in general they are to this day respectively confined, with slight exceptions, to Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The Caucasians, who inhabit nearly the whole of Europe, may be called the *fair race*. They take their name from the mountains of Caucasus, which lie between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and where the very finest and most beautiful specimens of the human race are still to be found among the people called Circassians. Perhaps the name Caucasians was only applied by scientific men to the fair races of Europe, because the people about Caucasus appeared to be the perfection of that branch of mankind, and because every variety appeared to have been a departure from that standard. The general features of the Caucasian race are, an oval shape of the head, white skins, and hair of every shade of colour. In respect of mental power, they seem to have been intended to assert a mastery over all other races, for they have ever been in the front rank of civilisation. In the Caucasian mind, philosophy, science, and the arts, have found a genial home for upwards of thirty centuries; while the other races have remained in little better than their original barbarism. The Caucasians appear as if they had dispersed from their original country along both sides of the Mediterranean. On the southern shore of that sea, they are traced by analogies of language in the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Arabs; in the Phenicians, the Jews, and the Abyssinians, who were Arabian colonies; and probably in the ancient Egyptians. This last branch seems to have been inclined, in a remarkable degree, to mysticism: from it have sprung those religions, the influence of which has proved the most widely extended and most durable. Science and literature have flourished occasionally among these people, but always clothed in strange and mystic guise, and obscured by a highly figurative diction. Besides the shoot thus sent into Africa, another was sent into the large Asiatic peninsula of Hindostan, which has since been subdued by a totally different branch from the distant islands of Britain, so that, in all probability, these allied races of people will yet again mingle their blood, after having been apart for thousands of years. Part of the same great branch extended along the northern shores of the Mediterranean, into Greece, Italy, and Germany. Hence it is found that there is a likeness between the Hindostanee language and the classical tongues of ancient Greece and Rome, as also the German language, which now mixes so largely with that of Great Britain and other countries of the north of Europe. The German language is found in one variety (the Slavonian) in Poland, Russia, and Bohemia; and in another (the Teutonic), in modern Germany, Denmark, Holland, the British Isles, Sweden, &c.

Previous, however, to this general diffusion of the Caucasians over Europe, the country seems to have been partially peopled by an aboriginal race, whose origin is not to be traced. They are called Celts or Kelts; and it appears that the enlightened Caucasians dispelled them in all directions, to the extremities of the continent. They are now to be found, in a more or less mixed state, in the French province of Biscay (the Basques), in Wales, in Ireland, and in the High-

lands of Scotland. These original Europeans are perhaps nowhere so pure as in the last-mentioned district. The fastnesses of the northern part of the British isle afforded them protection for centuries, we may almost say for thousands of years, after they had been driven out of all the level countries of Europe. Within the recollection of people still alive, they hardly owned the nominal government of the country in which they lived, and on one occasion, acting for an exiled dynasty, had nearly revolutionised the state.

The origin of the ancient Persians is the same with that of the East Indians, and their descendants at the present day, with perhaps an admixture of the Mongol blood and complexion, bear the strongest marks of affinity to the European nations. By way of making this plain to our readers, it may be mentioned, that, even in familiar domestic words, there is a striking likeness between the terms used by the Persians and those used by the Lowland Scots, a limited and secluded race, situate at the opposite extremity of the older hemisphere. For instance, our word *fairy* is plausibly supposed to be the same with the Persian *peri*, which refers to a similar spiritual being. Another example is still more surprising: the word *goose*, as implying the hot iron of a tailor, is from *gahouse*, the Persian verb signifying to smooth. It may also be mentioned, that the word *erie*, which is used in Scotland to describe the peculiar feeling which arises in the mind in a solitary and dismal scene by night, is from the Hindostanee; though it is innumerable centuries since the two tribes could have used the words together, at the head-quarters of the race.

The Scythian or Tartarean branch of the Caucasian race, at first extended towards the north and north-west of Asia. Accustomed to a vagabond and predatory life in those immense tracts of country, these wandering tribes left them only for the purpose of devastating the inheritance, and subverting the establishments of their more fortunate brethren. The Scythians, who at a remote period made irruptions into Upper Asia; the Parthians, who there destroyed the dominion of the Greeks and Romans; the Turks, who overturned the Saracen empire in Asia, and subdued in Europe the unhappy remnant of the Grecian people—all sprung from this mighty branch of the Caucasian race.

The Finlanders and Hungarians are hordes of the same division, seemingly strayed, as it were, into the midst of the Slavonian and Teutonic nations. The north and west of the Caspian Sea are still inhabited by people of the same origin, and who speak similar languages, but intermixed with a variety of petty nations of different descent, and discordant tongues. The Tartar people have remained longer than the rest, in the region extending from the mouth of the Danube to the farther branch of the Irutich, where they long proved formidable to the Russian empire, though at length subjected to its sway. The Mongols, however, in their conquests, have mingled their blood with these nations; and we discover many traces of this intermixture, more especially among the nations of Lesser Tartary.

We now come to describe the Mongol race, which, as we have said in general terms, belongs to Asia. The personal characteristics of the Mongols are a half black or olive complexion; prominent cheek bones; flat visage; narrow and oblique eyes; hair straight and black, and scanty beard. To the eastward of the Tartar branch of Caucasians, the Mongols begin to be discovered; from which boundary they extend to the eastern ocean. This race has formed mighty empires in China and Japan, and occasionally extended its conquests on this side of the great central desert of Asia; but its civilisation has long appeared stationary. Its branches, the Calmucks, &c., are still wandering shepherds, perpetually traversing the Great Desert. Thrice did these nations—under Attila, under Gengis, and under Tamerlane—spread far and wide the terror of their names. The Chinese are thought, moreover, to have been the most early civilised, not only of this race, but of all the nations of the world. The Japanese, and the Coreans, and almost all the tribes which extend to the north-east of Siberia, under the dominion of Russia, are in a great measure to be ranked under this division of mankind. With the exception of a few Chinese literati, the Mongolian nations have but one religion, though in many sects—the superstition of Fo. The origin of the Mongolians seems to have been in the mountains of Altai, as that of ours was in the Caucasian. We cannot, however, trace the course and propagation of the branches of the one so well as those of the other. The history of these shepherd nations is as fugitive as their establishments. The records of the Chinese, confined to their own empire, throw but little light on the traditions of their neighbours; nor can the affinities of languages so little known lend much assistance to our researches.

The natives of the north of both Europe and Asia, such as the Laplanders and Esquimaux, spring, according to some authorities, from the Mongolian race. According to others, they are only degenerate offshoots from the Scythian branch of the Caucasian variety.

Lastly, the Negro, or fully black race, is chiefly confined to Africa, possessing the whole of that vast and little explored continent, except the northern extremities, which border on the Mediterranean. Its chief features, besides the coal black complexion, are crisp woolly hair, flat nose, and low cranium. In the

prominence of the lower part of the face, and thickness of the lips, it manifestly approaches to the monkey tribe. The hordes of which this race is composed have always remained in a state of barbarism, except where they have been transplanted as slaves into another soil, and partially illuminated by European masters; a process which is remarked to be very difficult, and not likely to make a great progress, till the negro race has been under cultivation for several generations.

In this segregation of mankind into three great flocks, no place or department has been found for the original Americans. The truth is, they cannot properly be referred to any of the three races, nor yet do they exhibit any peculiarities sufficient to constitute them a fourth variety. Their copper-coloured complexion is not sufficient. The lank black hair would seem to approximate them to the Mongols, if their well-defined features and prominent nose did not oppose such a classification. Their languages are likewise as innumerable as their tribes; and no mutual analogy has yet been ascertained between them, nor any affinity with the dialects of the ancient world.

The preceding paragraphs we have chiefly derived from the pages of the "*Regne Animal*" of M. Cuvier, who ranks as the greatest naturalist of modern times. It remains to be remarked, that modern navigation and commerce have produced many decisive alterations upon the ancient settlements of the human race. In the immense continent of America, we see, within the last three hundred years, hordes of Europeans spreading themselves inward, upon the grounds once occupied by the uncivilised races just alluded to, who are now, in South America, mixed, in a small proportion, with the intruding people, but, in North America, are regularly driven back as the Caucasians advance, so that they must at last hang in small remnants upon the coast of the Pacific Ocean, like our Celts in Biscay and the Scottish Highlands. This piling of Europeans upon Europeans, must produce at last strange mixtures. When we turn our eyes to the East Indies, we see another process of the same kind likely to commence immediately, the dominion of the ground having been already obtained.

VISIT TO TIBERIAS.

THE enterprising John Carne, whose visit to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea we have already noticed, thus describes Tiberias:—"Approaching this celebrated place, "we passed by a spot on the left (says he), on a gentle declivity, where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. The town of Tiberias is surrounded by a wall, but is rather a wretched place within. No ancient remains of any interest are at present found here. On the shore of the lake Tiberias, at some distance to the south of the town, are warm mineral baths, which are much used and esteemed. At the extremity of the north-eastern shore, some remains are said still to exist where Capernaum formerly stood. The inhabitants of the town are chiefly Jews, with some Turks. We lodged in the house of one of the Jews, a wealthy old merchant of Aleppo, who had come hither in his old age, and built his house far from his native home, in order that he might die at the lake of Tiberias. The attachment of the Jews to the places of their ancient record and glory, is sometimes excessively strong. In walking along the shores, we met occasionally Jews from Poland, chiefly elderly men, who had come from their native country to this spot, from no other motive but to spend their last years round the lake.

On the night of our arrival, we walked on the terraced roof to enjoy the coolness of the air. It was moonlight, and the lake and its shores were as beautiful a scene as can be conceived. It brought to mind the night, though so different a one, when Christ walked on the surface of the waves to rescue his disciples. Yet Tiberias is a scene where nature seems still to wear as sublime and lovely an aspect as in the day when it drew the visitations and mercies of the Lord. No curse rests on its shores, as on those of the Dead Sea; but a hallowed calm, and a majestic beauty, that are irresistibly delightful. The length of the lake is about fourteen miles, and the breadth five. The fish it contains have a most delicious flavour, and are much the size and colour of a mullet. The boats used on it are, in some seasons of the year, much exposed from the sudden squalls of wind which issue from between the mountains. The water is perfectly sweet and clear. The Jordan is seen to enter it at its northern extremity, and its course is distinctly visible through the whole extent of the lake. The range of mountains forming its eastern shore is very lofty; their steep and rocky sides are barren, with a sprinkling of trees on a few of the summits. The western shore, where the town stands, is level, but its picturesque hills, divided by sweet valleys, are covered with a rich carpet of verdure, but almost destitute of trees. The side to the southern end of the lake is very pleasant, where the Jordan flows out of it. An ancient bridge, some of whose ruined and lofty arches still stand in the river, adds much to the beauty of the scene. We bathed here in the Jordan, which issues out in a stream of about fifty feet wide, and flows down a rich and deserted valley, enclosed by bare and lofty mountains. The stream was here clear and shallow, but it soon became deep and rapid. Little is said in the Scriptures respecting the extensive valley of the Jordan between Tiberias and Jericho. It must have

been thickly populated from its luxuriance, being watered throughout by the river. Yet, with all the charms of its situation, the air around the lake, during the summer, is close and sultry. Of all places in Palestine, however, a stranger would desire to fix his residence here; as a situation on any of the verdant hills around would be exempt from the often oppressive air on its banks."

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

MANY strange pictures of the manners of the people and of the practices of the courts of law, may be drawn from the criminal records of Scotland. We often shudder while we read, not so much because the crimes are greatly more atrocious than those perpetrated in our own day, as because they disclose to us a state of society to which crime was familiar. Revenge was a part of the business of life, in the prosecution of which abettors were easily found, and the bloody accomplishment of which might be punished indeed, but inferred not the slightest degree of disgrace. The law which had to struggle against these disorders, to be in any sort effectual, must be in many respects summary—even cruel; and we are not to wonder if the powers which it put into the hand of the magistrate were sometimes exerted with rigour when the offender was completely in his mercy; with apparent remissness where the delinquent belonged to an influential faction, whom to have set at defiance might have involved the peace of the kingdom; and too often with indecent severity or undisguised oppression where private interest was pursued under pretence of public justice. Yet we are apt to judge with too much harshness of the conduct of those who administered the law in former times. If their decisions do not correspond with what our modern notions tell us they ought to have been, we are filled with indignation, and inveigh against them as if they had been blameably remiss in their endeavours to ascertain the truth, or had wilfully closed their eyes against it. But if we could abstract ourselves from all the knowledge that has been gained since their time, and from the greater readiness with which longer experience has taught us to apply it—still more if we could assume the prejudices with which the age surrounded them—if, in short, we were to consider not only the shortcomings, but the circumstances that caused it, we should no longer wonder at the errors and imperfections which at first sight appeared to us so monstrous. It is not always safe to predicate that if more enlightened magistrates could have been found, the interests of society in its earlier stages would have been better promoted. It is perhaps more true that the progress of civilisation would have been retarded by the efforts of such men, instead of others who had a rougher edge, but were on that account better suited to the period when they lived. The carpenter who, in order to the construction of some useful article, should commence his labours upon a log of wood with his finer tools, would be derided by his fellow-workmen, and have but poor success besides in his undertaking. The axe must lop off the gnarled parts of a trunk, and the saw further reduce it to a manageable shape, before the plane can be applied with advantage: and it would be as reasonable in the tradesman to find fault with his hatchet because it did not cut as smoothly as the plane, or to imagine that the latter could have done the work of the axe better than the axe itself, as it is in the historian to censure the conduct of public men of former times, because they did not employ upon the rough elements with which they had to deal the silken policy of modern days. With these preliminary observations, we think it will be no unprofitable thing to submit to our readers from time to time an account of some of the trials which took place in the Court of Justiciary at an era preceding the modern more improved form of process; the materials for which have been supplied by Mr Pitcairn's laborious and most useful publication, the *Criminal Trials*.

HAMESUCKEN—ROBERT KENT.

This is one of the cases in which the parties concerned, who were neighbours, carried on hostilities, assaulting, retreating, and practising stratagems, in order to take each other at a disadvantage, more according to the usual system of prolonged warfare between contending powers, than under the temporary impulse of overpowering passion, which is seen to be the ordinary cause of bloodshed in the quarrels of individuals. The dissension arose from a very inconsiderable circumstance, namely, a cuff given by the lady of one house to a servant belonging to another. At the time when the indignity was offered, either

because the insult was not deemed to be very heinous, or because the opportunity was not favourable for revenge, Gabriel Montgomery retired with his man Kent to the house of his brother John at Thridpairt. This latter person, however, seems to have had a peculiar aptitude in discerning the niceties upon which a Scottish feud depended, and prevailed upon them to set out again that same night, with the intent of exacting a bloody vengeance from Hew Montgomery of Heselhead, by whose wife the slap had been given. They proceeded to the place accordingly, and remained all night in a house hard by; next morning, finding the gate open, they entered, and went up stairs to an apartment, where Marion Sempill, the mistress, was employed in some household affairs, with only a servant girl beside her. Kent seized her by the hair of the head, dragged her backward, struck her with his fists, and kicked her unmercifully, so that her bowels were broken, and she was disabled for life. His master, in the meantime, was stationed beside the door, with a pistol presented, hoping the screams of the lady would bring her husband to her assistance, and that he might shoot him as he entered. Hew Montgomery happened to be out of the way for the time; and the two unmanly assailants, perceiving the alarm to be given, and that the servants would soon assemble and overpower them, rushed out, locked the tower gate behind them, caught a horse, and fled to Thridpairt. As soon as the gate could be broken open, Heselhead followed with two servants, whom he dispatched to reconnoitre, and approached the entrance to Thridpairt by himself. John and Gabriel Montgomery, seeing him alone, came out armed, both set upon, and wounded him behind and before; and thinking their revenge now accomplished, left him for dead. Some friends, however, came and carried him home in plaids, and he recovered. This was in July 1576, and the same month, Gabriel Montgomery was killed by some of Heselhead's adherents. In August, John Montgomery, with his brother Walter and Kent, coming armed to Netherton of Heselhead, seized one of Hew's servants, and then letting him escape, pursued him in the expectation that his master would see his danger, and come out to the rescue. Their scheme failed, however; and for these various infractions of the peace, they were brought to trial in December. The facts charged against them being of a complicated nature, the jury, by the mouth of John Somervell of Cambusnethan, returned a verdict of acquittal. No sooner were the prisoners released than they made another attempt to gratify their revenge, for which they were indicted afresh in the January following. But the case was continued to the justice-air of Renfrew and Lanark, and we cannot trace the proceedings farther.

WILFUL ERROR IN ASSIZE—SOMERVELL OF CAMBUSNETHAN AND OTHERS.

The acquittal of Kent gave rise to the indictment of the jury by whom he was tried. At that time, after reading the indictment, it was a very common thing for the king's advocate to take a protest, that if the verdict did not accord with it, the jury should be liable to a prosecution for wilful perversion of justice. In the present case this course was adopted, but we do not know what penalty followed, the trial having been postponed from the day first appointed for its taking place, and no entry regarding it afterwards appearing in the record; but instances frequently occurred where a refractory jury were punished by heavy fines and imprisonment. This was complained of as an iniquitous interference with the independent exercise of opinion, but was not formally abolished till the reign of William and Mary.

It may seem unaccountable that any law should sanction a mode of trial so totally inefficient as that by a jury, who had not even the appearance of possessing the power of judging according to their consciences, but were told beforehand, that if they did not decide as the crown counsel wanted them, they should be condignly punished. But the case does not bear quite so flagrant an aspect when other circumstances, in which the ancient form of process differed from the present, are taken into consideration. It was customary for criminals to be pursued at the instance of private prosecutors, with concurrence of the king's advocate. These private prosecutors were commonly the next of kin to the sufferers by the crime, and therefore, very frequently, the most competent witnesses against the accused. Where a man had been murdered, for example, in his own house, the testimony of his wife, if she had been an eye-witness, was the most conclusive that could be had. According to the practice of the time, she appeared as a party against the murderers; but that her evidence might not be lost, she was required to make oath to the truth of the facts specified in the indictment; so that in many cases the crime charged might be considered to be established against the pannel by the indictment itself. The jury, too, where it was possible, were selected on account of their knowledge of the circumstances, and the advocate often referred to this knowledge as a proof of the crime. Sometimes we find a jury taking protest, that a verdict of acquittal should not subject them to prosecution for wilful error, "inasmuch as the indictment was not sworn, nor the facts notour, nor any evidence, written or oral, produced;" from which it would appear that the king's advocate had not the power of preferring a charge of that nature in the case of all acquittals indiscriminately, but only

where the verdict was at variance with such evidence as was at that time held to constitute a proof. Thus the practice of prosecuting jurors for wilful error, proves to have been by no means so monstrous as it might seem at first sight.

GUERNSEY.*

THE happiest community which it has ever been my lot to fall in with is to be found in the little island of Guernsey. The pictures of want, filth, and crime, which so frequently shock the eye of humanity in our own country, and which appear to a still greater extent in Ireland, and many parts of France, are not to be met with in Guernsey; but in their stead are to be seen the happy signs of abundance, comfort, and contentment. The poor man has his neat little house, is surrounded by his cheerful family, and is under no apprehension that he shall not be able, with moderate labour, to provide a full meal and a comfortable lodging for all who are dependent upon him.

What are the causes of this superior state of things in Guernsey? Why is it, that, within so short a distance of places where the pining labourer is but half fed and half clad, the man of Guernsey should have a well-stored board and abundance of clothing? The climate is not peculiar; the land is not remarkably fertile. The southern parts of England are quite equal to Guernsey in both these particulars. How is it then that Guernsey should be so much ahead in the career of happiness? *Guernsey has superior laws—superior institutions.* And the state of things in Guernsey is one among the thousand proofs that have been given, that the prosperity and happiness of a people are much more dependent on its laws, institutions, and the manner in which its government is carried on, than on climate and fertility of the soil.

I have twice visited the island of Guernsey under circumstances favourable for becoming acquainted with its condition; and in the hopes of directing general attention to a model from which much might with advantage be adopted, I will give a brief account of what fell under my observation.

One of the most striking changes which the visitor, whether from England or France, meets with on his landing in Guernsey, is the entire absence of beggars. That miserable compound of imposture and real distress—the wandering mendicant—is there unknown. A tradesman who has been established at St Peter's Port (the town of the island) for upwards of thirty years, assured me that during the whole period of his residence in the island he had never once seen a beggar. For myself, I neither saw nor heard of one: and I was satisfied, from all I learnt, that a beggar is in Guernsey a being of a past age—a creation of history—a fit subject for the speculations of the antiquary—but too completely covered with the dust of ancient times, for those of the present day to examine.

Not only is the island free from beggars, but it is free also from those debasing but unfortunate creatures whom the twilight of evening brings forth from their hiding places, like swarms of moths, to join the giddy dance round the flame that is soon to destroy them. Prostitution proceeds from the same sources as mendicancy—want and ignorance; and where the latter is not found, the former will rarely be met with. Be that as it may, however, the fact is, that the streets and roads of Guernsey are not disgraced by the appearance either of the prostitute or the beggar.

Two establishments, called the Town and Country Hospitals, exist in the island, to which all persons are sent, who, for any reasons whatever, are unable to obtain an honest livelihood. In these establishments are to be found females who would otherwise be living by prostitution—the habitual drunkard—the lunatic—the destitute orphan—all have here an asylum, and are removed from the temptation and misery to which they would otherwise be exposed.

I visited the town hospital, situated, not in the town itself, but in the outskirts, and I was very much

* Guernsey is one of the Norman Isles, which are near the north-western coast of France. These islands are in the possession of the English. They once formed part of the Duchy of Normandy, the whole of which was formerly under the dominion of England. When, happily for all parties, the English were compelled to abandon their claim to Normandy, the little islands, of which Guernsey forms one, remained attached to England. The extent of the island is about 25 square miles, and its population about 20,000. I have in most cases confined the following observations to Guernsey, because I can speak of what relates to that island from my own observation. The other islands I have not had an opportunity of examining. Much, however, which I may say respecting Guernsey, would apply equally to Jersey and the other Norman Isles.

gratified with what I saw. The scene was a busy one. The men were occupied, some in weaving cloth, some as tailors, others as shoemakers, &c. The women were engaged principally in washing. In addition to the washing for the hospital, a great deal is taken in from families living in the neighbourhood; and by this means the women do much towards paying the expense of their maintenance. The greater part of the cloth, shoes, &c. which the men manufacture, is sold. The men are also employed as scavengers.

By thus employing the men and women at profitable labour instead of setting them to turn a great stone, as is done in some of our parishes, the expense of the maintenance of the inmates of the hospital is greatly reduced. The average yearly expense of each inmate is not more than *seven pounds*, notwithstanding that at least half of those in the hospitals are boys and girls who produce but little, being the greater part of the day in school; and, notwithstanding, also, that there are many lunatics and infirm people, who are of course unable to do any thing towards their own support. The number of inmates in the town and country hospitals together is about three hundred, and their expense to the island is about *L.2000* a-year.

The arrangements of the hospitals, and the discipline maintained in them, are excellent; at the same time, the inmates are treated with great kindness, are allowed an abundance of good wholesome food, and are well clothed and lodged. Those whose conduct deserves reward are frequently allowed to visit their friends for a day or so: but if the privilege is abused, and, for instance, if any one returns to the hospital in a state of intoxication, he is not allowed to leave the hospital again for several months. On the whole, whether we regard these hospitals as asylums from misery, or as schools of morality, I must say that I have never yet seen any institutions in this country that would bear comparison with them.

There are many causes which co-operate in preventing any numerous class of the people of Guernsey from sinking into that state of poverty which leads to crime and misery. In the first place, all the necessities of life are exceedingly cheap. Wheat during the last twenty years has been about two-thirds of the price at which it has been sold in England. In the summer of 1830, when I last visited Guernsey, wheat was twenty shillings (Guernsey money) per quarter, in the measure of the island. This price is the same as forty-six shillings English money for an English quarter. The price of wheat in England, at the same time, was sixty or seventy shillings per quarter.

I need scarcely say, after mentioning the price of wheat, that our corn laws do not extend to Guernsey. Wheat, as indeed every thing else, with the single exception of tea, can be freely imported into Guernsey. In the year 1815, when the rigour of the English corn laws was greatly increased, it was intended to extend the corn laws to Guernsey, and the other Norman Isles; but the inhabitants bestirred themselves, and succeeded in warding off this terrible blow to their prosperity. For their success in this struggle, they were in a great measure indebted to the exertions of Mr Brock, the judge or bailiff, as he was termed, of Guernsey—a gentleman who appears on all occasions to have been the good genius of the island. The inhabitants of each of the islands presented Mr Brock with a piece of plate as a token of gratitude for his services on the occasion in question. The people of the Norman Isles are not only allowed to import corn for their own use from wheresoever they choose, but they are permitted to export all the corn they themselves can grow to England. This being the case, the people, of course, consume but very little of the wheat their own islands produce. This latter supply is kept for the English market; so that there is the singular anomaly constantly going on of corn from the Baltic actually sailing by the coasts of England to supply the people of the Norman Isles, and to enable them to send to England the wheat which is growing at their own doors.

Provisions of other kinds are at prices proportionately low with those of wheat. The ordinary price of good meat is fourpence per pound; that of moist sugar, from threepence to fourpence a pound; potatoes sell for threepence a peck; the price of butter varies from sevenpence to tenpence per pound. Tea, though cheap compared with the price in England (the price of the best black tea is from half-a-crown to three shil-

lings a pound) is dearer than it otherwise would be, did not the monopoly of the East India Company extend to the Norman Isles. The tea consumed in these islands is not subject to a farthing of king's tax, so that the sole cause which keeps up the price of tea in these islands, is, that the East India Company have a monopoly of the supply. So much dearer, however, does this make the tea, that it is a constant article of smuggling from France. With the exception of tea, of which I have just spoken, and spirits, on which there is an import duty of one shilling a gallon, a perfectly free and untaxed importation is allowed of every species of food, and, indeed, of produce of every kind. The consequence is, that as far as their limited demand will command a market, the inhabitants of the Norman Islands can select, from the whole world, the produce which each country is best able to furnish. Instead of using dear and bad Canadian timber, they employ good and cheap Baltic timber. Christiana deals, twelve feet long, nine inches broad, and three inches thick, sell for £1.15, 15s. 6d. per 120, or rather more than half-a-crown each deal.

Among other things which are cheap in Guernsey, in consequence of their being free from taxes, I may mention newspapers. With a population of only twenty thousand people, the inhabitants of Guernsey support five weekly newspapers. The usual price of a newspaper is sometimes a penny, sometimes twopence. The charge for a short advertisement is *sixpence*. The taxes collected in the islands are very light. A tax of a shilling per gallon on imported spirits is the only indirect tax of any kind whatever. The principal tax is a direct one, of a very fair kind. It is a property tax, averaging about sixpence in the pound, upon all existing property. Thus, a man pays this property tax, not only for his land and houses, but for money which he may have in the funds, for money lent on mortgage, &c. The produce of this tax is appropriated to the support of the two hospitals, and the paving and lighting of the town. In addition to this property tax, and the tax on spirits, the church receives a tithe on all kinds of corn, on fish, and on a few kinds of agricultural produce of small importance, but not upon hay. This tithe completes the list of taxes in the Norman Isles.

If it should be a matter of surprise that these islands should have been so highly favoured by those who have had the framing of laws, and imposing taxes, the explanation is readily given. The Norman Isles are so much nearer to the coast of France than to that of England, that it would not be a difficult matter for the inhabitants to transfer their allegiance from England to France. This would be a serious loss to England, as the islands are of great use as an asylum for English vessels, especially in time of war.

The importance which has been attached to the possession of these islands, and their peculiar situation, has no doubt been the principal reason for the considerate manner in which they have been treated.

Next to the blessings of light taxes and unrestricted importation of food, I may mention the state of the laws of inheritance as being very favourable to the happiness of the people living in the Norman Isles. In our own country, when a man dies, his estate, if consisting of freehold land, goes altogether to his eldest son, the other children being left to do as well as they can; at least this is the case if the man has not left a will to direct that his property shall be divided, which is seldom done. But in Guernsey and the other Norman Isles, a much fairer arrangement is adopted. Two-thirds of the estate are divided equally among the sons, however many there may be, and one-third among the daughters. This plan of division, though only an approach to perfect justice, is evidently much better than the one followed in this country.

In order to prevent an unnecessary splitting up of estates, it is provided that the eldest son shall, if he has it in his power, be allowed to pay to each of his brothers and sisters the value of their share of the property, and then retain possession of the whole himself.

The consequence of this state of the law of inheritance is, that instead of the property of the islands being held in huge masses, each acre of which is but of insignificant value to the owner, the islands are covered over with clusters of small estates of from four or five to forty or fifty acres, so that every person has a little plot of land which he can call his own. We all know how men's hearts are set upon this, and what a powerful stimulus it is to greater exertions, superior economy, and a love of independence.

Next to the equal division of property, which prevents waste and extravagance on the one hand, and extreme poverty on the other, I may mention the abundance of paper money in the island of Guernsey, as a great cause of the prosperity of the island. The paper money is issued by the government of the island, and in the following way:—When any great undertaking has been determined on by the states (as the representatives of the people are called), such, for instance, as the opening of new roads, there is, immediately, an issue of one pound notes by the government. These notes are sent out as the work proceeds, and as money is wanted. When the undertaking is completed, and begins to yield an income, the notes are gradually

bought in again, and new undertakings are commenced. The notes are not payable on demand: indeed the government has not even an office at which the notes can be presented. Nevertheless, the notes are never refused. The people find, by experience, that their representatives "the states" do not issue the notes in greater abundance than the demand for them justifies, and consequently no depreciation in their value is to be feared. Moreover, the purposes for which the notes are issued are of advantage to every man in the island; so that every one looks upon them as coming from the bank to which he is a partner. Here, then, in the little island of Guernsey, we have perhaps the only instance in the world of a really national bank; a bank in which the whole property of the state is the security, and the profit of which is shared by the people at large.

By means of this truly "healthy" currency, undertakings of great magnitude (considering the size of the island) have been executed during the last few years. One work alone, namely, the opening of a new street into the town, the erection of a market-house in it, and the purchase of the neighbouring land, cost eighty thousand pounds. The profits of this undertaking have enabled the states to erect another market-house, for the sale of fish. This building is really on a magnificent scale. I am quite sure there are towns in this country, containing four times the population of the whole island of Guernsey, that cannot boast of a market-house equal to it. A college for the education of the middle classes of the island has been erected at an expense of forty thousand pounds. A spacious court of justice has been built, and new and excellent roads have been made crossing the island in different directions.—*From the Examiner.*

A Boy's LETTER.—The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Hood's Comic Annual* for 1833. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter-writer would call "his friend in town." "Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket-money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the diceys. Put on corduroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two 'prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good 'un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we are going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him, without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."

BOYS' MARBLES.—The games with marbles played by boys are of great antiquity, and originated in the imitation of the more manly games with bows. In early times, before the invention of grinding marbles, into a perfectly round form was known, boys used nuts in their stead. It is said of Augustus when young, that, by way of amusement, he spent many hours in playing with little Moorish boys, *cum nucibus*, with nuts. This trifling circumstance presents us with a pleasing trait in the juvenile character of the greatest of all the Roman emperors.

KINDNESS OF THE ASS.—The following anecdote of the sagacity of an ass, and the attachment displayed by the animal to his master, may help in some degree to redeem that ill-used race from a portion of the load of stupidity which is generally assigned to them, and which with so many other loads they bear with such exemplary patience. Thomas Brown, residing near Hawick, travelled the country as a higgler, having an ass the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he was in the habit of assisting himself on the road by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently the tail of the ass. During a severe winter some years ago, whilst on one of his journeys near Rule water, "the old man and his ass" were suddenly plunged into a

wreath of snow. There they lay long, far from help, and ready to perish. At length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out; but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time with a wistful look, and at last forced his way through it to where his master still lay, when, placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest higgler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out by the faithful beast to a place of safety.

LONGEVITY.—The salubrity of England has considerably increased, and the mortality diminished, for many years past. The results of the population acts afford satisfactory evidence that our ancestors did not enjoy the same degree of health and longevity that we do at present. The annual mortality has decreased nearly one-third in forty years. In 1780, the rate of mortality was taken at one in forty; in 1795, at one in forty-five; in 1801, at one in forty-seven; in 1811, at one in fifty-two; and in 1821, the results of the census show a mortality of one in fifty-eight. The limits of human life are the same now as formerly, and will probably always continue the same; but more persons live now to an advanced age than in former times.—*Edin. Phil. Journal.*

BEES.—The Rev. Mr Dunbar, by a series of experiments in Scotland, ascertained, that, when a queen bee is wanting for a hive, her majesty can be, and is, produced from the egg of a working bee. In one experiment, having removed the queen, the bees set about constructing royal cells, and placing common larvae in them; in seven days two queens were formed. One of these killed the other, and, though, while in a virgin state, treated with no distinction whatever, she no sooner began to lay, than she became the object of constant solicitude and respect to crowds of her admiring subjects, who watched, fed, and waited upon her.

CATALANI.—It is little known, and can hardly be credited, that this great singer, with all her experience of public favour, and inevitable consciousness of her own genius, continued to the very end of her career to be exceedingly timid and irresolute on entering upon her theatrical duties. She generally carried a Bible upon the stage along with her, as a kind of charm to insure confidence, and always devoutly crossed herself, and prayed for support, as a soldier might do on going into battle.

APPELLATIONS.

At the institution of yeomen of the guards, they used to wait at table on all great solemnities, and were ranged near the buffets. This procured them the name of *buffetiers*, not very unlike in sound to the jocular appellation of *beef-eaters*, now given them; though probably it was rather the voluntary misnomer of some wit, than an accidental corruption arising from ignorance of the French language.

The opprobrious title of *bum bayliffe*, so constantly bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of *bound bayliffe*, every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds, and to give security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.—*Encyc. Brit. new ed.*

The *three blue balls* prefixed to the doors and windows of pawnbrokers' shops, by the vulgar humorously enough said to indicate that it is two to one that the things pledged are ever redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money on pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard Street, in London, and also gave their name to another at Paris.

The appellation of Lombard was formerly all over Europe considered as synonymous with that of usurer.

[Such is the popular account. But the question still remains to be answered.—How came these Lombard merchants to assume this sign? The real origin of the balls is as follows:—The arms of the Medici of Florence are seven balls, arranged by *three and seven* in the different compartments of the shield. Being for a long period the principal merchants in Italy, they hung over their houses of agency the arms of the family as a sign, and directed the same practice to be adopted in the different capitals of Europe where they had established connections. This came to be a distinction so well known, and so generally respected, that other merchants, not connected with the house of the Medici, adopted the practice still retained by the pawnbrokers. The first of the Medici was a celebrated physician at the court of the Greek emperors—hence the name, from the Latin *Medicus*. Upon being ennobled for his skill, this disciple of Galen, and destined founder of a race which has survived the double wreck of empire, resumed the name, and the most usual form of his prescriptions—pills, as the badges of his new dignity.]

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HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

WE meet with numerous rules for the conduct of young newly married women of all ranks; and if the world is not filled with good wives, it certainly is not because there is any want of matronly counsel for their guidance. But though the happiness of the conjugal state depends at least as much upon the behaviour of the husband as on that of the wife, there has not, as far as we are aware, been hitherto promulgated any code of instructions for the use of the former. Our literature abounds with narrations which exhibit the dutifulness and affection of women to husbands unworthy of them, who repaid tenderness with brutality, nor relented till those whose every amiable feeling they ought to have cherished and rewarded with their love, either sank broken-hearted, or, grown desperate, became even more abandoned and profligate than themselves. The man is to blame in nine cases out of ten where an alliance proves unhappy. In the lower ranks, especially, it is too often a want of prudence on his part that renders so many families wretched. *Of the multitudes of those who have wasted character, health, and means, in intemperance, there is but a small proportion who might not have preserved respectability by listening to the admonitions of their wives.* Yet, with these numerous and undeniable facts before the world, no writer thinks of preventing such evils by pointing out and enforcing the duties of the party from whose misconduct they chiefly spring. A small portion of our columns, therefore, will not be unprofitably bestowed on a subject of so much importance.

In order to secure the felicity of the married state, a husband must, in the first place, endeavour to secure the perfect confidence of his wife. He must banish every thing repulsive from his manner towards her, and live with her on such easy and friendly terms that she may never be discouraged from communicating with and consulting him on every affair, whether it be in the lesser or the greater concerns of life. If a wife do not find at home sympathy with her afflictions, cares, and anxieties, she will seek it abroad—she will detail her griefs to some acquaintance, to whom she will go for advice in matters of difficulty, and, perhaps, in matters of delicacy, which cannot properly be appreciated by a stranger, and therefore ought not to be entrusted to the ear of one. The happiness of the family will thus be made to depend in a great measure on a person not a member of it, who, whatever be her prudence, is not intimately interested in the preservation of its peace, and who is more likely to take a side and encourage feelings of animosity than to inculcate the duty of mutual forbearance.

The husband's duty must therefore be to establish in the mind of his partner an entire reliance on his affection, and a thorough persuasion that he is disposed to the full amount of his power to promote her comfort. Let him not think it beneath him to take an interest in her domestic arrangements; by showing that he does so, he will make her sensible that her efforts to render home pleasing are not unappreciated; her labour for that end will be redoubled, and yet prove more light to her. As he must be abroad the greater part of the day, let him not deprive her of his company in the hours of leisure that business leaves him. A man cannot altogether seclude himself from the world in the bosom of his family; neither can he always carry his wife along with him; but he must not for a light reason allow himself to be detained from her society. A woman's hours are often lonely; and after she has bestowed her whole cares for a day to set her house in order, and anxiously awaits her husband's return, in the hope of enjoying a few hours of mutually endearing converse by the cheerful hearth, if she have to watch every approaching footstep in vain, it is a cruel disappointment. One of the greatest sins which the husband can commit, is that of making a practice of staying out late at night, which, though not reckoned among the usual catalogue of crimes against social life, is one of those most worthy of reprobation. The mental anguish endured by many excellent wives from this infamous practice, no one can picture unless he have witnessed it. There, by the lonely hearth—the fire sunk to a cinder and a mass of ashes—the candle verging to its close in the socket—the dingy silent apartment strewn with the toys and furniture of the children, sent hours since to bed—there, in the midst of this domestic wilderness

sits the drooping, desponding, almost broken-hearted wife, counting the hours, and conning over in her wearied mind the numbers of times she has been so deserted, and foreseeing the still greater misery which awaits her by such a course of profligacy in her husband. And for what, may we ask, has the master of the household thus deserted his home?—the company of hollow friends, idle acquaintances, perhaps drunkards or gamblers, whose witless jocularly forms the temptation to abandon a good name, fortune, worldly respectability, and self-esteem. None but the wife who has endured trials of this nature can properly understand the horrors resulting from such a life of folly and dissipation.

Every reader must be delighted with the beautiful excuse, which, among others, Sir Thomas More makes why he did not publish his Utopia sooner. It shows us how important that great man considered an attentive performance of the minor duties of life to be. "Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself—that is, for my studies. For, on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants: all which things I number among the duties of life; since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature has provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen."

The husband must not accustom himself to form resolutions, and, without previously consulting his wife, make a sudden declaration of his purposes, in the same way as he would casually mention to a neighbour a plan, the execution of which he is just on the point of commencing. Even although such resolutions may be come to in a spirit of wisdom, to determine upon any measure without her participation, argues a want of confidence in her affection and judgment, and cannot fail greatly to distress and discourage her. Granting that there are some matters of which the husband is the most competent judge, and that his wife cannot aid or improve his schemes, still she ought to be made acquainted with them, and the reasons for them as far as possible; for it is only proper that the wife should be admitted to the satisfaction of knowing what is expected to produce advantage to her husband. As to what some write, that women are not fit to be entrusted with great affairs, it may have been true in the cases which gave occasion to the remark, where the object involved a course of crooked policy, or where the ear to which the secret was committed was that of a female from whom fidelity was scarcely in any case to be expected. If a man's designs be bad, the best way for success in them is to make the disclosure to nobody—least of all to women; to whom, if they be depraved, how can he trust? and, if they be not thoroughly hardened in wickedness, how much less can he trust to them, seeing that, being of much tenderer consciences than men, they are always more ready to relent. But if he would make his way in the world by fair and honest practices, a husband can have no better counsellor than his wife: her stretch of understanding may not be so masculine as to embrace the subject in all its more important bearings, but, in the lesser details of management, her advice may prove invaluable.

Without a constant and unreserved interchange of sentiments, a constant and perfect cordiality cannot be maintained; and then, indeed, when things are communicated only by fits and starts, and perhaps never more than half explained, leaving an impression that her discretion is distrusted, the wife will be more apt to carry them abroad, to endeavour, by the help of other wits than her own, to penetrate what is concealed, and in the hope of finding, in the sympathy of others, consolation for the want of confidence with which she is treated at home. It is thus that a man becomes by degrees "a stranger in his own house." His domestic behaviour is observed with the same distant caution with which his conduct in public is scrutinised; and as in all likelihood he does not take the same pains to produce a favourable impression, and is not equally on his guard to obviate misinterpretations of what he says and does, he must appear proportionably less amiable; and, as the endearments of domestic life are in consequence withdrawn, the bad effects

of his unsocial humour are at last felt in his own discomfort.

"Those that are curious observers of mankind," says a Christian philosopher, who is not so generally known as might be expected from the excellence of his writings, "love to consider them in the most familiar lights. When men are abroad, they choose to appear (whatever they really are) to the best advantage; but at home, their minds, as well as their persons, are in a perfect undress and dishabille. The world is the great theatre on which they act a part; but, behind the scenes, they may be seen in their proper persons, without any studied appearances. Our domestic behaviour is therefore the main test of our virtue and good nature. In public, we may carry a fair outside; our love may be not without dissimulation, nor our hatred without disguise; but at home, Nature, left to itself, shows its true and genuine face, with an unreserved openness, and all the soul stands forth to view, without any veil thrown over it. There we see men in all the little and minute circumstances of life, which, however they may be overlooked by common observers, yet give a man of discernment a truer opening into a man's real character, than the more glaring and important transactions of it; because, as to these, they are more upon their guard—they act with more of caution and of art than of plain simple nature. In short, our good or ill breeding is chiefly seen abroad, or good or ill nature at home. It were to be wished that we had more family pieces preserved and transmitted down to us. The good public magistrate is of use to few only; but the prudent and affectionate father of a family is of a more general and extensive influence. For my part, I more admire Cornelius, the centurion, for that short sketch of his character, viz. that he was a devout man, and one that feared God, *with all his house*, than if he had been represented as the most victorious general that had enlarged the bounds of the Roman empire; for we learn from it this useful lesson—that the influence of a pious example, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, descends downwards from the head of the family, diffuses itself over the main body till it reaches the very skirts—the lowest members of it."

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ATHOLL,

A NOBLEMAN of great estates, and formerly of great feudal influence in the Highlands. The peerage is not ancient in the present family (Murray). Till the reign of Queen Mary, the ancestors of the present duke were only the undistinguished lairds of Tullibardine, an estate in the lower part of Perthshire. The Tullibardine of that day was a zealous reformer, and is noted for having challenged Bothwell to single combat at Carberry, in order to save farther dispute. Bothwell refused, on the plea of his antagonist's inferiority of rank; *tempora mutantur*. He seems to have been drawn into historical and political importance, in some measure, through his sister Annapel, who married the Earl of Mar, afterwards regent, and was the governess of the infant James VI. Sir John Murray of Tullibardine, the nephew of good Countess Annapel, was brought up with James, who, through mere youthful friendship, raised him to the peerage, under the title of Lord Murray of Tullibardine (1604), and afterwards (1606) elevated him to the rank of Earl of Tullibardine. The son of this peer, in 1629, obtained the ancient title of Earl of Atholl, through his wife, Lady Dorothea Stewart, in whose father it had become extinct. He was a zealous royalist, as was his son, the second earl, who, in 1676, was elevated to the rank of marquis. This personage added greatly to the power of his family by marrying Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley, daughter of the royalist Earl of Derby, who, through her mother, Charlotte de la Tremouille, was related to most of the principal families of Europe. Through the Marchioness Amelia, the family acquired the seignory of Man, and large property in that island. Notwithstanding the conspicuous loyalty of the Marquis of Atholl in the two last reigns of the Stuarts, it is said that he would have willingly joined the Prince of Orange, if he could have obtained any preferment under the new government. William, though related to the marchioness, did not receive him warmly, and he accordingly spent the rest of his life in the Jacobite

opposition. His son John, second marquis, was able to render himself more acceptable to King William, by whom he was created a peer in his father's lifetime, and appointed one of the secretaries of state for Scotland. In July 1704, immediately after his father's death, the marquise was exchanged by Queen Anne for the present dukedom. Some unfortunate circumstances afterwards threw him into the opposition, and so zealous was he against the Union, that he put 6000 highland followers into motion to oppose it. His eldest son, styled Earl of Tullibardine, appeared in both of the Scottish rebellions, for which he was forfeited. The second son, however, succeeded to the titles. A still younger brother, Lord George Murray, was Prince Charles's generalissimo in the last of those extraordinary movements. By a rather curious arrangement, the son of this gentleman, though attainted in blood, having married the daughter and heiress of his uncle, was allowed to take up the titles, which he transmitted to his son, the lately deceased duke, whose son now enjoys them.

HUMAN HAIR.

THE human form, when well proportioned, has ever been regarded as a model of the most exquisite symmetry and grace, whether contemplated in the joyous season of infancy, in the years of maturer and sterner manhood, or in the decline of life, when age has enfeebled the limbs, bent the body, and thrown its silver about the brow. No sooner does the mind become animated by any interesting or lofty emotion, than the features of the human countenance become lighted up, and beam with the beauty of expression; and this having been universally acknowledged, philosophers have busied themselves in estimating the forms and proportions of the features, with the view of explaining the secret of their influence. The line of the nose, the elevation or depression of the eye-brow, the contraction or expansion of the cheek, the colour of the eye, the parting smile of the lips—have all been duly estimated; but in addition to the importance attached to their several proportions, we cannot fail to observe here how much more effective and beautiful the expression of the whole countenance and figure is rendered by the addition of the hair. Poets and painters, who generally keep their attention steadily fixed on nature, have not failed to observe this;—hence Spenser, describing the beauty of a bride, speaks of

Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire;
Sprinkled with pearl;

So, too, Milton, by introducing this feature, gives peculiar effect to his description of our first parents:

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection.

By this description, the expression of the whole figure is rendered infinitely more effective than it otherwise could have been; and so likewise Ariosto, by introducing the same feature, gives a character, and, as it were, an additional shade to the grief of Angelica. "She stood on the desert shore stupid and immovable; her hair was loose and disordered; her hands were joined, and, with unmoving lips, she raised her languid eyes to heaven." We likewise find in Sir Walter Scott, that, as the beauty of Rebecca is enhanced by his description of the "profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a sarras of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours, embossed on purple ground, permitted to be visible." So the anguish of the poor Jew in his dungeon cell, surrounded with chains and shackles, is aggravated, and his picture brought more effectively before us, when we read, that in a state of passive resistance, and with his garments collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, "he sat in one corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt." Since the hair, whether braided or dishevelled, adds so much to the character of the human figure, we need not wonder that peculiar fashions and customs respecting it have prevailed among all nations. The heathen priestesses, when under the influence of what they conceived inspiration, wore their hair dishevelled; for which reason St Paul forbade the Corinthian women, when at devotion, to wear it in this manner. Hence, in the earlier ages of Christianity, when its divine doctrines were struggling through the darkness, the clergy, both regular and secular, were obliged to have the crown of the head shaved as a signal of self-denial and mortification. The popes, indeed, denounced long hair, and Anselm, the archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced the sentence of excommunication on those who were guilty of so heathenish a fashion. Serlo, a Norman bishop, acquired great honour for a sermon he preached before Henry I., in the year 1104, on this subject, which had such an effect on the king and his courtiers, that they immediately consented to cut away their flowing ringlets. The Jewish and Grecian women generally wore the hair long, and ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls. The Roman women

ressed their hair in the form of a helmet, mixing false hair with it, which they contrived to fasten to the skin. They anointed it with rich perfumes, and, by the aid of curling irons, raised it to a great height by rows or stories of curls. They, too, adorned their hair with gold, pearls, and precious stones, sometimes with crowns or garlands, chaplets of flowers bound with fillets, or ribands of various colours. They used a certain plaster to pull off the small hairs from their cheeks, or plucked them up by the roots with tweezers, called *volvelles*. Among the ancient Gauls, long hair was esteemed an ornament: hence Julius Caesar, having subdued them, made them, in token of submission, cut off their hair. Among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, young women, before marriage, wore their hair uncovered and untied; but after marriage, they cut it short, tied it up, and wore head-dresses of various fashions. Amongst the Greeks, both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair to some particular deity. It was customary also to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no person could die until a lock of hair had been cut away, an act supposed to be performed by the invisible hand of Isis, and consecrated to the god into whose realms the soul departed.

Having premised this brief account of some of the more remarkable prejudices that have been entertained concerning the human hair, we shall explain its structure, which is very simple, and may be easily understood. Every individual hair may be regarded as a tube, which terminates in a root, or bulb. This root, or bulb, is situated below the skin, and consists of two coverings, an external and an internal. The external exhibits a vast number of bloodvessels, which supply nourishment, and probably secrete the colouring matter of the hair. The internal is a simple membrane within the other. It is hollow, and rises into the tube, which perforates the skin, and appears as the true hair externally. The tube arising from this bulb is filled with a soft matter, called the *medulla*, or *pith*, of the hair, and contains numerous vessels. In passing from the root, or bulb, through the skin, it often raises up small scales of the cuticle, which soon become dry and fall off, as almost every person, in brushing the hair, must have observed. Every hair, therefore, consists of an outer sheath, which embraces the internal substance, or *pith*, in the same way as the finger of a glove covers the finger—the end terminating below the skin in the bulb, or root. This sheath, which we feel in touching the hair, consists of several very fine filaments, which are laid together longitudinally. They are of unequal lengths; and the centre one being the longest, every hair is pointed at the end. Besides this, when laid together, they are found to possess many small eminences; whence, if we draw a hair between our fingers, from the root to the end, it will feel smooth and even; but if we reverse it, and draw it from the point to the root, the hair will feel distinctly rough to the touch. For this reason, cloths made of wool irritate the skin; and wool is so difficult to spin, that these eminences require to be previously overcome by the aid of oil. On this structure of hair, the operation of felting depends, in which the hairs are pressed down in different directions, and become so interwoven as to form a continuous mass. Such is the felt of which hats are made. Curled hairs entwine themselves more closely than those which are straight, though flexible; as they do not, like them, recede from the point of pressure in a straight line. Hence, hatters adopt various methods to produce curl in the short furs of the rabbit, hare, and mole. The colour of the hair is next to be considered. Already we have explained, that the hair, like a tube, contains a pulpy matter, through which vessels are distributed; and the probability is, that, by these bloodvessels, the oily colouring matter of the hair is secreted. The human hair is generally either black, brown, auburn, yellow, flaxen, or red; in addition to which, there is a white variety, which characterises the race of people known as Albinos. Black hair prevails most in the northern regions of Europe and Asia; but the fact is, that the brown, auburn, yellow, and red varieties, so often seem to arise out of the black, that neither can be sufficiently well localised. The Jews, like the Arabs, are generally a black-haired race; but are often seen with light hair and beards, and blue eyes. In some towns in Germany, red beards are considered characteristic of Jews. Among the ancient Egyptians, the red variety seems to have existed; but light brown hair has been found in Egyptian mummies. Black hair was by the Hebrews regarded as an emblem of beauty and vigour, and white has often been termed the "colour of defect," the reason of which is allied to the cause of that appearance. Already we understand that the colouring matter of the hair is secreted by the bloodvessels; and it is evident, therefore, that when this secretion is interrupted, it will cease to be deposited. Hence its absence is generally a sign of debility. Horses with white feet are thought to be tender, and more susceptible of disease, than those of a more uniform dark colour. The hoariness of age is likewise, from this want of secretion, connected with a defect of vigour. When the mind is agitated by any violent emotion, these vessels often suspend their functions, and the hair becomes very quickly grey. This happened to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the queen of France. "I was struck," says Madame de Campan, her attendant, "with the astonishing change

misfortune had wrought upon her features. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white; during her transit from Varennes to Paris." It also occurred to the unhappy Queen Mary. Her historian, describing her execution, says, "With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck upon the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows." Lord Byron, aware of this circumstance, makes Manfred exclaim, in the bitterness of his agony and remorse—

To be thus
Grey-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Weeks of a single winter.

Every person, too, will remember the beautiful opening lines to the *Prisoner of Chillon*. When the bloodvessels which supply nutriment to the bulb of the hair, cease to do so, the hair necessarily falls off, which generally happens during the period of weakness succeeding to a protracted illness, and not unfrequently from some local cause. Sometimes it falls off irregularly and indiscriminately, producing a general thinness of hair; sometimes it falls off in patches from parts of the skin, and sometimes the disease is universal, and not a hair remains on any part of the body. The Chevalier d'Eperney, after assiduous application for the space of four months, without any previous illness, lost his beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and all the hair of his head and body. Lavater relates the case of a person, who, after a violent mental commotion, became blind in the right eye; and the hair of that side of the body lost its colour, and fell from the eyebrows, eyelashes, and head. The Romans estimated slaves at a low price from whom the hair came easily away; and baldness was reckoned such a deformity among them, that of all the honours decreed to Caesar, none was more acceptable than that which was allowed him by the senate, of always wearing a laurel crown, which concealed this defect.

Some kinds of diet are said to produce baldness; hence it is reported to be more frequent in those islands where the inhabitants live much on fish. In the Shetland islands, so common was baldness formerly, that it was a familiar saying, that "there was not a hair between them and heaven." Tournefort relates also, that, in the island of Mycene, "the children are bald, or seldom arrive at the age of twenty without becoming so;" and although difficult to assign a reason for it, baldness is more common in Brighton than in many towns. The esteem in which a fine head of hair is held by the fortunate possessor, in this country at present, is not a whit less than it was formerly among the Anglo-Saxons; in illustration of which we may remark, that Dr Reid of London, a few summers ago, was attending a lady afflicted with typhus fever. She was yet sensible, when he informed her that he had no resource left excepting that of ordering her head to be shaved; whereupon she immediately replied, that to that she would never consent; she felt resigned, and would "leave it to Providence." Such being the case, our fair readers will certainly not excuse us from briefly stating the remedies devised by medical men to prevent the hair growing thin, or falling away. As this happens from a defect of the action of the vessels about the bulb of the hair, the object is in such cases to restore their action. This is done by stimulating them either by the application of volatile oils, camphor, turpentine, and resins, or by astringent solutions of alum, earth, or green vitriol; or by friction, no matter whether with the fat of the mole, snail, hedgehog, or bear. But sometimes, instead of from a want of action, the hair falls away from a preternatural action of the vessels, or an inflammation about the roots of the hair, in which case local depletions, leeches, purgatives, and low diet, must be had recourse to. The diseases to which the skin of the head is liable, are so numerous, that all persons should guard against them by the strictest cleanliness. The Poles, who are accustomed to wear the hair very long, are, from want of cleanliness, subject to a dreadful disease, known by the name of the Polish plait, or *Plica polonica*. It prevails principally among the lower classes, in whom the hair becomes matted together so that it is impossible to comb it out, and bleeds when it is cut. The hair, too, sometimes, though very rarely, becomes painfully sensitive. Baron Larrey attests a case which occurred in the hospital of the Royal Guards, at Paris. A private soldier, having received a violent kick on the back of the head from a horse, was afflicted with extreme cerebral excitement, and the sensibility acquired by the hairs was so great, that they could not be touched without aggravating considerably his sufferings. Hair is found on all parts of the body; and instances are recorded of its having occurred in places where it could never have been anticipated. Lusitani mentions a person who had hair upon his tongue. Pliny and Valerius Maximus concur, that the heart of Aristomenes was hairy. Schulterus, that hair is often found in the blood of those affected with Polish plait. It has been found in abscesses between the muscles, and most frequently in the breasts of women. Hair does not readily undergo decomposition; so that it will be found little altered in a corpse long after interment. When the coffin of Charles I. was opened, which was done in the year 1813, Sir Henry Hallford informs us that "the hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has been some time cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful brown colour. That of the beard was

a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king."

In life, assuredly, the kindest thoughts and feelings are associated often with the hair; nor could Selim, addressing his beloved bride of Abydos, say any thing more affectionate than—

I would not wrong the tenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far,
Within the caves of Istar.

As a ringlet of hair has already been regarded as the most appropriate symbol of love, so, assuredly, no relic can be preserved after death, more touching to the affections. Every association connected with it must breathe of pure and holy affection. It is laid upon the bosom, to be there cherished as the last and the only remains on earth, of the being whom, perhaps, we most adore. How many of such memorials are worn in secret, and call forth heavy sighs, when there is none to overhear!

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—A TALE.

In the Atlantic Ocean, near the eastern coast of New Hampshire, is situated a cluster of islands, called the Isles of Shoals. In the autumn of 1780, a small sloop was seen approaching one of these islands. It would have been a hazardous navigation for an unskilful seaman, for the rocks rose high, projecting far into the sea, and presented a thousand angles on every side. Yet the sloop moved majestically along, now riding on the billows, and now enveloped in their folds, and at every turn showing its white sail over the rocks. At length it moved round the point, and entered a little sandy cove, where a rude wharf had been constructed. Just on the edge of the beach were scattered a few miserable looking huts; some of them seemed but little more than a pile of stones, and lay half buried beneath the ridges of sand, which the winds and waves were continually throwing up. Behind this settlement, if it deserved the name, extended rows of dismal-looking fish-flakes, giving a still more barren appearance to the prospect, and tainting the air with their effluvia. It was towards night when the sloop anchored at the wharf. It was so uncommon for any but their own little fishing-boats to make for the cove, that an unusual excitement prevailed among the inhabitants. Men with torn red baize jackets and checked shirts, women with tattered petticoats and slipshod shoes, and barefooted children with scarcely any clothing, collected in a group, to discover the cause of this unusual visit. After waiting some time without being able to make any discoveries, one or two of the men approached the sloop, with the intention of boarding her. A man immediately made his appearance on deck; his look was fierce and commanding, and he wore pistols in a leathern belt, that was buckled round his short jacket. He stood in an attitude of defiance, and asked the men what they wanted. "We did not know," replied they, in a surly tone, "but you might be after a cargo of fish." He made no other answer than by lengthening the rope which fastened the sloop to the wharf, and it floated to a distance that precluded any attempt to come on board. There was a marked contempt in this action, that roused the indignation of the spectators. "Cheer him, my boys," said one of the men; and the little urchins threw up their tattered hats and red caps, and buzzed and shouted; and even the fair sex, to their shame be it spoken, joined in the chorus, which, it must be confessed, had nothing of the female cadence but its shrillness. After a few coarse jests and additional shouts, the attack ceased, from want of opposition, and the miniature mob dispersed. Though the vessel remained at the wharf several days, no new curiosity was excited. It had been a passing impulse, and was not supplied by that fuel which imagination successfully employs. There seemed to be but three occupants of the sloop; two, who were evidently subordinate, and one man in the vigour of life, and evidently used to command.

In all degrees and classes of life, nature selects her favourite; even on this desolate spot, there was one building, that apparently promised better for its inhabitants than any of the others. The stones that composed the walls of the house were well fitted and arranged, and a tolerably neat wood pile promised comfort for the approaching winter. It was at the door of this house, late one night, that a violent knocking was heard. The owner of it, John Boland, arose and opened it.

"What do you want?" said he; "can't you settle your own quarrels, without coming to disturb quiet, well-behaved people?"

"For God's sake, come to our assistance," said the man; "don't stop to ask questions, or it will be too late."

The voice of distress cannot be mistaken. John hurried on his clothes, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a girl of about fifteen (for the females of the Shoals did not dread the night air), they all followed the stranger; the women often stopping to recover a shoe they had dropped in the sand. When they reached the sloop, their entrance was no longer opposed; they made their way to the miserable hole dignified by the name of cabin. In a narrow berth, lay a young and delicate woman, apparently dying. The

man, who had before resisted any intrusion, hung over her with a fixed and anxious countenance.

"We can do no good to her," said John; "she is dying."

"What do you mean by that, John Boland?" said his wife, coming forward; "if she is dying, it is for want of air; if she had as many lives as a cat, it is enough to stifle her here. Let us take her to our house."

No one made any opposition, and the lady was wrapt in her bed clothes, and conveyed to her new residence. Both Mrs Boland and her daughter Susan fully justified Ledyard's testimony to the humanity of woman, for though they had none of that peculiar gentleness which belongs to the sex, they were active in kind services.

In a short time the lady began to revive, but she was too feeble for utterance, though her eyes followed with intense anxiety every movement of her companion, who left the vessel and remained with her. He announced himself by the name of Maitland. There was no one on the spot capable of observing the nice gradations of feeling which either of the parties might have discovered; but as the lady grew better, she had long private conversations with the gentleman, and frequently an agitation, which increased her disorder, was the consequence. At length he informed Mr and Mrs Boland that it was absolutely necessary for him to pursue his voyage—that he had only put in at the island on account of the indisposition of his wife—that she was still quite unable to go on board—and that there was no alternative but to leave her under their care for a month. They willingly consented. Every article that might conduce to her comfort was brought from the sloop, and the mariners once more set sail. Whatever had been the struggles of Maitland and his wife (whom he called Adela) at parting, and whatever was the grief she might feel, it was expressed to no one; nobody had witnessed their interviews, nor was it apparent that she had objected to his leaving her; yet it seemed as if an increase of sorrow weighed down her spirits after his departure. It might be, that the solitude in which she found herself, and the perfect uncongeniality of every thing around her, were more than her mind could support. The sea air, however, and the regularity of her mode of life, promoted her recovery, and she every day gained health. She soon became able to walk out, and found Susan not an unpleasant companion, who could scale the highest rocks, and assisted Adela to walk with more security. For the first three weeks the lady appeared tranquil, but when the fourth arrived, it was evident her mind was suffering under the greatest anxiety. She repeatedly questioned John, "Did he tell you it might be a month?" But even the month expired, and he did not arrive. She thought of the delays of a sea voyage, of possible detentions, and she reasoned herself into a momentary tranquillity; but this could not last. Frequently, when the moon shone bright, and the people of the house believed her asleep, she seated herself at the window that looked on the little cove, and gazed on the ocean. In the indistinctness of the moonlight prospect, sometimes she imagined she beheld figures at a distance; and then by their fixture discovered them to be merely projecting angles of the rocks. Then, again, a white sail appeared to be approaching the shore; but, alas! it came no nearer. Often morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, and with the light of day came new hopes. "He will certainly be here before night," thought she; and in this hope would quit the house while all were still, and wander by the sea, and among the rocks. The scene was often a glorious one; the sun, just rising above the horizon, cast his broad red beam upon the ocean, which sparkled with a thousand colours. But such scenes brought no peace to her heart. "What am I," she would exclaim, "in this vast universe? Who cares for me, or will take thought of me? I might plunge into the ocean, and pass away unnoticed and forgotten like the sea-weed."

It would be wearisome to trace the emotions of this desolate being, as, hour after hour, and week after week, she gazed upon the ocean. Though many a sail rode proudly by, and sometimes, in tacking and veering, appeared making for the island, yet the beating of her heart was succeeded by the sickness of disappointment, for the keel rapidly cut the waters, and was soon lost in distance.

In this agitating and exhausting state of mind, November passed away, and December came on with all the rigours of winter. There is no desolation like that of the affections; it palsies youth and destroys hope. He who can lay his finger on one spot in the globe, and say, it is mine, has still something to love, to cling to; for there may cluster the sympathies of nature and the "endearing charities of life." But Adela felt that she had no such stronghold; and it was in vain that her kind though ignorant companions often tried to cheer her by pleasant anticipations.

It was after many gloomy weeks, that, with the view of amusing her, John one day called to her to come out to the point, and see a ship that was coming on in full sail. There is an exhilaration in the bright sun and the blue sky of a frosty morning. Adela felt it, as she stood and gazed at the swelling sails and the rapid movement of the vessel, as her keel divided the waters. All was brilliant and sparkling; the waves seemed rejoicing, like living beings, as they dashed against its sides. As she gazed upon the ship, mov-

ing proudly and majestically along, with its tall masts and snowy sails marking the swiftness of its progress, to her it appeared like a creature of life and happiness, exulting in its glory—the ocean, the wild and tumultuous ocean, ministering to its will, and the winds and waves subservient to its power. She gazed after it, as it proudly continued to divide the waters of the Atlantic, till it seemed like a speck upon the horizon. She was awakened from her reverie by the chillness of her feelings, and a sudden change in the atmosphere. The sky became darkened, the sea birds wheeled to and fro, and seemed uncertain which way to steer their course; before she reached the house, flakes of snow fell at intervals, and all betokened one of those sudden storms to which our climate is subject. John gave it as his opinion that the fine morning was a "weather breeder." The storm increased rapidly, the waves burst their natural limits, and rose high upon the island. The wind drove tempests of sleet and hail before it, and howled and shrieked in its fury. Adela thought of the noble vessel, and remembered how omnipotent she had believed it a few hours before; and she said to herself, "God help them, for no human being can!"

Night came on with tremendous darkness, and now, at intervals, they plainly distinguished minute guns. The men collected with torches of pitch and tar, and distributed themselves on the rocks; and the women, unrestrained by form, and guided only by their own impulses, were not less active. They supposed the vessel was dismasted and driven about by the fury of the elements, as the sound of the guns often changed its direction. It approached nearer and nearer. "It will be certain death," said one of the men, "if they can't keep off from the eastern breakers." At that moment it was evident the vessel had struck. Shrieks were heard mingling with the gale, and the crash was even louder than the billows. One hope remained, that the men had cut the boat from the stern, and their lives might yet be saved. This was the case; they had succeeded in getting into the boat, and, in the darkness and tempest, had reached a ledge of rocks connected with the island; but their situation was still desperate; heavy seas broke over it, and there seemed but a short respite from death. One after another were swept into the ocean from which they had just escaped, yet a few still clung to the ledge; but the rocks rose perpendicular above it, and presented no possibility of retreat. The people above discerned by their torches the situation of these unfortunate men. It was a long while before they could afford them any assistance; but by lowering torches and shouting, they at length made them comprehend that their situation was known; and finally succeeded in throwing ropes, which the men fastened round them. Of the fifteen who had taken to the boat, three were saved!

It proved to be the same ship that had passed in the morning with a fair wind; but a sudden squall came up, and in a short time increased to a hurricane, with constant rain and hail; she was driven back with fury, and at night had lost so much of her rigging as to be totally unmanageable, and had struck upon the breakers.

Such was the melancholy account given by the three men whose lives had been so wonderfully preserved; two of them belonged to the crew, and one was a passenger. Adela learned from inquiry, that this last was a man rather advanced in life, and unused to struggle with hardship.

Some days elapsed before the shipwrecked passenger was able to walk abroad. He had been sheltered in one of the miserable fishing huts, and Adela had kindly contributed from her superior stock of comforts to his wants.

He learnt from the inhabitants the little they knew of the lady, yet it seemed sufficient to rouse all his interest, and as soon as he was able, he requested to see her. She would gladly have excused herself, but there was no evading the request. The moment the stranger entered the room, she gave a loud shriek, and covered her face—it was her uncle! he who had supplied the place of a father, who had adopted her while she was almost an infant, and watched over her with unceasing tenderness. Her parents had left her to his protection, and, in the affection and caresses of the little girl, he had felt none of the weary void of a single life. Adela was petted, and introduced into company while she was yet a child; and the domestic, and even visitors, soon discovered that the way to the uncle's heart was through the child's favour. At the head of his table, she felt fully adequate to the direction of her own conduct, and for many years she apparently justified his confidence. She was frank, amiable, and affectionate. The fortune that she inherited from her parents was small, but by judicious management had been nearly doubled; but this was of little account; for Mr Leslie, her uncle, was wealthy, and no one doubted that Adela would be his heir. Probably this circumstance might have attracted some of her lovers. The young lady, however, showed no disposition to encourage any of them; and sometimes when her satisfied uncle pleasantly said, "Why, Adela, I believe you are going to be an old maid," she would reply, "To be sure I am, uncle; for who is so fit a companion for an old bachelor?"

It was at this crisis that a young man, who was a native of Great Britain, but who had passed the greater part of his life in the East Indies, arrived at the city. He brought letters from respectable mer-

cantile houses, which established his claims upon fashionable society. He became a frequent visitor at Mr Leslie's, and every one but the uncle perceived his object, and the probability of his success. It was not till it was too late to recall them, that he discovered that Adela's affections were engaged. It was a heavy blow to his hopes and plans; but still more so, when he learned that the young man was dissipated in his habits, and justly suspected of a fondness for play. It was in vain that he now represented to Adela the suspicions that rested on his character; with the favourite motto of inexperienced, headstrong young ladies in her mouth, that "she had rather be miserable with him, than without him," she adopted the resolution of marrying him. Mr Leslie found it was too late to impose restraint, where discipline had never been exerted. As a last effort of kindness, he advised her to secure the principal of her own little fortune to herself. But Adela spurned the idea of such selfish, calculating prudence, and answered him with another celebrated quotation, as judicious as the former, "that where she could trust herself, she could trust her fortune." Unwillingly he resigned it into her hands, and they parted. Adela shed tears at what she called the hard-heartedness and unkindness of her uncle; and became the wife of Maitland in the full zeal of confiding affection. For a few weeks she was convinced that she was the most fortunate of women, and "the world well lost." It was not long, however, before Adela was doomed to recollect the warnings she had received, and the reports she had heard; in the late hours of her husband, his bloodshot eyes, and his petulance, she saw a conscience ill at ease. One evening he returned home in apparent agitation, and told her that he had had an unfortunate dispute with a young man—they had fought, and he had wounded his antagonist; that it was necessary for him to escape, or he should be immediately arrested; that a vessel was waiting at the wharf, which was bound for Halifax, where he should be safe, and might remain concealed till the danger or excitement was over. Adela calmly acquiesced, but told him it was her fixed purpose to accompany him. It was in vain that he opposed her determination; she could not brook opposition, for she had been unused to it. "I have given up all for your sake," she said, "and if I give up you, nothing remains to me!" Maitland in his turn was obliged to submit. It was a dreary prospect, and a voyage of hardship, for a young lady accustomed to every luxury; but she bore it without complaining, till sea-sickness, and the want of proper accommodation, had reduced her almost to death. It was then that they put in at one of the Shoal Islands. When he found her unable to proceed, he alarmed her with fears for his own safety. "It is only now that there is danger," said he; "when the circumstances are known, I shall be permitted to return without fear of arrest." Adela became eager for his departure; and he quitted her in the full assurance that he would return in a few weeks.

It was now that Mr Leslie informed her that the story of the duel was a fabrication; that, after losing her little fortune at play, Maitland had forged a cheque in his name, to a large amount, on one of the principal banks, withdrawn the money, and absconded with it; that his own object in this voyage had been to follow and arrest him; that he knew from authentic sources that he was still at Halifax, and, though he did not appear during the day, was every night at the gaming table. "Providence," he continued, "has restored you to me in a manner that marks out to us both our proper course. You shall return with me; we will forget all that has passed; and I will receive you again as my child, on condition that you give up Maitland." The tears of Adela were her only reply; at length she said, "And if I reject this offer, what are the consequences?" "Adela," replied he, "I feel no spirit of revenge: I was following Maitland to arrest him, in the hope of opening your eyes, and redeeming you. I will, for your sake, withdraw my prosecution, and leave him in possession of the sum he has fraudulently obtained. If you return with me, not a reproach shall ever meet your ear; you shall be, as you once were, my comfort and my solace, and we will only feel that disappointment has more closely united us. If you still cling to your husband, my offer of kindness shall not be by halves; I will see that you are properly conveyed to him at Halifax. But I warn you, that he has been long a notorious gambler; since your marriage he has thrown off the mask; he has now been guilty of a crime that would condemn him to a prison for life: do not suppose this will be his last; his habits lead to death. I give you till to-morrow, to weigh the subject and determine."

When Adela was left alone, she endeavoured to think and reason, but her mind was too much agitated to do either. When her uncle came in the morning, she threw herself upon his neck, as she was wont to do in happier days; he pressed her closely to his heart. "Have you decided, Adela?" said he. "I have," she replied, in a low voice; "all you say is true, but he is my husband!" The uncle loosened his hold, and turned mournfully away. In one hour from that time, he was borne in a little fishing-boat far beyond her sight. Two days after, a vessel, with a comfortable cabin and good accommodations, anchored at the little wharf, the captain of which sent notice to Mrs Maitland that he was to convey her to Halifax. She took an affectionate leave of John and

his family, and liberally rewarded their kindness. Mr Leslie returned to the south; he spoke not of his niece, and no one presumed to mention her name in his presence; years passed by, and her memory seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

In the year 1790, a gentleman was visiting one of our state prisons; an interesting woman caught his attention as she passed into one of the cells. "Is it possible," said he, "that woman can be a convict?" "O no, sir," replied the keeper, "she is willing to remain here as an assistant, for the sake of attending her husband, who was sentenced here for life for forgery, but will soon be released by death." The gentleman's curiosity was awakened; he requested to be admitted to the cell. The wife supported the head of the husband, and administered to his wants. As the gentleman gazed upon her, his heart became softened; the recollection of former times returned, and he said, in an impressive tone, "Adela!" She looked up, recognised her uncle, and fainted. When she recovered, he said, "O my child, go home with me!" She looked steadfastly at him, and replied, in the same tone in which she had spoken ten years before, "*He is my husband.*" Every alleviation that money could procure was supplied to the dying man; and when he had breathed his last, Mr Leslie took Adela home. But she came not alone; she brought with her a little boy named Leslie, and a second Adela. To these children she never spoke of their father; but she strove to instil into their minds principles of religion and virtue. The old age of Mr Leslie was cheered by gratitude and affection.*

THE PROPER SITTING POSTURE FOR FEMALES.

THIS question has been disputed; one party insisting that girls should always sit erect, while others are advocates for a lounging position. It is not difficult to show that both are wrong. When a delicately formed girl is supposed to be sitting erect, she is generally sitting crooked; to a superficial observer she may appear quite straight; but any one who will sit on a music stool, and endeavour to keep his body in a perpendicular line for ten minutes, will be convinced that it is difficult for even a strong man to sit as long as a delicate girl is expected to do, without allowing the spine to sink to one side or to fall forwards.

The attempt to sit erect beyond a certain time is injurious; for although bending the spine occasionally is useful rather than hurtful, yet when it is done involuntarily, and when the bend is attempted to be concealed by an endeavour to keep the head straight, there is danger of the spine becoming twisted. Indeed, a double curve is generally the consequence; there is first a bend to one side, to give ease to the fatigued muscles; and then, to conceal this, there is a second curve that is necessarily accompanied by a slight twist in the vertical line of the whole column.

The proposal to allow children to sit in a crooked or lounging position, seems to have been founded on the idea that all the muscles are more relaxed in this way than even when the child lies at full length on its back. This notion is certainly incorrect, and such a mode of sitting is injurious; for even were the muscles more relaxed by it, the bones and ligaments acquire such a shape as necessarily produces distortion.

It may naturally be asked how a girl should sit, since it would appear, that, whether she is in an erect or stooping position, she is equally in danger of becoming crooked. As sitting, in the manner generally recommended, affords little or no support to one who is weak, the safest answer would be, that a delicate girl should not sit for even more than five or ten minutes without having some support to her back, and when she is fatigued, that she should lie down or recline on a couch. But as it would be very annoying to a girl not to be allowed to sit up except for so short a time, and as a couch is not always at hand, we must endeavour to show how a delicate girl may remain in an upright posture for a reasonable time, without incurring any risk of becoming crooked. This leads to an inquiry into the merits of the chairs which are at present generally used by children.

Young ladies are often obliged, while at their music lessons, to sit upon those chairs which have high backs, long legs, and small seats. These chairs are said to have been invented by a very eminent surgeon, and are intended, either to prevent distortion, by some supposed operation on the spine, or as the most effectual means of supporting the body. It is difficult to imagine how a chair of this description can effect the first purpose; and to discover how far it is calculated for the second, the reader should make the experiment on a chair of the same proportion to his figure, as the chair in question is to that of a little girl. He will find that if the seat or surface on which he rests is small in proportion to his body, the chest will, after a time, either fall forward or on one side, unless he exert himself to a degree that is very fatiguing. Indeed, if the seat be at the same time so high that the feet do not rest fairly on the ground, but dangle under the chair, a forward position of the head is almost necessary to preserve the balance of the figure.†

* From "Stories of American Life," edited by Mary Russell Mitford.

† It must be also unnecessary to remind the reader, that, if the knees are bent in standing or walking, there is a curve in the spine at the same time.

The objection to such chairs has been met with the assertion that girls feel remarkably comfortable in them. This is no argument in favour of their use; for it is not uncommon for a girl who has seven or eight pounds of iron strapped upon her body, and next to her skin, to say the machine annoys her so little, that she does not care how long she wears it.

But whether this chair is agreeable or not, it is easy to show that it is not calculated to give much proper support to the body, and that it is almost impossible for a delicate girl to sit long in a natural or easy position upon it.

It may be allowed that the chair which we consider the most comfortable, that is, the chair which affords the most support to the body, should, if made in proper proportions, be the best for a delicate girl. In such a chair, the seat should be scarcely higher than the knees (thus permitting the whole of the foot to rest upon the floor), and of such a size, that, on sitting back, the upper part of the calves nearly touch it. This form of seat is very different from that of the chair alluded to, the back of which is also equally objectionable, for, instead of being in some degree shaped to the natural curves of the spine, it is made nearly straight, and projects so as to push the head forwards. A delicate girl should always sit so as to rest against the back of the chair; and if the lower part of her spine is weak, a small cushion will afford great relief. As it is quite a mistake to suppose that the shoulders, if raised in any other way than by the action of the muscles, or by the curvature of the spine and ribs, will continue high, there is no real objection to a girl who is delicate being supported by an arm-chair; for occasionally resting on the elbows, a considerable weight is taken off from that part of the spine which is the most likely to yield.

These observations refer only to the manner in which delicate girls, whose spines are still straight, should sit; when the spine is actually distorted, it will be necessary to use other means.—*Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Arts*, 1827.

CUSTOMER-WARK.

In former times it was the custom all over Scotland for the housewife, assisted by her servants, and, in the case of a laird, by the wives and daughters of the tenantry, to spin as much woollen and linen yarn as sufficed to furnish clothes for her family, and nappery for bed and board; a weaver being alone employed, besides, to put her handwork into proper shape. Not long ago, a humble street in Edinburgh, called the Netherbow, was full of weavers of this kind, and as a proof of the extent to which the system was carried two hundred years ago, even in the capital, we may mention that, when the Scottish Covenanters were about to invade England in 1640, the pious "wives" of Edinburgh supplied them at a day's notice with a sufficient quantity of *harden* (a species of linen cloth), to furnish the whole army, amounting to twenty thousand men, with tents. In the present improved state of Scotland, the division of labour system has in a great measure banished both the "big" and the "little" wheel; and, accordingly, there are not nearly so many weavers employed throughout the country, as used to be, in preparing the cloth. Still, however, where such an individual is found, he is generally a more comfortable person than the muslin or cotton weaver, who, in his labour, has to compete against the enormous odds of machinery, and is therefore perpetually the most patient and industrious man in the empire. Unfortunately, there are now very few *customer weavers*, as they are called, who can obtain full employment, and therefore their existence is generally found to be one of comfort, chequered with intervals of penury.

In the year 1824, one of the editors of the *Journal* happened to enter the cottage of a customer weaver in the vale of Ettrick, and had the curiosity to make him acquainted with all the poor man's domestic and operative system, as well as his feelings respecting various external things. According to his own account of his affairs, he "daikered on here in a very sma' way." In one end of his cottage was his loom, half embedded in the damp black earth; while in the other end, separated by two wooden beds, was his domestic establishment, consisting kitchen, parlour, and hall, into about ten feet square. He was engaged on a piece of coarse woollen cloth, the property of a customer; and by that, he said, he could make eighteenpence a day. When customer work failed, he was fain to work a piece upon speculation, by which he realised no immediate profit; and it was, therefore, only while the eighteenpence a day lasted that he enjoyed any kind of comfort. On being asked if he had not better employ himself regularly for Glasgow, he declared all the work that came from all that city—jacketnets, blunks, gingham, and cambrics—to be stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with "customer work." It was evident, from his conversation, that "customer work" was the only earthly thing that the weaver was interested in. Customer work was not only superior to every other kind of work, but it was a more blessed and excellent thing than any other he knew of in this world. He then gave a strong character to his conversation, for the phrase was generally introduced three or four times into, and formed the termination of, every sentence. When he paused for breath, he re-commenced with "customer work"; and this ludicrous phrase accented every cadence. It was the alpha and omega of his mind.

The observations made at this time upon the habits and feelings of the poor weaver, being afterwards detailed to another of the editors of this paper, were by him thrown into a poem in the Scottish dialect, which was published, as a kind of episode, in a volume entitled "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works." As a picture of a certain condition of human life, it is here re-produced, with some amendments.]

In Ettrick's old vale, where the heather grows green,
Wi' aye here and there a bit plantin' between,
There lives an auld wabster, within an auld shiel,
As lang, and unchancy, and black as the deil.
He works e'en and morn for his wife and his weans,
Till the very flesh seems to be wrought frae his banes;
Yet canty's the wabster, and blyth as a lark,
Whene'er he gets what he ca's customer-wark!

This customer-wark's the delight o' his soul,
Whether blanket, or sheetin, or sarkin, or towel.
Nae trashtirrie o' cottons frae Glasgow he cares for—
Their trippence the ell is a very good wherefore;
But God bless the wives, wi' their wheels and their thrift,
That help the puir wabster to fend and mak shift;
Himsel, and his wife, and his weans might been stark,
An it hadna been them and their customer-wark.

The wabster's auld house, it's an uco like den,
Though, atweel, like its neebors, it has a ben-en;
It's roof's just a hotter o' divots and thack,
Wi' a chimley dress'd up maist as big's a wheat-stack.

There's a peat-ruck behind, and a midden before,
And a jaw-hole would tak a mile-race to jump o'er !
Ye may think him neglectfu' and lazy—but, hark,
He's better employed on his customer-wark !

What'er ye may think him—the wabster's auld but
Has twa looms i' the ben, and twa beds i' the but,
A table, twa creepies, three chayres, and a kist,
And a settle to rest on whene'er that ye list ;
The ben has a winnock, the but has a bole,
Where the bairns' parritch-luggies are set out to cool,
In providin' o' whilk he has mony a day's dark,
O' sixteen lang hours, at the customer-wark !

The wabster's auld madam—her name it is Bell—
Lang, ill-faured, and black, like the wabster himsel—
She does naught the hail day but keeps skelpin' the bairns,
And hauds three or four o' them tight at the pins.
Her tongue is as gleg and as sharp as a shuttle,
Whilk seldom but gies her the best o' the battle ;
And sometimes her neive lends the wabster a yerik,
That he likesna sae weel as his customer-wark !

The black cutty-pipe that lies by the fire-side,
Weel kens it the day when a wab has been paid,
For then wi' tobacco it's filled to the ee,
And the wabster sits happy as happy can be ;
For hours at a time it's ne'er out o' his cheek,
Till maist feck o' his winnings hae vanished in reek :
He says that o' life he could ne'er keep the spark,
An it werena the pipe and the customer-wark !

Then the wife, that's as fond o' her pleasure as he,
Brings out a black tea-pot and masks a drap tea ;
And they sit, and they soss, and they haud a cabal,
And ye'd think that their slairistie wad never divaul.
By their wee spunk o' ingle they keep up the bother,
Each jeerin', misca'in', and scaldin' the tother ;
While the bairns sit out by, wi' could kale, i' the dark—
Nae gude comes to them o' the customer-wark !

When the siller grows scarce, and the spleuchan gets
toom,

The wabster gangs back to his treddles and loom,
Where he jows the day lang on some wab o' his ain,
That'll bring in nae cash for a twalmouth or twain ;
Then the pipe is exhaustit and laid on the sill,
Though the fumes o' its sweetness will hang round it still,
And the tea-pot maun lie like a yaud in a park,
Till Heaven shall neist send some customer-wark !

Then the puir starvin' wabster grows thinner and thinner,
On a 'tatoe for breakfast, a 'tatoe for dinner,
And vanishes veseibly, day after day,
Just like the auld moon when she eelies away.
Clean purged out he looks, like a worm among fog,
And his face like a clatch o' auld weens in a cogue.
At last, when grown hungry and gaunt as a shark,
He revives wi' a mouthfu' o' customer-wark !

A branksome gudewife, frae the neist farmer toon,
Comes in wi' a bundle, and clanks hersel down,
" How's a' wi' ye the day, Bell ? Ha' ye ought i' the pipe ?
Come, rax me a stapper ; the cutty I'll rype !
I maun see the gudeman—bring him ben, hinney Jess !
Tut ! the pipe's fu' o' naithing but fusionless aze !"
The wife ne'er lets on that she hears the remark,
But cries, " Jess ! do ye hear, deme ?—It's customer-
wark !"

Having gotten her lick i' the lug, Jess gangs ben,
And tells her toom father about the God-sen ;
Transported, he through the shop-door pops his head,
Like a ghaist glowrin' out frae the gates o' the dead.
Then, wi' a great fraise he salutes the gudewife,
Says he ne'er saw her lookin' sae weel i' his life,
Spiers for the gudeman and the bairns at Glendeark,
While his thoughts a' the time are on customer-wark !

Then, wi' the gudewife, he claps down on the floor,
And they turn and they count the hale yarn o'er and o'er :
He rooses her spinning, but canyells like daft
Bout the length o' her warp and the scrimp o' her waft.
At last it's a' settled, and promised beeden
To be ready on Friday or Fairsday at e'en ;
And the bairns they rin out, wi' a great skilin' bark,
To tell that their dad's got some customer-wark !

Then it's pleasant to see, by the vera neist cut
How the wabster thowes out to his natural book,
How he freshens a thought on his diet o' brose,
And a wee tait o' colour comes back to his nose !
The cutty's new mountit, and every thing's snug,
And Bell's tongue disna sing half sae loud i' his lug ;
Abstracted, and happy, and jum as a Turk,
He sits thinking on nothing but customer-wark !

Oh, customer-wark ! thou sublime moving spring !
It's you gars the heart o' the wabster to sing !
An' twerna for you, how puir were his cheer,
Ae meltith a-day, and twa blasts i' the year !
It's you that provides him the bit, brat, and beet,
And maks the twa ends o' the year sweetly meet,
That pits meat in his barrel and meal in his ark—
My blessings gang wi' ye, dear customer-wark !

POETRY OF THE HEBREWS.—The character of every nation is perhaps best indicated by the nature of its poetry. The national characters of the French and English people are not more dissimilar than is that of their poetry ; in the wild and energetic productions of the German muse, the German character is reflected as from a mirror. The Jewish people have left to us, in the Bible, a body of song characteristic of themselves, and worthy of that sublime Theocracy which principally constituted their government, and under the influence of which issued every poetic emanation. *The poetry of no other nation is so elevated and sublime ; sublimity, pure, simple, unproped, and unencumbered by any fictitious aids of sounding and ostentatious language, is its great imperial characteristic.* Greece, which, perhaps stands in this regard

next to Judea, stands next only by a long interval. Neither Homer, Hesiod, nor Æschylus, the sublimest Greek writers, copious and animated as they are in their sentiments and their descriptions of conflicts of gods and men, can enter into competition with the Hebrew poets. The works of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, contain more sublimity than is to be found in the productions of the poets of all other countries taken together. Of these, Isaiah stands supreme, unique, and unapproachable. *His* is indeed the tongue " touched with live coal from the hand of Seraphim." The sublimity of Homer appears but a temporary and impetuous flight, ever tending inevitably earthwards ; that of Isaiah is a self-sustained, continued, and majestic soaring, most at home in heaven. His exultation over the fallen glory of the king of Babylon—his description of the power and majestic operations of the Almighty—his burdens of Egypt, Tyre, and Damascus, exceed in power all the finest passages of Homer and Æschylus. His sublime, yet satirical, contrast of the God of Jacob with the idols of the heathen (in chap. 44), exhibits the noblest piece of satire on record. Nor is Jeremiah less pre-eminent over the Greeks in pathos—a quality of writing, though inferior to and of less dignity than sublimity, yet entitling the writer to at least the second rank. The lyric poetry of the Hebrews is excellent. The classic reader is disappointed in his perusal of the writings of Pindar : the Roman language possesses no sublime lyric poetry. In David we have beauty of sentiments, tenderness, sublimity ; and these are at times mixed up (as in Psalms 8th and 19th) with a divine spirit of philosophy peculiar to himself, and of which no traces are to be found in any ethical poet. In short, the Bible, considered as a body of writing, will ever be regarded as the greatest and best treasure of poetic literature ; and it may be deemed a good test of taste and sound canon of criticism, that in proportion as a man possesses a true relish for the higher beauties of writing, and has endeavoured to gratify and refine that taste by extensive reading, in the same proportion will he praise, and the more frequently recur to, that Book, wherein, above all other books, is to be found most *simplicity and sublimity.*—*Literary Journal.*

THE EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

It is found, on examining a Biographical Dictionary of distinguished individuals in all ages and countries, amounting to about five thousand in number, that the largest proportion are Frenchmen, next the English, Scotch, and Germans, and next the Italians, Dutch, and other nations. How it happens that there have been more men in France than in England who have arrived at distinction, is accounted for, not by the comparative largeness of the country, but by the circumstance that the French make a point of patronising men of genius, whether they be poor or otherwise ; while, in England, few persons of talent, if they be not rich or well dressed, have the chance of receiving any patronage from the great. Out of the five thousand individuals, about a sixth have been descended from the upper classes, and there are not more than a dozen kings ; another sixth are of unknown origin, but may be presumed to belong to the middle ranks, of which there is distinctly about another sixth ; the remaining three-sixths, or the one-half, have been either descended from the trading or poorer classes, and have personally undergone severe struggles with poverty in elevating themselves to distinction. It is also found that many men, who have arrived at eminence, began by studying mathematics, to which they voluntarily attached themselves.

The most curious branch of this inquiry is that relative to the original condition of those who have risen from the lower ranks. Strangely enough, some trades seem to have produced more men of genius than others. For example, there are many instances of shoemakers rising to great eminence in literary and other pursuits. There have been also various learned men who began life as tailors, various as weavers, and a number as gardeners and stone-masons. More remarkable still, many eminent men, in ancient times, were originally slaves, or common soldiers. There have been some striking instances of men of genius being the sons of watchmakers. The following list of distinguished men who have in this manner risen from the humbler ranks, will be perused with some degree of interest.

Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, all distinguished men in ancient times, were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter : Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honours. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor ; and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated,

was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr Wolcott (otherwise Peter Pindar) working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I. was the son of a cloth worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of *Pleasures of Imagination*, was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat, whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire light ; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly. George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a *General View of the East India Company's affairs*, who died in 1796, was originally a day-labourer. Masaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the tyranny of the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archaeologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood forest. Augereau, marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Bonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters. Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville, in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of *Memoirs of British Ladies*, was originally a stay and habit maker, but being patronised for his acquisitions, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature painter, and settled at Edinburgh ; and it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realised him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the *Minstrel*, and professor of moral philosophy in Aberdeen University, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travellers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Bembow served at first as a common sailor in a merchant vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life, that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window, in a little town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiny. The Abbé Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker. The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be Bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents, that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. The father of the famous Inigo Jones was a cloth maker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand boy to the young lawyers. Linnaeus was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonossow, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisher boy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer, but while he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramus, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lacquey to the college of Navarre. Longomontanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Parens, professor of theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folz, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucas Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student, that he sung ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door, in order to obtain

a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty, and as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street lamps, or in the church porches where lights are kept burning; his eminent acquirements, and unimpeachable character, led him successively through different preferments in the church, till he was elected Pope. Claud Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastry cook. Marmontel was born of poor parents, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. Lagrange, the French translator of Lucretius, was brought up in extreme poverty. Spagnolettu began his career in great indigence. Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities in the early part of last century, hawked his productions from door to door. James Tytler, a person of great genius in Edinburgh in last century, lived in the greatest indigence, composing some of his works in types, without the intervention of manuscripts. Parkes, the author of some celebrated works on chemistry, was originally an apprentice to a grocer, and underwent many difficulties before he was ultimately successful as a practical chemist. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Such brilliant instances as these might well serve to stimulate the virtuous efforts of youth to better their condition—but I forbear all remarks on the subject, till a few more cases have been laid before them.

PRINTING AND STEREOTYPING.

THE art of printing, the origin of which has been detailed in the early numbers of the Journal, is one of the most extraordinary results of human ingenuity, and is certainly the very noblest of all the known handicrafts. Yet, important as it is acknowledged to be, three centuries elapsed from the date of the invention before it was perfected in many of its most necessary details. At first, the art was entirely in the hands of learned men, the greatest scholars often glorying in affixing their names to the works as correctors of the press, and giving names to the various parts of the mechanism of the printing-office, as is testified by the classical technicalities still in use among the workmen. It was formerly mentioned that Gutenberg, the inventor, did not go the length of casting types from moulds: that great improvement is said to have been effected by Peter Schœffer, the companion of Faust: and from that event till the invention of italic letters by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning is much indebted, no other improvement took place. It does not appear that mechanical ingenuity was at any time directed to the improvement of the presses, or any other parts of the machinery used in printing, and the consequence was, that till far on in the eighteenth century, the clumsy instruments of Gutenberg, Faust, and Caxton, continued in universal use. The presses were composed of wood and iron, and were slow and heavy in working, while the ink continued to be applied by two stuffed balls or cushions, at a great expense of time and trouble.

At length an almost entire revolution was effected in the printing-office, both in the appearance of the typography and the working of the presses. About the same period, the art of stereotyping was discovered, and developed a completely new feature in the invention of printing. One of the chief improvements in the typography was the discarding of the long s, and every description of contractions, and, at the same time, the cutting of the letters was executed with greater neatness and regularity. Among the first improvers of the printing-press, the most honourable place may be given to the Earl of Stanhope, a nobleman remembered for his mechanical genius, who applied certain lever powers to the screw and handle of the old press, thereby diminishing the labour of the operative, and producing finer work. Since the beginning of the present century, and more especially within the last twenty years, presses wholly composed of iron, on the nicest scientific principles, have been invented by different men of mechanical genius in Great Britain and America, so as to simplify the process of printing in an extraordinary degree; and the invention of presses composed of cylinders, and wrought by steam-power, has triumphantly crowned the improvements in the art. The introduction of steam-presses has been furthered by another invention of an accessory nature, now of great value to the printer. Allusion is here made to the invention of the roller for applying the ink, instead of the old unwieldy and insufficient balls. The roller, which is a composition of a glutinous nature, cast upon a wooden centre-piece, was invented by a journeyman printer in Edinburgh, and was so much appreciated, as at once to spread over the whole of Britain.

It is our chief object, in this sketch, to give a brief explanation of the process of stereotyping—a process without the aid of which the present, as well as many other works, could not be so extensively nor so cheaply circulated through the country. Stereotyping seems to have been invented simultaneously by different persons in various parts of England and Scotland during last century. When properly made known, it was hailed with acclamation by the printing and publishing world, but as experience developed its powers, it was found to be strictly applicable only to a particular kind of work. In putting up types, they are lifted one by one, and built into a little case held in the hand

of the compositor, who, by the accumulation of handfuls, makes up a page, and lays it, with the face uppermost, on a stone table. After being wedged at the foot and side into an iron frame, and corrected, the page is carried to the press for working; and when the whole of the impression is off, it is brought back to the table, and the types distributed into their places. When the page has to be stereotyped, the same process of putting up is gone through, but instead of being carried to the press, the page is plastered over with liquid stucco, to the thickness of about half an inch, so that a level cake is formed on the surface of the types. As soon as the stucco hardens, which it does almost immediately, the cake is separated from the types, and on being turned up, shows a complete hollow or mould-like representation of the faces of the types and every thing else in the page. There being no longer any use for the types, they are carried off and distributed. As for the cake, it is put into an oven and baked to a certain degree of heat and hardness, like a piece of pottery. It is next laid in a square iron pan, having a lid of the same metal, with holes at the corners. The pan is now immersed in a pot of molten lead, and being allowed to fill by means of the holes, it is at length taken out and put aside till it cool. On opening the pan, a curious appearance is presented. The lead has run into the mould side of the cake and formed a thin plate all over, exhibiting the perfect appearance of the faces of the types on which the stucco was plastered. Thus is produced a fictitious page of types, not thicker than the sixth of an inch, and which can be printed from in the same manner as in the case of a real page. Such is the process of stereotyping, or making *fixed* or *stationary* types:—and now for the utility of the invention.

In all cases of common bookwork it is best to print from types to the amount of the copies required, and then distribute the types; but in most cases of books published in parts, sheets, or numbers, stereotyping becomes absolutely necessary. It is easy to perceive the reason for this. When books are published in numbers, it often happens that many more copies are sold of one number than of another; and unless the types be kept up to complete sets in the hands of the publisher, or to print copies according to the increased demand, a serious loss is sustained. The manufacture of stereotype plates is, therefore, simply a means of keeping up fictitious types to answer future demands, at an expense greatly inferior to that of keeping the actual pages standing. For example, one hundred pounds' worth of types are employed in setting up a single sheet of this journal, while a set of stereotype plates, which answer the same purpose, costs only forty-five shillings. There being now thirty-four numbers of the Journal printed, a capital of £3400 would require to be sunk to keep all the pages of the work standing in types, whereas the stereotype plates for the same quantity of numbers has cost between seventy and eighty pounds only. As the Journal is stereotyped weekly, there has perhaps never yet occurred such a remarkable instance of the value of this vast improvement in the typographic art. The very manner in which the work is effected furnishes matter for surprise. Two sets of plates are moulded, one of which is kept for use in Edinburgh, and the other sent in a box by the royal mail to London, where it is immediately subjected to a steam-press, and, in a few hours, made to produce twenty thousand or more printed sheets. By this wonderful process, the expense of setting up the types in London is avoided, and the publisher thereby permitted to extend the circulation of the work on the most liberal principles, and in a very quick manner, all over the country, both to the benefit of the booksellers and the public. At the outset of the Journal, stereotyping, most unfortunately, was not resorted to; in consequence of this oversight, some of the numbers were put up in types four and five times, to print off additional supplies; and it has only been since the whole were regularly stereotyped that the work has produced any profit commensurate with the exertions bestowed upon it, or been conducted with satisfaction to the parties concerned.

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"THE sarpint, is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure, every body has heard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints*, and all manner of venomous things, out of Ireland—how he bothered all the *sarpint* entirely; but for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he be-thought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *bouls* upon it.

"So, one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn't like the Saint in the least—and small blame to him for that—began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you?—'tis a nice house I have got made for you *agin* the winter; for I am going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The *sarpint*, hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the rest of

the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him, and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *bouls* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould*, and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house, you see," says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility," says the *sarpint*, 'but I think it's too small it is for me;' meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"Too small!" says Saint Patrick; 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there 'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boul* the nine iron *bouls*.

"Oh! murder! Won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?" says the *sarpint*; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"Let you out, my darling?" says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of manes; but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: And that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, sir."—*Crocker's Legends of Killybegny.*

THE DEAR YEARS.

IN former times, when Scotland was a poor, "half-fed, half-clad, half-sarkit" country at the very best, and ere the maxims of political economy, and the wealth introduced by commerce, had as yet provided men with the means of obviating the effects of bad seasons, our population was subject to the most awful visitations of famine, which sometimes lasted, with more or less virulence, for a course of years. The most severe calamity of this kind on record occurred at the meeting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a series of bad crops, commencing in 1697, and not ending till 1704, reduced the people to a state of privation and suffering quite unexampled. The earlier of the winters of those years were so intensely cold, that the unhouseled children of nature died in the fields; the birds dropped from the trees; and the smaller insects, such as flies, were nearly exterminated. The meagre crops of those years had to be rescued from the snows of November and December—a species of labour which deprived many of the poor working people of the use of their hands and feet. The scarcity was at its height in 1700. The meal was then sold at two shillings a-peck, a price which placed it almost beyond the reach of the common people. And not only was this great cardinal necessity of Scottish domestic life elevated to such an exorbitant price, but it was sometimes difficult to procure it at all. It is related, traditionally, that when women sometimes came to market, and found that the whole disposable grain of the place had been already sold off, they would be seen clapping their hands, and tearing off their head-gear, with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair, knowing that they would have nothing to put into the mouths of their children for a number of days, unless succoured by the charity of their neighbours.

Under such distressing circumstances, the affections of domestic life were very apt to disappear in the selfishness of individual misery. Honest Patrick Walker, the pious pamphleteer so much quoted in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," relates, that some declared they "could mind nothing but food, and were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell." Yet there were no doubt many instances, also, of mothers tearing the bite from their own disinterested mouths, to give it to their offspring—of good hearts which could succour the deeper distress of friends, at the risk of their own destruction—and of Christians who, regarding every evil in life as

the infliction of an all-wise and unchallengeable Deity, would bear their pains with unbroken minds, and fulfil, till the very last, all the duties of a good life.

There lived in those days a certain bailie, in the town of Coldstream, whose descendant, in 1826, related to me the following anecdotes, which had been handed down by family tradition:—

At one particular crisis of the famine, this good man, though one of the wealthiest in the place, found it quite impossible to produce a meal for his children. The day had been spent entirely without food, and towards night the youngsters were getting so clamorous, that the parents despaired of seeing them fall asleep without something in the shape of supper. In this emergency, the bailie bethought him of a barrel of ale which had long lain in his cellar. But, in the first place, he called in the town-piper with his bagpipes. Having set this official to play a few merry tunes, the children all fell a-dancing, and he then supplied them each with a little of the ale, the piper included. Under this double influence of music and drink, the poor things danced still more energetically, till at length they became so overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the liquor, as to fall into a profound sleep, from which they only awoke next morning to a meal which had in the meantime been provided.

During the famine, four bolls of oatmeal were sent to Coldstream market to be sold, and were consigned to the care of the bailie. His wife took him aside, and, directed by the feelings of a mother, counselled him to secure one of the bolls for the use of his own family. But he kindly rebuked her for her selfishness, and said he would perform what he considered his duty, by dealing out the meal to the inhabitants in general, in portions corresponding to the extent of their families, ranking himself among the rest. He did so most scrupulously; and it was remarked, as a token of the favour of heaven for such humane and just conduct, that the little quota he thus reserved for his own use served to sustain his family exactly till another supply was procured.

The mortality occasioned by this famine was very great. The people, by way of making their little occasional supplies of meal go as far as possible, used to grind it up with a large proportion of wayside herbs and seeds of an unhealthy character, which were almost as fatal as absolute want. Patrick Walker tells us that deaths and burials at length grew so frequent, that the living were wearied with taking care of the dead; it was found difficult to raise a sufficient company to inter a neighbour decently; and many corpses got neither coffin nor winding-sheet, but were drawn to the grave upon sledges, as is done upon occasions of pestilence abroad. It was quite a customary sight in Ayrshire, according to a traditional source of intelligence, to see the bodies of people who had died of starvation, lying under the high thorn hedges, which then formed the only boundaries of roads and fields throughout the country. Many of these were never buried; but after lying above ground till the return of better times re-awakened natural feelings in the breasts of the people, were put out of sight by a covering of earth.

It is said that the famine was fatal, to a remarkable degree, in the northern province of Moray; inasmuch, that in the parish of Kilmorie, only three smoking cottages were left, all the inhabitants of the others having died during that heavy visitation. "From poverty and the awful prevalence of mortality," says a provincial chronicler (the Inverness Courier), "the ordinary rites of Christian burial were denied to the poor, and large holes were dug in many places, into which their bodies were consigned. One maiden lady in Garmouth, whose memory is still gratefully embalmed in the recollections of the peasantry, provided shrouds and coffins for such as wandered to her door to die; and so anxious were the poor to avail themselves of this last privilege, that they would husband their little stock, and journey far and near, that they might close their eyes secure of decent interment!" In the Highlands, hunger pinched the people as hard as any where else. There used long to be a traditional recollection at Inverness, of a vision of poor famished wretches, who came out like spectres from the glens and woods, and set up a wail of misery before the town, that pierced the very hearts of the honest burghers, themselves very nearly as necessitous and as miserable.

The following little tale of human ignominy and wretchedness, connected with the famine of 1700, is from the recollection of an aged gentleman, to whom it was related by his grandmother, the date of whose birth was 1704. For many years before the famine, a poor old woman, belonging to the tribe of *gentle beggars*, as they are called in Scotland—that is, persons originally of good condition, but who have been reduced to beggary—used to wander about Ayrshire, living chiefly in the houses of the farmers, to whom her company was acceptable, on account of her having "a wonderful gift of prayer." About the year 1695, this sanctimonious person, though she had partaken of the family supper, was detected one night, at a

farm-house where she lodged, licking the cream off one of the best boynees in the dairy. Such a failing in a woman of her character was very shocking to the religious feelings of the community, and accordingly the poor woman was now so much despised and reviled, that she found it necessary to disappear from that district of the country, and try her fortune in a scene where she was less known. In time, the people almost forgot the very existence of such a person; the waves of society closed over her, and she was the same to Ayrshire as if she had never lived. But it would appear that the unhappy wretch did not find it possible to obtain a proper settlement any where else, owing, perhaps, to her not being any where else "the accustomed beggar." Thus, when the famine began, like a dejected bark driven back by storms to its own little haven, she found it necessary to seek a shelter and sustenance, every where else denied, in the circle of country where she was alone known either for good or evil. Previous to the unfortunate exposure which drove her from Ayrshire, she had been a decent-looking, neatly dressed woman, with a trace of the gentility of better days; but now misery had pinched her hard; her clothes were the most wretched that could be conceived, and, to use the expressive phrase in which her tale was related, it was possible to trace her path by the vermin which she dropped in her progress. The last circumstance was a sufficient cause, if no other had existed, for denying a lodging to the poor wretch, while the famine of the time afforded an equally good reason for refusing to extend to her the means of supporting life. Thus circumstanced—an outcast, starved, diseased, loathsome to herself and all the world—this miserable creature dragged her living corpse to the banks of the water of Annick (a rivulet which runs through the parish of Stewarton, and discharges itself into the sea at Irvine), and there upon a little hillock lay down to die. Through the kindness of a neighbouring farmer, the great-grandfather of my informant, who every day came out to the place where she was lying, and threw her a bannock and a piece of cheese, she survived nine days, but died upon the tenth, as striking a picture of human misery as ever cumbered the earth. The time was one of horrible sights, and accordingly no one stirred to offer her corpse the rites of burial, or even to fling a stone or a handful of earth upon it, for many months after.

LONDON AND THE GAMING HOUSES.

In perambulating the streets of London, the stranger invariably strolls in a westerly direction, gradually leaving behind him the closely packed houses, streets, and alleys of the city, and at every step approaching that part of the metropolis where the air seems freer, the buildings more elegant and spacious, the thoroughfares wider, and the passengers more tastefully and fashionably dressed. Temple Bar was long esteemed the line of demarcation betwixt traffic and gentility, inasmuch as it separates London from Westminster; but trade has for many years been creeping beyond this huge barrier—has filled the Strand with shops—turned to the right and gone up Haymarket and Regent Street—is fast pushing on its way towards Windsor—and there is no saying where it may finally stop. Charing Cross, a spot where a number of streets diverge in different directions, at the western extremity of the Strand, is now the proper boundary betwixt the residence of the fashionable and unfashionable world. When you have walked westwards as far as this radiating point, you begin to be struck with the magnificent proportions of the edifices: and as you penetrate onwards, you feel yourself the more astonished and pleased with the elegance of the architecture (even though you may perhaps know that it is only brick disguised in plaster), the beauty of the large plate-glass windows, and the great degree of opulence which the whole outline so significantly displays. If you have any town cousin with you, who has volunteered to show the wonders of the place, you most likely ask what description of persons inhabit houses of such grandeur; and he answers, that many are the residences of the nobility and members of the government, many are occupied as public offices and club-houses, and not a few are devoted to purposes of gaming.

The gaming houses of London—at least those on a great scale—are all situated in this modern and elegant quarter of the town, and are among the greatest wonders of this world of houses and human beings. In the slang of the town, such dens of vice and plunder are designated *Hells*—a name too applicable to the nature of the business transacted within them. We are credibly informed by the author of *Life in the West*—a recent production—that these houses are fitted up in a style of extraordinary splendour, and that their expenses are enormous, though nothing in comparison to the profits realised. One house is supported at an expense of a thousand pounds a-week. The next in eminence costs a hundred and fifty pounds

a-week, and the minor ones vary from fifty to eighty pounds. Each house has a regular complement of officials, who are paid extravagant salaries. The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a-week each; the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds; the waiters and porters, two pounds; and a person who keeps a look-out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds. The money disbursed for secret information, wines, &c. cannot be easily ascertained, but must be very large.

Every thing in the interior of these mansions is elegant, but certain things betoken the dreadful and hazardous nature of the establishment. The doors and window shutters are fortified with strong iron plates, so that an ingress by violence is a tardy and difficult matter. There is one of these iron doors at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the gaming room. These are opened and closed one after the other, as the person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porter to take a deliberate view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose.

An unsophisticated person would naturally enough suppose from this account, that none but those of great courage would dare to penetrate into the heart of these establishments; but it must be explained that there is nothing like gruffness or jailorism in the keepers of the mansion. The whole is placed on an easy genteel footing. No civility can equal that of the waiters, while the condescension of the proprietors, or *bankers*, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an interesting and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind. But what kind of people are they who keep such houses? are they born a particular class? By no means. In London there is always a large number of individuals, the refuse of every rank, and the natives of every country, floating on the surface of society, and ready to engage in any desperate undertaking, provided it can bring money into the pocket, and indulgence to the passions. "The proprietors of these houses are composed of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, horse-dealers, jockeys, valets, pettifogging lawyers, low tradesmen, men in business who have failed through their debauchery, and others of a similar stamp. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c.—property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced of every thing, and who, in a moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle. Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first-rate establishments. Persons with a very superficial knowledge of the world can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume."—*Life in the West*, vol. ii. p. 93.

One of these infamous establishments, which obtains more plunder than all the others put together, has been fitted up at an expense of £40,000, and has been set up as a bait for the fortunes of the great. "Invitations to dinner are sent to noblemen and gentlemen, at which they are treated with every delicacy, and the most intoxicating wines. After such liberal entertainment, a visit to the French hazard-table in the adjoining room is a matter of course, when the consequences are easily divined. A man thus allured to the den may determine not to lose more than the few pounds he has about him; but in the intoxication of the moment, and the delirium of play, it frequently happens, that, notwithstanding the best resolves, he borrows money upon his checks, which being known to be good, are readily cashed to very considerable amounts. In this manner, £10,000, £20,000, £30,000, or more, have often been swept away." The profits thus gained are almost incalculable; for such is the gross stupidity of men of fortune, that they persist in entering and "trying their luck," either at games with cards or dice, although perfectly well aware of the almost certain chance of losing. The house just alluded to lately realised in one season £150,000, over and above expenses, which could not be less than £100,000 a-day. "Some idea can be formed," (says the author we have quoted) of what has been sacked, by the simple fact, that one thousand pounds was given at the close of the season to be divided among the waiters alone; a head servant having half that sum presented to him as a new-year's gift."

The degree of blackguardism, villany, and wasteful profusion which characterise these infamous establishments, will doubtless appal the minds of thousands of our respectable and industrious readers; but there is a use in thus unfolding scenes capable of scaring the unwary man of property, or those in desperate circumstances, from the gaming table, while the virtuous portion of the community, in reading such accounts of what is hourly transacting—night and day, Sunday as well as every other day in the week—in the metropolis, will draw closer together, and learn to be thankful that their simple and honest occupations do not lead them into the way of such unhallowed temptations.

A DAY BETWEEN THE TROPICS.

ON the 15th of June, in lat. $14^{\circ} 6' 45''$, we beheld, for the first time, that glorious constellation of the southern heavens, the cross, which is to navigators a token of peace, and, according to its position, indicates the hours of the night. We had long wished for this constellation, as a guide to the other hemisphere; we therefore felt inexpressible pleasure when we perceived it in the resplendent firmament. We all contemplated it with feelings of profound devotion as a type of salvation; but the mind was especially elevated at the sight of it, by the reflection, that even into this region, which this beautiful constellation illumines, under the significant name of the Cross, the European has carried the noblest attributes of humanity, science, and Christianity; and, impelled by the most exalted feelings, endeavours to spread them more and more extensively in the remotest regions.

In proportion as the southern firmament rose above our horizon, that of the northern hemisphere sank below it. Those who considered Europe exclusively as their country, looked with painful sensations on the polar star as it sank lower and lower, till at length it vanished in the thick mists of the horizon.

In these seas the sun rises from the ocean with great splendour, and gilds the clouds accumulated in the horizon, which, in grand and various groups, seem to present to the eye of the spectator continents with high mountains and valleys, with volcanoes and seas, mythological and other strange creations of fancy. The lamp of day gradually mounts in the transparent blue sky; the damp grey fogs subside; the sea is calm, or gently rises and falls, with a surface smooth as a mirror, in a regular motion. At noon a pale, faintly shining cloud rises, the herald of a sudden tempest, which at once disturbs the tranquillity of the sea. Thunder and lightning seem as if they would split our planet; but a heavy rain, of a saltish taste, pouring down in the midst of roaring whirlwinds, puts an end to the raging of the elements; and several semicircular rainbows, extended over the ocean like gay triumphal arches, and multiplied in the wrinkled surface of the water, announce the termination of the great natural phenomenon. As soon as the air and sea have recovered their repose and equilibrium, the sky again shows its transparent azure; swarms of flying-fish leap sporting over the surface of the water, and the many-coloured natives of the ocean, among which is the shark with his two inseparable companions, *Casterosteus dactor* and *Echeneis remora*, come up from the bottom of the element, which is translucent to the depth of a hundred fathoms. Singularly formed Meduse, the bladder-shaped Physalis, with its blue pungent filaments, serpent-like streaks of Salpæ, joined together, float carelessly along, and many other little marine animals, of the most various kinds, pass slowly, the sport of the waves, by the motionless vessel. As the sun gradually sinks in the clouded horizon, sea and sky assume a new dress, which is, beyond description, sublime and magnificent; the most brilliant red, yellow, and violet, in infinite shades and contrast, are poured out in profusion over the azure of the firmament, and are reflected in still gayer variety from the surface of the water. The day departs amidst continual lightnings in the dusky horizon; while the moon, in silent majesty, rises from the unbounded ocean, into the cloudless upper regions. Variable winds cool the atmosphere; numerous falling stars, coming particularly from the south, shed a magic light; the dark blue firmament, reflected with the constellations on the untroubled bosom of the water, represents the image of the whole starry hemisphere; and the ocean, agitated even by the faintest breeze of the night, is changed into a sea of waving fire.—*Drs Von Spiz and Martin's Travels in Brazil.*

MRS MARGARET LAUDER.

A SONG has long been popular in Scotland under the name of "Maggy Lauder," being the composition, we believe, of Robert Semple, a Renfrewshire bard of the reign of Charles II. The following note is given in "Chambers's Collection of Scottish Songs" (from a genealogical manuscript in the Advocates' Library), as probably referring to the heroine of the ditty:—

"NOTE.—There hath been a tradition in the burgh of North Berwick and country about, handed down to this time from father to son, that when Oliver Cromwell, that grand usurper, hypocrite, and great wicked man, lay with his army encamped about Dunbar, before the battle of Downhill, that he had sent a party to North Berwick, where Sir Robert Lauder, then of Bass, had his house, with barnyard, and other office houses. The party entered the barn, where the corn was sacked up, ready to be carried out to be sown; the party having offered to carry off the corn for the use of their master, the Lord Protector (as they called him) his army, Sir Robert's servant went into the house and acquainted Mrs Margaret, alias Maggy Lauder, Sir Robert's sister, who had the management of his family and affairs. She immediately ordered the sharpest knife and flail to be brought to her, and went into the barn, where, after upbraiding the party, she ripped up the sacks, and managed the flail with such dexterity, that she beat off the party;

for which she most deservedly may be accounted amongst the greatest and most glorious heroines of that age. Sir Robert was obliged at that time to abscond, because he was a loyalist, as all of that and other families of that name have almost always been and still continue."

THE CAVERN TEMPLES OF ELORA.

THE seven wonders of the world seem all to sink into insignificance, as stupendous instances of human exertion, compared with the cavern temples of Elora in Hindostan, which have only of late been made known to the enlightened part of mankind. Elora is situated 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and above 1000 from Calcutta. Some years ago, soon after the place had been added to the British empire, it was visited by Captain J. B. Seely, who published an account of it in an octavo volume. From that work we shall extract enough to give the reader some faint notion of the mighty wonders of the place.

"Bruce's emotions were not more vivid or tumultuous on first beholding the springs of the Nile, than mine were on reaching the temples of Elora. I at once rushed into the wonders and glories of these immortal works; but it is totally impossible to describe the feelings of admiration and awe excited on the mind upon first beholding these stupendous excavations.

On a close approach to the temples, the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful; and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with any attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country, and the mountain itself, perforated in every part, all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Every thing here invites the mind to contemplation, and every surrounding object reminds it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilisation whilst the natives of our own land were barbarians, living in woods and wilds.

Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad: this unrivalled fane rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed doorways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference, and extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing forty-two curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about 13 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half; while positively, above these again are excavated fine large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries, or virandas, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock, surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.

Nothing can be more romantic and interesting than the view down the great hall, or into the large rooms, excavated in the northern and southern sides of the mountain facing you; or, if you wish to quit this gloomy grandeur, only cross the bridges through the small rooms, to the balcony over the gateway, and there is the open country, with beautiful nature robed in all the luxuriance and richness of oriental verdure.

At the time these astonishing works were begun, the country, far and wide, must have enjoyed a profound peace; its resources, too, must have been great to have permitted such vast undertakings; and the people happy and contented, who could, for purposes of religion, labour unremittingly for a series of years in the completion of these temples. It is, indeed, not unreasonable to conclude they had their origin before the followers of Mahomet ravaged and disturbed the tranquillity of India, then inhabited by a race purely Hindoo, long, probably, antecedent to the invasion by Alexander or Seleucus."

LATITUDE OF THE CALTON HILL.—As the Calton Hill is one of our most interesting mineralogical and geological points, we are happy, says the editor of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, in having an opportunity of giving the precise position of the Observatory placed upon it. The latitude of this Obser-

vatory, as determined by Mr Henderson, from the data of the trigonometrical survey, is 55 degrees, 57 minutes, 19.5 seconds north.

THE CONDOR.—The habits of the condor partake of the bold ferocity of the eagle, and of the disgusting filthiness of the vulture. Although, like the latter, it appears to prefer the dead carcass, it frequently makes war upon a living prey; but the gripe of its talons is not sufficiently firm to enable it to carry off its victim through the air. Two of these birds, acting in concert, will frequently attack a puma, a lama, a calf, or even a full-grown cow. They will pursue the poor animal with unwearied pertinacity, lacerating it incessantly with their beaks and talons, until it falls exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. Then, having first seized upon its tongue, they proceed to tear out its eyes, and commence their feast with these favourite morsels. The intestines form the second course of their banquet, which is usually continued until the birds have gorged themselves so fully as to render them incapable of using their wings in flight. The Indians, who are well acquainted with this effect of their voracity, are in the habit of turning it to account for their amusement in the chase. For this purpose they expose the dead body of a horse or a cow, by which some of the condors, which are generally hovering in the air in search of food, are speedily attracted. As soon as the birds have glutted themselves on the carcass, the Indians make their appearance, armed with the lasso, and the condors, being unable to escape by flight, are pursued and caught by means of these singular weapons with the greatest certainty. This sport is a peculiar favourite in the country, where it is held in a degree of estimation second to that of a bull-fight alone.—*Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society.*

TOMB OF MOHAMMED AT MEDINA.—The famous sepulchre of Mohammed is detached from the walls of the mosque so as to leave a space of about twenty-five feet on the one side and fifteen on the other. To defend its hallowed contents from the approach of the impure, or the superstitious adoration of the visitor, it is surrounded by an enclosure called *El Hejra*, in the form of an irregular square of nearly twenty paces, arched overhead and supported by columns. This space is encircled by an iron railing about thirty feet high, of good workmanship, painted green, which fills up the intervals between the pillars, and rises to about two-thirds of their height, leaving the upper part entirely open. The railing is an imitation of filigree, interwoven with inscriptions of yellow bronze, supposed by the vulgar to be of gold, and of so close a texture that no view can be gained into the interior, except through several very small windows, which are placed on each of the four sides, about five feet above the ground. The two principal windows, before which visitors stand when they pray, are on the south side, where the iron fence is thinly plated over with silver, having the often-repeated inscription of "La Illha" carried across it in silver letters. Four gates lead into this cage-like enclosure, three of which are kept continually shut—one only being opened night and morning to admit the eunuchs, whose office is to clean the floor and light the lamps. What appears of the interior is merely a curtain carried round on all sides, resembling a bed, which is of the same height as the railing, and fills nearly the whole space, leaving only an open walk between of a few paces in breadth. This veil is a rich silk brocade of various colours, interwoven with silver flowers and arabesques; with a band of inscriptions in gold characters running across the middle, like that on the covering of the Kaaba. Within its holy precincts no person is allowed to enter except the chief eunuchs, who take care of it, and whose business it is to put on during the night the fresh curtain, which is sent from Constantinople whenever the old one is decayed, or when a new sultan ascends the throne. The venerable remnants of this sacred brocade are sent back to the Turkish capital, and serve to cover the tombs of the sovereigns and princes of the empire. It is within this double frame of silk and rails that the ashes of the Prophet repose, along with the remains of his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abu Bekr and Omar. Authors differ as to the respective position of the three tombs; but they are said to be of plain masonry, in the form of a chest, and covered with precious stuffs. The historian of Medina, Samhoudi, says that the coffin which contains the dust of Mohammed is cased with silver and overlaid with a marble slab, inscribed, *Bismillai Allahuma Salli alei* (In the name of God bestow thy mercy upon him.) Glass lamps are suspended all round the curtain, which are kept burning every night: the floor of this part of the mosque is paved with various-coloured marbles in mosaic. The whole of this enclosure is surmounted by a fine lofty cupola, rising far above the domes on the roof of the colonnades, and visible at a great distance from the town; it is covered with lead, and has on the top a globe of considerable size and a crescent, both glittering with gold.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

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CLEVER WOMEN.

THERE is an unaccountable antipathy to clever women. Almost all men profess to be afraid of blue-stockings—that is, of women who have cultivated their minds; and hold up as a maxim, that there is no safety in matrimony, or even in the ordinary intercourse of society, except with females of plain understandings. The general idea seems to be, that a dull ordinary woman, or even a fool, is more easily managed than a woman of spirit and sense, and that the acquirements of the husband ought never to be obviously inferior to those of his wife. If these propositions were true, there would be some show of reason for avoiding clever women. But I am afraid they rest on no good grounds. Hardly any kind of fool can be so easily managed, as a person of even first-rate intellect; while the most of the species are much more untractable. A dull fool is sure to be obstinate—obstinate in error as well as in propriety; so that the husband is every day provoked to find that she wilfully withholds him from acting rightly in the most trifling, and perhaps also the most important, things. Then the volatile fool is full of whim and caprice, and utterly defies every attempt that may be made by her husband to guide her aright. In the one case, his life is embittered for days, perhaps, by the sulkiness of his partner: in the other, he is chagrined by the fatal consequences of her levity. Are these results so much to be desired, that a man should marry beneath the rank of his own understanding, in order to secure them? I rather apprehend that cowardice, in this case, as in most others, is only the readiest way to danger. As for the rest of the argument, I would be far from saying, that to marry a woman much superior to one's self in intellect, is a direct way to happiness. I must insist, however, that there is more safety for a man of well-regulated feelings, in the partnership of a superior than of an inferior woman. In the former case, I verily believe, his own understanding is likely to be more highly estimated than in the other. In the first place, he is allowed the credit of having had the sense at least to choose a good wife. In the second, he has counsel and example always at hand, for the improvement of his own appearances before society. The very superiority, however, of his wife, ensures that she will be above showing off to the disadvantage of her husband: she will rather seek to conceal his faults, and supply his deficiencies, for her own credit. Now, what sense a fool has, she must always show it, even though sure to excite ridicule from its being so little.

These arguments, which every reflecting person will be able to confirm by examples within his own range of observation, refer only to the immediate comfort of the husband. There are, however, other considerations. Will any man say that a woman of plain or inferior understanding is likely to educate her children as well as a person of superior intellect? He must be fond of dullness, indeed, who will advance such a proposition. The truth is, that, for the sake of her children alone, a woman can hardly be too well informed, or possessed of too much talent. The whole formation of the mental character of the family, and consequently their interests in future life, depend upon her; and it is therefore perhaps of more importance that she should possess a cultivated understanding, than that her husband should be so gifted—and this both to the husband himself, whose interests are identified with those of his children, and to the world at large.

This argument derives great force from the observations that have been made upon what I will call the *descent of intellect*. It is the most trite of all proverbs, that a "wise father may have a foolish son;" and nothing can be more obvious than the fact, that men of distinguished ability rarely find a match in their representative. On the other hand, the mothers of distinguished men are almost universally found to have been women of a superior order, either in natural or acquired gifts. To explain this, some philosophic minds have suggested, that talent is inherited exclusively from the mother, and temper only from the father. Besides the specific facts which might be advanced in support of this theory, there is one strong general argument in favour of it. Talent, if of natural descent, would remain continually fixed in certain families, so as to give them a greater ascendancy over their fellows than what is consistent with the general

comfort of mankind. But, by descending through females, it is carried from one family into another, remaining no long period in any; so that all have a chance in the course of a few generations. In short, by this means talent acquires a dispersive or diffusive property, which it could not have if limited to heirs-male.

Now, whether the mother gives inherent ability, or only good nurture, it is obvious that her talents must be a matter of infinite importance to her husband, and that, the greater they are, so much the more certain are his welfare and happiness. If the reader will accept of opinion instead of argument, I will tell him exactly what I think upon the subject. Intellect being, in my opinion, a decided good, and the want of it an evil, I think that its existence in woman makes her just so much the more valuable, both in respect of general society, and in regard to the advantage of her children. Folly and dullness are less negative properties than some people suppose, and tend, in my opinion, to have an active and positive effect in diminishing the comfort of existence; therefore they ought to be avoided in women. Let no man tell me that a very clever woman may be too good for her business, or above grappling with it. Depend upon it, excess of ability is the safe side of the question. Neither let me be told that a plain man is in danger of not showing off well beside his clever wife. He will find, on trying, that it takes a great deal of cleverness in a woman to match with the same *apparent* degree of it in a man, and that, in the long-run, he is not nearly so far behind as he at first supposed. By pitching, on the other hand, only a little beneath his own supposed intellect, he is apt to discover that his partner is in reality an immense distance in the rear.

It is a lamentable truth, that far more things are laughed at, in this world, than what are really ridiculous. It is so easy to laugh at any thing, that there is no wonder that some things are mistreated in this respect. Among the number of respectable things which the world has agreed to laugh at, are *blue-stockings*—such is the silly name given to women who aim at cultivating their intellects in a manner superior to their neighbours. Now, for my part, I cannot see that women, in the middle and upper ranks of life, can be a whit the worse for general information. The intellects of women are not so much inferior, naturally, to those of the male sex, as they are rendered inferior by neglected education, and by the weaknesses to which they are liable, in consequence of being called upon so imperatively to cultivate personal graces. If these intellects, then, can be reclaimed from trifles, and directed to solidly useful pursuits, I cannot see what evil can flow from it. Perhaps, in a very humble rank, any thing that would make a wife less willing to perform servile drudgery would be a decided evil. But what is there in the duties of women in the middle and upper ranks, that can be supposed incompatible with the cultivation of the intellect? It rather appears to me, that, in these ranks of life, every hour spent by women in mental exercise, is just so much waste time redeemed from idleness or folly.

NATURAL HISTORY.

"HE," says the great Linnæus, "who does not make himself acquainted with God from the consideration of Nature, will scarcely acquire knowledge of him from any other source; for if we have no faith in the things which are seen, how shall we believe those things which are not seen?"

One of the most useful lessons we derive from the study of Nature, is to know and acknowledge the Author of Nature, which is inculcated by the religion and morality of every civilised people. The history of the world shows that most nations have had some method of—what they considered—knowing the great Author of the Universe, and have had some particular reasons which they assigned for loving and reverencing him. In short, natural history, or the study of nature, may be reckoned as the parent of natural religion.

Without any consideration for that knowledge of the ALL-WISE which we derive from revelation, the study and reflection which arise from seeking after the wonders of what are termed *natural objects*, lead us to a knowledge of the Author of Nature. Every

step we advance in pursuit of these inquiries, the astonishing skill and contrivance manifested in his works, call forth our wonder and admiration of the superhuman power and wisdom displayed in the general system and particular contrivance of the world, and its various details.

For this reason, the knowledge of the Author of Nature, through his works, may be designated the universal religion, as the love of fitness, induced by a taste for facts, may be termed the universal morality. Neither of these interfere with the religion or morality of any particular country.

This, then, is the first and chief use of the study of Nature, which teaches us to look from Nature up to HIM who formed the universe, and who imparts the living principle to the lowest degree of animal existence.

An extensive knowledge of natural objects, either in individuals or in a nation, cannot exist without producing great and corresponding improvements in taste, literature, and in the elegant arts. A correct knowledge of natural objects will elicit greater accuracy in the delineation of them, both in the artist and the man of letters. It is well known that the public taste is gradually, nay rapidly improving as regards painting, sculpture, and architecture; and no inconsiderable portion of the improvement will be found to be attributable to the more correct representation of natural objects. This improvement has also extended itself to our manufactures, more especially to the figures printed on cotton, paper, and earthenware; the great superiority in these is acknowledged chiefly to consist in the more correct imitation of plants, animals, and general scenery.

What utility, pleasure, or instruction, can a reflecting people derive from the representations of beings which never had an existence—the imaginings of the heathens? It is indisputable, that no solid use is to accrue from beholding a hippogriff, a pegasus, a phoenix, a griffin, a dragon, and fifty more such fictitious animals, which have so long held sway in the ornamental parts of architecture. To the classical student, who knows nothing of the beauties of creation, these may call up certain associations, but they are looked at, thrown aside, and treated with contempt by the lover of nature. As natural history consists in an accumulation of facts, and to trace the *true character* of every object in Nature is the province and the delight of the disciples of Nature; so every thing which is detected as departing from the truth, must create rather disgust than pleasure in those who are accustomed to search after it.

The study of mineral substances is of the greatest importance, for we are by means of them led to the improvement of all the useful arts. What would civilised man be without iron? An acquaintance with the different strata which compose the earth's crust, enables us to detect the localities of coal and other useful minerals. Hence the importance of this species of knowledge in working mines and quarries; and an acquaintance with geology adds greatly to the interest of the traveller in passing through a country. It besides enables us to draw some deductions from the changes which have evidently taken place on the earth's surface.

Having said thus much of the utility of the study of Nature, we now turn to the pleasure to be derived from a pursuit of it. We must in the first place premise, that we consider all knowledge to be pleasure, as well as power, and that in the pursuit of pleasure, the reward obtained will be commensurate with the labour bestowed. These are facts which the reason and experience of ages have incontrovertibly established, and ought to be treasured up in the mind of every young person, as perpetual incitements to exertion.

From this, however, we would not wish the young student to imagine that very great mental exertion is required in the study of natural history; for the very reverse is the fact. The principal thing required is a good memory and a correct eye, both of which can be wonderfully improved by practice. It is the want of attention alone which makes the discrimination of objects *appear* a difficult task; for no sooner do we become acquainted with the trivial distinctions, than we are surprised to find how easy it is to recollect them; and things which appeared wrapt in mystery, now be-

come obvious and familiar to us. It is the mere want of knowledge of the plain and simple means pursued by the naturalist, that has all along prevented thousands from following this, one of the most delightful and instructive exercises of the reasoning faculties; and such are the charms which it carries along with it, that almost all who once enter upon the study become zealots.

It is our intention to introduce a series of essays containing elementary instruction in the different departments of the system of Nature, and rendered in language which can be understood by every body. A certain number of technical terms are, however, indispensable; but these can easily be acquired.

We have said, that want of attention alone makes the task of discriminating natural objects difficult, and we shall beg to be indulged in a very simple and familiar illustration of this fact.

There is scarcely a human being who is not acquainted with the general appearance of a sheep. We have looked upon hundreds of them hundreds of times, and yet, strange to tell, we have not acquired an intimate knowledge of their appearance; nor can we discriminate one from another, although they are as unlike each other as are individuals of the human race. Let one be picked out from a flock of five hundred, nay, even one hundred, and let us examine it for half an hour most attentively, and then set it at liberty again amongst its fellows; the chances are five hundred to one against us that we shall never be able again to find out the identical sheep. But let the experiment be tried with a shepherd, and he will, in a few minutes, detect the sheep, although set at liberty amongst thousands. And the shepherd requires no uncommon sagacity to be able to do so; for, on the contrary, there is scarcely a man exercising the calling who will not readily perform this easy task. So is it with the study of Nature; a little attention and experience will soon render any object familiar and comparatively simple.

The young student, who aspires to become a zoologist, a botanist, or a geologist, need not therefore be discouraged from attempting to obtain his share of the superior delight which scientific knowledge can afford, by the obstacles which, only in *appearance*, oppose the acquirement.

Every step in the pursuit produces a reward and gratification in exact proportion to the difficulty, and each advantage thus gained produces fresh excitement to proceed in the path of science. Let us draw our illustration from the vegetable kingdom. For example, every plant of which we acquire a knowledge by sight and name, so as to be able to recognise it in another locality, not only gives a distinct pleasure at first, but the pleasure is renewed and increased, when we meet it for the second and third time, probably under very different circumstances, either as relate to ourselves or to the plants. Thus, even the simple knowledge of their names, which enables us to communicate our ideas, although in an indistinct manner, brings with it sensations of a pleasurable kind, and often proves a source of the most interesting associations. But the pleasure we derive from a knowledge of the trivial names of plants, becomes greatly enhanced by more extended views regarding them, which are not strictly botanical. We are astonished when we study their geological relation in any particular district or country; their geographical distribution, relatively to the world itself, or their migration from one country to another; their connection with climate; their being domestic plants, which follow man in his improvement and change of soil, or wanderers seeking to inhabit distant and before uninhabited regions by their kinds, or by their being social, living, like man, in large communities; their abundance or rarity; their mode of propagation; their natural enemies or more kindly friends; and, lastly, their properties, functions, uses, and culture. It is in a knowledge of all these that real pleasure is experienced; and, as we acquire this knowledge, our desire to become still farther acquainted with them increases.

To know any natural object, however, does not merely consist in having seen it, or in recollecting its name. For we cannot be justly said to be acquainted with a plant till we know its rank in the vegetable kingdom, its structure and habits, with all the other circumstances above hinted at.

There is hardly a child who cannot at once name a ranunculus or tulip; but how few, even, who cultivate these deservedly admired productions of the garden, are aware that these two plants, however nearly they may be allied as fine flowers, are very different in point of rank in the scale of vegetable creation! They belong to separate fundamental divisions of plants, and the organisation of the one is much more perfect than that of the other. They display totally different characters of structure and physiological economy, from the seminal embryo through every stage to the perfect plant. The ranunculus belongs to a division of plants characterised by a reticulated or net-like structure in their parts. It will admit of portions of its leaves being broken, or cut off without impeding the remainder of the leaf in the performance of its functions; or, in other words, the leaf will continue to grow and arrive at a state of maturity, although deprived of a portion or limb. Now, the tulip belongs to a division, the structure of whose fibres are parallel, and will not admit of part of the leaves, more particularly their extremities, being cut off without impeding their functions, and, consequently, injuring the

present health of the plant, and affecting its vigour for the following year. Here, then, we have another example of the utility of natural knowledge; for any one who has paid the slightest attention to the anatomy or physiology of plants, will at once be able to know the distinctive structures of these two divisions; and if only a part of a leaf is presented to him, the division to which it belongs will immediately be detected by him, and, by consequence, the culture and general management of the plant, so far as regards its most important organs; for leaves are analogous to the lungs of animals. Thus we have the increased pleasure of not only knowing the plant by its name, but also its rank in vegetable physiology, and the manner in which its various functions are exercised.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature is the endless variety of forms in the distinct species of animals, plants, and minerals; and still more wonderful are the infinite modifications of form in the same species. For it is our conviction, that, since the creation of the world down to the present time, there never have been two individuals of the same kind formed exactly alike in all their parts. This leads us naturally to an expression of our admiration of the works of Providence, in the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

This idea is sublime, and however erroneous it may appear to those who have not deeply studied Nature, we firmly believe that it is nevertheless true. Let us illustrate this by another example from the vegetable kingdom. Behold the stately oak of the forest, spreading his branches afar on every side, who has reared and shed his millions of leaves for a series of hundreds of years, but never has produced two leaves exactly alike; and yet a general similarity of form has been and will be maintained to the end of time! Let any one who is sceptical on this point repair to the forest, and patiently examine every leaf which has clothed one of its largest oaks, and he will never be able to find two of them perfectly alike in size, shape, and particular structure; nay, he may extend his search to all the oaks of a forest, and he will discover that he has been seeking for that which, like the philosopher's stone, will never be found. So it is with all the works of creation, whether animate or inanimate, which strongly manifests the profound wisdom of the Creator and Preserver of the universe. One uniform and fundamental plan has been established, alike in its grand leading principles, but exceedingly varied in its detail. Let us for a moment suppose that all mankind were formed exactly similar. What would be the consequence? Endless monotony, confusion, and crime. The variety of form and intellect in the human species creates in us those varied sensations of pleasure which are derived from the admiration and love of one object beyond that of another for some real or fancied quality. If all were alike, the love of one particular object could not exist, and a disgusting monotony would every where surround us, and man would not know his own wife nor the child its parent; perpetual scenes of confusion would prevail, and crime could not be traced to its perpetrators. There would be a total want of those varied sentiments which hold their sway over the human heart, and from which emanates every thing that is pleasurable in existence. It has, however, pleased the Dispenser of good to order every thing otherwise; and we now behold the world one vast machine, infinitely varied in its parts, but all of them tending to the furtherance of one mighty design.

The study of Nature teaches us to discover, that, in the animal kingdom, there seems to be one great chain of being, from man down to the lowest scale of animated existence; and it is not impossible but this may prevail even through the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, although man has been hitherto unable to detect the connecting links.

Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who form'd
This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.—STILLINGFLEET.

Natural history is a study calculated in an especial manner for elevating the character of the labouring classes of society. Indeed it may be said to be a study which most labourers and mechanics are already engaged in, for their implements, and the material which they manufacture, are all derived from the field of Nature, and only modified by the experience of man from his knowledge of several qualities which appertain to each. Besides, it requires less preliminary information than almost any other branch of study; and even the humblest individual has within his reach the means of contemplating Nature in one form or another; and it is a much more rational manner of spending time than in dissipation, which debases the mind and undermines the constitution. While other branches of study have the effect of improving the reasoning powers of the mind, natural history may be said to improve and humanise the whole man. The intimate connection betwixt moral conduct and the love of animals and plants, will be thought intimate or remote according to the ideas of different individuals; but the more we consider and trace the design and purpose of the works of creation, shall we not sympathise the more with the fitness of man to the ends of human conduct? The deeper we enter into the details of nature, shall we not increase our relish for facts? which is nothing less than laying the foundation of justice and honesty.

Even those who have no knowledge of scientific zoology, derive great pleasure from their observations on the manifold variety in the forms, habits, and instincts of animals. And mankind are accustomed from these observations to transfer to some of the higher quadrupeds many of the virtues of humanity. We speak of the courage of the horse, the generosity of the lion, the sagacity of the dog, and the innocence of the lamb; we are delighted with the melody of the songsters of the grove; the industry of the bee holds up to man a useful lesson; the gay attire of the butterfly pleases us; and the noxious and disgusting appearance of various reptiles excites in us varied emotions. But all these are nothing when put in comparison with the pleasure derived by the scientific zoologist. He who can trace the varied degrees of power and intelligence imparted by the Supreme Being to animals, from intellectual man down to the lowest animalcule, and who knows scientifically that man is the most perfect of all animals, enjoys a degree of exalted pleasure which scientific knowledge alone can impart.

WILLIE OF WESTBURNFLAT.

ONE of the last border reivers of whom tradition preserves any account, was a personage of the clan Armstrong, who flourished within the beginning of the last century. After having made himself dreaded over the whole country, he at last came to the following end:—One —, a man of large property, having lost twelve cows in one night, raised the district of Teviotdale, and traced the robbers into Liddesdale, as far as the house of this Armstrong, commonly called *Willie of Westburnflat*, from the place of his residence, on the banks of the Liddell water. Fortunately for the pursuers, he was then asleep; so that he was secured, along with nine of his friends, without much resistance. He was brought to trial at Selkirk; and although no precise evidence was adduced to convict him of the special fact (the cattle never having been recovered), yet the jury brought him in guilty on his general character; or, as it is called in our law, habit and repute. When sentence was pronounced, Willie arose; and, seizing the oaken chair in which he was placed, broke it into pieces by main strength, and offered to his companions, who were involved in the same doom, that, if they would stand behind him, he would fight his way out of Selkirk with these weapons. But they held his hands, and besought him to let them *die like Christians*. They were accordingly executed in form of law. This was the last trial at Selkirk. The people of Liddesdale, who, perhaps not erroneously, still consider the sentence as iniquitous, remarked, that —, the prosecutor, never thrived afterwards, but came to beggary and ruin, with his whole family.

GRAMMACHREE MOLLY.

THE following note, containing evidence to prove that the celebrated air called "GRAMMACHREE MOLLY" was composed in Scotland, was drawn up in 1819, by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, from the information of the aged individual alluded to, and who died in 1827, above a hundred years of age.

From the very style of the music, there is every reason to believe that this celebrated air was composed in Scotland; for it possesses all that tenderness and simplicity by which the Scottish songs are so peculiarly distinguished. That point, however, seems now to be established beyond the possibility of doubt, by the evidence that was given by a very old man, John Macdonald, who was born near Kingsburgh, in the Isle of Skye, in the year 1726, and who, on the 20th December 1819, was about ninety-three years of age when he gave the following evidence:—

John Macdonald remembers, when he was about twelve years old, having learnt that air, which, in Gaelic, is called "*Mhalic Cheag og*," from a native of Breadalbane, who went about singing songs; and he recollects distinctly having heard that air sung by him in the year 1738. The tune, he was informed, was owing to the following incident:—

During King William's wars on the Continent, soon after the Revolution, it was usual, at the end of the campaign, for both armies to retire into winter quarters; and numbers, both of the men and officers, got leave of absence to go home and see their friends. Among others who availed themselves of this privilege, was a young Highland officer, whose relations lived in the upper parts of Perthshire. He visited about in that district, and entertained his friends by talking of the battles in which he had fought, and the wonderful events he had witnessed; and he every where met with the most cordial reception. He was at last invited to the house of a gentleman who had an only daughter, whose beauty was the universal theme of admiration. He there, as usual, recited his martial feats, till, like Othello, he made an impression on the young lady, which the gallant soldier soon perceived, and he contrived to settle a plan with her for their eloping together at midnight. They got off unperceived; and having travelled several miles, they at last came to an inn, where they thought they might refresh themselves in safety. The enraged father, however, as soon as he had discovered his daughter's flight, assembled his men, and pursued them with such speed and eagerness, that he overtook them soon after they got into the inn. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his

mistress; and being well armed, and an excellent swordsman, he resolved to resist any attack made upon him. When the party pursuing entered the inn, his mistress ran for protection behind him; and when he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel-apple (in Gaelic, *Uaghal an a-chlaibh**), in preparing for giving a deadly stroke, the point of the sword accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she instantly expired at his feet.

Upon seeing what had happened, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone.*" When in prison, he composed both the air and the words; and the dreadful scene he had just witnessed, and of which he was the sole cause, would naturally call forth the most melancholy effusions of music and of poetry. He was executed the next day.

These events happened a number of years before John Macdonald first heard the air sung in the Isle of Skye, which was in the year 1738. It is also said that the loves of the unfortunate officer and his mistress are alluded to in the well-known song, "Will you go to Flanders, my Mally, O?"

THE RED MANTLE.—A PALE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

MANY years before the beginning of the thirty years' war, a young artizan of Bremen, travelling to perfect himself in his trade, entered a little market town not far distant from the frontiers of the Netherlands, one evening after a long day's journey. Every corner of the inn was already taken possession of by a caravan of waggoners; and the landlord, who thought, perhaps, he discovered something of the *landlouper* in his frank care-defying countenance, advised him, without much circumspection, to walk on to the next village. Our weary traveller had nothing for it but to take his bundle on his back again, muttering all the while curses on this hard-hearted publican between his teeth.

All of a sudden the host seemed to be seized with a fit of compassion. "Hark ye, my lad," he cried, "upon second thoughts, I think I can stow ye away for the night. There is room enough in the castle there; it is not inhabited, and I have the key." In this offer, which Frank (that was our hero's name) gladly accepted, there was, however, more of the show than the substance of kindness. The knavish host had suspected the nature of the stranger's complimentary expressions, and resolved to revenge himself by the agency of a roistering spirit which haunted the castle.

The residence of which he spoke stood upon an abrupt hill which overhung the town, straight before the door of the inn, from which it was separated only by the road and a small trouting stream. On account of its pleasant situation, it was still kept in repair and well furnished, and employed by its owner as a hunting-box. He used it, however, only in the day-time. As soon as the stars showed themselves, he marched out with all his attendants, to avoid the tricks played upon them at night by the ghost; for by day it was quiet enough.

The sun had gone down, and a dark night set in, when Frank reached the door of the old building under the guidance of mine host, who carried a good supper and a bottle of wine in a basket. He had also brought along with him two candlesticks and a pair of wax tapers; for as no one dared to await the approach of twilight in the castle, all such moveables had been discarded as useless. By the way, Frank cast more than one anxious glance at these costly preparations, for he remembered the low state of his finances. "The light in the lantern is enough to show me to bed, and I am too sleepy to be long of finding my way thither. By the time I awake, the sun will be up."

"I will not conceal from you," replied the host, "that there is a report of the castle's being haunted. But never fear; you see we are within call if any thing should happen. The household will be astir this whole blessed night; and, after all, I have lived in the place for thirty years, and never seen any thing. I have heard noises to be sure, but they must have come from the cats and mice in the granary. In case of the worst, however, I have brought these lights, for we know that ghosts always shun them."

It was no lie that he had never seen a ghost in the castle; for he had taken precious care never to set a foot in it after sunset. Even on this occasion, he kept on the safe side of the door, handing the victuals to his guest, describing the way to the state apartments, and galloping down hill to the imminent hazard of his neck. Frank stepped fearlessly into the deserted abode, firmly convinced that the story of the ghost was mere nonsense. He had been advised by a wise man, when he set out on his journey, never to believe more than one-half of what he heard, and experience had taught him to disbelieve the other.

Following the landlord's directions, he mounted a spiral staircase, and reached a door which he opened

with the key. A long sombre gallery, which echoed again to his sounding steps, brought him to a stately hall, out of which he passed by a side door into a suite of apartments, furnished with the utmost luxury and elegance. He selected for his bedroom the most cheerful, from the windows of which he looked down upon the inn, and could hear every word that was spoken there. He lighted his wax candles, set himself to supper, and ate with the relish and composure of a nobleman of Otaheite. The big-bellied bottle guaranteed him against thirst. As long as his teeth were busied, he never once thought of the ghost. If at some distant noise Timidity would cry "There it comes!" Courage instantly answered, "Nonsense! it's the cats and rats battling." But, during the half hour of digestion, Terror whispered three anxious suggestions in his ear, for one answer that Courage was able to frame.

He took care to shut and bolt the door before fear had completely mastered him, and sat down upon a seat in the bow-window. He opened the lattice, and in order to dissipate the thick-coming fancies that were creeping over him, he looked to the skies, examined the physiognomy of the moon, and counted how often the stars were snuffed.* The street beneath him was deserted, and, notwithstanding mine host's story of the nightly bustle in his inn, the door was shut, the lights were extinguished, and every thing was quiet as a churchyard. The night-watch blew his horn, and filled the whole air with his sonorous voice as he announced the hour—so directly under the window, that Frank might have held a conversation with him, for company's sake, if there had been any chance of the dignitary's venturing to abide a challenge from so suspicious a locality.

It may be a pleasing recreation to philosophise on the pleasures of solitude in a populous city, full of bustle as a bee-hive, to represent her as the loveliest playmate of man, exaggerate all her most winning features, and sigh for her embrace. But in her native home, in some deep wood, or old deserted castle, where desolate walls and vaults awaken horror, and nothing breathes the breath of life save the melancholy owl, she is by no means the most agreeable companion for the timid night-wanderer, especially if he is in momentary expectation of a visit from a ghost. In such a situation, a conversation with the watchman from the window may have more attractions than the perusal of the most pathetic eulogy of solitude. Had Mr Zimmerman chanced to find himself in our hero's situation, in Castle Rummelsburg, on the Westphalian frontier, he would have gained excellent hints for a much more interesting treatise on Sociality than that which, in all probability, some tiresome assembly set him to write about Solitude.

Midnight is the name of the hour at which the spiritual world awakes to life and activity, when grosser animal nature lies buried in deep slumber. Frank naturally preferred getting over that anxious period in his sleep; so he shut the window, made once more the round of the apartment, peeped into every nook and corner, snuffed the candles that they might give more light, and stretched himself upon the bed, which felt extremely soft to his weary limbs. He could not, however, fall asleep so soon as he wished. A slight palpitation of the heart, which he attributed to a degree of feverishness caused by the extreme heat of the day, kept him awake for a short time, which he employed in uttering a more earnest prayer than he had said for a long time. This exercise had its usual effect; it was followed by a sweet sleep. An hour might have elapsed, when he awoke with a sudden fright—nothing uncommon when the blood is fevered. He heard the clock strike twelve—an event which was immediately announced by the watchman to the whole town. Frank listened for a while, then turned himself warmly in bed, and was about to address himself again to sleep, when he heard, in the distance as it were, the creaking of a door, and immediately thereafter a heavy sound, as if it had been violently banged to. "O mercy, mercy!" thought he, "here comes the ghost. Pooh! it is only the wind." But the sound came nearer and nearer like the heavy tread of a man. There was a jingling accompaniment, as from a convict's chain or a porter's bunch of keys. It was no passing gust of wind; the blood rushed to his heart till it thumped like a smith's hammer.

The affair was now past a joke. Had terror allowed the poor terrified youth to recollect his treaty with the innkeeper, he would have rushed to the window and bawled lustily for assistance. As he was, however, too irresolute for such a decided measure, he betook himself to the mattress—the last refuge of the terrified—on the same principle that the ostrich thrusts its head into some thicket when it can no longer fly before the huntsman. But without, one door after another was opened and shut with a dreadful clatter. At last it came to the sleeping apartment. There was rattling and shaking at the door, many keys were tried; at last the right one was found, but still the bolt held; so a sturdy kick, which resounded in Frank's ears like a clap of thunder, was applied—away crashed the bolt, and the door flew wide to the wall. A tall thin man, with a black beard, in an antique costume, and with a gloomy expression of countenance, entered. His eyebrows were contracted into

an expression of sullen solemnity. He wore a scarlet mantle depending over his left shoulder, and a high peaked hat on his head. He crossed the chamber three times with a slow heavy tread, looked at the candles, and snuffed them. He then threw off his mantle, took from his side a barber's pouch, laid out the shaving apparatus, and drew his glittering razor busily along the strap he carried at his girdle.

Frank lay all this while sweating under the mattress, recommending himself to the Virgin's protection, and speculating regarding the comparative probability of this manœuvre having reference to his beard or his throat. To his unspeakable consolation, the spectre, having poured water out of a silver flask into a silver basin, whisked up a lather with his skinny hand, placed a chair, and solemnly beckoned the trembling spy upon his actions to come from his hiding place.

It was as impossible to remonstrate against this hint as for an exiled vizier to resist the angel of death, which the sultan sends after him in the shape of a bowstring. In such extreme cases, the most rational line of conduct is, of course, to yield to necessity, smile at the disagreeable joke, and acquiesce in the operation of strangling. Frank honoured the draft upon his obedience, threw away the mattress, sprang from the bed, and took his place upon the chair. Wonderful as this sudden transition from terror to resolution may appear, the editor of the Psychological Journal will no doubt be able to explain it in the turning of a straw.

The spectral barber tied a cloth round the neck of his trembling customer, seized comb and scissors, and clipped away at his hair and beard. He then soaped in the most scientific manner, first his chin, then his eyebrows, and finally the whole head, after which he shaved him from the crown to the throat, as bare as a skull. Having finished the job, he washed the head, dried it carefully, made his bow, tied up his apparatus, wrapped himself up in his cloak, and prepared to depart. Frank was not a little annoyed at the loss of his flowing locks, nevertheless he breathed more freely, for he felt as if the incubus had done all he was permitted to do.

It was so, indeed. Redmantle retired, dumb as he had approached—a most perfect contrast to his professional brethren of our day. He had not, however, advanced three steps towards the door, when he stopped, looked round with a woeful gesture at him he had shaved so well, and stroked his long black beard. He repeated the pantomime when he had reached the door. It now struck Frank that the poor ghost wished a favour at his hands, and a rapid association of ideas suggested that it might wish to be paid in kind.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his woe-begone expression of countenance, appeared more inclined for a jest than any thing serious, all fear had now left its victim. He resolved to obey the suggestion of his fancy, and beckoned to the spectre to assume the seat from which he had just arisen. It obeyed instantly, threw off its red mantle, placed the shaving apparatus on the table, and seated itself in the attitude of a man who wishes to get quit of his beard. Frank followed exactly the routine which had been observed in his case, clipped the beard and hair, lathered the whole head, his ghostship sitting the whole time as steady as a barber's block. The awkward wight was but a bad hand at the razor (he never before had touched one), so he shaved the beard against the hair, whereat the ghost made as strange grimaces as the ape of Erasmus, when he emulated his master in the self-infliction of the same delicate operation. The inexperienced blunderer began to feel strange, and thought of the proverb, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." He put, however, a good countenance on the matter, and shaved the spectre as bald as himself.

Up to this moment the business had been conducted on the footing of a pantomime. "Stranger," said the unearthly being, with a graceful and cordial bow, "accept my best thanks for the service you have done me. Through your means am I at least freed from the long imprisonment within this withered and marrowless frame, to which my soul has been doomed on account of my misdeeds.

"Know that these walls were once inhabited by a reckless lord, who gratified his whims alike at the expense of clergy and laity. Count Hartmann was his name; he was no man's friend, acknowledged no law, no master, and was unrestrained in his humours even by the sacred laws of hospitality. He allowed no stranger, who sought the shelter of his roof, no beggar who came for charity, to depart without playing them some ill-natured trick. I was his barber, and the creature of his moods. It was my custom to inveigle every pious pilgrim who passed into the castle, and when he expected princely treatment, to shave him bald, and turn him with mockery from the door. Then Count Hartmann would look from his window, and see with delight how the viper's brood of village boys mocked the abused saint, calling him bald head. Then the old practical joker laughed till his huge belly shook again, and his eyes swam in tears.

One day there came a holy man from far away countries: he carried a heavy cross on his shoulder, and had, out of devotion, pierced his feet and hands with nails; his hair was trimmed so as to resemble the crown of thorns. He begged, in passing, for some water to his feet, and a bit of bread. I led him in, and, profane wretch that I was, shaved away his sacred circlet of hair. Then the pious pilgrim spoke

* The steel-apple was a piece of steel that ran on a wheel from the hilt to the top of the sword, and gave great additional force to the stroke. John Macdonald, many years ago, saw one of these at Lord Macdonald's house at Magstedt. The circumstance of the steel apple is a strong proof of the authenticity of the story, as it must have greatly added to the weight of the blow given by the sword, and consequently accounts for the fatal catastrophe.

* The meteors called shooting stars are, in the popular mythology of some districts of Germany, believed to be the snuff of the bright candles of the firmament, thrown away instead of being put into a pair of snuffers.

heavy curse over me. 'Know, evil doer, that after death, heaven and hell, and purgatory itself, shall alike be shut against thy soul. It shall haunt these walls, teasing every one as in life was thy pleasure, until some wanderer, more bold than his fellows, shall dare, undesired, to retaliate.'

I fell sick immediately, the marrow dried in my bones, and I withered away to the shadow you see. In vain did I wait for relief; for know, when the bond between life and the soul has been snapped, it longs, with a lover's longing, for the place of rest; and this intense passion turns its years to eternities. To my own torture was I now obliged to carry on the joke, which during my life was a source of pleasure to me. Alas! my mischievous pranks soon drove every human being from the house. At long intervals only some stray pilgrim would pass the night here. I served them all exactly as I have done you, but none of them dared return the compliment, and free me from my slavery. The castle is now freed from my nightly pranks—What a sleep I shall have! Again receive my thanks, young stranger. Were I the guardian of concealed treasures, I would freely yield them all to thee, but I was in my life nothing more than a poor harber. But listen to my prayer, and when you return to your home, get a couple of masses read for my soul's sake."

With these words he disappeared, having fully vindicated by his talkativeness his claim to the title of *ci-devant* barber to the noble master of Castle Rummelsburg. His liberator remained full of wonder at the strange adventure. He tried to persuade himself it was all a dream, but his bald pate was too decisive an argument to be called in question. Having made up his mind on this weighty matter, he crept back to bed, and, fatigued by his terror yet more than by his journey, slept like a top till next mid-day.

The treacherous landlord was stirring with the dawn, that he might not miss his opportunity of laughing in his sleeve at the stranger, under the pretence of condoling with him. By the time mid-day had arrived, he began to feel anxious; the ghost might have strangled the poor youth, or frightened him to death, and Boniface had never dreamt of stretching his revenge so far. He assembled the *posse comitatus* of his household, marched up to the castle, and made straight for the chamber, in the window of which he had observed the stranger's light burning. He found a strange old-fashioned key in the lock, but the door was barred within; this Frank had taken care to do immediately after the ghost's departure. Mine host drummed on the door with a hubbub of feet, hands, head and shoulders, that might have awakened the seven sleepers. Frank's first idea, which crossed him as he rubbed his eyes, was, that the barber had returned. As soon, however, as he heard the landlord's whimpering entreaty, that his guest would condescend to give a sign that he was alive, he collected himself, and opened the door.

The landlord clasped his hands above his head, with an affectation of astonishment. "By the whole regiment of saints! Redmantle" (the spectre was known among the inhabitants by this name) "has been here, and made a bald pate of you. I see now that the old story is no fable. Now, tell me, how did he look? what said he? and what has he done?" Frank, who saw through the speaker, replied: "The ghost resembled a man in a red mantle; what he has done, you see; and what he said, that I remember well. 'Stranger,' said he to me, 'trust no knavish landlord—the rascal down the way knew right well what was awaiting you. Farewell, I am quitting these quarters, for my time is out. I am now to change my character for that of a noiseless mischief-maker; and as for the landlord, I will tease him incessantly, nip his nose, pull his hair, sit on his breast like a night-mare, if he do not, in return for his treatment of you, allow free roof-field, and the run of his larder, until brown ringlets again twine themselves round your temples.'"

The host trembled at these words, made the sign of the cross in double quick time, and swore by the Virgin, to say nothing of a round dozen of saints whom he threw into the bargain, that he would board and feed our adventurer for nothing, so long as he chose to remain. He would have conducted him immediately to the inn, but Frank preferred the baronial apartments. A dare-devil from the town ventured to keep him company over night, and escaped the shaving, which in former days would have been his reward. The owner of the castle, rejoiced to find it once more inhabitable, gave directions that the stranger should be well cared for.

When the grapes began to colour, and the apples to blush, Frank's brown locks were again in a condition to be seen. He packed up his knapsack, and prepared for his departure. When he took leave of the landlord, that worthy led from the stable a stout roadster, duly caparisoned, which the lord of the manor presented to him, out of gratitude that he had driven the devil from his house. The gift was accompanied by a good fat purse, and, by their united aid, our hero in a short time reached his native town in good condition.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

A SET-DOWN FOR CIGAR SMOKERS.—M'Nish, in his Anatomy of Drunkenness, has the following good remark:—"At the present moment smoking is fashionable, and crowds of young men are to be seen at all hours walking the streets with cigars in their mouths, annoying

the passengers. They seem to consider it to be manly to be able to smoke a certain number, without reflecting that there is scarcely an old woman in the country who could not beat them to nought with their own weapons, and that they would gain no sort of honour were they able to outsmoke all the burgomasters of Amsterdam. As the practice, however, seems more resorted to by these young gentlemen, for the sake of effect, and of exhibiting a little of the *haut ton*, than for any thing else, it is likely soon to die a natural death among them, particularly as jockeys and porters have lately taken the field in the same way, being determined that no class of the community shall enjoy the exclusive monopoly of street smoking."

SCOTTISH DUKES.

BUCCLEUCH.

THIS, though a most respectable, has no claim to be considered as an ancient family; nor has it figured much in history. Its first man of the least note was Sir Walter Scott, laird of Branksholm, and some other lands in Roxburghshire, in the middle of the fifteenth century. Previously, their principal estate was Murieston, in Lanarkshire; but Inglis of Branksholm having one day complained of the inroads of the English upon that border property, Scott offered him his Clydesdale estate in exchange, which was instantly agreed to. It is said, that, when the bargain was completed, Sir Walter drily remarked, that the Cumberland cattle were as good as those of Teviotdale, and instantly commenced a system of reprisals upon the English, which we shrewdly suspect to have been more than duly consolatory. Sir Walter Scott of Branksholm was one of the many gentlemen who rose upon the ruins of the Douglasses. He died about 1470, possessed of a great part of those pastoral lands in Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire, which still form the best part of the family property. His descendants, for several generations, were little better than *rovers*. The Sir Walter of Queen Mary's time was a zealous and conspicuous adherent of her interests. The day after the regent Morton was killed, he, and Kerr of Fernyherst, before they could have learned the fact by ordinary means, broke into the English border upon an expedition of reprisal. On being asked how he could venture upon such an outrage, so long as the Earl of Murray was regent, he said, "Tush, the regent is as cold as my bride-bit." It thus appears, that, like the Hamiltons and other partisans of Mary, he must have been privy to the design of assassinating Murray. His wife, who was reputed a witch, is the heroine of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Their son, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, performed the singularly perilous exploit of liberating a predatory dependent, of the name of Kinmont Willie, from Carlisle Castle, during the night. Being afterwards sent, by James VI., to make his peace with Queen Elizabeth, and asked by that princess how he could dare to do such an action, he answered, over his shoulder, drawing himself up haughtily, "Dare! what is there, madam, that a man may not dare?" The queen, who delighted in the exhibition of manly character, was much pleased with the reply. "With ten thousand such men," she said to a lord in waiting, "our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." This bold baron was very active in quieting the borders after the union of the crowns. He draughted off a regiment of desperate outlaws, and carried them over to fight in the wars of Holland. For his services in this way, he received the first peerage of the family—that of Lord Scott of Buccleuch—in 1606. The locality of the title is a small recess in one of the minor vales of Selkirkshire, in which, according to tradition, the *vir primus* of family, a mere peasant, first won distinction by helping the king to kill a buck. Walter, the son of the first lord, became Earl of Buccleuch, in 1619, by the favour of James VI. Francis, the second earl, who added Dalkeith to the family property, was a zealous royalist, and, on that account, fined by Cromwell in no less than £15,000. At his death, in 1651, he left two daughters, Mary and Anne. The former, being one of the greatest matches in the country, instantly became the object of deep matrimonial intrigues. At the early age of eleven, she was united to Walter Scott, the son of a small border laird, and who afterwards became conspicuous, as Earl of Tarras, in the affair of Russell and Sydney. The event caused what would now be called a *great sensation*. The young countess, however, died in 1661, without issue, and the peerage descended to her sister Anne, who, at twelve years of age, was married (1663) to the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., who was then fourteen. Monmouth, on the day of his marriage, was created Duke of Buccleuch. Duchess Anne had six children by her husband. The affecting scene between her and the unhappy Monmouth, previous to his execution, is well known. It is said that James II., while he rigorously condemned his nephew to the scaffold, entertained, nevertheless, a strong degree of favour for the duchess, who, being very plain, has almost been suspected of a rather scandalous intimacy with that monarch. [James, it is well known, was said, by his brother, to select his mistresses for penance.] His majesty certainly restored all her estates. The widow of Monmouth died so lately as 1732. She had married a second husband; but, nevertheless, continued, to the day of her death, to keep up the state of a princess of the blood, being attended with

pages, served on the knee, and covered with a canopy in her room, where no one was allowed to sit in her presence. The late Duke Henry, grandfather to the present duke, was only second in succession from Duchess Anne. The family has not, during the last century, been in the least degree distinguished historically. It bears, however, a long descended character of true goodness and beneficence, which endears it to the bosoms of the common people. On the death of the Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, that title devolved upon the family of Buccleuch, through an ancestress, and both titles are now enjoyed by one person.

COMPULSIVE HOSPITALITY.—Mr Logan, in his work called "the Scottish Gael," treating of Highland hospitality, tells us of a chief who used to lie in watch at his house for travellers, with the purpose of entertaining them, and who, on finding any one unwilling to come in and be refreshed, used to say, that the fellow "must be a scrub at home himself!" As a still more striking exemplification of this extreme species of kindness, we mention that the lairds of Newtyle, in Forfarshire, used to keep cannon pointed to the road near by their old castle, so as to *compel* the wayfarers to come in and be regaled. It is also worth telling, that the lairds of Hangingshaw, in Selkirkshire, kept a large goblet, known far and wide as "the Hangingshaw Ladle," which they administered full of reaming ale to every person, of whatever degree, whether willing or unwilling, who entered the house. A circumstance still more in point is related regarding a former proprietor of Crichton Castle, in Edinburghshire. A stout baron with a goodly retinue having presumed to pass this person's gates without the usual homage of stopping to take refreshment, the Laird of Crichton mounted horse, with all his merry men, and, overtaking the recreant traveller, brought him back, and threw him, with all his attendants, into the massy mure of the castle. Afterwards, taking fear to himself for the result of such a strange exploit, he liberated the baron, and, planting him at table, endeavoured to restore him to good humour, by formally waiting upon him at meat.

A MARVELOUS STORY.—I was bred up in a dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dealt so much in the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me. The horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others, and the well-known saying of 'Divide and conquer' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged with mutual fury—I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result—in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare, but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English. This hope, however, I was forced to give up; for, on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees; I redoubled my speed; I prayed to heaven; I felt assured my prayer would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round—Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first grew impatient past his endurance; he called out, 'Well, sir, and you killed him also?' "No, sir—he killed me."—*Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Old School.*

SUPPLY OF WATER IN LONDON.—When men gather together in large bodies, and inhabit towns or cities, a plentiful supply of water is the first thing to which they direct their attention. If towns are built in situations where pure water cannot be readily obtained, the inhabitants, and especially the poorer sort, suffer even more misery than results from the want of bread or clothes. In some cities of Spain, for instance, where the people understand very little about machinery, water, at particular periods of the year, is as dear as wine; and the labouring classes are consequently in a most miserable condition. In London, on the contrary, water is so plentiful, that twenty-nine millions of gallons are daily supplied to the inhabitants; which quantity, distributed to about one hundred and twenty-five thousand houses and other buildings, is at the rate of above two hundred gallons every day to each house. To many of the houses this water is, by the aid of machinery, not only delivered to the kitchens and wash-houses on the ground floors, where it is most wanted, but is sent up to the very tops of the houses, to save even the comparatively little labour of fetching it from the bottom. All this is done at an average cost to each house of about twopence a-day; which is a less price than the labour of an able-bodied man would be worth to fetch a single bucket from a spring half a mile from his own dwelling. And how did the inhabitants of London set about getting this great supply of water, and, by so doing, render this vast place one of the most healthful cities in the world? As long ago as the year 1236, when a great want of water was felt in London, the little springs being blocked up and covered over by buildings, the ruling men of the city caused water to be brought from Tyburn, which was then a distant village, by means of pipes; and they laid a tax upon particular

branches of trade to pay the expense of this great blessing to all. In succeeding times more pipes and conduits, that is, more machinery, was established for the same good purpose; and two centuries afterwards, King Henry VI. gave his aid to the same sort of works, in granting particular advantages in obtaining lead for making the pipes. As this great town more and more increased, more water-works were found necessary; till, at last, in the reign of James I., which was nearly two hundred years after that of Henry VI., a most ingenious and enterprising man, and a great benefactor to his country, Hugh Myddelton, undertook to bring a river of pure water above thirty-eight miles out of its natural course for the supply of London. He persevered in this immense undertaking, in spite of every difficulty, till he at last accomplished that great good which he had proposed, of bringing wholesome water to every man's door. At the present time, the New River, which was the work of Hugh Myddelton, supplies thirteen millions of gallons of water every day; and though the original projector was ruined by the undertaking, in consequence of the difficulty which he had in procuring proper support, such is now the general advantage of the benefit which he procured for his fellow citizens, and so desirous are the people to possess that advantage, that a share in the New River Company, which was at first sold at one hundred pounds, is now worth fifteen thousand pounds.—*Results of Machinery.*

ERTHERS.—The meaning of the word *Wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptance bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakespeare's time. The word *Wench*, formerly, was not used in that low and vulgar acceptance it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *Dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of "Paul the servant," we read "Paul the knave of Jesus Christ." On the other hand, the word *Companion*, instead of being the honourable synonyme of Associate, occurs in the play of *Othello*, with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "Fellow;" for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims—

O Heaven! that such *Companions* thou'dst unfold
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal through the world!

WEAVING.—The vestments of the early inhabitants of the world discovered neither art nor industry. They made use of such as nature presented and needed the least preparation. Some nations covered themselves with the bark of trees, others with leaves, or bulrushes, rudely interwoven. The skins of animals were also universally used as garments, worn without preparation, and in the same state as they came from the bodies of the animals.* In process of time recourse was had to the wool of animals,† and this led to the further discovery of the art of uniting the separate parts into one continued thread, by means of the spindle; and this would consequently lead to the next step, the invention of weaving, which, according to Democritus, who flourished 400 years before Christ, arose from the art of the spider, who guides and manages the threads by the weight of her own body. That the invention of weaving was long prior to the time of Democritus, appears from the sacred writings.‡ This is evident also, from the answer which Abraham gave to the king of Sodom:—"I will not," said he, "take from a thread of the woof, even to a shoe-latchet, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich."

Investress of the woof, fair Lina flings
The flying shuttle through the dancing strings,
Inlays the broider'd welt with flowery dyes,
Quick beat the reeds, the pedals fall and rise;
Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
And dance and nod the massy weights behind.

Chronology informs us, linen was first made in England, 1233. "Now began the luxurious to wear linen, but the generality woollen shirts." Table linen was very scarce in England, in 1386. A company of linen weavers, however, came over from the Netherlands in that year, after which it became more abundant.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

HUMPHRY DAVY was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th of December 1778. From his earliest years he evinced the possession of uncommon endowments. He was passionately enamoured of the muses; and at twelve years of age had actually completed an epic poem. Several of his poetical productions, which are still extant, and bear a later date, display rare fancy and surprising maturity of intellect. It is not at all to be wondered at, that the discoverer of the Safety Lamp should have been a poet in his youth. His splendid achievements in science were not more the result of a penetrating intellect, than a discursive imagination. It is pleasing to know, that in after years his first love was not forgotten, but that at intervals, when his mind relaxed from abstruse research, fancy, like the daughter of Ceres, was sometimes permitted to revisit her native bowers.

In 1795, Davy was articled to a surgeon and apothecary in Penzance. One of his first experiments, as far as can now be ascertained, was for the purpose of discovering the quality of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed. His instruments were supplied by his own ingenuity. In the contrivance of apparatus and invention of expedients, he thus early evinced great proficiency; and in after years, it is allowed by the scientific world, that in this respect, as well as in

others, he stood altogether unrivalled. The most fortunate occurrence of his novitiate was his introduction to Mr Davies Giddy (afterwards Mr Gilbert), late president of the Royal Society. This worthy individual early appreciated the genius of Davy; and besides many other services which, at this period of the young philosopher's career, were of great importance to him, he procured his admission into the Pneumatic Institution of Bristol, as an assistant to Dr Beddoes, in the experiments of the laboratory.

In October 1798, Davy quitted Penzance for Bristol, having then scarcely attained his twentieth year. It was during his connection with Dr Beddoes that Davy pursued a series of the most hazardous experiments on record—those upon nitrous oxide.* He inhaled this gas literally at the risk of filling his lungs with aqua fortis. It was discovered that it acted in the first instance as a stimulus, giving rise to highly pleasurable sensations analogous to those experienced in the first stage of intoxication. Muscular power was increased, and an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. Amongst those who were favoured with a draught of this "empyrean air," were the poets Southey and Coleridge, who have both described their sensations in glowing terms. An almost invariable effect of inspiring this gas, is a propensity to loud laughter. Mr Tobin, the brother of the dramatist, after inhaling it, started from his chair, struck, in good humour however, at those around him, and then ran wildly through the different apartments of the house. Like the wit of Sir John Falstaff, the laughter of these philosophers is the cause of laughter in others. There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the exhibition of a number of grave and gifted men, with silk bags (in which was contained the inspiring fluid), tied to their mouths, bellowing, stamping, and flying round the apartment, as if "all Bedlam or Parnassus were let out."

Davy, however, pushed his researches to extremity; and in breathing the gas in a concentrated state, aqua fortis was actually formed in his mouth! His attempts to breathe carburetted hydrogen (the gas used in lighting the streets), and also carbonic acid gas, or fixed, were equally daring and terrific. The eclat which followed the publication of these investigations spread the fame of the young philosopher. At this period the Royal Institution had just been formed; and Davy was invited to take the situation of assistant professor of chemistry, and director of the laboratory. He accepted that offer; and on the 11th of March 1801, entered upon the scene of his future glory and triumph.

Only a few weeks had elapsed in this new sphere of exertion, when he was appointed by the managers lecturer in chemistry, instead of assistant. His first lecture was delivered in 1802, and from this period we may date the commencement of his splendid career. He at once succeeded in making a strong impression upon the public mind, and by a series of brilliant and unrivalled discoveries he was enabled to maintain it to the hour of his death. His discourses were admirably adapted to fascinate his audience, which was composed, not of philosophers alone, but the gay and fashionable of the city, a considerable proportion of whom were ladies in the highest walks of life. His experience, particularly with the voltaic battery, an instrument with which he was destined to work such miracles, rivetted universal attention; philosophers admired and applauded, and the softer sex were involved in the most agreeable terrors. His style was highly florid. It largely partook of that poetical inspiration, which, as has been already stated, he so early evinced the possession of. Coleridge the poet was a constant attendant on the lectures, and has himself declared it was to increase the stock of his metaphors. The goddess of science was divested of all austerity of aspect, and arrayed in the smiles and fascinating attire of the graces. So great was Davy's popularity, that duchesses vied in doing homage to the young scientific Hercules; compliments, invitations, and presents, were showered upon him from all quarters, and no entertainment was considered complete without the presence of the chemical lecturer. All this adulation had its usual effect upon the mind of Davy: his devoted love of science remained unabated to the day of his death; but that simplicity of manners, which he brought with him from the country, and which so endeared him to his friends, was lost to himself and them for ever.

In 1803 he commenced a series of lectures on agriculture, which were continued for several years. These were afterwards published in a collected form, and they are considered as forming the most philosophical and valuable work upon the subject which has ever appeared. In the same year he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. From this period until 1807, he continued to increase in popularity, making at intervals discoveries which would entitle humbler investigators to an honourable place in the annals of science, but need scarcely be noticed in a life of Davy. His leisure months were spent in the country, sometimes encircled by his relations in the bosom of his native hills, at other times at the seats of noblemen and others; for all ranks delighted to honour him; but wherever he went, angling was his amusement. Of this humble recreation he was as passionately attached as Isaac Walton himself; and frequently in

* To those unacquainted with chemistry, it is necessary to explain, that nitrous oxide is a gas, which, when breathed by animals, destroys life in a short time, and that it is nearly the same as aqua fortis.

company he would, with more satisfaction, boast of his triumph over a large salmon, than of having discovered the safety lamp.

We have now arrived at that period of his brilliant career when he effected those sublime discoveries which have crowned his name with a "peculiar diadem," and associated it with the great master-spirits of every age and country. We allude to his development of the *Laws of Voltaic Electricity*. At the time when Davy delivered his celebrated Bakerian lecture, the subject was involved in great confusion. The most contradictory theories had been repeatedly proposed, and as often abandoned, both in England and on the Continent. The phenomena exhibited by the operation of galvanic agency were certainly most perplexing; and hence the greater honour is due to the powerful genius who called from the chaos of isolated facts a system of beauty and order. But in a limited biography like the present, it is impossible to give a detail of the exact situation in which affairs stood at this eventful period. It is sufficient to say, that Davy brought this department of science to a state of almost absolute perfection. Nay, he may be said to have created, in the same way as Newton is allowed to have explained, the true theory of the universe. Previous philosophers had cleared the way for both—had even obtained a glimpse of the promised land; but it was not their destiny to reach it. Davy opened up a new path for the enterprise of philosophers—a new method of philosophising. He had extorted from reluctant nature the magic word—the sesame—at the mention of which her long-cherished secrets were to be revealed; and the illustrious chemist himself was the first to profit by it, and enrich science with the discovery of new treasures.

Great as was the effect produced in England by this astounding lecture, it was not equal to the impression which it made upon the savans in Paris. Some idea of this may be formed from the circumstance, that it was crowned by the Institute of France with the prize of the First Consul, and that at a time when the nations mutually entertained the bitterest hostility towards each other, and were at open war. The prize here awarded was one founded by Napoleon, when First Consul, for important discoveries in electricity and galvanism.

Having discovered the general principle of voltaic electricity, he proceeded in his investigation of phenomena; and the result was the brilliant and startling discovery that the fixed alkalies have metallic bases. It is well known, that, amongst other substances, potash and soda are in chemical language called alkalies. The former of these substances was submitted to the agency of a galvanic battery, and, by a variety of ingenious expedients, he succeeded in decomposing it, and obtaining as one of its constituents small globules of metal resembling quicksilver. Some of these no sooner appeared than they burned with an explosion of bright flame. The difficulty of collecting this new and singular metal was great, from the strong attraction it has for oxygen, one of the gases of which air and water are composed; but, after various trials, he ultimately accomplished his object. Its external character is that of a white metal, instantly tarnishing by exposure to air. It received from its discoverer the appropriate name of *potassium*. When thrown upon water, it decomposes that fluid, combining with its oxygen, and an explosion is produced, accompanied with a vehement flame. If ice be substituted for water, potassium burns with a bright rose-coloured flame, and a deep hole is made in the ice, which is found to contain a solution of potash. The latter substance, then, is a metallic oxide. Soda, and other alkalies, underwent the same rigorous investigation, and with a similar result. Thus, then, the genius of Davy had accomplished what had long baffled the ingenuity of all the philosophers in Europe. The alkalies had been tortured in every possible manner, but in vain. The English philosopher, like his illustrious countryman Newton, called in new powers and new resources to his aid when the old failed, and Nature, thus cross-examined, at once revealed the truth.

It may easily be conceived with what astonishment and delight these extraordinary discoveries were received. The laboratory of the Institution was continually crowded with persons of every rank. All parties contended for the honour of his company at dinner, and the voice of the siren he had not philosophy enough to resist. On his return in the evening, his labours were resumed, and continued till three o'clock in the morning. The consequence of such application was a severe fever, which nearly proved fatal. Fortunately for the world, he at last recovered, and set off with renovated vigour, in his career of discovery. His attention was next directed to the earths, and while in the midst of his investigations, he received a communication from the chemist Berzelius, of Stockholm, informing him of a method of decomposing them. He repeated the experiments with complete success, and embodied them in a Bakerian lecture.

Let us pause a moment, and contemplate the value of such discoveries as the decomposition of the alkalies and earths. They have changed the history of the science, and opened up to our admiration new and important views of the secret workings of Nature. From a more lofty elevation the philosopher can now embrace in his glance a wider horizon, diversified with new and wonderful phenomena. It is

* Lucræti, lib. vi. 1011.

† Genesis, xxxi. 19, and xxxviii. 12, 14.

‡ Ibid. xiv. 23.

probable that they may ultimately lead to a new theory of geology. A flood of light has been reflected upon that science, inasmuch as it has been shown that agents hitherto unknown may have operated in the formation of the rocks and earths. That the phenomena of volcanoes, lavas, and subterranean heat, have also been placed in a clearer point of view, it is only necessary to introduce an account of an artificial volcano constructed by Davy. "A mountain," says an eye-witness, "had been modelled in clay, and a quantity of the metallic bases introduced into its interior: on water being poured upon it, the metals were soon thrown into violent action—successive explosions followed—red-hot lava was seen flowing down its sides from a crater in miniature—mimic lightnings played around—and, in the instant of dramatic illusion, the tumultuous applause and continued cheering of the audience might almost have been regarded as the shouts of the alarmed fugitives of Herculaneum or Pompeii."

Various other investigations engaged his attention, the principal of which was regarding the nature of chlorine, and this he determined was a simple gas, by a variety of admirable experiments. In the years 1810 and 1811, he was invited to Dublin to deliver lectures on chemistry, and other scientific subjects. In 1812 he published his *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*, the most valuable record of discovery which has ever appeared since the *Principia* of Newton. The same year he married Mrs Apreece, who brought him a large fortune. A day or two previous to this event he was knighted, the first who received the honour from the Prince Regent.

We must pass over his visit to the Continent, and other matters of comparatively trifling moment, and hasten to give an account of the safety lamp—one of the most important benefits that ever science bequeathed to humanity.

A few months after Sir Humphry Davy's return to England, his attention was called to the subject of those terrible explosions of inflammable air, or fire-damp, in coal mines, which were then of frequent occurrence. He accordingly, with great alacrity, commenced an investigation into the nature of this gas, and in an incredibly short space of time he had invented no less than four different kinds of lamps, all of which might be used with impunity in the foulest atmosphere. To explain the subject simply, it may be stated, that in the course of his researches upon the subject, he made the following discovery—that if a lamp or candle is surrounded with wire gauze, or metallic plates, perforated with numerous small holes, though the gas or fire-damp may explode within, it will not inflame the surrounding atmosphere without. Upon this principle, accordingly, the safety lamp was formed; and it is needless to say, that it has completely answered the purposes for which it was invented. Sir Humphry also discovered, that if a coil of platinum wire be suspended over the wick of the lamp, although the latter should be extinguished, the former will glow with a light sufficiently strong to guide the miner through the darkness of his perilous employment, and that when he reaches a purer atmosphere, the heat will be sometimes sufficient to rekindle his lamp! He was led by these researches into some important results regarding the nature of flame; but they are of too abstruse a character to be here introduced.

In the year 1818, Sir Humphry took his departure for Naples, in order to examine the papyri of Herculaneum, and, if possible, discover some method of separating the leaves from each other. His efforts, however, failed, not from want of zeal or ingenuity on his part, but from the state in which the manuscripts were found. He returned to England, and was elected president of the Royal Society. On the 30th November 1820, he took his seat in the chair of Newton.

It will be impossible to enumerate all the objects of inquiry which attracted the attention of this indefatigable philosopher during the remainder of his life. The most important was that regarding the corrosive action of sea-water upon copper. He commenced his investigations in 1823, and prosecuted them for a considerable period. The truth of his beautiful theory was established; but, strange to say, the remedy failed. There can be little doubt, however, that, had his health continued, he would ultimately have succeeded. But disease began to set its seal upon his frame, and distract his attention from grave studies. He had recourse to his favourite piscatory pursuits, and published a work upon the subject, entitled, "*Salmonia*," one of the most agreeable books ever written, combining profound philosophical reflection with beautiful description and interesting anecdote.

In 1828, he took his departure for the Continent, in hopes that a milder climate would have some favourable effect upon him; but health was petitioned in vain—he was destined never to return. The lamp of genius, however, burned bright to the last, as his "*Consolations in Travel, or Last Days of a Philosopher*," amply evince. This is an extraordinary production, notwithstanding a certain wild extravagance of fancy. It has been truly said by a great poet, that, had not Davy been the first philosopher, he would have been the first poet of his day. He continued for some time at Rome, and afterwards proceeded to Geneva, where he expired, on the 29th of May 1829. He died without issue.

The benefits which science and mankind at large have derived from the labours of Davy, it is impossible to calculate, or to speak of in the cold language of

philosophy. He is not only the greatest chemist that ever appeared in the world, but, in importance and practical utility, as well as in splendour, his discoveries probably surpass those of all preceding investigators in this branch of science. In proof of this, we need do no more than simply allude to his researches with regard to voltaic electricity and the safety lamp. In investigating both these subjects, he not only displays an ingenuity and tact which appears able to meet every exigency, but a sagacity which seems infallible—an instinct for truth which cannot err. To all who are in the pursuit of science, his works should form a *vade mecum*, not only for the discoveries they contain, but for learning the true method of interpreting Nature.

THE SCENERY OF THE OHIO.

THE heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière* (the beautiful river). The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Every thing is here on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains; no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilise that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a beautiful woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and, avoiding those acute angles which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which Nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasantly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation. The poet, in sketching these solitudes, might, by throwing his scene a few years back, add the light canoe, and war-song of the Indian; but the peaceful traveller rejoices in the absence of that which would bring danger, as well as variety, within his reach.—*Hall's Letters from the West.*

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.—With respect again to the modes of enforcing discipline in our standing armies, we would willingly draw a veil over them, which no hand should be permitted to raise till it could be lifted on the system recently introduced. There is no gratification in describing such punishments as picketing, riding the wooden horse, flogging till the wretched criminal almost died under the lash, or any other of the barbarous inflictions which our English soldiers owed to the tyranny of their German masters. Far more satisfactory is it to learn that the wisdom and good feeling of later times have laboured to infuse among soldiers a sense of honour, which renders 100 lashes more painful to the prisoner than 1000 were to his precursor in crime.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

MOURNING.—Mourning among the ancients was expressed by very different signs, as by tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside crowns and other ensigns of honour. Thus Plutarch, in his life of Cato, relates, that, from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, he neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. A public grief was sometimes testified by a general fast. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained, by law, for women who had lost their husbands. In public mourning, the shops of Rome were shut up; the senators laid aside their laticlavian robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments.—The colours of the dress, or habit, worn to signify grief, are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple.

—Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning: black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent, that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple, or violet, is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope.—The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings, is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet.

THE AYRSHIRE SCULPTOR.

It is universally agreed upon among men of taste that sculpture is only calculated for the representation of some precise object or objects, which, in themselves (that is, without any accompanying objects), produce an effect upon the mind of the spectator. It is also asserted that no object is worthy of being thus copied in its external form, unless it be of a highly sentimental character, either in point of beauty, or heroic manliness, or some other, and perhaps severer, grace. Dr Adam Smith discusses this subject in his "*Theory of Moral Sentiments*," and instances, by way of illustration, that a kitchen-dresser, covered with dead game and fish and flesh, though it might make a capital picture, is an unfit subject for sculpture.

This theory is perhaps not to be controverted, but yet it is liable to some occasional exceptions. In the year 1828, a stone-mason in Ayrshire, without any education in the art of sculpture, produced two figures of a homely character, which, though thus totally different from the usual subjects of the art, were very generally admired. His figures, which were of the size of life, represented two characters in Burns's poems—*Tam o' Shanter* and *Souter Johnnie*; and they have since been exhibited with applause, not only in Scotland, where they were apt to be most appreciated, but in every quarter of the United Kingdom. As some notice of this untaught artist and his works may be useful in encouraging the efforts of native and untutored genius in other minds, we reprint the following article from a late periodical work, by permission of its author—a gentleman who has made sculpture and painting his particular study for many years.

James Thom, the sculptor of these wonderful figures, is a native of Ayrshire, and of respectable parentage, near Tarbolton. Although, like those of his countryman and inspirer, his relatives were all engaged in agricultural pursuits (his brothers, we understand, possess large farms), the young man himself preferred the occupation of a mason, and was accordingly apprenticed to a craftsman in Kilmarnock. This profession was probably selected as offering the nearest approach to the undefined workings and predilections of his own inexperienced mind, since he was not, as in the instance of several sculptors of eminence, thrown first into the trade of a stone-mason by the force of circumstances. This would appear from his showing little attachment to the drudgery of the art: accordingly, his first master is understood to have pronounced him rather a dull apprentice. From the beginning, he seems to have looked forward to the ornamental part of his calling; and in a country town where there was little or no opportunity of employment in that line, to those more immediately concerned he might appear not so useful as a less aspiring workman. The evidences of young Thom's diligence and talent at this time, however, still remain in numerous specimens of carving in stone, which he himself considers, we are told, as superior to any thing he has yet done. The seeming errors which even the greatest men have made in the estimate of their own powers, have been commented upon as proverbial truisms. The causes of these apparent miscalculations have, however, not been taken into account. The artist or the author alone fully knows the difficulties encountered in the execution of any design—the triumphs he achieved over his own mind and means—the obstacles, both external and intellectual, which he had to remove.

His term of apprenticeship being expired, Mr Thom repaired to Glasgow in pursuit of better employment. Here his merits were immediately perceived, and so well rewarded, that his wages were considerably higher than the ordinary rate.

In his present profession, Mr Thom's career may be dated from the commencement of the winter of 1827. Being employed at this time in the immediate neighbourhood, he applied to Mr Auld of Ayr, who afterwards proved his steady and judicious friend, for permission to take a sketch from a portrait of Burns, with the intention of executing a bust of the poet. This is a good copy of the original picture by Mr Nasmyth, and is suspended in the very elegant and classical monument, from a design by Mr Hamilton, erected to the memory of the bard on the banks of the Doon, near "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." The permission was kindly granted; doubts, however, being at the same time expressed, how far the attempt was likely to prove successful, Mr Thom not being then known in Ayr. These doubts seemed to be confirmed, on the latter returning with a very imperfect sketch, taken by placing transparent paper on the picture. These occurrences happened on the Wednesday, consequently nothing could be done till Thursday, when materials were to be procured, and other

arrangements made, before the work was absolutely begun. The surprise then may be conceived, on the artist returning on the Monday following with the finished bust. In this work, though somewhat defective as a likeness, the execution, the mechanical details, and the general effect, were wonderful, especially when viewed in connection with the shortness of the time, and the disadvantage of being finished almost from memory—the very imperfect outline already mentioned being the only external guide. It was this general excellence that encouraged the proposal of a full-length figure—a proposal to which the artist gave his ready assent, stating that he had wished to undertake something of the kind, but did not consider it prudent, without any prospect of remuneration, to hazard the expense both of the block of stone and the loss of time. On this, Mr Auld offered to procure any stone from the neighbouring quarries which the artist might judge fit for his purpose. Several days elapsed in this search; in the meantime, the matter was rather laughed at than encouraged; and some apprehensions of failure and exposure to consequent comments being expressed, "Perhaps," said the artist, endeavouring to re-assure his friends, "I had just better try my hand at a head, as a specimen o' Tam." This being agreed to, he returned to Crosby churchyard, where he was then employed upon a gravestone. The day following happened to be one of continued rain; and finding that the water filled up his lines—probably, too, thinking more on "Glorious Tam" than on the *memento mori* he was attempting to engrave—our artist resolved to take time by the forelock, and to set about the "specimen head" directly. Accordingly, pulling from the ruins of the church of Crosby a rabat of the doorway, as a proper material for his purpose, he set himself down among the long rank grass covering the graves, and in that situation actually finished the head before rising. Nay, more, although the day has been described to us "as a downright pour," so total was his absorption in the work—so complete his insensibility to every thing else, that he declares himself to have been unconscious of the "rattling showers," from the moment he commenced. Such is the power of genuine and natural enthusiasm in a favourite pursuit. This head, which contained, perhaps, more expression than even that of the present figure, decided the matter. Next day, the block requisite for a full-length of Tam o' Shanter was brought into Ayr, a load for four stout horses, and placed in a proper workshop, within Cromwell's fort.

It may be interesting to mention a few particulars of the manner in which these figures have been composed and finished. "Tam" was selected by the artist as a subject for his chisel. The figure is understood to bear a strong traditional resemblance to the well-known Douglas Graham, some forty years ago a renowned specimen of a Carrick farmer, and who, residing at Shanter, furnished to Burns the prototype of his hero.

—Souter Johnnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthie cronie,

is said to be a striking likeness of a living wight—a cobbler near Maybole; not that this individual sat for his portraiture, but that the artist appears to have wrought from the reminiscences of two interviews with which he was favoured, after twice travelling "some lang Scots miles," in order to persuade the said "souter" to transfer his body, by means of his pair of soles, from his own to the artist's studio. The bribe of two guineas a-week, exclusive of "half-mutchkins withouten score," proved, however, unavailing, and the cobbler remained firm to the last. By this refusal, "the birkie" has only become poorer by the said couple of guineas, and certain "half-mutchkins drouthier," for so true has the eye of the sculptor proved, that every one is said instantly to recognise the cobbler's phiz and person. A strange perverseness, indeed, or fatality, or what you will, seems to have seized upon all the favoured few selected as fitting archetypes for these admirable figures. For Tam's "nether man" occasioning some anxiety in the perfecting of its sturdy symmetry, a carter was laid hold of, and the *gamashins* being pulled on for half an hour, Tam's right leg was finished in rivalry of the said carter's supporter. It appears to have been agreed upon that he should return at a fitting opportunity, having thus left Tam "hippling;" but, in the interval, the story of the sitting unfortunately taking air, and the soubriquet of "Tam o' Shanter" threatening to attach to the lawful and Christian appellations of the man of carts, no inducement could again bring him within the unhallowed precincts of our sculptor's workshop. In like manner, though at a somewhat later period, while the artist was engaged upon the figure of the landlady, no persuasion could prevail upon one of the many "bonny lasses" who have given such celebrity to Ayr, to exhibit even the "fitting of their pearlins" to Mr Thom's gaze. One sony damsel, on being hard pressed to grant a sitting, replied, "Na, na, I dinna want to be nicknamed 'landlady'; and as for gudewife, twa speerings maun gang to that name."

It will doubtless excite the admiration of every one in the slightest degree conversant with the arts, that these figures, so full of life, ease, and character, were thus actually executed without model, or drawing, or palpable archetype whatsoever. The artist, indeed, knows nothing of modelling; and so little of drawing, that we question if he would not find difficulty in making even a tolerable sketch of his own work. The

chisel is his modelling-tool—his pencil—the only instrument of his art, in short, with which he is acquainted, but which he handles in a manner, we may say, almost unprecedented in the history of sculpture. This, however, is yet the minor part; for we think, nay, are sure, we discover in this dexterity of hand, in this unerring precision of eye, in this strong though still untutored conception of form and character, the native elements of the highest art. These primordial attributes of genius, by proper culture, may do honour to the country and to their possessor. At all events, instruction will refine and improve attempts in the present walk of art, even should study be unable to elevate attainment to a higher. Now, however, it would be not only premature, but unjust, to criticise these statues as regular labours of sculpture. They are to be regarded as wonderful, nay, almost miraculous, efforts of native, unaided, unlearned talent—as an approach to truth almost in spite of nature and of science; but they do not hold with respect to legitimate sculpture—the high-souled, the noblest, the severest of all arts—the same rank as, in painting, the works of the Dutch masters do as compared with the lofty spirits of the Romans; precisely for this reason, that while similar subjects are not only fit, but often felicitous, subjects for the pencil, they are altogether improper objects of sculptural representation.

[During nearly four years which have elapsed since these remarks were written, Mr Thom has diligently applied himself to drawing, modelling, and other requisites of his art, having settled in Ayr as a professional stonecutter. Here his studio is the resort of all intelligent strangers who visit this ancient and beautiful burgh; while his modest manners and moral worth have conciliated the respect of every one. The works executed during this period consist of numerous sculptures, from a "head-stane" upwards; but his fame rests chiefly upon the group of "Tam" and his associates. The character of the landlady is well sustained, as the buxom bustling head of a well-frequented "changehouse." Her lord and master, on the other hand, is represented as one who has little to say in his own house, and better qualified to drink, than to earn his pint. The former seems by no means disinclined to reciprocate glances with Tam; while the latter is so convulsed with laughter at the souter's stories, as to be hardly capable of maintaining the equipoise of the foaming tankard in his hand. Neither, however, is equal in graphic truth and humour to their two companions. A more gigantic, but by no means so happy a work, is the statue of the Scottish Patriot, lately placed in a niche of the New Tower, just erected in Ayr, on the site of the ancient "Wallace Tower" of Burns. In fact, we regard this figure as nearly a failure. It possesses neither the truth of nature, nor the dignity of ideal representation. Omitting others of less moment, we shall pass to the most perfect of all Mr Thom's works—the figure of "Old Mortality." This, though only a model, and not yet, we believe, even commissioned in stone, offers by far the most striking evidence of genius in its author. The costume, attitude, and expression of the old man, as he is represented sitting upon a gravestone, which he has been occupied in cleaning, are most admirable; and perhaps no artist ever more completely realised the exquisite conception of the original mind. The history of this composition supplies a striking instance of the power of genius over spirits of a congenial stamp, and of the singular coincidences which sometimes take place in its manner of conceiving the same sentiment. During a voyage to London, in a Leith steam-packet, Mr Thom one day found in the cabin Sir Walter's delightful tale of Old Mortality, which he had never read. Taking it up, he quickly became entirely engrossed in the narrative. The description of the old man, to whom posterity is indebted for many a record, else lost, of our single-minded sufferers for conscience sake, so fixed itself upon the artist's imagination, that he instantly conceived the idea of representing him in sculpture. By way of concentrating his thoughts, he sketched a figure in the imagined attitude, on one of the boards of the book he had been reading. Pleased with the design, he transferred it to his pocket-book. A few days after his arrival in London, he was introduced to our celebrated countryman, Wilkie, who, with his accustomed kindness, showed his portfolios. Mr Thom's surprise may be imagined, when in one of these he found a sketch of Old Mortality, almost identical with his own, executed by Wilkie several years before. The same thought had struck both, and almost in the same manner, and from the same great archetype, whose glorious mind is now for ever closed to all terrestrial conceptions.—Sept. 22, 1832.]

THE DEAF POSTILION.

In the month of January 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was eventually the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty thousand pounds and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his sixpenny woollen nightcap.

Joey did not discontinue driving after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was, invariably, nine miles up the road, or "a long fifteen" down towards Gretna; and he had repeated his two rides so often, that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions. Joey knew, by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked; and he was always prepared with the proper answers. At those parts of the road where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about in his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing towards a gentleman's seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed that they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood, was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made; and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived, by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply, "Nineteen and sixpence," or "two-and-twenty shillings," according as the job had been the "short up" or the "long down." If any more questions were asked, Joey suddenly recollected something that demanded his more immediate attention, begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared, never to return. The natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition: almost every one with whom he came in contact was deterred by his physiognomy from asking him any but necessary questions, and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade these, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle was deaf. So blind is man in some cases, even to his bodily defects, that Joey, judging from his general success in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond "a little hard of hearing."

On the first of June, in the year 1806, about nine o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first-rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the postboys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry; but, unfortunately, the innkeeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the "long down."

"How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the passengers; "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posters, drives me frantic!"

"A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, "one half of which," continued the gentleman, "I would freely give, if I had it, to be at this instant behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed."

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, "that fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour—"

"Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me," replied the gentleman; "I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one:—dash on, postilion!"

Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses—which were of course kept harnessed—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding

milestone; he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes, and gaze anxiously up the road; he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crash, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause, occurred, in the order in which these are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was for a moment or two utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore-wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axletree, &c. &c., with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind-wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped asunder; the whole of the fore-parts were instantly dragged onwards by the horses; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore-springs gave way; the chaise fell forward, and, of course, remained stationary with its contents in the middle of the road; while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacancy before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although still but a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive at a glance that his passengers were runaway lovers—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the "long down," Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their mettle, and they, having nothing but a fore carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn door and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind-wheels, ought to have been for above a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot, under an idea that he must very recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation which commanded above two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found, to his utter dismay, that no traces of the main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the young lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself in despair for three days; and when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and return to his saddle.—*Three Courses and a Dessert.*

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

ALISON PEIRSON—WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY.

AT the period when this trial took place (May 1588), the jury had only the power of deciding upon the facts of the case; it remained with the judge to determine the degree of criminality incurred. Thus, if one man killed another in a fray, the jury could only go the length of finding that he did so; and it was then for the bench to settle whether the guilt was that of murder, slaughter, or homicide. The verdicts, therefore, instead of a simple declaration of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, frequently contain a recapitulation of those particulars in the indictment which the jury held to be established by the evidence. In the case of Alison Peirson, the verdict is the only part of the proceedings recorded at any length, and it offers a pretty full detail of her alleged dealings with the evil powers. It is probably the substance of the poor wretch's confessions, elicited by the usual system of torture.

Happening once to fall sick on the Moor of Grange, Alison lay down alone, when there came a man dressed in green clothes, and said to her, "that if she would be faithful, he wad do her good." Being greatly alarmed, she cried aloud for help; but no one hearing her, she charged him in heaven's name to tell her if he came for the weal of her soul. To this adjuration he made no answer, but went away and left her. He appeared to her afterwards with a large company of men and women, who, with piping and mirth, made excellent cheer, which appears to have produced a favourable impression on Alison's mind; for she was now prevailed on to join the cavalcade, and to accompany them from Fife to Lothian, where the means of mending their cheer was afforded, by the appearance of puncheons of wine with the necessary "tasses" or drinking cups. Their joviality seems not to have been bounded by discretion, but to have ended in a brawl, in which Alison got a blow from one of the party, which "tuke all the poistie of her near syde fra her," that is, deprived her of the power of her left side. The place remained "blae and evil faurrit" (discoloured and unsightly), though there was no pain in the particular spot where the stroke was inflicted.

After this, Alison had various encounters with the fairies, who were exceedingly variable in their conduct

towards her. She was allowed to see them gather herbs before sunrise, which they converted into salves; and by the knowledge thus acquired, she was enabled to effect many cures in the neighbourhood of St Andrews during a course of sixteen years. But, on the other hand, they handled her roughly at times, especially if she disclosed any of her meetings with them. She was sometimes well and sometimes ill; one while with them and another while away; she would go to bed "hail and feir" overnight, and not know whether she might be hurried before the morning. "When we hear the whirlwind blaw in the sea," says she, "they will be commonly with it, or coming soon thereafter." She dreaded their approach, and often shrieked with terror when they came.

What served to reconcile her in some degree to her intercourse with these fickle beings, was her intimacy with one Mr William Simpson, an uncle of her own, "a great scholar and doctor of medicine," who must have received his learning and taken his degrees in Fairyland; for, according to his niece, when he was a child "ane man of Egypt, anegyant," carried him off, and he subsequently rose to be of much esteem and influence in the court of Elifame. His protection was of considerable advantage to Alison, whom he warned when the "good neighbours" intended to surprise her with a visit, instructing her how to behave towards them. He also initiated her into the mysteries of his art, describing every kind of sickness, the herbs proper for the cure of each, and the mode of using them, besides giving her directions for the treatment of particular cases.

It was with the assistance of this familiar that Alison furnished prescriptions to Patrick Adamson, archbishop of St Andrews, whose application to this source for the removal of his ailments was eagerly seized upon as a ground of censure by those to whom he was opposed in matters of church government. By the exertions of this church judicatory, Alison Peirson had been apprehended, examined, and committed prisoner to the castle of St Andrews, from which she escaped; it was alleged, with the connivance of the archbishop; and it was not till four years afterwards that she again fell into the hands of the administrators of the law, and was tried before the court of judicatory. Adamson was a man of sound learning, a poet of no mean pretensions, and so skillful in the management of affairs, as to have been the churchman upon whom King James principally depended for forwarding his views in regard to the establishment of episcopacy in Scotland. It has been made ground of reproach against this prelate that he should have been so weak as to repose confidence in the charmed remedies with which this woman supplied him. But in as far as mere faith in her supernatural powers goes, his credulity was no greater than that of his opponents, who brought her to trial for the supposed exercise of those powers, for which she in the end suffered death. The only difference was, that they stood upon the illegality of such practices, which he overlooked in consideration of the advantage he expected to derive from them. Whether there were any virtue in the incantations employed in the preparation, the medicines were of no watery and weakening consistence, for she caused him to eat a stewed fowl, and used to medicate a quart of claret with certain herbs, which the archbishop drank at two meals, a single draught at each. The use of ewe-milk was also enjoined, but in what manner is not mentioned, and his cheeks, neck, breast, stomach, and sides, were rubbed with an ointment compounded according to the directions of Alison's familiar, Mr William Simpson. In consequence of this treatment, the disease, according to the belief of the time, was removed to a palfrey, which died by way of substitute for the archbishop.

A satire of the period exposed the archbishop's traffickings with the witches; but Alison Peirson was more severely dealt with, having suffered the fate indicated by the words "convicta et combusta." If we include in what is expressed by "convicta," the torments inflicted to produce a confession upon which the witch might be found guilty, they were often still more unendurable than the consequences of conviction—strangling and burning—which in these cases was implied by "combusta." There does not seem to have been any display of the malignant passions on the part of this poor woman. If she herself believed that she possessed supernatural power, she did not try to exert it for the destruction or injury of her kind, but rather with a view to produce good by the cure of diseases. If the confession was wrung from her in the moment of extreme torture, and was merely a declaration made by her in the hope that it would procure a cessation of the cruelty of her prosecutors, still it shows that her temper was mild and inoffensive; for even in the fictions of a morose person, the native severity may be traced in the darker colouring with which it invests the story. The confessions of witches, though they cannot be received as proofs that the transactions they narrate actually happened, may in general be relied upon as evidencing the manner in which the wretched creatures would have employed the assistance of the spiritual world, could they have commanded it.

JOHN SEMPILL OF BELTREIS—TREASON.

The official statement of this gentleman's trial con-

tains a recapitulation of the indictment, which is vague and general in its terms. Without condescending upon any overt act or specific treasonable speeches, it accuses him of devising "to sla, schwt, and cruellie murder" the Regent Morton; of "plainly concerting and conceiving the samin murder and slaughter, most treasonably and deceitfully in his heart and mind, ordaining the same to have been suddenly committed; doing what was in him to have performed the samin, conform to his deliberate intention, treasonably devised and precogitate, as said is." It mentions his having confessed the crime, and concludes with the sentence, "that he should be taken to the market cross of Edinburgh, and there demeaned as ane traitor; and all his lands, tacks, steadings, rowms, possessions, and goods, to be forfeited and escheat to our sovereign lord's use."

On looking to other sources to supply the meagreness of this very unsatisfactory record, we find a disclosure of the most detestable oppression and cruelty on the part of the regent. At the same time we must remark, that the confessions dictated to the accused seem to have been constructed in a very inartificial manner, as if from a consciousness that even an ordinary nicety was needless where the government, eager to convict, would be contented with a few declamatory generalities, which are much more easily thrown together than a well-compacted tissue of particular facts. Sempill had married one of the queen's Maies (Mary Livingstone), on whom her royal mistress had bestowed a small portion of ground. Morton, desirous of reducing this grant (in order, Crawford alleges, that he might appropriate the piece of land which lay contiguous to a part of his estate), brought the business before the Court of Session, contending that the crown lands could not be alienated. Beltreis in vain answered, "that it was a plain deed of gift under the great and privy seals, and therefore could not be recalled." Morton sat in person to browbeat the judges. This exasperated the defendant, and seeing the cause about to be decided against him, he protested with incautious vehemence, "that if he lost the suit, he should lose his life too." Whiteford, younger of Milneton, a near relative of Beltreis, was not more circumspect, and gave vent to his indignation in an expression having a double allusion—to the regent's lowness of stature, and to his tyrannical conduct; "Nero," he said, "was a dwarf to Morton." Both were instantly imprisoned, and it was given out that they had a plot to murder the regent. On examination they denied the fact; but there was a method of subjecting every kind of contumacy not supported by uncommon physical firmness, as well as moral courage. The poor extorted from Beltreis an acquiescence in all that his examiners suggested; but Milneton was not to be so overcome—he endured the torture and confessed nothing. Such, unhappily, was the nature of the *precognitions* in the earlier practice of the Scottish courts. If an acknowledgment of guilt could have been wrung from both these gentlemen, their fate would have been sealed; but the constancy of the one was held to prove the weakness of the other, in a case not strengthened by the smallest vestige of other evidence. Milneton was discharged, and his nephew, though sentenced to be hanged, was ultimately dismissed also. The trial of Beltreis took place on the 15th June 1577.

PINS.—The pin was not known in England till towards the middle or latter end of the reign of Henry VIII.; the ladies until then using ribbands, loops, skewers made of wood, of brass, silver, or gold. At first the pin was so ill made, that in the thirty-fourth year of the king, parliament enacted that none should be sold unless they be "double-headed, and have the headdes soldered faste to the shanke of the pyne," &c. But this interference had such an influence on the manufacture, that the public could obtain no supply until the obnoxious act was repealed. On referring to the statute-book, the act of repeal, which passed in the thirty-seventh year of the same reign, contains the following clauses, which tend to show how cautious the legislature ought to be not to interfere with any manufactory which they do not perfectly understand. The act of repeal having recited the former act, it then goes on to say, "At which tyme the pyners playnly promised to serve the kynges liege people wel and sufficiently, and at a reasonable price. And for as much sens the making of the saide act, there hath ben scarcitie of pynes within this realme, that the kynges liege people have not ben wel nor completely served of such pynes, nor are like to be served, nor the pyners of this realme (as it doeth nowe manifestly appere), be hable to serve the people of this realme according to their said promise. In consideration whereof, it maie please the king, &c. that it maie be adjudged and demed from hensforth frustrated and nihilated, and to be repealed for ever."—*Stat. Henrici, Octavo, xxviii. cap. 13.*

RAPID GROWTH OF FISH.—The rapid growth of some fish is very extraordinary. I saw three pike taken out of a pond in Staffordshire belonging to the present Sir Jervoise Clark Jervoise, two of which weighed 36lb. each, and the other 35lb. The pond was fished every seven years, and, supposing that store pike of 6 or 8 lb. weight were left in it, the growth of the pike in question must have been at the rate of at least 4lb. a year. Salmon, however, grow much faster. It is now ascertained that grise, or young salmon, of from 2½ to 3lb. weight, have been sent to the London markets in the month of May, the spawn from which they came having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, and the ova taking three months of the time to quicken. It has also been ascertained by experiment that a grise which weighed 6lb. in February, after spawning, has, on its return from the sea in September, weighed 13lb.; and a salmon fry of April will in June weigh 4lb. and in August 6lb.—*Gleanings of Natural History.*

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RELATIONS.

OWING to the different merits of the different members of a family, and in some measure, also, to the various chances which are vouchsafed to them of bettering their circumstances, we generally see that though they all begin alike, some go up and some go down in life, so that in the long-run the family, or at least its second generation, is scattered over nearly the whole surface of society—from its top to its bottom. The case may seem startling: but it is our belief that there is hardly any person, be his own situation ever so exalted, who has not relations, and near relations too, in the very lowest walks of life—not only in the condition of servants, perhaps, for that is decent, and in its way respectable, but in the most degraded state to which human nature can well be reduced.

In the same way almost all of us have kinsfolk a little higher in the scale than ourselves, or whom we think so—it is all one. Now, it is quite amazing how accurate our genealogical knowledge becomes respecting one of these individuals, compared with its equally surprising ignorance regarding those who have not been so fortunate. When a cousin or half grand-uncle rises above our level, he rises into a blaze of light, which enables us to trace our connection with him as plainly as we run our eye along the string of a boy's kite. But when a poor nephew or grand-nephew descends into poverty and contempt, he seems like a plummet submersed in the ocean, where, though we may occasionally feel him tugging at the bottom of the line, we are totally unable to trace the line itself. We are always most laudably ready to exchange the civilities of life and the affections of kindred with the cousin who has, in the first place, convinced us of his merit by thatching himself well over with bank notes. It is pleasant to go and dine at a kinsman's house, where we know our entertainment can be furnished without any distress to our worthy host. But really it is a totally different case to intrude upon a scene where our poor friend is doing his best, with the tears in his eyes, to satisfy the cravings of his family with perhaps a very homely meal. Humanity in that case demands that we should rather stay away, for we know he does not like to be seen in his poor state. And then, too, how easily we can put up with the eccentricities of a wealthy relation, even though they may sometimes gall our pride a little; how strangely liable, on the other hand, are we to fall out with the poor unfortunates below us! On the day after having been regaled to the uttermost excess by our wealthy friend, we will quarrel with the poor one for having drunk a single glass of some plebeian fluid. With the former, nothing—with the latter, every thing, is a fault. The imperfections of the poor are yawning and palpable as their own rags—those of the rich as smooth as broad-cloth can make them. The truth is, our senses can tolerate almost any odious or improper thing that is found in a scene above our usual grade in the world. We never know enough of it to be able to measure its real odiousness, or it is disguised by the cordial appliances which we always have ready for the sores of the great. But the vices, nay, the smallest foibles of the lowly, come before our senses so bare, so beggarly, so unannealed, and, moreover, they are so immediately followed by that additional wretchedness which wealthy error escapes, that we have no excuse for them. Hence we generally find that we have shaken off the most of our poor relations on account of some trivial cause of offence, which we find it necessary, however, to be always nursing in our minds, in order to sustain us in the conviction that the breach of treaty—the *casus fœderis*—was sufficient.

There is one very obvious mark in the individual who despises poor relations—a perpetual reference to rich ones. Some people are constantly bringing in allusions to "my cousin Mr. This," and "my uncle Mr. That," and even to more remote relations, such as "my great-grandmother the Countess of Somewhere." A few are so very silly as to tell in their newspaper announcement of their marriage, that their bride, besides being daughter to this or that plain esquire, is "grand-niece to General So-and-Su," or "cousin to Mr. Such-a-Thing, Secretary of State." These announcements are an impertinence fit for the interference of the legislature—or the police. If people have exalted relations, let them enjoy them as much as they can within themselves, but do not let them be perpetually presenting this odious little piece of vanity before

others, who not only are not interested in it, but are perhaps reminded by it that they have no fine relations themselves. To be always thus singling out a relation from all the rest, and holding him up in connection with ourselves, is a direct injury to him, in so far that we are thus trying to exalt ourselves at his expense; an indirect insult to our kindred in general, whom we leave out of view, and a nuisance to all before whom we thus exhibit our own poverty of soul. It is a cultivation of the most odious character, and necessarily suggests to every thinking person, that, in exact proportion to our homage to the great persons of our family, must be our haughtiness and severity to the humble. The people addicted to this vice of conversation are evidently satisfied in their own minds that they are talking very fine, and exciting no feeling in their hearers but admiration and respect; but in reality they are always scouted and ridiculed, even to the degree of being honoured with a nickname, carved, perhaps, out of the favourite phrase.

A really good and philosophical spirit will neither plume himself upon his more fortunate, nor despise his less fortunate, relations. He will modestly rejoice on the success of the former, and take care, by avoiding the appearance of intrusiveness on the one hand, and a pettish and splenetic jealousy on the other, to afford no reason for the fortunate individual to feel incommoded by the connection, and consequently endeavour to shake it off. To those who are less fortunate than himself, he will be as encouraging and kind as circumstances render prudent or decent, neither manifesting that vulgar pride which tries needlessly to make a kind of virtue out of a low origin, nor that still more vulgar and pitiable vanity, which denies all inferior kindred, and seeks, at the expense of true dignity, the éclat of a few "great friends." We allow there is a general difficulty in the case. Friends in different worldly circumstances are like positive and negative clouds in electricity; there is a constant tendency to equalisation, which is not relished by the parties whose purses are charged positively.* But human nature should be always contending with its weaknesses; and though full confiding friendship is not perhaps to be expected, there may still be a sufficient interchange of kindness to lighten, in no small degree, the general burden of life.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE earth—the surface of which is so beautifully diversified by water and dry land, mountains and valleys, extensive forests and tracts of open and bare country—is on all sides surrounded with air, without the presence of which, not even the humblest being in the scale of organisation could support its own existence. The ancients were not unacquainted, at the earliest period, with the vast importance of this agent in the great economy of Nature; and in their rude cosmogonies, or attempts to explain the history of the creation, they argued that it was one of the four elements whence all things originated. Nay, they even attached to it a species of idolatry; for Anaximenes believed it to be the principal Deity, and St. Augustine esteemed it the second parent of all earthly objects. But the age of such idle reveries and blind adorations has now passed away; and happily the human mind has emancipated itself from the monkish superstitions by which it was once encumbered; so that now the door of the Inquisition no longer threatens to close with all its horrors on the humble votary of science. The light that surrounds us—the air we breathe—the dust on which we tread—every object, animate or inanimate, that can be approached by the hand of man, has been carefully, and with impunity, investigated; nor need any person in quest of knowledge, like Hassan in the wilderness, now sit down and lament the dreariness of the prospect around him. Here, then, in continuation of our popular notices on science, we proceed to the subject of atmospheric air: and it will assuredly not be uninteresting to examine what is known concerning its height, density, humidity, electrical state, colour, composition, and its effects on the animate and inanimate creation.

* Thunder is produced by the passing of electric fluid from a full to an empty cloud; in other words, from one charged positively, to one charged in a negative condition—there being no possibility of two clouds, in such circumstances, remaining near each other without this phenomenon.

The air is generally described as a fluid, because all bodies move through it with facility; and, in a state of rest, it does not oppose the passage of the minutest winged insect, or the transmission of the most delicate odour. Its whole mass, surrounding the earth, may be regarded as a great aerial ocean, at the bottom of which, man and a vast variety of animals live; while winged tribes alone rise into its higher regions. How high it extends has not been yet satisfactorily determined; but from the length of time during which the sun's rays continue to be reflected from its upper regions back to the earth, after its orb has sunk below the horizon, there is reason to infer that it extends, in a state of extreme tenuity, to a very considerable height—nay, it has been conjectured that in this attenuated condition it may pervade all space, accumulating round the sun, moon, and stars, and forming an atmosphere round each of them, of greater or lesser density, according to their respective powers of attraction. This notion, however, has been materially shaken by the observations of the late Dr. Wollaston, who, in conjunction with Captain Kater, observed, in the year 1822, that, in the motion of the planet Venus towards the sun, her progress and position did not seem affected by any solar atmosphere. Also it was observed, that the approach of the satellites to Jupiter did not seem affected by the existence of any atmosphere round that planet; which astronomical observation, if correct, must subvert the idea of our atmosphere being infinite in its extent, and surrounding the numerous other worlds of this magnificent universe. From calculations founded on the rarefaction of air and the duration of twilight, it has been concluded that the atmosphere of our earth extends to the height of forty or forty-five miles; beyond which it is supposed not to extend, on account of the great tenuity of its particles, and the extreme cold there diminishing its elasticity, so as to prevent any additional extension. But it must be confessed, that on this subject we have not yet come to any satisfactory conclusion; and thus too often it happens that Science, in her proudest flights, is compelled to drop her pinions, and return dissatisfied to earth.

Whatever be the height to which the atmosphere extends, it is evident that the air in immediate contact with the surface of the earth must have to support the weight of the mass immediately above, whereby its particles must be forced nearer together; in the same way, that if a number of layers of wool were placed one above another, the undermost, from the pressure of those above, would have its fibres more closely approximated and massed together. The ancients—Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato—were aware that the air exerted a pressure on the earth; but it remained for Galileo, who suffered persecution under the unhalloved edicts of the Inquisition, to show philosophers that the pressure of the air is sufficient to support a column of mercury thirty inches high. If we take a glass tube closed at one end, and pour into it mercury to that height, and if we then close the open end with our finger, invert it into a basin of the same fluid, and withdraw the finger, we shall find that the mercury in the tube will remain at the height of thirty inches; the reason of which is, that it cannot fall lower without raising the mercury in the basin, which, being pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere above, cannot give way. Toricellus, the pupil of Galileo, extended the experiment to other fluids, and discovered, that, in the same way, the pressure of the atmosphere will support a column of thirty-four feet of water, that fluid being three or four times lighter than mercury. Accordingly, the pressure of the atmosphere is the same as if the earth were covered with mercury to the depth of thirty inches, or with water to the depth of thirty-four feet. This being understood, we may add, that the air near the earth's surface having to support this superincumbent weight, has a density indicated by about an ounce Troy to a cubic foot; but the higher we ascend, the more this pressure and density must be diminished. On these facts rests the principle on which the barometer is constructed, which is nothing more than a tube containing mercury, which indicates, by its rise or fall, the greater or lesser weight of the air immediately above it. At the level of the sea, the column of air being longer, the mercury is forced high up the tube; but on the tops of high mountains, the column of air being shorter, the pressure is diminished, and the mercury then

falls. When the barometer is carried from the level of the Thames to the top of St Paul's Church, in London, the mercury falls about an inch, indicating an ascent of about five hundred feet; when to the top of Mont Blanc, it sinks half of its entire height, marking an elevation of fifteen thousand feet; and in Du Luc's balloon ascent, it fell to below twelve inches, indicating a height of twenty-one thousand feet above the surface of the earth. Hence the barometer is used as a convenient instrument for measuring the elevations of different places. But this is not all: every person must be familiar with it as a monitor of the weather. When the water which has been suspended in the air separates as rain, the weight of the air diminishes, and consequently the mercury in the barometer sinks. On the contrary, the more serene and settled is the weather, the higher the barometer ranges. Approaching high winds, from disturbing the equilibrium of the atmosphere, are often indicated by a sudden sinking of the mercury in the barometer; hence is constructed the instrument known as the marine barometer, which differs from that used on shore only in having its tube contracted in one place, to prevent the rising and falling of the mercury with every motion of the ship, and which gives almost providential warning of approaching tempest. "The marine barometer," says Mr Arnot, "has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude—the sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters: even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such for a few moments was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard; and amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning, the wind was again at rest; but the ship lay on the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck."

The pressure of the atmosphere being so considerable, how happens it that such a weight can be supported by living animals, for it is calculated that on an average its pressure amounts to fourteen pounds and a half on every square inch of the earth's surface, so that the human body must sustain a weight of from fifteen to twenty tons? This query, which has challenged the ingenuity of some of the most celebrated men who have distinguished themselves in the annals of science, has recently claimed the attention of the ingenious Dr Dalton of Manchester, whose discoveries have already done so much to advance the progress of chemistry. He has explained what by experience is proved to be the actual weight of the human body; he has then, by adding together the calculated weight of its solid and fluid parts, and the air which enters into it, allowing a surplus for that which permeates the bones and muscles, &c. found that the weight of the living body, as proved by experiment, is less than the calculated weight. Whence this discrepancy? "Upon the whole (says he), I am inclined to believe the true explanation of the difficulty will be found in this, that the substance of the body is pervious to air, and that a considerable portion of it constantly exists in the body during life, subject to increase and diminution according to the pressure of the atmosphere, in the same manner as it exists in water; and further, that when life is extinct, this air in some degree escapes, and renders the parts specifically heavier than when the vital functions were in a state of activity."* The human body, then, is to be regarded as being throughout pervious to air, and as the elasticity and pressure within corresponds with that without, no weight is imposed on any part of it until the balance is destroyed; it is therefore a fallacy to speak of the human body having to support any such weight. When we place our hand over the glass of an air-pump, and withdraw the air below, the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the hand is scarcely felt, but the inside is swollen, rendered painful, and feels drawn in to the receiver. When we ascend a mountain, and arrive at a region where the surrounding air is much rarified, the air within the substance of the body in like manner opposing an unequal pressure against that without, gives rise also to painful sensations, fulness and throbbing of the temples, and the most distressing lassitude. Dr Clarke, in describing his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, observes, "Every two or three minutes we all sunk down in the snow quite breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. One of the guides had some bleeding from an accidental blow, not from simple rarification

of the air. The blood appeared to me decidedly of a darker colour than natural; our lips were quite blue; our faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids; but no one had the least spontaneous hæmorrhage from the gums or eyes. Every start we cast a longing, lingering look at the summit, and then holding our heads low, pressed onwards till the feeling of exhaustion became irresistible, and we sunk again quite flat on the snow." Another traveller, Mr Auldjo, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1827, thus describes the effect of the highly rarified air when near the summit:—"It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave the rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirits. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps, and I was convinced that in a few minutes I should be completely overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide became exhausted; and it was only by lying down or resting on the baton some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces." He further adds, "The earnest solicitude which my guests showed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain; I was exhausted; the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive; I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing, and my head was almost bursting with pain. My eyes were smarting from inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leather mask, with green eye-glasses, but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead; that also I was now obliged to discard. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julian Devouassoud to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time they returned I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough. I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was, that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it; that if they could not carry, they would drag me. Being unable to resist, I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm." Having at length attained the object of his painful expedition, our traveller remarks, "I had taken very little notice of the progress we were making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. The object of my ambition and my toil was gained; yet the rewards of my danger and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body; and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold; and, throwing myself on the snow behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun nor the piercing cold of the snow could prevent or disturb." These distressing sensations at such elevations arise not only from the increased rarity of the air demanding a more rapid respiration, in order that the necessary quantity of air should traverse the lungs, which is always accompanied by an accelerated circulation, but, as above explained, from the air within the body being denser and more elastic, and exerting a greater pressure, than is met by any counterpoise without. As in the case of the hand over the partly exhausted air-pump, the vessels are distended. Thence arises a sense of extreme uneasiness; and the more delicate bloodvessels in the eyes, mouth, and lungs, are occasionally ruptured. If the transition were more gradual, so as to allow time for the air within the body to acquire the same condition as the air without, such a loss of balance would not ensue. Indeed, there is reason to believe that we might accustom ourselves to live under a much lighter pressure of atmosphere than we do, even under the weight of half an atmosphere. Mexico is 7775, and Quito 9550 feet above the level of the sea; yet in neither of these places do the inhabitants complain of the rarity of the atmosphere. In this country, winds, heat, the quantity of vapour suspended in the air, and other causes, many of them little known, cause sudden variations in its pressure; on which occasions, many of us experience a difficulty in moving, and feel indolent, and accuse the weather of being heavy—whereas in fact it is lighter than it was before; and our uneasiness arises from the balance of the aerial pressure within not corresponding precisely to that which is without the body. Another effect of the rarification of the air in these higher regions, may here be noticed, viz. its effect on the transmission of sounds. It is well known that sound is transmitted by the undulation of the air; but the density of the air may be so diminished as no longer to permit the transmission of sounds of

ordinary intensity. "The most peculiar sensations," observes Mr Auldjo, which all have felt who have gained this great height, the summit of Mont Blanc, "arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voices of those speaking to one another; for its feeble sound can hardly be heard." On one occasion, the party, in ascending this mountain, attempted to sing a Swiss chant, but found they could not modulate their voices. The report of a pistol on the top of Mont Blanc sounded no louder than that of an Indian cracker. Almost every person must have observed the variations which occur in the transmission of sounds through the air, even in its ordinary state. The sound of distant church bells, when the air is perfectly calm, will often appear at a singular distance from, and often at a singular proximity to, the listener. The sportsman on the open heath will often notice the unaccountable variety of sounds produced by the discharge of his gun; all which must depend on the state of the surrounding air, on its density, the quantity of vapour suspended in it, and the clouds that extend above it. When the air is foggy, its undulations are interrupted, and the sound is dull and prolonged. When it is overarched with clouds, its undulations return back, producing a succession of echoes. And when, after nightfall, the heat from the ground has been uniformly diffused, and the air is of an equal density, every sound is transmitted with peculiar intensity, whether we listen to the rippling of a distant stream, or the buzzing of some minute and unseen insect. Hence, Shakspeare, who may be said to have been one of the familiars of Nature, makes his Romeo not inapudly observe, "How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night;" and independent of all other accompanying associations, there are few of us who have not been sensible of the more exquisite effects of music heard in the open air, amidst that peculiar stillness which characterises this season of repose.

(This article will be completed in the ensuing number.)

THE AMERICAN SAILOR'S STORY.

"COME, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to-gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gundeck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn), his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served; the bull stowed away in the spirit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master. It was a pleasant evening, too; and as it was only three bells of the second dogwatch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:—

Merriville Terry, or, as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said any thing to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff that, when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or close-reefed topsail and foresail, it made no difference; on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your becketts, and your bow-ports half shut, or fumbling at your buttonholes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprang, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earing, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to stern liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him, you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or as much as gave him a cross word in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rustics, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was sky-larking or quar-

* Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, No. 25, p. 92.

relling, or doing any thing ungently, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him. I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead ahead, and blowing so heavy that it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffarel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running like so many mountains chasing each other, yet, before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the stern boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they were almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the stern, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't b'lieve that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New York, the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his own home. Merry's connections, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-bye. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tomcat the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in the narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of the dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up, we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my becketts, spinning street yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own namesake, old Jack Adams; she was lying in Hampton Roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gangway-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarterdeck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance, that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too; for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both ahead and astern, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main-tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all kinds of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefers went, that Merry had come athwart captain's hawse in some love affair; but whether that was so or not, was mere dead-reckoning; for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on in this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for

the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to gallant-mast struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself, in a full rig of citizen's togs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gig; and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway, he gave a peculiar kind of look at Merry—something like what a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipeclay—and then, turning round to the first luff, he said, "Remember, Mr Orlop, that you are under sailing orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence." As he spoke this, he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done any thing they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came alongside, the waterman in which handed a note up to the middy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the fire-rail, and looking at the superscription, discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and, tearing it open, rapidly devoured its contents; then rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat, which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer of the deck's delay, it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffarel, and, in a voice that seemed to come from the cable tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said, "Mr Orlop, I must go ashore to-night." "You cannot, Mr Terry; you heard the captain's orders." "Curse the captain!" (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.) "Mr Terry, you forget yourself," answered the first luff, in a firm yet mild tone. "If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty." "I mean no disrespect to you, Mr Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself; "but I am half distracted. If you will lend me your ear, sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr Orlop was one of that class of officers, who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board, had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state-room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and— I'm 'most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsoever, for nothing was heard but a low humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage, and berth-deck into the bargain, to hear—"Enough, Mr Terry, enough!" cried he; "you shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr Orlop at the same moment calling out to me, "Mr Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the berth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time his foot was on the top-step of the

ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again—"Boatswain's mate!" "Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl. "Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles. Captain of the fo'castle, there!" "Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice. "Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard! Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main! Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!" "Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought to at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet, seeing they would oblige their favourite by moving lively, shoved off, and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal. "Mr Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!" "Upon my honour," answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart: then turning quickly to the men, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves ashore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen, who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and, without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say, what the devil's all this! At length they began to consult together in a low grumbling tone, as they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest. "Only hark," said he, "how his feet go clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flapping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr Terry's runnin' 'mongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving ahead like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed at every step to be watching for the weather roll.

In the meantime, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when all of a sudden he luffed up and hove to, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway up a steep hill; and if he had chosen a spot, it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height; and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the immediate space. Behind one of these trees that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road-side, and, seizing the reins, commanded him to halt. The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses

had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye, perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which, a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

"Help! for heaven's sake, help!—save me from a ruffian!" cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Scoundrel!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's violence."

"Mr Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court martial!" and various similar broken ejaculations, were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest, every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an overmatch for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The captain (for it's useless to tell you that it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion, he had bitten his lip nearly in twain; and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was so profusely stained, and imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville towards the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist, having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarcely audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile, the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill, were soon lost to sight. Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not, seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment, in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look; their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which, as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and with both hands, seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the

grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, bloodshot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him; he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight: and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eyeballs apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them, but no answer was returned. As they came to the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew, that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies, locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.—*From the New York Mirror.*

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To continue our former list of distinguished men, who, by the efforts of their genius and perseverance, rose from the lowest stations in society: Dr Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defence of the church, was the son of a pastry-cook. The late Dr Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinetmaker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape-painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle, at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected, that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board of one of the Pope's galleys. William Hutton, the eminent historian, of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor woolcomber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a cof-

fee-house. Erasmus endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education. Boydell, one of the most eminent printers in Europe, and at one time Lord Mayor of London, was originally a working engraver. Breguet, a celebrated maker of chronometers at Paris, and who has never been surpassed in this line of trade, was originally a poor Swiss boy, who went through some extraordinary difficulties at his outset, but surmounted the whole by perseverance and talent. Britton, a singular proficient in chemistry and music, and a collector of books and curiosities, cried small coal for sale about the streets. Michael Bruce, a Scottish poet of great merit, was a village schoolmaster at Kinneswood, in Kinross-shire, and contended long with poverty and sickness. Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by toggling laces, and in his leisure hours in his dungeon he composed the work which has immortalised his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a ploughman; yet what fame did he not acquire! Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent typefounder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards, or Protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterwards distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740. Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical instrument maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary, some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cook, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as a cabinboy in the merchant service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice, and consequent penury, before he became known, and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age; and it was with incredible perseverance and labour that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on botany, and one of the founders of the Linnaean Society in London, was originally a working gardener, and rose by his own exertions. Dodsley, the publisher of the Annual Register, and the author of the Economy of Human Life, and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having while in this situation published a poem, entitled the Muse in Livery, he came into notice, was patronised by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," was the son of a barber at Edinburgh (by others he is said to have been a native of Fife), and entered the merchant service when young: he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer and experimental philosopher, as already noticed in this publication, was the son of a poor labourer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazer, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer, and it was only by unremitting industry, and the exercise of his genius, that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career. Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age. Madame de Genlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de St Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the Quarterly Review, was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabinboy; was afterwards bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age, by the kindness of Mr Cook-

ley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. The life of this meritorious man has been already given in the *Journal*. Gray the poet was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of £20,000 from Parliament, for his famous timekeeper to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.—*To be continued.*

THE PASSING SEASON.

THE active duties of the husbandman in bringing the fruits of the earth to maturity, are now over; and if he have been diligent, and been favoured with a beneficent climate, success will have crowned his exertions. The end of September and the beginning of October form the most delightful season of the whole year in Great Britain, and embrace a happy mixture of the pleasures of summer and winter. The air is clear and bracing; the heat of the sun is tempered by a cool breeze proceeding out of the west, and sweeping with gentle force over the new-shorn and deserted fields. The new sweet-scented clover (I speak of Scotland) is perceived to have risen above the stubble; and along the long stretching hollows of the furrows, the hare and its leverets are seen scampering on the approach of the sportsman or idle passenger. This is the season in which dog and gun are peculiarly busy in the copses, or on the sides of the swelling upland and hills, where

The moorcock springs on whirling wings,
Amang the blooming heather.

To me, the country never possesses such charms as during the fall of the leaf. Neither the freshness of spring, nor the warm glow of summer, with its prospect of plenty for man and beast, furnish the same feeling of satisfactory pleasure to the mind as the close of autumn. Then there were hopes and fears; now, the great object of universal expectation is accomplished. The earth has yielded her increase; the homestead of the farmer is thickly surrounded with substantial stacks of grain, towering, with their pointed peaks, aloft, like so many wigmans. Every thing betokens rest, and the surface of nature bespeaks the plenty which lies in store for the consumption of animated beings. The rural population wear, also, an air of settled comfort, as if reflecting with gratitude on the bounties of Providence brought to their very doors, or within their dwellings. The juvenile peasantry have not been idle in their vocation. Such happy days of gleaming have there been for these few weeks! As you walk, of an evening, along the highways, or pursue your way through the intersecting pathways, you meet troops of youngsters, with perhaps some aged females of the hamlet, loaded with neatly arranged bunches of stalks of grain, gathered from the shorn fields. And how satisfied are these gleaners with a sheaf or two of corn; how thankful they are if they can realise but as much as will furnish a homely daily meal for the space of a single week! The cottagers, you may likewise notice, have already dug up the most of their vegetables, leaving only their winter pot-herbs; and in a month more, you may see their hillocks of potato-pits, neatly built and thatched for future use. There is certainly a pleasure in casting the eye over these signs of rustic wealth; and when the shades of evening fall around, in seeing, within the lowly cottage window, the lighted hearth and the blazing fire giving token that the evening meal is in the act of preparation.

But in these rambling observations on "Autumn's pleasant weather," I am forgetting my usual directions to the horticulturist. Let us see what that capital authority, "Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden," says on the subject:—

GARDENING FOR OCTOBER.

Trench and prepare borders and quarters, and transplant fruit-trees against the walls, and standards and dwarfs in orchards; open-quarters and borders in the fruit garden. Plums and cherries, planted out at this time, will make fresh roots during the autumn and milder part of the winter, and grow with much more vigour when headed down in the spring, than those planted out a month or more afterwards. Plant out cuttings of gooseberries and currants. In order to keep some of the more valuable apples in a perfect state to a late period of the season, they should hang till they can be readily detached from the tree. They should then be placed in casks or boxes, as they are gathered, beginning with a layer of thoroughly dry pit sand in the bottom, then a layer of apples, placed close to each other, then another layer of sand, just sufficient to cover the fruit, and no more; and so continuing alternately, till the cask or box is full, finishing with a covering of sand. These should be placed in the fruit-room, where they may remain undisturbed till the others of the same kind, kept on the shelves, are nearly done. This method has been practised many years ago. I have myself, as well as several of my friends, adopted it for several years, and found it an excellent one. The windows of the fruit-room should be furnished with inside shutters, and kept closed, as it is found fruit keeps longer and better thus than when exposed to the light. Plant out strawberries where they are finally to remain."

In the kitchen garden, transplant cauliflowers and

early purple broccoli under frames and hand-glasses. Plant out cabbages, garlic, rommbole, and shallots. Tie up endive, and earth up cardoons and celery. Lay up carrots, potatoes, and red beet, for winter use. Make up mushroom beds, which have been omitted the last month. Clear the beds of aromatic plants from weeds, and let them have the winter's dressing. Where forced asparagus is required for use in winter, hotbeds may now begin to be made for gathering the first crop in November or December.

DREAMING.

THE full operation of a gloomy temperament is now to be perceived only by looking back to the ages when no such correctives as the influence of general intelligence and public opinion existed. Men then regulated their conduct wholly in conformity to portents, dreams, and other supposed indications of the will of the gods. They did not consider whether their enterprises were such as entitled them to the favourable regard of a just Deity, but strove, by rivaling each other in the magnificence of their offerings and sacrifices, to bribe over to their side the rulers of mortal destiny. This is the point to which all superstition tends. When a fanatical gloom has diffused itself over the whole face of society, the notions of right and wrong are lost in the paramount doctrine of fatalism; the fear of retribution is next thrown off, and by degrees men come to believe that even their gods are venal. In our own times, though the stream of civilisation flows pure and strong, there are many portions of society which, like the lagoons of a river, are not kept in motion at all, or but in a lesser degree, by the energy which pours along in the main current. There—among isolated individuals and communities—gloomy ideas are cherished. There the hypochondriac fancies, that are kept in restraint by intercourse with the world, and the disposition to which it is even of use to society, as tending to moderate the opposite extreme of reckless levity, luxuriate in their growth, and by degrees overshadow the whole faculties of the mind. Regulated only by the impulses of a dark superstition, the temper becomes at least variable—often habitually sullen; if bad passions are not in every case engendered, the equable flow of the benevolent affections is disturbed, and social life is either entirely embittered, or its enjoyments are rendered casual and precarious.

It is wisely ordered that abrupt turns should sometimes occur in human affairs, to remind us that they are under divine government. But the lessons thus conveyed have often been perverted by enthusiasts, ever upon the watch to discover what they term particular providences, thereby encouraging the unreflecting to believe that the Creator bestows upon his works only an occasional superintendence. Unusual occurrences, in place of affording examples of deviation from the laws of nature, would, if calmly inquired into, and properly understood, only bring the unerring regularity of these laws more distinctly into view. The law of gravity acts with more obvious force in precipitating water over the face of a rock, than in making the stream glide smoothly down a gentle slope; but it is, nevertheless, the same law. The power of the Governor of the universe is displayed as much in the regulation of its minutest, as of its most magnificent arrangements—as well in things which fall under our daily observation, as in those which we witness only once in our lives. But we have become familiar with some of the modes in which His power is manifested, and these we ascribe to the common course of nature; while unusual phenomena strike us with astonishment, the first impulse of which is to invest them with a miraculous character. In walking across the fields, we have been so much accustomed to contemplate the harvest as in some way indebted to man for the aspect it wears, that our thoughts seldom revert to the Prime Mover of all; the wild plants, also, that are well known, attract little attention; but if our walk stretch beyond its usual limits, the simplest herb catches our eye: we stop, call our companions to admire it, and exclaim, "How strange it is!" Yet a little reflection should teach us that it is not more strange than those others which, but a short time before, we carelessly pronounced to have sprung up according to the common course of nature—it draws its nourishment from the soil by a process not more minutely adapted to its necessities. Our admiration becomes awe when we meet with a production not analogous to any with which we were before acquainted—we call it not only strange, but miraculous. Thus many of the appearances of nature, now understood to proceed from established laws, were in former times viewed with fear and trembling, as instances in which the Divine Being interrupted the laws of nature, in order to give a demonstration of his power independent of these laws. Hence the manifold prodigies that appalled the heathen, and that long continued to appal Christians.

But it is not concerning physical objects alone that we argue in this incongruous way: A man shall jog on in the ordinary routine of life for years, and though he acknowledges in general a superintending providence, yet he still looks upon himself as the principal disposer of the affairs around him; but when some sudden and unexpected change comes, that interrupts his plans, and makes it undeniably plain to him that he has not the complete control of his own fortunes, he says "The hand of God is here!" as if that thing, and no other, happened under the superintendence of

the Deity. Another man shall go on forming schemes and pursuing trains of reasoning from day to day, and never think more of the matter than if he were driving round a wheel framed by his own hands; while, if he be agitated by a nightly vision, he employs much consideration to determine by intercourse with what angel, malignant or benign, his sleep was troubled; he takes to himself the whole credit of the sound and perfect exercise of his faculties; but when their operations are irregular and inefficient, he must needs have it that a being of greater power and knowledge than himself has had the management of them—into conclusions so contradictory are we betrayed by the propensity to wonder, which saves the trouble of reflection and examination in the meantime, but surrounds simple things with an entrenchment of perplexities, which it takes many ages for the slow axe of reason to clear away.

Persons truly devout, perhaps, but deficient in sound judgment, have contributed not a little to bring to full growth the seeds of superstition, for which, as we have just seen, the human mind affords a soil so favourable. If the detection of a crime follow a dream, for example, such persons are fond of remarking, that though the guilty may escape for a time, the eye of a just God is upon him, and where human means fail, will bring the wickedness to light in his own good time and way; and if an explanation be offered which does away with the idea of supernatural interpositions, they call it an attempt to weaken the force of the warning. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the warning is greatly strengthened when it can be shown that guilt has been discovered without any departure from the usual course of events. There are not so many instances of crimes brought to light by what appeared to be supernatural means as to produce a salutary fear in the vicious; and if any single instance were added to the rest, it would not much increase their weight: but when we see it ordered, in the common course of human affairs, that vice almost invariably draws after it its own punishment, the effect of such a conviction in repressing crime must be very powerful. Here, then, is an arrangement which imposes a continual check upon the evil passions—a check which must be weakened as often as the arrangement is represented to be ineffectual, while the occasional instances of direct vengeance from heaven would only substitute an occasional restraint. It is as if a peaceful nation were separated from a predatory tribe by a river known to be unfordable, and some persons, not thinking this protection sufficient, were to propose to turn its waters from this course, and to supply their place by a stream not so large, but with which they might frighten their warlike neighbours, by telling them that it was liable now and then to overwhelming floods. The following is an instance of a crime brought to light by a dream—a particular examination of which will more fully elucidate the opinion above expressed:—

Maria Marten, aged twenty-five, daughter of a molecatcher at Polstead, Suffolk, formed an imprudent connection with William Corder, son of a neighbouring farmer; he frequently visited her at her father's, and at last persuaded her to leave home with him, on the 19th of May 1827, to go to Ipswich to be married. To deceive the neighbours, she put on a man's dress, intending to resume her own at a place called the Red Barn, on the farm belonging to Corder's mother. It was about twelve o'clock at noon when they left her father's, Maria going out by one door and Corder by another, to avoid attracting attention; and having met some distance off, they proceeded together towards the barn. Corder had a gun with him, and, before leaving the cottage, Maria asked, in the hearing of her mother, "Is this gun loaded, William?" to which he replied, "Yes." Some days after, Corder came to Polstead alone, and, when questioned by the girl's parents, said the marriage had not yet taken place, because he could not bring her home without displeasing his relations, but that he had left her in a place of safety, and hoped to make an arrangement for the wedding, and for bringing her home in six weeks; he added, that Maria's sister might wear her clothes, for she would not want them again. On the mother's inquiring, some time after, why her daughter never wrote, he made the excuse that she was unaccustomed to use the pen, and delayed a task which was irksome. To the neighbours, who asked what he had done with his partner, he answered, that she was in a place where he could go to her whenever he liked. In a short time, Corder's health became impaired, and, in accordance with real or pretended medical advice, he expressed an intention of going abroad. Accordingly, he left home in September, having previously shown great anxiety to have the Red Barn well filled, and himself assisted to store grain into it. Subsequently to this, letters from him were received, both by his own relations and the Martens. In one to the girl's father, he said she was now his wife, and complained, as if by her desire, that a letter of her's had not been answered; in another letter, he gave an account of having made at the post-office an investigation concerning the miscarriage of Maria's letter. These letters of Corder's showed that, in place of going to the Continent, he had remained in London. In the meantime, suspicions began to be entertained by the young woman's parents—Corder's conduct was so variable, and he made so many pretexts without substantiating them. Strange surmises

also ran among the neighbours. Thomas Marten, Maria's brother, recollected as an unaccountable circumstance, that about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day when his sister went off, he had seen Corder walking across a field in the direction of the Red Barn, with a pickaxe over his shoulder, when it was reasonable to suppose he should have been at a distance from that neighbourhood. All these things concurred to disturb the family; and their alarm was brought to its height by the mother dreaming three successive nights that her daughter had been murdered, and buried in the Red Barn. Upon this, she insisted that the floor should be taken up, and search made. This was done by the father and others on the 19th of April 1828, and a sack was discovered containing a female corpse, not so much decayed but that marks of violence were perceptible. The body was identified as that of Maria Marten, by the want of two teeth, one on the left side of the upper jaw, and the other on the right side of the lower jaw. Corder had married in the interval, and lived apparently happy. He was apprehended at Ealing, in Essex, condemned upon circumstantial evidence, confessed the murder while in prison under sentence, and was executed in August 1828.

When a story like this is told, the multitude take hold of only a part of it. "Here was a horrible murder," they say, "disclosed in a wonderful manner. A mother dreamt that her daughter had been made away with, and buried in a particular spot; and search being made, the remains were found in the exact situation pointed out in the vision." This part of the facts passes from mouth to mouth, and is heard every where with superstitious amazement. It is true as far as it goes, but is propagated with a false inference; for to say that Corder was brought to punishment by supernatural means, presupposes an absence of all the circumstances which might have led to the discovery of his crime in an ordinary way. Now, the narrative has purposely been given at considerable length, to show that they were all present: there were strong grounds for suspicion, so strong that the suspicion was not confined to the girl's own family, but was common to them with the neighbours; and the dream was nothing else than a repetition of the mother's waking fears. The circumstance of Corder being the young woman's second seducer—the dissatisfaction of his friends with the proposed match—his being above her rank—were all antecedent presumptions that he would avoid the connection if he could; next followed a train of direct presumptions that he had rid himself of her claims upon him by desperate means. He conducted her to a lonely place, the fit scene of a murder, having with him a loaded gun, the ready means of perpetrating it; he was seen afterwards, when he ought to have been at a great distance off, proceeding towards the Red Barn, with a spade, the necessary implement for concealing a deed of blood. And his subsequent conduct added a series of accessory presumptions; his return to the village without his companion; the vague manner in which he accounted for her absence; his departure from the neighbourhood; the precaution of filling the barn with grain; the inconsistency of his remaining in London after pretending that it was necessary for his health to proceed to the Continent; the pretences by which he endeavoured, when the parents were not pressing him, to make them believe he was married to their daughter, while if it had been the case, the proof might have been given without any effort. All this formed a body of evidence so conclusive, that a magistrate, if it had been laid before him, would immediately have issued a warrant for the apprehension of Corder. It may appear surprising that the parents should have so long remained insensible to the force of such pregnant suspicions; but some are so little accustomed to exercise their judgment, that conviction cannot be produced in their minds, until impressed by the vivid touches of imagination. Where the obtuseness of the one faculty, however, is extreme, the operation of the other is proportionately active—a law of nature which leaves the evil-doer no security from protection, whether his practices be carried on against the intelligent or the ignorant portion of the community.

The dream just detailed was without doubt the immediate cause of the murder being discovered; but then the dream, instead of having a miraculous origin, was the natural consequence of the mother's fears: the discovery therefore took place as much according to the ordinary course of events as if no dream had intervened. The same sort of explanation is applicable to another set of dreams, through which it is sometimes alleged that innocent persons have been miraculously rescued from impending danger, though the parties might, for the most part, have hit upon the necessary precautions equally well without a dream, if they had attended to the suggestions of ordinary prudence. This will be made sufficiently obvious by the following instance:—

In Queen Mary's time, Mr John Rough, a Scotsman, the minister, and Cutbert Symson, the deacon, of a secret congregation of Protestants in London, were burnt in Smithfield, Rough on the 22d of December 1557, and Symson on the 28th of March 1558, both having been apprehended, in consequence of the information of a pretended friend, on the third Sunday of Advent, in the first mentioned year. "The Friday, at night," says Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments of Martyrs*, vol. ii. p. 1843, edit. 1610, "before

Maister Rough was taken, being in his bed, he dreamt that he saw two of the guard leading Cutbert Symson, and that he had the book about him wherein were written the names of all them which were of the congregation; whereupon, being sore troubled, he awaked, and called his wife, saying, 'Kate, strike light; for I am much troubled with my brother Cutbert this night.' When she had so done, he gave himself to read in his book awhile, and then, feeling sleep to come upon him, he put out the candle, and so gave himself again to rest. Being asleep, he dreamt the like dream again, and, awaked therewith, he said, 'Oh, Kate, my brother Cutbert is gone!'—so they lighted a candle again, and rose. And as the said Mr Rough was making him ready to go to Cutbert to see how he did, in the meantime the said Cutbert came in, with the book containing the names and accounts of the congregation. Whom when Maister Rough had seen, he said, 'Brother Cutbert, ye are welcome, for I have been sore with you this night;' and so told him his dream. After he had done so, he willed him to lay the book away from him, and to carry it no more about him: unto which Cutbert answered he would not so do; for dreams, he said, were but phantasies, and not to be credited. Then Mr Rough straitly charged him in the name of the Lord to do it; whereupon the said Cutbert took such notes out of the book as he had willed him to do, and immediately left the book with Mr Rough's wife."

If there had been no reason to fear either that Symson might be apprehended, or that the book, if found upon him, would involve others in his misfortune, it might have been plausibly alleged that Mr Rough's dream was a miraculous warning from heaven; but when the Protestants daily saw victims dragged to the stake, and lived in constant alarm on their own account, not much reflection was necessary to show the danger of any one of them, but especially an office-bearer, so much more exposed than others to the risk of being seized, keeping in his house, or carrying about his person, a list of his brethren. The only matter of surprise in this case is, not that the dream took place, but that a practice so unadvised as that which caused the dream should have been persisted in by persons whom, from the situation they occupied, and the difficulty of the times, one would expect to have been not deficient in discretion.

In both of these instances the dream was evidently suggested by a train of thought which the circumstances in which the parties were placed unavoidably forced upon them. They were no further miraculous, therefore, than any of the other ordinary operations of the mind. Let us not, however, be misunderstood on this subject. So far from refusing to admit that human affairs are controlled by a superintending Providence, we would have people acknowledge its CONSTANT presence in ALL, and not by describing a few PARTICULAR cases as miraculous induce a belief that it is only CASUAL. Nor, by limiting the number of miracles to those that are undeniably such, do we apprehend that the evidences of divine power are in the least diminished. On the contrary, the maintenance of the laws which regulate the universe, demonstrate the presence of all-sufficient wisdom much more clearly than an occasional interruption of these laws, or deviation from them. The feeding of the Israelites in the wilderness with manna from heaven was a great and undoubted act of benevolent omnipotence; but how much greater is the sustaining of the myriads of human beings who have existed upon the face of the globe before and after that time, by a system ensuring the periodical renewal of the fruits of the earth, so that a few handfuls of scattered seed multiply to an extraordinary degree, and the "fields stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing!"

FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

THE way in which this noted bully forced his way into Brookes's Club was truly ludicrous. He applied to Admiral Keith Stewart to propose him as a candidate; and the worthy admiral well knowing that he must fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place (which was only a mere form in this case, for even Keith Stewart himself had resolved to *blackball* him), the duellist accompanied the admiral to St James's Street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taken, in order to know the issue.

The ballot was soon over; for without hesitation each member threw a *black ball*: and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed to find not even one white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried *nem. con.*, the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had in almost every case been fatal to his opponent. The general opinion, however, was, that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence, and that in as polite terms as possible; but the admiral, who was certainly on all occasions a very gallant officer, was not inclined to go on any such embassy.

"No, gentlemen," said he; "I proposed the fellow, because I knew you would not admit him; but I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a mad-man."

"But, admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire, "there being no *white ball* in the box, he must know that you have blackballed him as well as the rest; and he is sure to call you out, at all events."

This was a poser for the poor admiral, who sat silent for a few seconds, amidst the half-suppressed titter of the members. At length, joining in the laugh against himself, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul, a pleasant joke I've got into. Hang the fellow. No matter. I won't go. Let the waiter tell him there was *one black ball*, and that his name must be put up again, if he wishes it." This plan appeared so judicious, that all concurred in its propriety. Accordingly, the waiter was in a few minutes after dispatched on the mission. In the meantime, Mr Fitzgerald showed evident symptoms of impatience at being kept so long from his "dear friends" above stairs, and frequently rang the bell to know the *state of the poll*. On the first occasion, he thus addressed the waiter who answered his summons—"Come here, my tight little fellow: Do you know if I am *chosed* yet?"

"I really can't say, sir," replied the young man; "but I'll see." "There's a nice little man. Be quick, d'ye see; and I'll give you sixpence when you come with the good news."

Away went the *little man*, but he was in no hurry to come back; for he, as well as his fellows, were sufficiently aware of Fitzgerald's violent temper, and wished to come in contact with him as seldom as possible. The bell rang again; and to another waiter the impatient candidate put the same question—"Am I *chosed* yet, waiter?" "The balloting is not over yet, sir," replied the man. "Not over yet!" exclaimed Fitzgerald; "but, sure, there is no use for balloting at all, when my dear friends are all unanimous for me to come in. Run, my man, and let me know how they are getting on."

After the lapse of another quarter of an hour, the bell was rung so violently as to produce a contest among the poor servants as to whose turn it was next to visit the lion in his den; and Mr Brookes, seeing no alternative but resolution, took the message from the waiter, who was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room, with a coffee equipage in his hand. "Did you call for coffee, sir?" said Mr Brookes smartly.

"Confound your coffee, sir! and you too," answered Mr Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood curdle in his veins. "I want to know, sir, and that without one moment's delay, sir, if I am *chosed* yet?"

"Oh, sir," replied Mr Brookes, who trembled from head to foot, but attempted to smile away the appearance of fear, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I was just coming to announce to you, sir—with Admiral Stewart's compliments, sir—that unfortunately there was one *black ball* in the box, sir; and, consequently, by the rules of the club, sir, no candidate can be admitted without a new election, sir, which cannot take place, by the standing regulations of the club, sir, until one month from this time, sir."

During this address, Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable *mollification*; and at its conclusion, the terrified landlord was not a little surprised and pleased to find his guest shake him by the hand, which he squeezed heartily between his two, saying, "My dear Mr Brookes, I'm *chosed*! and I give you much joy; for I warrant ye'll find me the best customer in your house. But there must be a small matter of mistake in my *election*; and as I should not wish to be so ungenteel as to take my *sate* among my dear friends above stairs, until that mistake is rectified, you'll just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it is only a mistake of *one black ball*, they will be so good as to waive all ceremony on my account, and proceed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all. So now, my dear Mr Brookes, you may put down the coffee; and I'll be drinking it while the new *election* is going on."

Away went Mr Brookes, glad enough to escape with whole bones, for this time at least. On announcing the purport of his errand to the assembly above stairs, many of the members were panic-struck; for they clearly foresaw that some disagreeable circumstance was likely to be the finale of the farce which they had been playing. Mr Brookes stood silent for some minutes waiting for an answer, while several of the members whispered and laughed in groups, at the ludicrous figure which they all cut. At length the Earl of March (afterwards Duke of Queensberry) said aloud, "Try the effect of two *black balls*. D—n his Irish impudence; if two balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will." This proposition met with unanimous approbation, and Mr Brookes was ordered to communicate accordingly.

On re-entering the waiting-room, Mr Fitzgerald rose hastily from his chair, and seizing him by the hand, eagerly inquired, "Have they *elected* me right now, Mr Brookes?" "I hope no offence, Mr Fitzgerald," said the landlord; "but I am sorry to inform you that the result of the second balloting is, that *two blackballs* were dropped in, sir."

"Oh, then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there's now *two mistakes*, instead of one. Go back, my dear friend, and tell the honourable members that it is a very uncivil thing to keep a gentleman waiting below stairs, with no one to keep him company but himself, whilst they are enjoying themselves with their champagne, and their cards, and their tokay, up above."

Tell them to try again, and I hope they will have better luck this time, and make no more mistakes, because it's getting late, and I *won't be chose* to-night at all. So now, Mr Brookes, be off with yourself, and leave the door open till I see what dispatch you'll make."

Away went Mr Brookes for the last time. On announcing his unwelcome errand, every one saw that palliative measures only prolonged the dilemma; and General Fitzpatrick proposed that Brookes should tell him, "His cause was hopeless, for that he was *black-balled* all over from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members that Mr Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined." This message, it was generally believed, would prove a sickener, as it certainly would have done to any other candidate under similar circumstances. Not so, however, to Fitzgerald, who no sooner heard the purport of it than he exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive it is a *mistake altogether*, Mr Brookes, and I must see to the rectifying of it myself; there's nothing like *daling* with principals, and so I'll step up at once, and put the thing to rights without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr Brookes's remonstrance that his entrance into the clubroom was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald found his way up stairs, threatening to throw the landlord over the banister for endeavouring to stop him. He entered the room without any farther ceremony than a bow, saying to the members, who indignantly rose up at this most unexpected intrusion, "Your servant, gentlemen; I beg you will be seated."

Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart:—"So, my dear Admiral, Mr Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times." "You have been balloted for, Mr Fitzgerald; but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart. "Well, then," replied the duellist, "*did you blackball me?*" "Why, good sir," answered the admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?" "Oh, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the blackballs in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the question *seriatim*. "Did you blackball me, sir?" until he made the round of the whole club; and it may well be supposed that in every case he obtained a similar answer to that of the admiral. When he had finished his inquisition, he thus addressed the whole body, who preserved as dead and dread a silence as the urchins at a parish school do on a Saturday, when the pedagogue orders half a score of them to be *horsed* for neglecting their catechism, which they have to repeat to the parson on Sunday:—"You see, gentlemen, that as none of ye have blackballed me, I *must be chose*; and it is Mister Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning; and I am only sorry that so much time has been lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's good company sooner. Waither! come here, you *raskal*, and bring me a bottle of champagne, till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *rael* gentleman by father and mother, and—" This part of Fitzgerald's address excited the risible muscles of every one present; but he soon restored them to their former lugubrious position, by casting around him a ferocious look, and saying in a voice like thunder, "*And who never missed his man!* Go for the champagne, waither; and, d'y'e hear, sur, tell your *mashtur*—Masthur Brookes that is—not to make any more mistakes about *black balls*; for though it is below a gentleman to call him out, I will find other *manes* of giving him a bagful of broken bones!"

The members now saw there was nothing for it but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for when Admiral Stewart departed, which he did almost immediately, Mr Fitzgerald found himself completely cut by all "his dear friends." The gentlemen now formed themselves into groups at the several whist-tables; and no one chose to reply to his observations, nor to return even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank whilst discussing bottles of the sparkling liquor, which the terrified waiter placed before him in succession. At length, finding that no one would *communicate* with him in *either kind*—either for drinking or for fighting—he arose, and making a low bow, took his leave as follows:—"Gentlemen, I bid you all good night; and I am very glad to find ye so *sociable*; I'll take care to come earlier next night, and we'll have a little more of it."

The departure of this bully was a great relief to every one present, for the restraint caused by his vapouring and insolent behaviour was most intolerable. The conversation immediately became general; and it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to lay him by the heels, and bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of some such measure Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never showed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted every where that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The writer trusts that none of his readers are impressed with the idea that want of personal courage on the part of any member contributed in the smallest degree to prevent Fitzgerald from being kicked out of the society into which he had so unwarrantably thrust himself; more particularly when he considers that the

whole affair was so eccentric as to create mirth, rather than a desire to effect chastisement; and that many, particularly the junior members, had no small curiosity to witness the termination of an adventure so impudently and so ludicrously carried on. But, these considerations apart, it is not to be supposed that men whose courage on ordinary occasions might easily be "screwed up to the sticking point," should be very ready, as Admiral Stewart expressed it, "to risk their lives against that of a madman." Moreover, in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many men have to duelling, family considerations and a natural love of life were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the *fighting Fitzgerald* either with sword or pistol; for, being really a good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead certainty*. Is it surprising, then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?

To the foregoing account of the notorious Fitzgerald, given in the work entitled "the Clubs of London," we may add, that at a subsequent period he fought a duel, as it happened, with swords, when he was fully detected in *wearing armour beneath his clothes*, which accounted at once for his extraordinary boldness. This discovery blasted his reputation. He betook himself to Ireland, where with a band of associates he waylaid and shot a gentleman in cold blood; he resisted all civil force in capturing him; his house was at last seized by a military party, after a regular bombardment; he was taken, tried, and condemned; and finished his atrocious career, in the cowardly and most miserable plight, on the common gallows.

ST CRISPIN AND THE SHOEMAKERS.

"Cobblers from Crispin boast their public spirit,
And all are upright, downright men of merit."

THE most curious relics of the pageants of a past age, still exhibited in our streets in public processions, is that of King Crispin and his gaudy retinue. Many of the beholders, however, are ignorant of the origin of so remarkable an exhibition, which indeed is referable to times exceedingly remote. Crispin and Crispianus, according to the tradition, were brethren, and born at Rome, from which city they travelled to Soissons, in France, for the purpose of propagating Christianity, in the year 303. It seems these pious pilgrims were of a noble disposition; and in order that they might not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers, which it is believed they learned on purpose. Crispin and his brother were unfortunate in their apostolic career; they were seized by the governor of Soissons, and were inhumanely beheaded. In consequence of their piety, and the nature of their profession, they were hence chosen to be the titular saints of the shoemakers, whose occupation has since been designated as the *gentle craft*. At what period the shoemakers first began to form themselves into societies, and to observe the festival of these sainted personages, does not appear; it is natural enough to suppose that the celebrity of Crispin and Crispianus would confer on the day and place of their martyrdom an honour which they who wrought at the same occupation would wish to record and celebrate. Be this as it may, it is certain that the memory of the above saints is honoured in the city of their decollation, where churches and other religious buildings are dedicated to "St Crispin," "St Crispin the Greater," "St Crispin the Less," &c. In the Almanack, Crispin's day is marked the 25th of October. In Shakspeare's speech of Henry the Fifth, before the battle of Agincourt, the anniversary of Crispin is thus noticed—

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian—
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world.

Among the various associations who have honoured St Crispin, are two pious societies in Paris (that is to say, if they have not perished amidst the wreck of the religious institutions in that unhappy city), with the title of *Freres Cordonniers*, or brother shoemakers. They were established, by authority, about the middle of the sixteenth century; the one under the patronage of Crispin, and the other of Crispianus.

Shoemakers are legally called cordwainers, from Cordovan, a town and province in Spain, from whence the leather called cordovan was brought. The Latin appellation of a shoemaker is *Sutor*—a word rendered popular in this country by its application in a contemptuous sense to the members of this ancient profession. The oldest association of shoemakers in Britain is the Cordwainers' Company in London, which was first associated by Henry the Fourth, in the year 1410, by the style of the Cordwainers' and Cobblers' Company; the latter appellation not being a term of reproach, as it now is. They were afterwards incorporated by the title of "Cordwainers" alone. In Edinburgh, and, we suppose, every Scottish royal burgh, companies of cordwainers were established by the Scottish sovereigns, and remain constituted to the present day.

Although there is little reason to doubt that the story we have given of Crispin and Crispianus has a foundation in fact, it has been told in a variety of ways; and the shoemakers themselves appear to be

much more fond of styling Crispin a *king* than a *saint*; and in some places they transform him, or one of his attendants, into an Indian prince. The pageants of Crispin in modern times, it may be remarked, also vary in their character in different places, according, perhaps, to the fancy of the members of the *gentle craft*. Nowhere are these pageants enacted on such a scale of splendour as in Scotland, though it is chiefly on great occasions, as was witnessed in the celebration of a recent event of national importance, that the processions take place. In Edinburgh, a great expense is lavished on the dresses of the retinue of office-bearers of the *prince*, who among other officials has a chamber-cased in armour, and mounted on horseback.

THE MONKS OF NEWHALL.

MOST persons will have heard of the hospitality which was at one time exercised by the religious houses, prior to the Reformation. When the country was in a rude state, the monasteries served as a species of inns for the use of weary travellers, with this distinction, that they charged no price for their food and lodging. At the Reformation, all this was done away, by the monks themselves being reduced to a forlorn condition; yet we have to record a remarkable instance of a semblance of the old hospitable custom being continued, and which still continues in feeble operation. On the boundary of the counties of Edinburgh and Peebles, and lying at the southern base of the Pentlands Hills, there was once a rich conventual institution of Cistercian monks. They had a great deal of the adjacent lands in their possession; some of which, till this day, are distinguished as having belonged to the monks. Fortunately this religious body did not lavish their ample endowments on improper objects. Over a tract of country, of many miles in extent, they were alike renowned for their hospitality and piety. They were at that time, in this part of Scotland, what the monks of St Bernard are in our own times. Their house was situated in the midst of a very wild region, yet far from being reclaimed. From the threshold of their monastery, the eye travelled over an apparently unlimited bleak morass, indented by ravines and hollows—that wilderness land, a great portion of which is known by the name of Pennycaik Moor. To the west, this wretched district extended almost as far as the banks of the Clyde. For the greater part of the year, the climate here is raw and pinching. In the winter it is exceedingly inclement. The good Cistercian monks, it may well be supposed, were seldom at a loss for objects whereupon to lavish their hospitality. At different places they established hospitals, or houses of refuge, at which refreshments were freely given to the passing traveller, who used them with becoming moderation, and warm lodgings for the night to persons overtaken by fatigue or darkness, in travelling over the waste. Besides these hospitals, or inns, there were two or three houses in which the sick and superannuated were attended to on a more permanent scale. For the farther security and comfort of the traveller, there were crosses reared beside little fountains of water on the sides of the thoroughfares, which at once answered as landmarks in cases of deep snows, and as watering-places for cattle.

Every vestige is now gone of these edifices; and it is only in the course of agricultural improvement that their sites can be accurately pointed out, from the foundations being turned up. The names of the places likewise fix the locality of the institutions of the Cistercians. The modern mansion of Newhall is built on the site of the monastery, and different places in its neighbourhood are called 'Spital. Thus, there is the Fore 'Spital and the Back 'Spital, both now farmsteads. Likewise Monkhaugh, Monkrie, Monkburn, and one place is still named Font-and-Cross. In confirmation of what has just been said of the ancient hospitality of the 'Spitals, a custom has prevailed from time out of mind, at the Fore 'Spital, for giving shelter for a night to poor wayfarers. An outhouse, well furnished with straw, is devoted to this object; and many is the occasion that, but for the beneficent though mean hospitality of the place, the poor beggar would have perished in this dismal territory. Few nights pass over, indeed, on which some houseless wanderers have not occasion to bless the kindly usages of the monks of Newhall.

QUARRELLING OVER DRINK.

TWO generations have scarcely elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the border, to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel who flourished about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose moveable; sagely observing, that "the owner would miss it next morning." It is remarked of the inhabitants of Tweeddale, that they were exempt from this vicious practice of shedding blood at their orgies. It is said in praise of the inhabitants of that district, that "when they fall in the humour of good fellowship, they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not to ferment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is usual in other countries."

COLUMN FOR MOTHERS.

MOTHERS, especially those who are inexperienced, often feel the want of some correct information for the guidance of the infants requiring their tenderest solicitude. On this, and every other topic connected with the management of a young family, we are furnished with much valuable information in the work entitled "Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies, by Mrs William Parkes," which we would particularly recommend to the perusal of our maternally readers. Having been occasionally asked to give some details of this nature, we take the liberty of quoting from Mrs Parkes, who, we are informed, will be found a very safe and appropriate adviser.

"It is a very common practice in monthly nurses" (says the authoress), "to keep an infant from its mother's milk for two or three days after its birth; this is equally bad for the parent and child. The first milk which the child draws out acts as a purgative upon it, while its suckling keeps the parent's breast soft and pliable, and brings the milk into the proper channel. For these reasons, the infant should be placed at the breast three or four times after its birth; and this should be repeated as often as the mother's strength will permit it. When, however, there is a strong inflammatory disposition in the mother, the early application of the child to the breast is insufficient to keep down the milk, and sore nipples is the consequence. If a lady is to suckle her infant, the sooner it is applied to the breast the less chance there is of the nipples becoming sore; but in some constitutions this will occur in spite of every precaution. In washing an infant during the month, the water should be tepid; for water either too cold or too hot is equally injurious. The whole body of the infant, with the exception of the head, should be immersed in the water when it is washed. The nurse should in the morning have in readiness a basin of tepid water, a very soft sponge, and a fine soft towel. On her right hand should stand her basket, in which should be laid her dust-bag, containing powdered starch, a clean flannel band, and, in proper order beneath, all the other articles she will require in dressing the baby. The head, face, and throat, are then to be washed with the sponge, and to be dried with a soft linen towel. The starch powder may be used in those parts which appear at all tender, or likely to become chafed. Drying the skin well, when it has been wetted, is the best mode to prevent soreness. A careful nurse will endeavour to guard the organs of sense from any injury; such as exposing the eyes to a strong glare of light, or the ears uncovered to currents of air.

At the end of the month, or even before that time, if the weather and other circumstances permit, gentle exercise is very desirable for the lying-in lady, and particularly if she suckle her baby; because whatever tends to give her health and strength, will render her better able to perform that important duty. The office of suckling is, I am very sorry to say, considered by many mothers as troublesome and irksome, and as depriving them of that freedom which is valuable to them for the purpose of amusement and dissipation. Unless a woman can resolve to give herself up in a great measure to the performance of this duty, conforming her habits, as much as the circumstances in which she is placed will permit, so as to enable her to discharge it in a manner beneficial at once to her baby and to herself, she had better abandon it altogether, and leave the maternal office to be supplied by a kind nurse. Thus, late hours, much dancing, frequent and long absence from her nursing, would render her a bad nurse, and consequently her child would be puny and delicate. In most cases health is promoted, and sometimes established by suckling; and in many instances constitutional diseases have been checked, if not entirely subdued by it. This is certainly a strong argument in favour of the practice, life being a blessing to the healthy, but a burden to the diseased; yet still more powerful inducements to maternal affections and solicitude are to be drawn from the hopes of securing not only present health to our offspring, but in establishing in them sound and vigorous constitutions, which can scarcely be done by any less natural means of rearing them.

The cry of an infant ought never to be disregarded, as it is Nature's voice, which speaks of some pain or suffering. Cries, however, are of different kinds: for example, that of hunger may be soon known; it is short and wrangling; but when the cry is a continued one, and the legs are drawn up, there must be pain.

In such a case as this, the breast must be administered until the pain be removed. Warm bathing, gentle friction on the bowels, examination of the clothes, to ascertain whether any ligature is drawn too tight, should be first tried; and if the infant still appear to be in pain, a gentle aperient medicine should be administered. Powerful medicines should be given only by the advice of the medical attendant. The *hiccough* in young infants may be stopped either by a little finely powdered sugar laid on the tongue, or by putting the child to the breast for a few minutes. If the chests of infants are well covered, they will not be very liable to hiccough, as it is often caused by cold air affecting that part.

The time of weaning an infant depends so much upon circumstances that no fixed period for so doing can be assigned. Sometimes a child may be healthy and thriving, while its parent or nurse is weakly and delicate; in which case the welfare of both requires the weaning to take place at a very early period; but if, on the contrary, the child be delicate, and the parent vigorous, it may be advisable to continue the suckling even for an unusual period. When nothing, however, exists to demand a deviation from what is common, a child may generally be weaned without suffering inconvenience, at seven, eight, or nine months. Care should be taken not to begin weaning an infant when there are any untoward symptoms of dentition. In every case, weaning should be effected by degrees; and this not more on account of the infant than of the mother. Three or four weeks should be devoted to the accomplishment of this point.

As soon as the child's strength will permit, it should be in gentle motion almost the whole of the day, excepting during the intervals necessary for its sleep and nourishment. A child of four months old should begin to spring in its nurse's arms, to crouch at the objects which attract its attention, and to grasp, though with imperfect vision, at the things beyond its reach. But how often have we seen the reverse! and have wished to have taken from the dull and indifferent nurse the little being that has hung heavily upon her arms, while it looked around it with vacant stupidity.

Children, unless they are ill, are generally ready to be pleased, particularly if they have not been permitted, by the neglect of their comfort, and for want of suitable amusement, to acquire the habit of fretful crying, which, besides being painful to hear, is most likely to end in forming a temper of confirmed fretfulness and discontent. It is an excellent art in a nursemaid to accustom children to amuse and occupy themselves, an art equally conducive to her comfort and their benefit. If she thus preserve their good temper and her own, she will not find them often refractory." Our accomplished authoress might here have added, that the plan of cramming children with food, or the fully worse practice of frightening them with looks or stories of a horrifying tendency, for the purpose of quieting them, are to the last degree improper, and should meet with the instantaneous reprobation of every sensible mother. Farther observations on the bringing up of children must be left till another opportunity.

MIRKWOOD MERE.

[BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Late, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell;
The lake returned, in chaste d'gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool,
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if they lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care—
A world than earthly world more fair.
But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donnd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior at the battle cry
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
Began to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change!
As war'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strangely bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound.
While joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.
So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of Truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay;
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale;
For ever dead to Fancy's eye
Be each fair form that glided by;
While dreams of love, and lady's charms,
Give place to honour and to arms!

THE LAST WOLVES OF MORAY.

The last wolves existing in this district had their den in a deep sandy ravine, under the Knock of Bre-Moray, a lofty mountain near the centre of the shire, near the source of the Burn of Newton. Two brothers, residing at the little place of Falkirk, boldly undertook to watch the old ones out, and to kill their young; and as every one had suffered more or less from their depredations, the excitement to learn the result of so perilous an enterprise was universal. Having seen the parent animals quit their den in search of prey, the one brother stationed himself as a sentinel to give the alarm in case the wolves should return, whilst the other threw off his plaid, and armed with his dirk alone, crawled in to dispatch the cubs. He had not been long in the den when the wolves were seen by the watchman hastening back to the ravine. A sudden panic seized the wretched man, and he fled without giving the promised warning, and never stopped till he crossed the Divie, two miles off. There, conscience-stricken for his cowardice, he wounded himself in various places with his dirk; and on reaching Falkirk, he told the people, who eagerly collected to hear the result of the adventure, that the wolves had surprised them in the den, that his brother was killed, and that he had miraculously escaped, wounded as he was. A shout of vengeance rent the air; and each man catching up whatever weapon he could lay hands on, the whole gathering set out, determined at all hazards to recover the mutilated remains of their friend. But what was their astonishment, when, on reaching the Hill of Bogney, they beheld the mangled and bloody form of him whom they supposed dead, dragging itself towards them! For a moment they were awed by a superstitious fear; but they soon learned the history of his escape. He had found little difficulty in killing the cubs, and he was in the act of making his way out, when the mouth of the hole was darkened, and the she-wolf was upon him. With a lucky thrust of his dirk he killed her at once; but his contest with her grim companion was long and severe; and although he fought in that narrow place, and from behind the body of the brute he had killed, he was nearly torn to pieces before he succeeded in depriving his ferocious enemy of life. The indignation of the people against the dastard brother, on thus beholding his falsehood and cowardice made manifest, knew no bounds. They dragged him before the laird, who on hearing the case adjudged him to be forthwith hanged on the summit of the conical hill—a sentence that was immediately put in execution.—*Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

ANECDOTE OF PITT.

He received the rudiments of education under the parental roof; and notwithstanding his delicate health prevented him from devoting more than half the usual time to study, his progress was so rapid that Lord Chatham, who assisted the Rev. Edward Wilson in instructing him, frequently expressed his firm conviction that the boy would one day increase the glory of the name of Pitt, for that he would be the first man in the senate, whether in administration or not, and if a minister at all, that he would be premier. One evening, a member of parliament proposed taking the earl's sons to hear an important debate in the House of Commons; but Lord Chatham would only suffer the elder, John, to go; "for," said he, "if William hears any arguments of which he does not approve, he will rise to controvert them; and young as he is, he has not even in that able assembly many equals in knowledge, reasoning, and eloquence!"—*Georgian Era.*

GIPTSIES, THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

In 1400, the gipsies abounded in Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, and, shortly afterwards, were found scattered through all the provinces of Italy, where the superstitious believed that the penance of wandering about for a term of seven years had been imposed on them by some supernatural agency. Here they were known by the appellation of Zingari or Zingari, and in Saxony, in the year 1417, they were called "Zigeni, or Zigeuni." Avenine, too, mentions their arrival in Bavaria in 1411, and they then spread through Flanders and France, in which countries they were called Egyptians and Bohemians. In Spain, about the same period, they were termed Gitanos; and shortly subsequent to this, they appeared in England under the name of gipsies.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TAILORS.

THERE are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand. One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must profess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it, *eminently* conduces to the comfort of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now, it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye, was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditionary ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really *is*, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is, the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn—with this difference, that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule, in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the human body. Nay, the saddler, who furnishes clothes to a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as much meaner in his employment than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but, upon my honour, I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see where the fun lies, or it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect, entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected, from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shown in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of *being a jest*! Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbours might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh. The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this

silly sport. The tailors, very properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing-stocks without payment for their services in both capacities. Their wages, therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artizans; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers as the London tailors. The fellows pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether, than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage—never more to use the words 'prick the louse,' or any thing of that kind—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges." Let the world do this; and if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and yet the amount of genuine mirth not be much diminished.

THE NE'ER-DO-WHEEL.

NE'ER-DO-WHEEL is a term applied in Scotland to a class of individuals, who, let them try what course of life they please, *never do well* in any. There are two ways of accounting for such phenomena. Either the individual is supposed to want *good fortune*, or his infelicity is traceable to a want of certain powers necessary for success, with the possession, perhaps, of certain other qualities which operate unfavourably. Many of our readers will recollect the story of "Murad the Unlucky," by Miss Edgeworth, where two Musselmauns, brothers, are represented as setting out in life together, with equal chances of prospering; but while one does every thing he should do, and at its right time, and consequently thrives to admiration, the other does every thing he ought not to do, or if he does a right thing by chance, it is out of time, and consequently he ends in misery, with the nickname which furnishes a title to the tale. It has for a considerable time been contemplated by one of the editors of this Journal, to pen the adventures of a kind of Scottish Murad, of whom many instances, alas, are to be found; but a friend of much more experience in the world than he can pretend to, has to his great satisfaction spared him this trouble, by placing the following narrative at his command.

My uncle was a Scotsman:—that is but another name for a dry wit. He respected most of the feelings of his country, and even some of its superstitions; but if he thought either calculated to lead to wrong conclusions, he showed them no mercy. He often chose to reprehend them, however, in a way of his own: one of these was, to appear to chime in with the superstition—to give it every apparent credence; and then, by accounting in a natural manner for the facts referred to, to tear it to pieces by showing it to be wholly absurd.

One morning, a good-natured friend of his, of the opposite sex, was pleased to expatiate in his presence on the subject of witchcraft, adducing, as is usual in such circumstances, a great variety of facts, that could not in appearance be accounted for in any other way. My uncle heard her in his usual manner, with his eyes shut, and leaning back on his chair; but without a symptom of dissent. At length, when she was

fairly exhausted, he raised himself, not to express any dissent from her opinions, but in appearance to give a story in corroboration, and he gave it as follows:—

Unquestionably, some people are bewitched from their birth, or mad, without suspecting it, or being suspected by others. I knew a person of this description. His name was Nicol Badenoch. His father was a merchant in the country, in rather an extensive way; but he had risen to it entirely by his own exertions, and in a way that would make an entertaining and instructive history. In process of time he married a lady of a respectable family, but unfortunately not distinguished in their particular generation. In honour of this family, and to inherit a small maternal property, it was arranged that Master Nicolas should take the name of Badenoch; and it proved ominous to him; for either from that, or from some defect in his understanding or education (for I do not pretend to decide dogmatically upon anything), young Badenoch never prospered in any action of his life. Some said the property was in itself unlucky, and destroyed the prosperity of every one who ever meddled with it. But it was not entailed, so as to make the son independent of and indifferent to his father; so it could not injure the individual in that way. It was not a life-interest in any respect, so as to render the inheritor indifferent to the property; so it could hardly injure him any way. Some pretended, indeed, that in very remote times it had been wrested from a good-natured proprietor for a debt, which, even with interest and law charges, formed a very inadequate price; but if we were to go back to these things, what lands would appear to have come well?

Be this as it may, Badenoch completely answered to his name from his earliest years upwards. Whether he meant well or ill, it was all one; he never *did* well; and yet no one considered him particularly vicious or foolish—they only thought him *bewitched*.

There was one person who always dissented from the general conclusion, and that was his mother. Whatever was the cause, that individual showed an attachment and a good opinion of him that was wholly unaccountable. She had other children, and these amiable and sensible; but she left them wholly to the guidance of their father. She thought only of her son Nick. If he was well, all was well; and if not, it was of little consequence how other matters went. If he played truant, which he often did, it was of no consequence; he had an estate, and did not need to care for the school. If he tore his clothes, it was no matter, so it was not his person. If he belaboured another boy, infinitely his junior, it was a proper act, and no doubt the little rascal deserved it; but if another boy happened to belabour him, and this often did happen, it was a shame and a scandal, and the schoolmaster and the whole parish heard of it. At last he could hardly stir out but some mischief happened to him. Some people said he had brought this upon himself by his own cowardice, and by exciting the constant clamour of his mother; others by his being constantly over-dressed, and seeming very unworthy of it; and a school-green is certainly not the place for a young master to exhibit extra finery; but most people were satisfied by merely saying he was bewitched.

As he grew up, he exhibited rather a handsome person and a stupid head. He was what in Scotland is termed a *weel-faured gomeril*; a young man with the affectation of gentility, without the good sense that alone gives grace. He did not compete for any of the prizes at college, because he had no need. He did not talk of the learning he had acquired at college, but of the sums he had spent, and the tricks he had played—boasts that even the youngest of his hearers had

sense to despise or to disbelieve. At last, after finishing his course, he was found to be as ignorant of all matters taught at college, as he had previously been of all matters taught at school; consequently, he could not be of any of the professions proper to gentlemen; neither could he be a mere landholder, for he had already spent half his estate, and the other was inadequate to his maintenance. He was therefore compelled to think of becoming a merchant, in order to avoid being a beggar; and every one was more and more satisfied that young Badenoch was certainly bewitched.

Well, he became a merchant, and opened in a great way; for it would have been disgraceful to him to have opened in a small one. For a time he flourished in appearance, for his house was always full of company, and his goods were new and fashionable, and sold cheap. Some people, indeed, alleged that he often sold cheaper than he bought; but that must have arisen from ignorance on their part. It seemed probable, however, that, as was farther alleged, he was often feasting his friends when he ought to have been following his business; and that they were such friends as neither added to his credit by their countenance, nor to his understanding by their counsel. At last his entertainments began to be laughed at as the feasts of a fool; and his name became so common on bills, that it began to be refused at the banks. This was a critical moment for a merchant—it proved fatal to him. In eighteen months his affairs were so involved that they could not be extricated. From a blaze of apparent prosperity, he sunk at once into a bankrupt and a beggar. He had in that short space paid so many debts for other people, that he had nothing left to pay his own; and every body was satisfied that he was certainly bewitched.

And where was his mother during all this period? The admirer of all his proceedings, and now the trumpeter of his injuries, she saw nothing in his extravagance but liberality; nothing in his misfortunes but good nature. She did not say that he was imprudent, but that those who had taken advantage of him were villains; and she determined to support him at whatever expense.

In pursuance of this resolution, she insisted upon his being received back into his father's house. To have allowed him to be worse dressed, or less furnished with money than had been usual to him, would, she conceived have been an affront to the family. There was therefore no change in this respect. His father protested against all this; often asseverated that, as he had made his money with toil, so no one should spend it in idleness. He even went so far as to refuse all supplies whatever, on the plea that those who would not work should not live; and farther, that his family was large, and had been expensive, and he could not afford it; and this last was found actually to be true. But with an infatuation not easily accounted for, the mother would not believe it, or, believing it, disdained to yield to the change of conduct necessary in the circumstances. She had formerly been useful in aiding the exertions of her husband, and he had trusted her largely. She not only knew where his bank bills were deposited, but had occasionally acted for him in investing or drawing sums. Will it be believed? In order to supply the foolish, tasteless, and even unenjoyed extravagance of a worthless son, or to pay debts which he chose to consider debts of honour, though from the actual circumstances they were only debts of folly or infamy, this woman forgot all duty to her husband and her family, and, by privately removing documents of debt, and uplifting their contents, in one year reduced her husband from a state of perfect credit to one of the greatest difficulty and danger; for though he saw his son was supported from some quarter, probably in a dishonourable manner, he never dreamt of the extent, nor of the treachery of his wife; and in these circumstances came under engagements in the way of his business, which she had wholly deprived him of the means of answering. Nothing but his long-known probity, added to a distinct declaration of the fraud that had been practised upon him, could have saved the old merchant from ruin, and his family from want; and now every one who heard of the circumstance, declared that Nicol Badenoch was *certainly* bewitched.

It would be painful to enter into a detail of the miseries which these circumstances introduced into the family. It was now indispensable that the father should expel the son from his house, unless he would be considered cognisant of his follies, and even using them as a blind for defrauding his own creditors. This last feeling the honourable old man found intolerable; and therefore, though the mother clung to her son with a pertinacity little short of madness, he was decidedly expelled, and with him, for a time, the mother: for she declared that she would not be separated from him.

At last an incident happened that shook the foolish affections of even the mother. It is generally known how easily the marriage tie is come under in Scotland. The parties have only to acknowledge each other, before competent witnesses, to be husband and wife, and they are so to all legal intents and purposes, though certainly with the violation of all decency. Being one evening among his companions, and, as he pleaded, in no condition to judge for himself (if ever he was in that condition) in protecting the character of a young woman, whose character, it was supposed, required protection, and whose circumstances, at least, were humble, he declared, and, it is said, was from

mere mischief incited to declare, in testimony of his conviction of her purity, that he himself was ready to make her his wife; and the young woman being procured, or, as it was said, being ready to be introduced at the expected crisis, the man made good his threat, and next morning found himself indissolubly married! It need not be added, that the world now declared unanimously that Ne'er-do-weel was *undoubtedly* bewitched.

Amid all his misfortunes, his mother had thought so well of her darling Nicolas, that she looked to his repairing every thing, and even rising beyond what he had ever been, by a splendid marriage. This was so completely fixed in her imagination, that she considered all that might happen in the interval as of little consequence; she merely looked forward to the period when he might submit to marry. In this impression she had singled out for him none but women of first rate fortunes and accomplishments; and if she ever attempted to hint an instruction to her son, it was to think of looking after this or that lady, whom she considered such as he ought to be inclined to marry. A refusal on the part of the lady never entered her thoughts. It never affected her, that, one by one, the ladies she had in succession thought worthy of his preference, were retiring to their respective residences, with husbands of undoubted respectability, and of their own choosing. She only chid her son for not having stepped forward in time. But this blow was a destroyer. She could not believe it—she *would* not believe it. It was such a folly, such a disgrace; she asseverated that it was impossible; and carrying her son off to another quarter, sent to tell the young woman never to think of what had passed but as a piece of folly and a dream. But the young woman had different views on the subject. At last the mother, foolish in every thing, thought of her usual remedy in such emergencies—money; but there she was less powerful than heretofore, and the young person was vain. Though she believed her husband was a fool, and knew him to be a beggar, he was yet what the world had called a gentleman; and she was desirous of being a gentleman's wife. She was therefore as obstinate in maintaining her bargain as the mother was for annulling it, neither being conscious that it did not rest with them; and the rage and agony of the mother were indescribable.

Had it rested with her, no punishment would have seemed too great for the low-born gipsy that had dared to get married to her son; but in Scotland there is no punishment by law for marriage, and we can fancy the face of sarcasm with which our ancient lawgivers would leave it to itself.

The old lady saw no remedy for this last misfortune of her son, but in, for a time, foregoing his presence in this country, and sending him abroad; and she hoped that by thus decidedly breaking the connection, the young woman would soon seek a more equal match for herself, or otherwise so misconduct herself as to forfeit the title that had been given to her, and so give her husband an opportunity of speedily revisiting his country, and at liberty to enter into a more suitable connection. In pursuance of this prospect, a passage was taken for him in a vessel bound for the West Indies; and his father, who had of late remained callous to all circumstances connected with him, was prevailed on to advance the money necessary upon this occasion.

His infatuated mother, though the sole adviser of the expedition, yet could not avoid hazarding its success, by her extravagant and unaccountable sorrow. The son, too, though ruined and laughed at by his companions, could not avoid taking farewell of them. The circumstances transpired, and his route was traced by a circumstance completely characteristic. In taking leave of his mother, he was too late for the stage coach! She regarded this as very lucky, for it promised her another day of his company; but his father very truly predicted, that if he did not go as he could, he might not be allowed to go. The mother, as usual, ridiculed the old man's fears, and attributed them to the worst motives; but the approach of officers to surround the house, with the view of apprehending the son as in meditation of flight, soon satisfied her, for the thousandth time, that her folly was as complete as it seemed likely to be endless.

Contraband trade had been one of the occasional resources of the old gentleman, and so he still had the means of concealing his son. But the madness of the mother had well nigh rendered even this useless. She could not conceal her agony while the search of the officers was going forward—scarcely refrain from screaming as they approached where she thought it likely her son was concealed. It was necessary to remove her by force to a room which the officers had searched, and there secure her on her bed, or she would have divulged the whole. In the same spirit she rendered it indispensable that her precious son should be huddled off in the dark, and without seeing her, to find his seaport as he best could.

He found the seaport; but the frenzy of his mother having blabbed it, the officers watched the vessel, and one of them even declared his intention of going with an admiralty warrant as far as a boat would carry him. The sagacity of his father had anticipated this, and so a correspondent was directed to repair to the vessel, and announce that they should lie to, to receive him off the Western Isles. His escape now seemed certain, therefore; but there are people whose folly sets all human wisdom exerted in their favour at de-

fiance. The hero of this story was one of them. On the eve of setting off for his rendezvous, he could not help boasting to a cory of two days' standing, how he had detected the plot laid for him, and how defeated it. He had scarcely been gone twelve hours, when the story was repeated in an open taproom, in presence of the very officer who had been baffled, and who had now embarked so much money in the chase, and which he had no chance of realising but by the capture of his man, that he was well nigh desperate. He therefore started immediately in pursuit; and the correspondent of the old gentleman, seeing the vessel no longer watched, soon traced the cause, and the route of the officer. He immediately sent a person in whom he could trust, to give warning; and the warning was duly received. But a fool, by being warned of danger, is only rendered incapable of escaping from it. This infatuated person's only plan for governing those he wished to influence, was by appealing to their grossest passions, without considering whether he should not thereby incapacitate them from rendering the service he was so anxious to obtain. The difficulties of the land journey were past; he had only to embark for the island, when he received information that it was necessary he should embark immediately. The boatmen were summoned. They were ready to embark; but he deemed it necessary to apprise them that they must also use dispatch, and the wind was adverse. Nothing better occurred to this derelict than to ply them with ardent spirits—wisely deeming that the better they were fortified in this respect, the more they would be able and anxious to second his wishes. As might have been anticipated, they became irrationally drunk. They came to the beach, it is true, all confidence and noise, but wholly unfit for the business of facing a rough sea and a head-wind in a dark night. But they got on board. With much staggering, and noise, and swearing, the sail was hoisted; but the boat could not be made to clear the bay. All night they lay hard to the wind; those at the sails and helm never quitting them, but, on the contrary, holding on with the most desperate perseverance, to prevent the vessel again falling upon the lee-shore; for our hero now felt it necessary to declare that he must not upon any account be landed again.

During the darkness they could see nothing but that there were breakers still on the sea. The sailors swore and prayed by turns; for with every rag set, and the man at the helm watching every wave, they were satisfied they had not yet cleared the head, and, in short, with all their exertions, were doing nothing. They had never experienced any thing like this, and believed they must be bewitched. Our unfortunate hero himself believed at last that he must be bewitched. He ran over the whole course of his life. It was a life that ought to have been prosperous, but in every circumstance had been unprosperous. When others, without a shilling, had made fortunes, he, with every opportunity, had lost one. Instead of having married, so as to increase his comfort and respectability, he had become involved in a way that precluded him for ever from either being comfortable or respectable through that connection. Even when he had wished to fly from his native country, without a shilling that he could call his own, and without knowing whether he should ever be enabled to earn one, he had found it impossible. By merely telling to companions he had trusted, the course he meant to follow, that course had been betrayed. By lingering for a moment with a mother that loved him, he had lost the opportunity of travelling in comfort. And by merely mentioning to a stranger the fact of having overcome all difficulties, he had not only protracted and increased them, but rendered them overwhelming. The vessel even refused to sail, that ought to bear him on his destination. He sunk, overpowered with the inscrutable severity of his fate. He was certainly bewitched, if ever a man was.

When daylight appeared, it was found that though every sail was set, and every hand was at his post, and straining every nerve, they had not left the spot from which they intended to start. The wind was howling in the rigging, the sails were full to bursting, the helmsman was watching every pitch of the vessel, and screaming his orders to the over-laboured tars, who, now sober from fatigue and anxiety, were tightening every rope with increased ardour, and looking at the ocean and at the land at once, with a disappointment and astonishment almost amounting to frenzy. At last a horseman was seen to reach the beach, attended by numerous companions on foot. Our hero at once knew him. It was his pursuer! Shouts at once of triumph and of laughter burst from them, as they leaped into a boat to board the enchanted vessel. This only increased the rage of those on board of her. They saw that the others made way freely to overtake, while they could not stir to fly. They gnashed their teeth, while they exclaimed, *what could be the cause!* The cause was at once discovered—the vessel was hard at anchor! In the drunkenness of the preceding night, they had totally omitted to weigh anchor; and all night, of course, had been contending with a phantom. In the rage of the moment, one of the seamen cut the cable, and the vessel darted to seaward, exactly as the officers in pursuit hauled our hero into their own boat.

It will seem strange, that while the boat escaped, the person who formed the sole object of that escape should have remained behind. But this fact is to be referred, like the rest, to that person's unchangeable

folly. He was standing, so anxious to see the vessel escape, that he had no eye or thought for any other circumstance; and, consequently, one of his pursuers threw a rope round him, without observation or resistance, and in another moment he was in the water, and too glad to be taken up even by his worst enemy.

The often disappointed messenger, as soon as he could reach our hero, clutched him as if every thing short of strangulation was justified! He had often received money from him before, it is true; but no thanks for that. He had now a good ten pounds depending upon him; and to secure that, he would have dragged him through fire, had it been necessary, as well as water. From the mere instinct of outraged nature, our friend for once in his life showed some sense of right. He knew he had done nothing to justify the harshness shown to him; and therefore, or from the necessity of freeing himself from suffocation, immediately exerted all his strength to free himself from the aggressor, and with such effect, that the messenger very speedily found himself in the same element from which our friend had so recently been rescued. At the same time, Mr Badenoch, who for his amusement had learned to swim, immediately again plunged into the water, in a direction, it may be supposed, the very opposite to his antagonist. The boatmen were now divided in their object. Could they have seen the messenger, to throw him a rope, they would have done so, and made after his prize; but the messenger had not yet again made his appearance. One of the boatmen, therefore, threw a rope after the escaping individual; but they of the other boat, and who had fortunately not been paid their fare, had now returned, and either entering into the spirit of the rescue, or wishing to establish a merit with their own man, seemed determined to defeat the object of their neighbours, if possible. As soon as the rope was thrown, therefore, one of them seized it with a boathook, pretending to understand it to be meant to bring the yawl on board. But this would have left their paymaster to his fate, and, consequently, their fare unpaid; for once, therefore, our friend was fortunate, and escaped. His boat flew to sea, as if with a joyous velocity; and the disappointed officer, when picked up, was in no condition to reproach himself or any one else for what had happened. He only "grinned horrible," forgetting to add the smile.

The boat of the bewitched one then got to sea, but only to be satisfied it was too late! The vessel had waited the appointed time, but in vain; and with a heart bursting with many contending emotions (for these unfortunates have feelings—often strong feelings—though generally of the wrong description), our hero saw the masts of the ship, that was to have borne him to oblivion and safety, disappearing on the far ocean, and leaving him more hapless than ever!

The boatmen, seeing his situation, very feelingly took some trouble to avoid returning in such a way as to expose him to farther persecution. They steered for another part of the island; and having landed their fare, returned as quickly as possible, and as if they had succeeded in effecting their object. Perhaps their personal vanity upon this subject was the real secret of their exertions. The messenger was deceived, and left the field.

Again our hero, therefore, became a burden upon his friends; but as he had shame enough to avoid returning to them, it was more tolerable. Taught at last by dire experience, he kept his own secret, and, in a few weeks after this disappointment, was fairly on his way to a foreign land.

[The remainder of the Ne'er-do-weel's adventures in our next.]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE ATMOSPHERE—Continued.

THE humidity of the air next claims our attention; and we need scarcely observe, that the vegetable creation, which appears to have been destined for the support of myriads of animate beings, requires a certain quantity of moisture, whether it descends in the form of dew, or of genial and refreshing rains, which are supplied by the evaporation which is constantly going on from the rivers, lakes, and seas which adorn the surface of the earth. Accordingly, it is found that the air always holds, either in solution or in suspension, a certain quantity of moisture. At 50° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it will contain one-fiftieth of its own volume, or about one seventy-fifth of its own weight of this vapour; but the quantity is varied by many causes. More vapour rises in maritime countries, and those interspersed with lakes, than in inland countries; more rises during hot than during cold weather, and during a brisk wind than during a calm. So long as the air holds this moisture in solution or suspension, so as not to exceed its capacity of saturation, it remains invisible; but if the temperature diminishes, the quantity of vapour which surpassed the degree of saturation condenses, and, according to its degree of condensation, resumes the liquid state, descending in the shapes of fogs or rain. It often happens on a fine clear day, when there is not a speck apparent in the azure sky, that from some sudden current of cold air in those higher regions, this vapour is suddenly condensed into light billowy clouds, which again after a time disappear. The excess of moisture in the air indicating the approach of rain, is recognised by many prognosics, which are perhaps more familiarly known to the sailor and the peasant than to the man of science. Thus, when the moon

appears of a pure and silvery white, good weather is indicated; but when it exhibits a reddish light, wind and storm, and when a brown tint, rain may be predicted; all of which appearances depend on the increased quantity of moisture affecting the density of the air. When the odour of plants is more powerful, when distant sounds are heard more distinctly, when objects afar off are seen more perceptibly than usual, the air is saturated with excess of moisture, and rain may generally be prognosticated. Instruments to ascertain the quantity of moisture present in the air, are termed *Hygrometers*, and are generally made of sponge, hair, or whalebone. That used by the celebrated Howard, who has furnished us with an admirable work on the climate of London, consists of a very slender strip of whalebone, which having been cut out of the piece across the grain, and reduced by scraping to the requisite thickness, with a length of about three and a half inches, is so mounted on a brass frame, with a counteracting spring of wire, as to move an index round a circular scale of three inches circumference. The shortening of the strip of whalebone by dryness, and the lengthening by moisture, while the spring keeps it extended, respectively carry the index towards the extremes of the scale. Certain vegetables, more especially the wild oat and other kinds of grasses, and also some flowers, indicate the excess of moisture in the atmosphere, and are good hygrometers.

The electrical condition of the air merits notice, as it obviously influences a variety of atmospheric phenomena. Here, then, we may observe, that the peculiar matter known under the form of electric fluid seems to pervade all nature. It constantly seeks an equal distribution, and some bodies conduct it with more facility than others. Of this remarkable fluid the earth is the great reservoir; and when an equilibrium exists between it and atmospheric bodies, no sensible phenomena take place: water is a better conductor than air, for which reason, during a thick fog, when the earth is surcharged with electrical matter, the electricity is conducted away without any sensible effects; but if the air remain dry, as it often is in this country during the summer and autumn months, then the fluid, instead of being conducted gently, forces itself through the intervening space to the attracting body, and produces loud explosions. Hence the correctness of the poet, who, in describing a storm among the Alps, says—

—far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. Not one lone cloud,
But every mountain, now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

The electrical state of the air varies in different climates, and at different periods of the day; hence storms rarely occur immediately after sunrise, because the rising vapours then equalise the electric fluid without any sensible commotion; but they occur when the air has become dry during the more advanced period of the day and during the night. In summer, when the earth is dry, and the day warm, droughty, and serene, the atmospheric electricity increases from sunrise until mid-day, when it arrives at its maximum, and remains stationary a couple of hours, after which it diminishes until the fall of dew, and revives and increases again until midnight, to be shortly after almost extinguished.

When the electrical condition of the earth and clouds is dissimilar, and the equilibrium is disturbed, nervous people are often much affected, suffering difficulty of breathing, headach, painful anxiety, a sense of oppression, pains in the limbs, and mental depression, by which many of them are enabled to predict with certainty the approach of a storm. Nor does this result merely from imagination, for many animals, and persons who are insane, are at such times much affected. Occasionally the air is so much charged with electricity, that fireballs are seen at the tops of masts, towers, and monuments. The manes of horses, and tips of their ears, often appear luminous during a thunder-storm. Julius Cæsar states, that, after a great storm which occurred during the African war, and which injured the Roman army, the end of the soldiers' javelins and darts shone with a great light. The electricity of the atmosphere is not less by day than by night; but it has been observed that winds often augment, and often diminish considerably, its electrical state. Northern lights, shooting stars, the zodiacal light, and other similar phenomena, have been attributed to the accumulation and transmission of the electric fluid through the higher regions of the air. The forms of clouds and the fall of rain are said likewise to depend on electricity; but the variations in the electrical state of our atmosphere, and the influence of these on the human body in health and disease, are not yet sufficiently understood.

We shall next consider the colour of the atmosphere; and assuredly there are few observers of nature who have not marked with delight the glowing tints that "live along the sky," and the greater or the lesser intensity of the azure vault at different seasons of the year, and in different countries. It has by some been supposed that the air is itself of a blue colour, which when the air is accumulated in a mass is rendered more apparent; but this explanation is by no means so satisfactory as that which rests on the principles and beautiful theory of light propounded by Sir Isaac Newton. That illustrious philosopher showed, that, when a ray of white light passes from a rarer into a

denser medium, as from space, or subtile ether, into our denser atmosphere, it is bent out of its course, and resolved into its primary ray. The colour of the sky is owing to the vapour suspended in the air absorbing the least refrangible—that is, the red and yellow rays—and transmitting the blue or most refrangible of the rays, which, when blended together, constitute a beam of light. Accordingly, the different shades of blue which the heavens display depend on the quantity and nature of vapour suspended in the atmosphere. If the watery particles be to a certain degree condensed, the white light, or the light undecomposed, is reflected, and we have the pale tint of sky so frequently observed in this country. But if their suspension be more complete, and the air fully saturated, as is the case in warmer southern climates, then the blue rays are transmitted in their softest and deepest intensity. Travellers have observed, that in general the air is of a deeper blue under the torrid zone than in high latitudes; and so likewise, in this climate, in summer than in winter. Baron Humboldt remarks, that from the coasts of Spain and Africa, the azure colour of the heavens augmented from thirteen to twenty-three degrees, which he estimated by an instrument invented for that purpose, named the Cyanometer. Near the horizon, on account of the opacity of the vapours there generally accumulated, the sky is often of a pale tint; and for the same reason, when viewed from coasts, it appears paler on the sea than on the land side of the prospect. When we ascend a mountain, and attain a region above the diffusion of the aqueous vapour, which thus refracts the blue rays, the sky becomes of a deeper blue, and then its shades grow darker and darker, until its whole expanse appears black. Such was the aspect of the heavens, described by Saussure, from the top of Mont Blanc and the Andes. So, likewise, M. Auldjo, in describing the sublime prospect from the top of Mont Blanc, thus expresses himself:—"On the south, a blue space showed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the background of this, rose the long chain of the Appennines, and lofty Alps, forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment." Here we may add, because it is consonant with this explanation, that Professor Leslie, of the University of Edinburgh, has observed, that the light diffused is weaker when the sky is of a very deep and pure blue, than when it is slightly covered by transparent vapour. Assuredly, the reason of this is, that, in the deep blue atmosphere, the rays of light are many of them decomposed, as we have explained; while in the more opaque vapoury sky they are reflected in all their original dazzling whiteness. Hence, by presenting a medium for the refraction and reflection of light, the atmosphere which invests the earth tends to diffuse this blessing equally around us. Without its presence, when we turned our back on the sun, the rest of the sky would appear quite black; and the instant that glorious orb sunk below the horizon, instead of a gentle twilight succeeding, we should be involved in total darkness.

We do not in this place consider it expedient to dwell at any length on the chemical constitution of atmospheric air; but we may remark, that instead of being a simple element, as was supposed by the ancients, it is a mixture of two gases, the one named oxygen, the other nitrogen; besides which, there is found a small portion of a more deleterious gas, known as carbonic acid gas, the fixed air which gives the sparkling buoyancy to soda water, champagne, &c. The oxygen may be called the stimulating principle of the air. If a spark of light be plunged into it, the spark shines with a bright and dazzling lustre. If we were to inspire it, the pulse would become increased, the breathing more rapid, and the stimulus be too great for the endurance of life. Yet without its presence no animal could live, so that, when confined in a close apartment, as the quantity of this gas diminishes, our breathing becomes laborious, and, were not a fresh quantity admitted, respiration would entirely cease. Without its presence no flame is supported. A candle placed under a jar, when it has consumed the oxygen, becomes extinguished. It likewise acts upon metals entering into combination with them, as with mercury, lead, manganese, from which it may readily be expelled by the agency of heat. Such being the qualities of this gas, and as it could not be breathed pure, Nature, in forming atmospheric air, has supplied a diluent in the nitrogen, seventy-nine parts of which added to twenty-one of oxygen constitute the air we breathe, and in this proportion the air is found at the highest altitudes and in all countries. Saussure analysed the air on the top of Mont Blanc, and found it consisted of the same constituents as the air in the valleys below. Berthollet analysed the air of Egypt, and found it the same as the air in France. The carbonic acid gas, being so deleterious, exists only in a very small proportion—one part in a thousand; but it varies, the quantity being greater in summer than in winter, and during the night than during the day. It was supposed at one time that it existed only accidentally in the air, but it is now ascertained that it exists in the air over the high mountain ranges. Guy Lussac brought it from twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea, that being the amazing height to which he

ascended in his balloon. Every body is aware that air is necessary for the support of human life; hence we read in the Mosaic account of the creation that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Let us therefore attend to what has been observed on this subject. At each inspiration from twenty to forty inches of air are taken into the body, and this air consists of a certain quantity of oxygen, nitrogen, watery vapour, and a very little carbonic acid; but at each expiration its condition is materially changed, the quantity of nitrogen remains the same, that of the watery vapour is little changed, but a part of the stimulating principle of the oxygen disappears, and an additional quantity of carbonic acid gas is emitted in its place: this applies to animals. It is evident, therefore, that a vast quantity of oxygen is continually being extracted from the air; and to compensate for this loss, Nature has not failed to make an ample and all-wise provision. This is done by the aid of plants and trees, which, during the day, in the process of their breathing, absorb the carbonic acid gas, and give out a quantity of oxygen, so that while animals are deteriorating, plants are purifying the atmosphere. In the shade, however, and during the night, it is found that plants emit carbonic acid;—hence, in a plain only lightly shaded with wood, the air is salubrious, but in the interior of extensive forests it is thick and unwholesome. Accordingly, as the poet expresses it, "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," and thus is the vegetable creation essential to the purification of the air we breathe. No wonder is it, then, that the Dutch paid so heavy a penalty for their ill-judged proceeding at Ternate, where, in order to heighten the value of the fruit of the clove-tree, which grew plentifully on that island, they ordered all the clove-trees to be cut down, shortly after which the air became unwholesome, and the whole island sickly. Air, we may also remark, is rendered very deleterious by gases and vapours generated in the earth. In the island of Java, the carbonic acid is thrown out in such quantities in a certain valley, that no animal can there exist, and birds flying low drop dead. It is a volcanic district, and thus is appropriately called the "Valley of Death." At Fashun in Sweden, noted for copper mines, the mineral exhalations so affect the air, that the silver in the purses of the possessors becomes discoloured. In Carniola and Campania, the air is impregnated with sulphur. It has also been found to contain arsenic; and that such poisonous matters are sent from below, and arise from some subterranean action, may be inferred from the destruction of millions of fishes. Whole coasts have been covered with dead fishes, supposed to have been killed by such poisonous matter from below; volcanoes have at such times been in a state of activity, and earthquakes have occurred.

After the account we have given of the composition of the air, and the difference between the air expired, and that inspired, how important must be the proper ventilation of all hospitals, prisons, and manufactories! The air of hospitals, during the period of an epidemic, when it was supposed to be loaded with contagious matter, has been analysed; but the proportion of its constituents has not been found altered. We do not believe that any variation in the proportion, or any mixture of gases, could generate a matter of contagion to affect with any specific disease the living body; but when it is rendered deleterious by having been frequently breathed, and when it is charged with the exhalations of filth and putrifying matter, then the seeds of contagion, which have been generated in some sickly but yet living frame, and which are more or less constantly wafting about, find a congenial medium for their evolution, and all the horrors of plague then thicken round us. Thus, when the great fire of London broke out in the year 1665, that city was in the most uncleanly and lamentable condition; dirt of all kinds was allowed to lie in the streets, the drains choked, and every kind of excrementitious matter was thrown into them. The floors even of the middling ranks were covered with hay and rushes, which, though occasionally renewed, were suffered to lie unmolested beneath beer, grease, fragments of meat, excrements, &c. The houses were high, the streets narrow, and every obstacle that could possibly oppose a free current of air was offered. The great plague that ravaged Rome in 1695, is referred by Lancelotti to an analogous want of cleanliness and ventilation. It is indeed commonly observed, that epidemic diseases arise, and often prove most destructive, in the closer and filthier parts of cities; and we are perfectly satisfied that the salutary measures recently recommended and had recourse to by the Edinburgh Board of Health, have in a great measure mitigated and checked the progress of the disease, which has so recently spread tenfold terrors and desolation through Dublin, Paris, and other European cities.

While the atmosphere produces such important effects on living bodies, both animal and vegetable, its influence may also be observed on inert inanimate matter. Iron, copper, and most of the metals when exposed to its action, attract its carbonic acid, and become rusted. Boyle relates, that in the southern English colonies the great guns rusted so fast, that after lying in the air a few years, large cakes of *corrosionis maris* could be separated from them. The purple stone, of which Salisbury Cathedral is built, is observed to become gradually softer on the surface exposed to the air. Rocks, most of which contain iron

in greater or lesser abundance, change their colour, from that metal being acted upon by the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. Hence is derived the red or yellow colour exhibited by rocks, and which seen scattered over with lichens, or crowned with stunted shrubs, adds so much to the beauty of such scenery. We might trace many other effects of the atmosphere on inanimate matter; but already we have exceeded our limits, and for the present bid our readers "all and each a fair good night," promising to appear before them again at our earliest convenience.

THE FREEBOOTER OF LOCHABAR.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, in the county of Moray, a native of Lochabar, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, which signifies "Peter, the priest's son." Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle, on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for some time between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochabar, but, crossing the River Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdarn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, *Cairn-au-Sh'uaran*, or the Well Hill. But notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and dispatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending *Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, and recovering the cattle.

It so happened that there lived at this time, on the laird of Grant's ground, a man also called Cameron, surnamed *Mugach-more*, of great strength and undaunted courage; he had six sons and a stepson, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with *Mugach*; and as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in the man. The *Mugach* no sooner received his orders than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The *Mugach* called on *Padrig* and his men to surrender, and they, though numerous, dreading the well-known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The *Mugach* drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them till their owners came to recover them.

Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring, he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the *Mugach*, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. *Mac-an-Ts'agairt* and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that the *Mugach* and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place, and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and, having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the *Mugach's* cottage.

No sooner was his dwelling attacked than the brave *Mugach*, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the *Mugach* was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived in the obscurity the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to dispatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his stepson! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking *Padrig* from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint

voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the *Mugach* stood petrified with horror and grief, but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him, to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the *Mugach's* wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son, in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. "Hast thou forgotten our former days?" cried the wily *Padrig*, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door; "how often hast thou undone thy door to me, and wilt thou not open it now, to give me way to punish him who has but this moment so foully slain thy beloved son?" Ancient recollections and present affliction conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the *Mugach* and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door, undid the bolt, and *Padrig* and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated *Mugach* no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvass winnowing sheet, and before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, *Padrig's* weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspey could boast of. His four sons, who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralysed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupefied and appalled. But she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of *Padrig* and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried, "spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground and trampled under foot by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons.

Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, *Mac-an-Ts'agairt* beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called *Tom-nan-Cearn*, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, than his butchery was known at Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but *Padrig*, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and *Padrig* felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochabar. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach, having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot on foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when to his astonishment he met *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at *Lag-na-caillich*, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing *Padrig*. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. *Padrig* was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the *Mugach's* murder had been by this time much obliterated, by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away.

Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their fellow captive, discussing as they went what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her nainself for Donald," said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," says a fourth, "what for waud we be plaguing ourselves more wi' him!" "Yes, yes! brave, generous men!" said *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows tree in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking, as all the events of his life had been: "Yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey men—it is unworthy of Grants, to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, "No!" said Muckrach sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from

my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards, and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff.

As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulan, the hill of Tom-nan-Cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice; and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe, and whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes.—*Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

WE now bring forward the conclusion of our list of men who have risen from the lower ranks to eminence through the force of their genius and perseverance.

Hawkesworth, the author of the *Adventurer*, was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterwards became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor, but entering as a private soldier, he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland, in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who by her heroism delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Litchfield, and attempted to support himself by keeping a school; before he became known, and was patronised by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bread a bricklayer. The famous Paul Jones was the son of a working gardener, and commenced his maritime life as a sailor boy. La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan, in such destitute circumstances, that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and a marshal under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly for his bravery, was born of poor parents, and was, at his outset in life, a common dyer. David Levi, a Jew of considerable literary talent, and author of a variety of works, was first a shoemaker and next a hatter, but contrived to acquire a respectable portion of learning. Leyden, the author of some beautiful Scottish poems, and a person of refined sentiment, was the son of a shepherd in Roxburghshire. Maidland, the historian of London and Edinburgh, began the world as a travelling dealer in hair. Benjamin Martin, who flourished as a writer on science at the beginning of the last century, was originally a farmer's labourer, but by dint of perseverance he acquired sufficient learning to become a schoolmaster, and afterwards a lecturer on experimental philosophy. Matsys, an eminent Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, and his love for the daughter of an artist is said to have been his inducement to study painting. Moliere was the son of a

valet-de-chambre of the French king. Murat, one of the most intrepid of the French marshals, was the son of an innkeeper at Bastide. Ney, "the bravest of the brave," was the son of an artisan. Samuel Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* and other works of fiction, was the son of a joiner, and had a very scanty education: he was bound an apprentice to a printer, and by his genius and perseverance rose in his profession, and became an eminent literary character. Rousseau, one of the most eminent French writers, was the son of a watchmaker; and being apprenticed to an engraver, he was so ill treated by his master, that he ran away before he was sixteen: his education was totally neglected, and for years he wandered as a vagabond seeking a precarious subsistence; yet by his natural abilities he brought himself into notice and fame. Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral, began the world at eleven years of age as a poor sailor boy. The illustrious Shakspeare was the son of a dealer in wool, and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy; other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who left him fatherless; his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussant L'Ouverture, who was appointed governor and president of the free black republic of St Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page to the margrave of Burgau, a situation almost equivalent to that of a footboy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated for his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music, but by dint of incessant study, he became an excellent composer.

West, the American painter, was the son of a Quaker, and had many difficulties to contend with at his outset. Jarvis Spencer, a miniature painter of last century, was originally a valet, or menial servant. Hanam, the painter, was at first the apprentice of a cabinetmaker. Richard Wright and Lawrey Gilpin were originally ship-painters. Barry, an Irish painter, was originally a working mason. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, and such was the poverty of his parents and his own natural genius, that, when a mere boy, he supported the family by painting. Giotto, the reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant, and he himself kept sheep while a boy. Ghret, the famous drawer of botanical objects, was the son of a working gardener. Canova was the son of a stonecutter, was left an orphan, and raised himself entirely by his genius. Taylor, the water poet, was a waterman. Antonia Bianchi, an Italian poet, was a gondolier. Allan Ramsay was the son of a workman at Leadhills, and began life as a barber. Stow, the author of the *Survey of London*, and Speed, the author of the *History of Great Britain*, were originally tailors. And Anthony Purver, a self-instructed man of learning, and a preacher; Joseph Pendrell; Bekman, the German; Holcroft, the novelist; Bloomfield, the poet; Lackington, who rose to such eminence as a bookseller in London; and Drew, the metaphysician, were all originally members of the "gentle craft" of shoemaking.

[The next number of the Journal will contain an article embodying a few general views as to advancement in the world.]

BRITISH WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE.

THE manufacture of woollen cloth in Britain derives its origin chiefly from the settlement of ingenious tradesmen from the Netherlands, who were compelled to emigrate on account of civil and religious persecution. The excellence of British cloths has been long acknowledged, although they are hardly superior to those of Germany, as was recently decided by competent judges at Leipsic; and it appears that, from being the leading branch of manufactures in the country, they are now second to cotton goods, which have rendered many articles of inferior consequence. It has been estimated that the value of the manufactured woollen goods annually consumed in Great Britain is £11,000,000; and if to this be added £7,000,000, which is about the average value of those exported, the total value of the annual produce of this manufacture will be about £18,000,000. Estimating the value of the raw material at one-third of the value of the goods, a sum of £12,000,000 is left as the aggregate amount of profits and wages. Estimating the profit of the manufacturers, and the sum necessary to indemnify them for their outlay, at 18 per cent., the total amount of wages paid in this manufacture will be £9,840,000, and taking £15 as a fair average of the annual wages obtained by the various descriptions of individuals in this department of industry, we shall get 546,000 as the total number of workmen, and at least 1,100,000 human beings, or one-thirteenth part of the inhabitants of Great Britain, as supported by the woollen manufacture. In the course of years, numerous improvements have been effected in the cloth-making establishments, which have simplified human labour, and caused more work to be done by fewer

hands. But we learn that another improvement, of American origin, is about to be adopted at the mills, which will very considerably diminish the number of persons employed, and throw many families into that state of destitution, so obviously the case of the hand-loom cotton-weavers. In ten years hence, therefore, much less than a thirteenth part of the inhabitants will be so employed. In Scotland, the manufacture of cloths is continuing to advance, both in the quantity and the quality of the article produced.

The finer cloths made in England are now made partly from fine foreign wool, of which the import for the ten years previous to 1819 amounted to 11,000,000 lbs. The following was the declared value of British manufactured woollens, and of woollen yarns, exported from Great Britain to foreign parts, from 1820 to 1828. —

Year	L.	s.	d.	Year	L.	s.	d.
1820	5,987,442	9	11	1825	6,042,411	4	4
1821	5,583,430	2	2	1826	6,194,926	2	3
1822	6,463,920	12	2	1827	4,982,908	16	6
1823	6,488,673	14	6	1828	5,277,861	6	2
1824	5,635,471	2	6				

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

AN amusing anecdote, related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the foibles and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India, and the rascality of the minister who managed his affairs. The fondness of the king for mechanics (says the Bishop) led him to try some experiments, in which he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the reamness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word—"If he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera, ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply; "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Harumzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there, and never see my face more!" The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God, keep the devil from me!" he said; "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object." "Touch him!" said the king; "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Istufallah!" said the favourite; "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who has stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us: I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened, he may enter it again peaceably." The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore, with a horrible oath, that "if he did not put himself upon the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if he ever trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed." This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

PECULIARITIES OF GERMANY.

EVERY hotel in Germany is divided into three departments; the hotel (properly so called), the tavern, and the café; each of these is perfectly distinct and separate from the other two, and the waiters' accounts, &c. are totally unconnected one with another, although all be paid to the same proprietor. In consequence of this, it is not the custom here, as in France and England, to run up bills; you pay for each article immediately on receiving it; and certainly this practice has its advantages, compelling you, as it does, in a great degree, to live within your income, and precluding the possibility of your being cheated by clerks or waiters.

In almost all the towns of Germany, Vienna excepted, there is a table d'hôte at one o'clock. In general, you get an excellent dinner on reasonable terms. The society, too, is for the most part very good, and adorned by the presence of a fair proportion of charming women. After dinner, mountebanks, singers, and musicians, attend for the amusement of the company, who reward them after their own good pleasure, from one halfpenny up to twopence; the latter sum makes a German stare. At most places, smoking does not begin till the ladies have retired; but at the Schwartzer Ross, the first hotel in Prague, I remarked it commenced long before the fairer portion of the company had displayed any intention to leave the table. You generally sup *à la carte*, paying separately for each article ordered, and gratifying the attendant with a donation of a halfpenny or a penny, the latter being very liberal.

In most hotels in which there is not a table d'hôte, there are two separate dining rooms, or *spiese saales*, one for the benefit of smokers, the other for ladies and such gentlemen as are not amateurs of the pipe.

In England, or even in France, it would be considered an unpardonable offence against the common decencies of life to spit or throw water or beer about the room; here it is done constantly in the very best houses. A young blood of the first water will come into your lodgings, take one of your pipes (of which, to be in the fashion, you should have ten or twelve), and however handsome and costly may be the furniture, spit about him in all directions, without even dreaming of offering the least apology. You of course avail yourself of the earliest opportunity to return the compliment *chez lui*, that the reciprocity may not be all on one side, as a gallant admiral declared it was in the free-trade system. So that every thing is comfortably arranged upon the accommodating principle—

Hanc veniam pelimus damus que vicissim.

It must be borne in mind, though, that such a thing as a carpet is totally out of the question, even in the palaces of Prince Esterhazy, sovereign though he be. Indeed, if you wish specially for cleanliness, you should never leave England, or, at farthest, France; *c'est à dire*, as far as taverns, cafés, and hotels are concerned; but touching the peasantry and their cottages, there is nothing to reproach withal. The cottages and peasantry throughout Hungary and Austria Proper are both remarkable for the neatness and comfort of their appearance. The house is always conveniently furnished, and you generally see in its neighbourhood a couple of horses and as many cows, which are the property of the tenant. Before I had seen other countries, I was in the habit of considering the peasantry of England the happiest and most comfortable in the world. My opinion is now, I confess, altogether changed. The lower orders throughout the Austrian dominions are in a condition far superior to those of a similar rank in any English county. This speaks much in favour of the despotic government of the empire, which, however rigorous in theory, must be essentially mild in practice, since it secures such general happiness and prosperity to the people who are subject to it.—*From a recent book of Travels, of which we have mislaid the title.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

THE power of natural genius, in bursting forth under every species of disadvantage and impediment, has been seldom so triumphantly manifested as in the life of Paganini, the musician. To excel in music as a science, does not require, by any means, a high order of intellect, neither does it demand that extraordinary cultivation by art necessary in the pursuit of the other sciences; but to be perfect in its theory and practice, much intuitive ability, and a happy expertness, are requisite; for, without these, the aspirant will in general only reach a respectable mediocrity, hardly worthy of being attained. In the life of the renowned personage now to be noticed, it will be seen that genius was born with him and soon made itself known.

Nicolo Paganini was born at Genoa, in February 1784: it is not mentioned what his father's profession was, if indeed he had any; and all we are told is, that his chief pursuit was to improve his circumstances, which were not the best in the world, by speculating in the lottery; so that when his little son

Nicolo began, at an unusually early age, to give strong indications of musical talent, it seemed as if the wheel of fortune had at last been propitious, and he accordingly lost no time in setting to work to make the most of his prize. Having some skill on the violin himself, he resolved to teach him that instrument, and as soon as he could hold it, put one into his hands, and made him sit beside him from morning till night to practise it. The incessant drudgery which he compelled him to undergo, and the occasional starvation to which he subjected him, seriously impaired his health, and, as Paganini himself asserts, laid the foundation of that valetudinarian state which has ever since been his portion, and which his pale sickly countenance and his sunk and exhausted frame so strongly attest. As his enthusiasm was such as to require no artificial stimulus, this severe system could only have been a piece of cool and wanton barbarity.

In his eighth year, under the superintendence of his father he had written a sonata, which, however, along with many other juvenile productions, he lately destroyed; and as he played about three times a-week in the churches and at private musical parties, upon a fiddle nearly as large as himself, he soon began to make himself known among his townsmen. At this time he received much benefit from one Francesco Gnecco, who died in 1811, and whom he always speaks highly of.

In his ninth year, being applied to by a travelling singer to join him in a concert, he made his first public appearance in the great theatre at Genoa, and played the French air, "La Carmagnole," with his own variations, with great applause.

His father now resolved to place him under the tuition of the well-known composer Rolla, and for that purpose took him along with him to Parma. The particulars of their interview afford a striking proof of the proficiency which he had by this time acquired. As Rolla happened to be ill and lying in bed, the party were shown into the antechamber, when, observing upon the table one of the composer's newest concertos, the father beckoned to his son to take up his violin and play it, which he did at sight, in such a way that the sick man immediately started up, demanded who it was, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to believe that the sounds had proceeded from a little boy and his intended pupil; but as soon as he had satisfied himself that that was really the case, he declined to receive him—"For God's sake," said he, "go to Paer; your time would be lost with me; I can do nothing for you."

To Paer accordingly they went, who received him kindly, and referred him to his own teacher, the old and experienced "Maestro di Capella" Giretti, from Naples, who gave him instructions for six months, three times a-week in counterpoint. During this period he wrote twenty-four fugues for four hands, with pen, ink, and paper alone, and without an instrument, which his master did not allow him, and, assisted by his own inclination, made rapid progress. The great Paer also took much interest in him, giving him compositions to work out, which he himself revised, an interest for which Paganini ever afterwards showed himself deeply grateful.

The time was now come when Nicolo was destined, like other youthful prodigies, to be hawked about the country, to fill the pockets of his mercenary father, who managed to speculate upon him with considerable success in Milan, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and most of the upper and central towns of Italy, where his concerts were always well attended. Young Paganini liked these excursions well enough; but being now about fifteen years of age, he began to be of opinion that they would be still more agreeable if he could only contrive to get rid of the old gentleman, whose spare diet and severe discipline had now become more irksome to him than ever. To accomplish this desirable object, an opportunity soon offered. It was the custom of Lucca, at the feast of Saint Martin, to hold a great musical festival, to which strangers were invited from all quarters, and numerous travellers resorted of their own accord; and as the occasion drew near, Nicolo begged hard to be allowed to go there in company with his elder brother, and after much entreaty, succeeded in obtaining permission. He made his appearance as a solo player, and succeeded so well, that he resolved now to commence vagabondising on his own account—a sort of life to which he soon became so partial, that, notwithstanding many handsome offers which he occasionally received to establish himself in several places as a concerto player, or director of the orchestra, he never could be persuaded to settle any where. At a later period, however, he lived for some time at the court of Lucca, but soon found it more pleasant and profitable to resume his itinerant habits. He visited all parts of Italy, but usually made Genoa his headquarters, where, however, he preferred to play the part of the dilettante to that of the virtuoso, and performed in private circles without giving public concerts.

It was not long before he had amassed about 20,000 francs, part of which he proposed to devote to the maintenance of his parents. His father, however,

was not to be put off with a few thousands, but insisted upon the whole. Paganini then offered him the interest of the capital, but Signor Antonio very coolly threatened him with instant death, unless he agreed to consign the whole of the principal in his behalf; and in order to avert serious consequences, and to procure peace, he gave up the greater part of it.

Those who know any thing of the gay, romantic sort of life which artists in Italy, particularly those connected with the all-engrossing object of music, usually lead, the diversified society in which they mingle, and the incident and adventure which they meet with, will not wonder that Paganini should have felt inclined to pass his days there among his own countrymen, who felt and appreciated his talent, received him upon all occasions with the most enthusiastic applause, and showered down upon him all the gold they could afford, besides flowers, garlands, and sonnets, in abundance. He loved the manners and customs of his country, its beautiful scenery, its climate; but their kindred souls were still more congenial to his heart. He was their idol; wherever he went, his fame preceded his approach, and the multitudes poured in to hear him in streams as if he had been a worker of miracles. Having music at their command at all hours of the day, there is no country where concerts are worse attended than in Italy, and yet those which he gave never failed. People seemed never to be satiated with the delight of hearing him; and at Milan he gave, with the most brilliant success, no fewer than nineteen concerts rapidly succeeding each other. The only place in the whole of his peregrinations where he was unsuccessful, was at Palermo, in Sicily. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, he was eminently triumphant, and at the former of these places, his holiness the Pope was pleased to confer upon him the order of the *Speron d'Oro*.

It was early in 1828 when Paganini arrived at Vienna, where he gave a great many concerts with a success equal, if not superior, to any which had hitherto attended his exertions. His performance excited the admiration and astonishment of all the most distinguished professors and connoisseurs of this critical city. With any of the former all idea of competition was hopeless; and their greatest violinist, Mayseder, as soon as he had heard him, with an ingenuousness which did him honour, as we ourselves have reason to know, wrote to a friend in London, that he might now lock up his violin whenever he liked.

In estimating the labour which it must have cost a performer like Paganini to have arrived at such transcendent excellence, people are often apt to err in their calculations as to the actual extent of time and practice which has been devoted to its acquisition. That the perfect knowledge of the *mechanique* of the instrument which his performance exhibits, and his almost incredible skill and dexterity in its management, must necessarily have been the result of severe discipline, is beyond all question; but more, much more, in every case of this kind, is to be ascribed to the system upon which that discipline has proceeded, and to the genius and enthusiasm of the artist. The marvellous powers of Paganini, in the opinion of his auditors, were not to be accounted for in the ordinary way. To them it was plain that they must have sprung from a life of a much more settled and secluded cast, than that of an itinerant Italian musical professor. It was equally clear, from his wild, haggard, and mysterious looks, that he was no ordinary personage, and had seen no common vicissitudes. The vaults of a dungeon accordingly were the local habitation which public rumour, in its love of the marvellous, seemed unanimously to assign to him, as the only place where "the mighty magic" of his bow could possibly have been acquired. Then, as to the delinquency which led to his incarceration, there were various accounts. Some imputed it to his having been a captain of banditti; others, only a carbonaro; some to his having killed a man in a duel; but the more current and generally received story was, that he had poisoned or stabbed his wife, or, as some said, his mistress; although, as fame had ascribed to him no fewer than four mistresses, it was never very clearly made out which of his *se raglio* it was who had fallen the victim of his vengeance. The story not improbably might have arisen from his having been confounded with a contemporary violin player, of the name of Duranowski, a Pole, to whom in person he bore some resemblance, and who for some offence or other, having been imprisoned at Milan, during the leisure which his captivity afforded, had contrived greatly to improve himself in his art; and when once it was embodied into shape, the fiction naturally enough might have obtained the more credence, from the fact that two of his most distinguished predecessors, Tartini and Lully, had attained to the great mastery which they possessed over their instrument during a period of solitude—the one within the walls of a cloister—the other in the privacy and retirement of a remote country village. At all events, the rumours were universally circulated and believed, and the innocent and much-injured Paganini had for many years unconsciously stood forth in the eyes of the world as a violator of the laws, and even a convicted murderer. He seems never to have been made fully aware of the formidable position in which he stood, until he had reached Vienna, when the Theatrical Gazette, in reviewing his first concert, dropped some pretty broad hints as to the rumoured misdeeds of his earlier life. Whereupon he resolved at once publicly to proclaim

his innocence, and to put down the calumny; for which purpose, on the 10th of April 1828, there was inserted in the leading Vienna journals, a manifesto, in Italian as well as German, subscribed by him, declaring that all these widely circulated rumours were false; that at no time, and under no government whatever, had he ever offended against the laws, or been put under coercion; and that he had always demeaned himself as became a peaceable and inoffensive member of society; for the truth of which he referred to the magistracies of the different states, under whose protection he had till then lived in the public exercise of his profession. No one dared to invalidate the truth of this appeal.

His command of the back string of the instrument has always been an especial theme of wonder and admiration, and, in the opinion of some, could only be accounted for by resorting to the theory of the dun-geon, and the supposition that his other strings being worn out, and not having it in his power to supply their places, he had been forced from necessity to take refuge in the string in question; a notion very like that of a person who would assert, that for an opera dancer to learn to stand on one leg, the true way would be, to have only one leg to stand upon. We shall give Paganini's explanation of this mystery in his own words.

"At Lucca, I had always to direct the opera when the reigning family visited the theatre; I played three times a-week at the court, and every fortnight superintended the arrangement of a grand concert for the court parties, which, however, the reigning princess, Elisa Bacciochi, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, Napoleon's favourite sister, was not always present at, or did not hear to the close, as the harmonic tones of my violin were apt to grate her nerves, but there never failed to be present another much esteemed lady, who, while I had long admired her, bore (at least so I imagined) a reciprocal feeling towards me. Our passion gradually increased; and as it was necessary to keep it concealed, the footing on which we stood with each other became in consequence more interesting. One day I promised to surprise her with a musical *jeu d'esprit*, which should have a reference to our mutual attachment. I accordingly announced for performance a comic novelty, to which I gave the name of 'Love Scene.' All were curiously impatient to know what this should turn out to be, when at last I appeared with my violin, from which I had taken off the two middle strings, leaving only the E and the G string. By the first of these I proposed to represent the lady, by the other the gentleman; and I proceeded to play a sort of dialogue, in which I attempted to delineate the capricious quarrel and reconciliation of the lovers; at one time scolding each other, at another sighing and making tender advances, renewing their professions of love and esteem, and finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight. Having at last brought them into a state of the most perfect harmony, the united pair lead off a *pas de deux*, concluding with a brilliant finale. This musical scene went off with much eclat. The lady, who understood the whole perfectly, rewarded me with her gracious looks, the princess was all kindness, overwhelmed me with applause, and after complimenting me upon what I had been able to effect upon the two strings, expressed a wish to hear what I could execute upon one string. I immediately assented; the idea caught my fancy; and as the emperor's birthday took place a few weeks afterwards, I composed my sonata 'Napoleon' for the G string, and performed it upon that day before the court with so much approbation, that a cantata of Cimarosa, following immediately after it upon the same evening, was completely extinguished, and produced no effect whatever. This is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G string, and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

No one has been more cruelly misrepresented than the subject of this notice. In reality a person of the gentlest and most inoffensive habits, he is any thing rather than the desperate ruffian he has been described. In his demeanour he is modest and unassuming to a fault. Like most artists, ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse, he is full of all that unaffected simplicity which we almost invariably find associated with true genius. He has an only son, a very precocious child, who already indicates strong signs of musical talent. Being of a delicate frame of health, Paganini never can bear to trust him out of his sight. "If I were to lose him," says he, "I would be lost myself; it is quite impossible that I can ever separate myself from him; when I awake in the night, he is my first thought." Accordingly, ever since he parted from his mother, he has himself enacted the part of a child's nurse. Nor in his filial duties is he more remiss than in the parental. The wealth which he has amassed has been partly applied to provide for the comforts of an aged mother, and not unfrequently dispensed in acts of bounty towards his more necessitous relations and friends.

The above life of Paganini we have condensed from an able account of him, which appeared upwards of a twelvemonth ago in an extremely useful and meritorious publication, devoted to continental literature, under the title of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. Since then, the genius of the violin, as he may be called, has paid a professional visit to Great Britain and

Ireland, in which countries he is understood to have reaped very large sums. Ultimately, we believe, he intends to retire to the Continent, to enjoy his gains in Tuscany, the climate of which he prefers to all others.

AN AMERICAN SCENE.

IN travelling through the state of New York, Mr Fergusson, from whose notes we have already quoted, mentions, that he arrived at the rural town of Waterford, which, says he, "is a sweet village, containing many gay white mansions, with green Venetians, neat gardens, &c., and the scenery around is extremely pleasing. The Hudson flows past the town, and the Mohawk falls in a short way below, with many wooded and rocky islands in front. From Waterford our route lay nearly parallel to the river, through a well-cultivated country, with many handsome farms, the soil varying in quality, and of inferior value as you recede from the river. A gentleman whom I had known in Scotland possesses a fine property on this road, and I resolved to surprise him with a visit.

We were most heartily welcomed, and only made good our retreat by a promise, if possible, to return. He has found his purchase a very advantageous one; the land seems of excellent quality, and he has evidently made great improvements in clearing, draining, fencing, &c. The Northern Canal intersects the estate. He has a very comfortable mansion, with a well laid out garden, rather ingeniously formed in the hollow of an old quarry. The Hudson, with many wooded romantic islets, and enlivened by rapids, constantly shooting down some strong rapids, with high land, well timbered, on the opposite bank, forms the landscape from his porch, where we found the old gentleman enjoying the sunshine of a delightful April day. A few miles after passing Stillwater (a small hamlet and post-office), we arrived opposite to Easton, the residence of my friend. It was now requisite to cross the river, which here expands to a very considerable breadth, and, from its placidity, gives name to the hamlet and district. A rather ill-defined track led us through a field, and we descended the bank, as I thought, with some hazard, to the water's edge. Here no handy waterman waited to give us his aid, but a *catamaran-like* boat, denominated a *scow*, long enough, though of a breadth barely sufficient to receive the carriage, was at our service, when cleared of the water, with which she was half full. I received orders to remain in the phaeton, under the guidance of the coachman, while my friends soon baled out a portion of the water, and handled two long poles, by which we were to be put across. The prospect, I must admit, was far from satisfactory; however, having no choice, I had only to submit, and, after a proper plunge and a rare jolt, our well-trained active horses deposited us on board, and we committed ourselves to the gentle current. In due time we reached the opposite bank, and, after another scramble, got safely ashore, where my good friend was ready to welcome us. This was the first specimen I had met with of the docility which is almost universal in American horses, and is the natural result of kind treatment. From the moment that these four spirited animals entered the boat, until they were required to leap out, a period of half an hour, not one of them moved a hoof. My friend's property formerly belonged to a branch of the Schuyler family, and is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Hudson, consisting of rich clay land, low hills well adapted for sheep pasture, and woodland behind. The house stands not far from the river, and commands a very pleasing view. The valley of the Hudson is here of considerable breadth. The Northern, or Champlain Canal, connecting New York with Vermont, Lower Canada, &c. passes on the west side, at the distance, in general, of about half a mile from the river. There is a large extent of rich flat land upon the eastern bank, rising into low hills and woodlands as you recede; and some miles in the interior, it is intersected by a line of turnpike from Troy, &c. to the north, with a district of settled country, inferior, however, in quality to the river side. Numerous little brooks descend from the hilly ground, affording a copious supply of water for agricultural, and sometimes for mechanical purposes. Upon one of these, running through his property, my friend has erected a brewery, which, in the hands of two enterprising Scotchmen, promises to flourish. Sure I am, if superlatively good ale can secure customers, the Easton brewery deserves to succeed. Ice is supplied in a particular and scientific method, which enables the brewery to work when others are in general closed, from the temperature of the summer. In returning one evening from dining with our neighbours at the brewery, I was regaled and astonished, for the first time, with a frog concert. The night was dark, and we were picking our steps by the aid of a lantern, when the chirrup at once opened on every hand from a thousand mouths. The whole valley seemed to be alive with one mass of squeaking voices, which continued through the night without intermission. The bull-frog occasionally sings bass, but this evening he was silent. The noise breaks strangely to a stranger's ear on the quiet hour; and I could not help associating it, in some degree, with the annoying recollection of fever and ague, which will, less or more, continue to prevail until a general system of draining shall thin this orchestra.

Some varieties of the frog grow here and in Canada

to a prodigious size. A plain honest Scotsman, with whom I travelled some days in Canada, amused me much with his account of them, when detailing his feats in the slaughter of wood pigeons. 'You never saw the like o' the puddocks, sir; I brought down three doos at ae shot, and afore I could tak' them up, a muckle deevil, wi' a mouth as braid's my loof, gobbed up yin o' them, stoup an' roup.' Mrs R—, too, assured me, that from her vicinity to the meadows at the river side, she had no chance of rearing ducks, the young brood always falling a prey to the frogs."

SNUFF-TAKING—SMOKING.

As snuff and tobacco form a considerable item in the expenditure of the working classes, it may be proper to mention, that the highest medical authorities are of opinion that the use of them is prejudicial to health. The following is the opinion of the celebrated Dr Cullen on the subject:—"Tobacco is a well-known drug, of a narcotic quality, which it discovers in all persons, even in a small quantity, when first applied to them, I have known a small quantity of it, snuffed up the nose, produce giddiness, stupor, and vomiting; and when applied in different ways, in larger quantity, there are many instances of its more violent effects, even of its proving a mortal poison. In all these instances, it operates in the manner of other narcotics; but, along with its narcotic qualities, it possesses also a strong stimulant power, perhaps with respect to the whole system, but especially with respect to the stomach and intestines, so as readily, even in no great doses, to prove emetic and purgative. By this combination of qualities, all the effects of tobacco may be explained; but I shall begin with considering its effects as they appear in the use of it as an article of living. When snuff is first employed, if it be not both in small quantity, and be not thrown out immediately by sneezing, it occasions some giddiness and confusion of the head; but, by repetition, these effects cease to be produced, and no other effect of it appears in the accustomed, when it is not taken beyond the accustomed quantity. But even in the accustomed, when it is taken beyond the usual quantity, it produces somewhat of the same giddiness and confusion of head that it did when first employed; and, in several cases, these effects in the accustomed, depending on a larger dose, are not only more considerable, as they act on the sensorium, but as they appear also in other parts of the system, particularly in the stomach, occasioning a loss of appetite, and other symptoms of a weakened tone in that organ. With respect to this, it is to be observed, that persons who take a great deal of snuff, though they seem, from the power of habit, to escape its narcotic effects, yet, as are they often liable to go to excess in the quantity taken, so they are still in danger from these effects operating in an insensible manner; and I have observed several instances of their being affected in the same manner as persons are from the long use of other narcotics, such as wine and opium, that is, by a loss of memory, by a fatuity, and other symptoms of the weakened or senile state of the nervous system, induced before the usual period. Among other effects of excess in snuffing, I have found all the symptoms of dyspepsia produced by it, and particularly pains of the stomach, occurring every day. The dependence of those upon the use of snuff became very evident from hence, that, upon an accidental interruption of snuffing for some days, these pains did not occur, but upon a return to snuffing, the pains also recurred; and this alternation of pains of the stomach and of snuffing having occurred again, the snuff was entirely laid aside, and the pains did not recur for many months after, nor, so far as I know, for the rest of life. Another effect of snuff to be taken notice of is, that, as a part of the snuff is often carried back into the fauces, so a part of this is often carried down into the stomach, and then more certainly produces the dyspeptic symptoms mentioned. These are the considerations that relate to snuffing; and some of them will readily apply to the other modes of using this drug. Smoking, when first practised, shows very strongly the narcotic, vomiting, and even purging powers of tobacco, and it is very often useful as an anodyne; but by repetition, these effects disappear, or only show themselves when the quantity smoked is beyond what habit had before admitted of; and even in persons much accustomed to it, it may be carried so far as to prove a mortal poison. From much smoking all the same effects may arise which we said might arise from excess of snuffing. With respect to the evacuation of mucus, which is produced by snuffing, there are analogous effects produced by smoking, which commonly stimulates the

mucous follicles of the mouth and fauces, particularly the excretories of the salivary glands. Sometimes snacking dries the mouth and fauces, and occasions a demand for drink; but as commonly the stimulus it applies to the mucous follicles and salivary glands draws forth their liquids, it occasions, on the other hand, a frequent spitting. So far as this is of the proper saliva, it occasions a waste of that liquid so necessary in the business of digestion; and both by this waste, and by the narcotic power at the same time applied, the tone of the stomach is often weakened, and every kind of dyspeptic symptoms are produced. The third mode of using tobacco is that of chewing it, when it shows its narcotic qualities as strongly as in any other way of applying it, though the nauseous taste of it commonly prevents its being carried far in the first practice. When the practice, however, is continued, as it is very difficult to avoid some part of it, dissolved in the saliva, from going down into the stomach, so this, with the nausea excited by the taste, makes vomiting more readily occasioned by this than the other modes of applying it. They are the strong, and even disagreeable impressions repeated, that give the most durable and tenacious habits, and, therefore, the chewing of tobacco is apt to become one of these; and it is therefore in this way that it is ready to be carried to the greatest excess, and to show all the effects of the frequent and large use of narcotics. This practice is also the occasion of the greatest loss of saliva; and the effects of this in weakening digestion, and, perhaps, from thence especially its noted effect of producing emaciation, may appear."

Several cases of disease are mentioned, in which the use of tobacco is said to be beneficial; but it appears to be the conviction of this great physician, that in none of its forms can it be beneficial to the healthy subject.

THE LARCH.

This species of the fir, or pine, which is now seen in every gentleman's plantation, was accidentally brought to Scotland about a hundred years ago. Mr Menzies of Culdare was in London in 1737, and hearing of a beautiful pine shrub recently imported, procured four plants; he gave two to the Duke of Atholl, which are now in full vigour at Dunkeld, and may be called the parents of all the larch in the kingdom; he gave a third to Mr Campbell of Monzie, and kept the fourth for himself, which was unfortunately cut down fifty years ago. It had been planted forty-five years, and had grown to seven feet nine inches in circumference. The Duke of Atholl's plants were placed in a greenhouse at Dunkeld, where they did not thrive, and were thrown out, when they immediately began to grow, and quickly showed the consequence of being placed in a proper climate. The larch has proved a valuable acquisition to the produce of many barren moors in the Highlands, where the climate is found more favourable for this species of pine than in the plains. As an instance of the value of these trees, the late Duke of Atholl sold one thousand larch trees, of seventy years' growth, for L.5000.

DR ADAM FERGUSON.

The late celebrated Dr Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to one of the Highland regiments, is well remembered for the fearlessness with which he went through his affecting and sacred duties in the midst of the hottest engagements. On one occasion, when the regiment to which he belonged was taking its ground preparatory to battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and, with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. The doctor thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that on this occasion he had a duty which he was imperatively called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers, (several of whom had been his schoolfellows at Dunkeld), his amiable and cheerful manners, checking with severity when necessary, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and being as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them.

JOCK GRAME.

The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, was a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing among other manors that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Grame of the Pear Tree, upon the Salkelde, sheriff of Cumberland, the fact having occurred late in Elizabeth's reign. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Pear Tree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Grame took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows.

BRITISH FOOT REGIMENTS.

THE Scots Royals are known to be the oldest regiment in the British service. We are not informed when this corps was raised, but there is a commission in it still extant, bearing date in 1636.

In the old French army lists, the Scotch Guards likewise were distinguished as the oldest regiment in their service.

The oldest regiment in the British service, however, whose rise is ascertained, is the Coldstream Guards, raised for General Monk in 1660.

Upon Charles the Second's marriage with the infant of Portugal, the city of Tangier was ceded to the English, as part of her marriage portion, and four regiments sent to take possession of it. Out of these four was formed the Queen's Tangier regiment, or Queen's Royals, ranking at present as the Second Regiment of foot. As this regiment, in James the Second's reign, was commanded by Colonel Kirk, it is likely to have been the same corps that was guilty of so many excesses in the west of England, after the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, where they were ironically nicknamed Kirk's Lambs.

The Royal Irish, or 18th Regiment, seems to have particularly distinguished itself at the siege of Namur, the principal achievement of King William in his Flanders campaign. The officers' badge is still inscribed with the words, "Premium virtutes Namurcensis."

The 25th and 26th Scots, and the 27th Irish Regiment, were raised at the time of the Revolution, and were all three at that time composed of Presbyterians.

Three of the old Scots regiments seem to have been a good deal noticed in King William and Queen Anne's wars, viz. the present 21st, or Scots Fusiliers; the 25th or Old Edinburgh; and the 26th, or Cameronians. After the Revolution, they were known as M'Kay's, Leven's, and Angus's regiments. It is curious enough that Stern in his Tristram Shandy, and he is known to be correct enough in his allusions to the history of these wars, speaks of these regiments a good deal; and as a compliment to them, puts his uncle Toby in Leven's, and Lieutenant Le Fevre in Angus's.

The old British foot regiments were first publicly distinguished by their numbers, according to seniority, about the year 1750, though we find them numbered in the army lists some years before. Formerly they were distinguished by the names of their colonels only.

In 1782, for the sake of more speedy recruiting, such of the old foot regiments as had no other distinction but their numbers, were allowed to take the name of one or other of the counties in England. Thus the 52d regiment is designated the Oxford Regiment, &c.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Where noble men of proven might,
And ardent youthful souls, have been,
And eyes, full of love's glances, bright
Have shone on many a festal night—
Bright, and bewitchingly serene;
Where hearts of warriors have leapt
When daring deeds were to be done,
And ladies at the thought have wept
How that might end which was begun;
The damp-drops, like those baneful dews
Which trickle from the dungeon-wall,
Now from the vaulted ceilings ooze,
And heavy on the pavement fall.
These roofs, when wassail cups went round,
To mirthful shouts have often rung;
But now their echoes' doleful sound,
Long, long unused to human tongue:
Where once were gay and gilded halls,
Are now but crack'd and blacken'd walls,
With blades of grass among their seams,
And weeds and ends of fore-scathed beams.
And where are they—the brave and fair—
Who have been glad and happy there?
How many hands that grasped the hilt,
With eager haste, for war or tilt—
How many arms that none might stay,
That swept resistless, and made way
Among a thousand foes,
Have lain at rest through long, long years,
And stir'd not though fierce shouts and cheers,
And groans among conflicting spears,
Above their graves arose!
How many ages, too, are over,
Since watchful eye of timid lover
Responsively hath trembled,
Upon the glance of one, of all
The lady-loves, whom mask, and ball,
And pomp, have here assembled.
The gaudy barge, by galliards row'd,
That still blue lake has often plough'd—
Their plumes upon its billows danced—
With love the eyes of ladies beam'd—
The sun upon the fair scene glanced,
Then gay that lake, and lovely seem'd,
As was the freight upon its waves
Of Scotland's sons and daughters;
'Tis lonely now, as are the graves,
Beside its silent waters.
Thus they, perhaps, in musing mood,
Have said of those before them,
Unthinking that like darkness should
In future gather o'er them;
Thus do we ponder of the past,
And our own fate is coming fast.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OUR sketch of the life of this illustrious man, which we have some pride in pointing out as the first instance of an original work of such extent being published in a style calculated for universal circulation, has by this time, we trust, afforded to many thousands of our countrymen, such a picture of excellence in mind and character, as they have never before looked on. We have now much pleasure in giving our readers assurance of the general accuracy of that work—the quality chiefly aimed at in its composition—from the testimony of one peculiarly able to speak to the point; namely, the editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal newspaper, who for forty years was the bosom friend of the illustrious subject of our memoir, and might be styled, indeed, his literary Achates. After expressing, in the paper of October 3, his regret that ill health prevented him from giving a sketch of Sir Walter Scott, from his own pen, the editor of the Journal thus proceeds:—"In the meantime, we recommend to general perusal an excellent biographical sketch of the great departed, which appeared in a supplement to Messrs Chambers's last journal. It is singularly copious, comprehensive, and correct, and arranged with that marked fairness and perspicuity which have mainly contributed to give to these writers their extensive popularity."

While we have to express the gratification we derive from this decisive testimony, candour also obliges us to mention one or two mistakes chiefly of a trivial kind, which have been pointed out to us upon good authority.

The real situation of Sir Walter Scott, in the volunteer corps in 1797, was that of quarter-master, and the name of the regiment was the Edinburgh Light Dragoons.

[A characteristic anecdote, connected with this part of his life, may here be introduced as a compensation for the error. The commander of the corps, as not unusually happened, was rather ignorant of his duty, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One unfortunate morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring this monitor along with him, and was of course desperately nonplussed. He could positively do nothing; the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motionless, while he was vainly endeavouring to find the means of supplying the requisite document. At this moment, while the men were all as cold as their own stirrup-irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral than a band of redoubted volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the might of Gaul, Sir Walter came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his grave way, "I think the corpse is rather long in lifting this morning;" a drolery so fit to the occasion and to their feelings, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.]

The story of Sir Walter's financial embarrassments is so exceedingly involved and confused, that perhaps it could not be properly explained without the aid of an accountant. The deceased himself, in his preface to the new edition of his Chronicles of the Canongate, mentions L.120,000 as the extent of his losses by Messrs Constable and Cadell. Yet the trust, as recorded in our narrative, embraced only L.102,000, of which a large part referred to personal debts otherwise incurred. Our statement as to a dividend of six-and-eightpence is not exactly correct; but there can be no mistake as to the aggregate of the dividends that had been paid at the time of Sir Walter's decease—namely, eleven-and-eightpence. This, we understand, with the money payable by insurance offices, and sums due out of the profits of his works, left twenty-one thousand pounds due at the period of his decease, exclusive of the accumulated interest.

In a note upon the 299th page, we regret to find that an unjust imputation (originally adopted from a newspaper) was conveyed, respecting the bill of 6th August, for appointing a new sheriff for Selkirkshire. That bill was in reality unavoidable, on account of the new duties imposed on officers of this class by the reform bill, and was entered into with the full concurrence of Sir Walter's nearest relatives.

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ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

THE last number of the Journal contained the conclusion of a pretty ample list of persons who originally were in very humble and apparently unfavourable circumstances, but eventually rose, through the force of talent and application, to eminent situations in life. That list was drawn up, and presented in our humble, but, we earnestly hope, useful pages, as a means of furnishing every poor boy into whose hands it might chance to fall, with some hope of also escaping from his native condition, and shining out hereafter as a superior character.

It is very certain that all men are not born to be Franklins, and, likewise, that if any considerable number of such persons were to arise, their utility and their distinction would be diminished. There is a good old proverb, however—"aim at a silk gown, and you may get a sleeve of it;" which may be followed out, both to the advantage of individuals and to the benefit of the community. As it, therefore, would seem proper that every means should be taken to inspire youth with the ambition of well-doing, we make no apology for laying the following general observations before the public.

First, there is one great maxim that no youth should ever want before his eyes, namely, that hardly any thing is beyond the attainment of real merit. Let a man set up almost any object before him on entering life, and, if his ambition be of that genuine kind which springs from talent, and is *not too much for his prudence*, there is a strong chance in his favour that a keen and steady pursuit of the object will make him triumph at last. It is very common, when the proposal of a young man's entry into life is discussed, to hear complaints as to the pre-occupation of every field of adventure by unemployed multitudes. There may occasionally be some cause for this; but the general truth is undeniable, that, in spite of every disadvantage, men are rising daily to distinction in every profession—the broadest shoulders, as usual, making their way best through the crowd. It is the slothful and the fearful that generally make such complaints; and they obviously do so in order to assure themselves that they are not altogether wrong in continuing to mispend their time. When we hear of the overcrowded state of any proposed profession, we are apt to overlook that an immense proportion of those engaged in it are destined, by the weakness of their character, and want of specific qualifications, to make no way for themselves, and must soon be the same, so far as rivalry is concerned, as if they had never entered it. If the entrant, then, has only a well-grounded confidence in his own powers of exertion and perseverance, he need hardly be afraid to enter any profession. With the serious desire of well-doing at heart, and some tolerable share of ability, he is sure very soon to get ahead of a great proportion of those already in the field. Only let him never despair—that is, tell himself it is all in vain, in order that he may become idle with a good conscience—and there is hardly any fear of him.

The present writer entertains some different ideas respecting original humility of circumstances from what are generally prevalent. The common notion is, that humble circumstances are a great obstruction at the outset of life, and that the more difference between a man's origin and his eventual condition, the greater is the wonder, and the greater his merit. Since it appears, however, that so large a proportion of distinguished men were poor at the beginning, a question may naturally arise, are not men just the more apt, on that account, to become eminent? Al-

though we are all familiar as possible with instances of fortunes made from nothing, it will be found, on recollection, that cases are comparatively rare of men who began with fortunes having ended by greatly increasing them. Many a poor boy has made twenty thousand pounds before he was forty years of age; but few who had ten thousand at the age of majority are found to double it with their years. Here—here is a reason for hope. The fact is, large sums are not to be acquired without an appreciation and an understanding of the meanest financial details. To make pounds, we must know the value of shillings; we must have felt before how much good could sometimes be done, how much evil could sometimes be avoided, *by the possession of a single penny!* For want of this knowledge, the opulent youth squanders or otherwise loses more, perhaps, than he gains. But he who has risen from the ranks knows the value and powers of every sum, from the lowest upwards, and, *as saving is the better part of the art of acquiring money*, he never goes back a step—his whole march is onward. At the very worst, it is only a question of time. Say one man begins at twenty with a good capital, and another at the same age with none. For want of experience, and through other causes above mentioned, it is not likely that the former person has made much advance within the first ten years. Now, ten years is an immense space to the individual who only commenced with good resolutions. In that time, if he has not accumulated actual money, he may quite well have secured good reputation and credit, which, prudently managed, is just money of another kind. And so, while still a young man, he is pretty much upon a par with him who seemed to start with such superior advantages. In fact, fortune, or original good circumstances, appear to the present writer as requisites of a very unimportant character, compared with talent, power of application, self-denial, and honourable intentions. The *fortunate*—to use the erroneous language of common life—are selected from those who have possessed the latter indispensable qualifications in their best combinations; and as it is obvious that young men of fortune (necessarily the smaller class) have only a chance, according to their numbers, of possessing them, it follows, as a clear induction, that the great mass of the prosperous were originally poor.

TALENT.—It is a common cry that those who succeed best in life are the dullest people, and that talent is too fine a quality for common pursuits. There cannot be a greater fallacy than this. It may be true that some decidedly stupid people succeed through the force of a dogged resolution, which hardly any man of superior genius could have submitted to. But I am disposed to dispute, in a great measure, the existence of talent, where I do not find it at once productive of superior address in ordinary affairs, and attended by a magnanimity which elevates the possessor above all paltry and vicious actions. The genius which only misleads its possessor from the paths of prudence, or renders him a ridiculous and intolerable member of society, is too much allied to Bedlam to be taken into account; and in reality there is nowhere so much of what is called genius as in the mad-houses.* The imputation of dullness to a man who has prospered in life, will be found by impartial inquirers, in nine cases out of ten, to be a mere consolatory appliance to the self-love of one who has neither had the talent nor the morality to prosper in life himself. Let every man, then, who possesses this gift,

rejoice in it with all his heart, and seek by every means to give it proper guidance and direction.

APPLICATION is another of the indispensable requisites. Detached efforts, though they may individually be great, can never tell so well in the aggregate as a regular and constant exertion, where the doings of one day fortify and improve the doings of the preceding, and lead on with certainty to the better doings of the next. It is not economical to work by fits and starts; more exertion is required, by that system, for a certain end, than what is necessary in the case of a continuous effort, and thus the irregular man is apt to fall far behind his rivals. Men of ability are apt to despise application as a mean and grubbing qualification—which is only a piece of overweening self-love on their part, and likely to be the very means of frustrating all the proper results of their ability. On the other hand, the industrious man is apt to despair for want of ability—not seeing that the clever fellows are liable to the weakness we describe, which causes them to be constantly giving way in the race to mere plodders. Besides, while few faults are more common than an over-estimation of one's self, it is equally obvious that many men only discover their abilities by chance, and that all of us possess latent powers, which might be turned to good account, if we only knew and had confidence in them. No man, therefore, should be too easily dashed on the subject of his abilities. He should try, and, with the aid of a persevering industry, he may do wonders such as he never dreamt of.

SELF-DENIAL.—Perhaps among all the qualifications which, in a combined form, lead to fortune, none is more absolutely indispensable than this. A man may have talent, may have application, both in abundance; but if he cannot resist vulgar temptations, all is in vain. The Scotch, as a nation, are characterised immensely by self-denial, and it is the main ground of their prosperity both at home and abroad. It is one of the noblest of the virtues, if not, indeed, the sole virtue which creates all the rest. If we are obliged at every moment to abandon some sacred principle in order to gratify a paltry appetite; if the extensive future is perpetually to be sacrificed for the sake of the momentary present; if we are to lead a life of Esau-like bargains from the first to the last—then we are totally unfit for any purpose above the meanest. Self-indulgence makes brutes out of gods: self-denial is the tangent line by which human nature trenches upon the divine. Now, self-indulgence is not inherent except in very few natures; it is almost invariably the result of "evil communications" in youth, and generally becomes a mere use or habit. The most of error arises from the contagion of example. A youth at first debauches himself because he sees others do it; he feels, all the time, as if he were sacrificing merely to the glory of bravado; and there is far more of martyrdom in it than is generally supposed. But though a person at first smokes in order to show how much disgust he can endure, he soon comes to have a real liking for tobacco. And thus, for the paltriest indulgences, which only are so from vicious habit, and perhaps, after all, involve as much dissatisfaction as pleasure, we daily see the most glorious and ennobling objects cast, as it were, into hell-fire.

We are by no means hostile to all amusement. The mass of men require a certain quantity of amusement almost as regularly as their daily food. But amusement may be noxious or innocent, moderate or immoderate. The amusements which can be enjoyed in the domestic circle, or without company at all, are the safest; there is great danger in all which require an association of individuals to carry them into effect.

* This remark is borrowed from the conversation of a medical friend.

Upon the whole, a multitude of bosom friends is the most pernicious evil that ever besets a man in the world. Each becomes a slave to the depraved appetites of the rest, and is at last ulcerated all over with their various evil practices. At the very best, he is retarded to the general pace, and never finds it possible to get a single vantage hour, in order to steal a march upon his kind.

HONOURABLE INTENTIONS are also indispensably necessary. The reverse is simply want of sense and understanding; for it is obvious to every one who has seen the least of human life, that infinitely more is lost in reputation and means and opportunities of well-doing, by an attempt to gain an undue advantage, than what can in general cases be gained. If we had to live only for a short time certain, trickery might be the most expedient course, so far as this world is concerned; but if a man contemplates a life above a single twelvemonth, he will endeavour, by the guarded correctness of his actions, to acquire the good character which tends so much to eventual prosperity. The dishonest man, in one sense, may be termed the most monstrous of all self-flatterers: he thinks he can cheat the whole of the remaining part of mankind—which certainly is no trifling compliment. He soon finds, however, that he was seen through all the time by those whom he thought mere children, and his blindness and silly arrogance receive their deserved punishment. Even where the depravity may be of a very slight kind, it is alike in vain. In ordinary transactions, the one party deals with the other exactly according to his character: if the one be in general disposed to overreach, the other is just proportionally on his guard; so that there is no result but trouble, and a bad name. One thing should be strongly impressed upon such persons: they are far more generally understood and watched than they are aware of; for the world, so long as it can simply take care of itself without much difficulty, is not disposed to adopt the dangerous task of a monitor. The police-officer knows of many rogues whom he passes every day on the street; he never lays hold of any, unless for some particular offence.

Such are the principal qualities necessary for advancement in life, though any one of them, without much or any of the other, will, if not counteracted by negative properties, be sure to command a certain degree of success. He who is about to start in the race would do well to ponder upon the difficulties he has to encounter, and make up a manful resolution to meet them with a full exertion of all his powers. To revert to the general question—what is it that enables one man to get in advance of his fellows? The answer is obvious—it can only be his *doing* more than the generality of them, or his *enduring* more privation than they are generally inclined to do [that is, self-denial], in order that he may acquire *increased power of doing*. The fault of most unsuccessful persons is their want of an adequate idea of what is to be *done*, and what is to be *endured*. They enter business as into a game or a sport, and they are surprised, after a time, to find that there is a principle in the affair they never before took into account—namely, the tremendous competition of other men. Without being able to do and suffer as much as the *best* men of business, the *first* place is not to be gained: without being able to do and suffer as much as the *second* order of men of business, the *second* place is not to be gained: and so on. New candidates should therefore endeavour to make an estimate of the duties necessary for attaining a certain point, and not permit themselves to be thrown out in the race for want of a proper performance of those duties. They should either be pretty certain of possessing the requisite powers of exertion and endurance, or aim at a lower point, to which their powers may seem certainly adequate.

NATURAL HISTORY.

We stated in a former article, that, in the animated kingdom of Nature, there appeared to be one general chain of being, from man down to the lowest degree of animated existence. How numerous, therefore, must be the links of that chain! This has rendered indispensable the conventional institution of systems, so as to enable us the more easily to trace and investigate the history, character, and relations, of any animal, plant, or mineral, which may come under our notice. Without such systematic arrangements, the task would be next to an impossibility.

It was not till the time of Linnaeus, that systematic arrangement was brought to any thing like perfection. This great naturalist reduced all natural objects into three great divisions; these he termed kingdoms—namely, the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral kingdoms. Each of these he again subdivided into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties.

Let us trace the superstructure of the system to its simplest elements. All animals, which are alike in every particular, are of the same species. For example, the sky-lark is a distinct species. Climate and accidental circumstances may produce a variety; but its specific distinctions will ever remain the same. Now, almost every one knows, that there are several kinds

of larks, which, upon the whole, are very much alike, but, when examined minutely, have characters, or parts, differing from each other in size, the colour of the various parts of their plumage, the colour of their eyes, bills, and legs, the length of their toes, nails, and legs, with various other trivial distinctions, which constitute them of different species. These, in a state of nature, by a wise law, abstain from sexual intercourse, and thus maintain in purity their race to the end of time. In Britain, we have the sky-lark, tit-lark, field-lark, wood-lark, red-lark, &c. all having well marked distinctions, but all agreeing in having certain characters; such as *cylindrical-shaped bills, which are awl-shaped; the upper and under mandible, or chaps, both of equal length, and opening a little at the base; their tongues are cleft at the points; the claws of the back toes are longer than the toes themselves, and nearly straight*. This, then, is their generic character, which Linnaeus considered as entitling them to be brought under one genus. Let us compare this generic character with that of the parrots, and we shall at once see the distinction. *Bills hooked, the upper mandible moveable, and in general furnished with a skin called a cere, which covers its lower half; the under mandible is cut off at the point, as if incomplete; the tongue is fleshy, blunt at the point, and not cleft*. There are a vast variety of parrots, all agreeing in these particulars, but very different in point of size, colour, and other peculiarities. These, of course, are so many different species of parrots. We now come to the formation of orders, which comprehend a plurality of genera. The birds which we have above chosen as illustrations are of different orders. The larks are of the order called Passarines, all the genera of which agree in the following particulars. *They have conical sharp-pointed bills; their nostrils are generally naked and oval; their feet are formed for walking, or hopping, with three toes before, and one behind; and feed on seeds, plants, and worms*. Now the parrots belong to an order called *Leviostres*, or smooth-bills. *The bills are remarkable for their size and strength; they are always of a convex form, more or less crooked; the toes are formed for climbing*. They feed on the fruits of plants, nuts, &c. The number of orders vary according to the opinions of different naturalists, who have constructed systems; but birds, taken generally, constitute one class. When to these we add the classes of quadrupeds, fishes, insects, shells, &c. we make up what is termed the animal kingdom. When, therefore, an object is presented to us which we have never before seen, we first refer it to a class; we next compare it with the characters of the orders; and having ascertained to which it belongs, we trace it to its genus; and, having satisfied ourselves as to this, we next endeavour to ascertain its species. Here, then, an animal has been sent to us; we find it belongs to the class called Birds; that it is of the *Passarine* order, that is, an *Alauda*, or lark; and that, from its specific character, it must be that charming songster—the harbinger of the morning—the sky-lark, who is heard,

From its watch tower in the skies,
Ere the dappled dawn doth rise.

It will thus be seen how perfectly simple and natural systems are, and that, without their aid, the innumerable objects in the great field of nature must present themselves to us in a confused mass; and, by their aid we can now readily trace every object to its proper station in the system of Nature. We shall first treat of the animal kingdom.

Since the time of Linnaeus, has arisen that great genius, and profound comparative anatomist, Cuvier, who has remodelled the system of Linnaeus, in his great work, called, "The Animal Kingdom." His system is a natural one, founded on the organization and essential resemblances of living beings. It may be compared to a kind of chart of animal life, and shews us, at one comprehensive view, all the great leading characters and varied forms, from which are founded the four grand divisions of the animal kingdom; namely, I. VERTEBRATED ANIMALS, or those animals which have a backbone, or spine. II. MOLLUSCOUS ANIMALS, or animals which are destitute of a spine, or bones of any kind, as snails, &c. III. ARTICULATED ANIMALS, which have no internal bones, but whose members are articulated by an external crust or shell, as crabs, &c.; and, IV. RADIATED ANIMALS, or such as those whose members radiate from a common centre, as exemplified in star-fish, &c.

There are two leading characters which are common to all animals; these are sensation and motion. The brain and nervous system are the channels by which all the animal functions are conveyed; while the heart and its accessory organs, nutrition and generation, are what may be termed the vegetative functions, and are common to both animals and plants. Sensation exists in the nervous system. As we descend in the scale of being, these agents gradually become less perfect, till they finally disappear, or grow imperceptible to human scrutiny—if they really exist at all; and the muscles or flesh gives place to a shapeless mass of animal matter, a mere pulp.

THE PLAGUE-SHIP.

[THE following impressive story was first published a few years ago in the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper, to which it was contributed, among other excellent articles in prose and verse, by Mr Andrew Belfrage Picken, a youth of no ordinary talent, but who, we regret to think, has ultimately seen fit to cast his lot on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr Picken, whom we knew from boyhood to more advanced life, was a leading individual in the expedition to Poyais, and it was while returning from that unfortunate enterprise that he picked up the impressions embodied in "The Plague-Ship."]

SOME years ago, Carl Andersen, the mate of the Mayflower, and the original narrator of the following occurrences, was associated, by necessitous circumstances, with the mob of ragged and sun-burnt adventurers that infest the quays and landing places of Campeachy, and gather their miserable livelihood by assisting in the shipment of sugar and indigo cargoes, or any other office of drudgery at which the slave is permitted to turn up his nose. These sort of rabble are common to all the seaports of the West Indies, but in particular to those of Havannah and Campeachy. In the latter place they are very numerous, and are mostly to be met with on the moles and quays near the harbour, sauntering idly up and down, or squatted in the dirt, playing at cards, or extracting chiggers and worms from their feet, exhibiting the most disgusting picture of filth and indolence the traveller can meet with either in Europe or America—the Neapolitan lazzaroni, and the Gitanas of Madrid, not excepted. The chinganahs or coffeehouses of Campeachy are, particularly during the heat of the day, infested with these vagabonds, though their beverage is rarely confined to that refreshing liquid. They meet in those places in such numbers that the smoke of their segars may be seen issuing in a continued stream through the gellosees and other apertures of the house, as if from a confined fire, while the ringing of flagons, the loud discord of voices, among which, ever and anon, the piercing treble to which the angry negress can so well elevate her tones, wakens like the scream of a peacock, strike the ear with a clamour, which, on a near approach, is absolutely deafening. There are many circumstances which combine to render the chinganah a scene of merriment: all sorts of itinerant musicians, jugglers, and mountebanks, are there permitted to pursue their vocations; and it is not unfrequent to find a company of dancers and a trained monkey performing antics to the same guitar; sometimes, also, Carib children, who are particularly dexterous in the use of the bush knife, exhibit a sort of gladiator game, which consists in throwing these weapons at each other, and catching them in the air before they have time to do injury. I have witnessed those feats at different times, and it is singular that they were never attended with any bad consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that the chinganahs should be the favourite resort of the rabble I have alluded to, when they afford such ample and constant means of beguiling the time which hangs so heavy on their hands.

It so happened that a group of those worthies was stationed one evening under a bungalow or small shed, erected for the shelter of goods, upon one of the quays. The sun had descended into an abyss of huge clouds that gathered over him like conquerors, darkening his glorious path with deep and stormy shadows, and reflecting his farewell smile upon the world with a lurid and brassy glare. Those banners of the tempest were not long of imparting their gloomy colours to every object beneath them, and the white-walled houses of Campeachy, which a little while before had blushed beneath the declining ray, now shrunk into obscurity, and speckled the gathered darkness like tombs of Italian marble, peering through the gloom of a cemetery. Andersen and his companions had been waiting for the arrival of a vessel, whose approach had been announced by the island telegraph two days before, but which had been kept beating about in the offing by head winds ever since. This day, however, had been remarkably calm and sultry, and the loiterers, who had expected to profit by her arrival, after lingering till expectation became vain, had disappeared one after another, so that the solitary group I have mentioned was all that remained to face the squall that seemed bearing overland. Before it set in, they were hailed from the water by a negro pilot, named Mingo, who was bringing up his canoe, with an appearance of anxiety and fatigue. Andersen returned his halloo. "What cheer, Mingo?" "A plague-ship! a plague-ship!" was his immediate reply, as with two or three heavy strokes he ran his craft up to the landing. His relation was received with mingled curiosity and indifference. Andersen contemned the idea of danger, and most of his companions had never heard of the contagion but as a sort of yellow fever to which they were familiar. It was, therefore, a matter of speculation and interest to them, but not of alarm. The pilot informed them that the strange vessel was a brig from Cadiz, which he had gone out to meet in the morning. She was now brought to anchor on the lee-side of a small quay covered with mangrove, and had suffered much from stress of weather; the island, however, presented a sort of shelter for the meantime, and she was likely to ride out the gale in safety. He had been surprised, on coming within hail of the vessel, to perceive no person upon deck, and was at a loss whether to make the customary signals, or to run his craft round to leeward at once. He did not remain long in uncertainty—his first halloo had the effect of calling up a single figure from the forehatch, who invited his ap-

proach with hurried and frequent gestures, and he ran his doree alongside. The sailor leant over the gangway, and as Mingo raised his eyes towards him, he was struck with the appearance of ghastly and death-like languor which he presented. He spoke in Spanish, with a low exhausted voice, and informed the terrified pilot that the vessel contained the plague—that it had first broken out in the Gulf of Florida, when the hatches were opened to stop a leak, and that it had been brought from Barcelona with some bales of cloth, which had been shipped at Cadiz for Vera Cruz. "We are all dying," said the poor wretch, wringing his hands, "we are all dying." Mingo set his feet in the chains, and sprang up to look over the side; two men were lying dead upon their faces in the lee-scuppers, and a third was reclining against the caboussie, with his head thrown back, his teeth set, his eyes strained, and his hands clenched, as if he had expired in despair. One look of those dismal objects was sufficient for the little pilot, who leapt back into his canoe instantly, and put off from the vessel, regardless of the melancholy cry that adjured his stay only to convey a message to the shore; and it was not until he had almost exhausted himself in rowing, that he ventured to rest his paddle, and pause for respiration. The vessel was still within hail, and Mingo could perceive the same solitary individual pacing the deck, and tossing his arms distractedly above his head. After several turns in this manner, he appeared to stop opposite the caboussie, as if he was contemplating, with a sort of desperate firmness, the object from which the pilot had retreated. Mingo then observed him stoop, as if to raise the dead body from its recumbent position, and having lifted it, with great apparent effort, to the taffarel, let it drop overboard. The white spray leapt up against the ship's side for a moment as it fell, and the sailor leant faintly over the bulwarks, either overcome by the exertion, or watching the eddies which the sinking carcase left upon the surface of the water. Mingo's heart sickened within him, and, feeling a kind of insecurity while he shared the same element with the infected vessel, he made for the land with the utmost eagerness. Andersen and his associates were the first who received his intelligence. I recollect well the manner in which Andersen related this part of the story, and it will be told better in his own words.

"What was the plague to us," said he, "who were compelled to risk our lives for almost every mouthful we swallowed—to us who had spent merry privateering lives through all the long French war—to us who had tracked the Guineamen to their bushlairs, and waded up to the very ankles in blood before we left it? Had we not, besides, seen the eyes running out of their heads with the horrid disease which is peculiar to slave traders.—what was the plague to us?—not the whiff of a cigarita! 'Come, my lads,' cried I, 'we will count the pesos of the Spanish skipper—we will see whether the sea water will not wash the plague from his Barcelona cravats.' They would have followed me to Davy Jones, who was just beginning to sound his whistle overhead; but the scud was fair for the ship, and we had all seen the weather-side of Davy's face before now; so we unfastened Mingo's doree, as soon as the cowardly lubber, who was lipful of the story, had gone up with the news to the commandant's house, and put off for the plague-ship. It was now as dark as the grave, but we kept her close before the wind, which was almost due south; and we knew that, in that case, we were standing fair for the Mangrove Key. It was then, skipper, while Mingo's cock-boat was mounting like one of Mother Carey's birds over the black waves, that there were rising like leviathans around us—it was then—I remembered the osier sledges that used to carry me, like a Will o' the Wisp, over the icy tracks of my own country, and my whole heart leapt up to my throat, with a feeling of wild and measureless exultation. As the surges tossed our slight craft in the air, I recollected all those happy feelings; and, wringing the spray from my hair, I called to mind one of my old Norse ditties, and piped it loudly and willingly to the gale that was passing over us. Ha, ha!—I did not think I had so much of the young slip left in me; but I neither feared the devil nor the deep sea."

There are very few better sea-boats than the creecars of the West Indian pilots, and few who are more expert in managing them than the stivie doers, as they are called, of Campeachy. The reckless adventurers reached their destination in safety. The Mangrove Keys were an archipelago in miniature, and formed a kind of semicircle, in the centre of which, sufficiently screened from the weather, the "pesthous of the waters" floated in perfect security. There was a dim light twinkling in the binnacle, that discovered to Andersen and his companions the same solitary wretch mentioned by the pilot, still reclining on the taffarel, with his arms folded drowsily beneath his head, as if he had been yet watching the body he had consigned to the waters. He did not appear to distinguish the canoe, though the desperadoes that manned her ran her close up to the ship's side, and shouted lustily for a rope's end; neither was there the slightest attention paid to the demand, though it was urged with a volley of Spanish execrations, which could not fail at least to be understood. A wave gave the slight craft near to the gangway, and one of the crew laying hold of the chains, the canoe yawed close, and the whole company leapt easily on board. Andersen, as self-appointed leader of the enterprise, was

the first who approached the "watch on deck," and he shouldered his long paddle with an air of menace as he did so, which was meant to impress the sufferer with the conviction that in this case "might would constitute right." The watchman did not move, however, and a suspicion, which a moment's scrutiny confirmed, occurred to Andersen, and overcame his determined indifference—with a feeling of involuntary dread. The Spaniard was a corpse—and at the very time when Andersen became aware of the fact, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the body fell back upon the quarter-deck. Andersen retreated in disgust, and the creoles lifted the body, and threw it overboard. They then advanced to the companion; and, looking down, Andersen perceived that the cabin, which the creoles were in some hesitation to enter, was lighted by a small lantern suspended from a bulk head. "Pray for me, my hearties," cried the Norwegian, "for I'll bide this risk by myself," and he descended the trap-stair at two steps.

Oh! what a scene of utter misery and desolation did that dark and confined apartment present to him, and how welcome was the first breath of the cold and pure atmosphere that he inhaled as he retreated at first with an impulse of horror from its infected precincts! It was the very charnel-house of the plague, and the crew of the vessel were mingled there without distinction; some dead, and some whose feeble moanings were the last exertions of exhausted nature. Its victims in the first stages of the disease had forsaken the fore-castle, the close contaminated air of which was imbued with destruction, and had gathered in the cabin, whose lattices gave a free current to the breeze, and made it therefore the most eligible situation for the sufferers. The first object that arrested Andersen's attention, as he entered, was the countenance of a negro, probably the steward of the vessel, which was still distorted by the convulsions in which he had expired. He was reclining upon a locker immediately opposite the light, which fell upon his sable visage with an imposing and frightful effect. Turning from this object, the regards of the Norwegian were attracted to an obscure corner of the cabin, where, stretched on a low mattress, in an attitude of exhaustion and despair, lay the figure of a young female. A profusion of dark hair lay dishevelled on her pillow, and formed a strong contrast to the ashy paleness of her features; and her heavy voluptuous eyelids, deeply marked by long black fringes, appeared closed in a stupor from which she was never to awake. One white arm was folded listlessly over her bosom, as if to watch the expiring struggles of nature, and the other sustained a rosary of very large amber beads, that reflected the light of the cabin lantern with a warm and steady lustre. The sight of this valuable object restored the Norwegian to a sense of his interest, and at once swallowed up every feeling that interfered with it. It was, he considered, now perfectly useless to its possessor; and he approached to claim it, before the creoles, who had apparently mustered courage from his example, had descended the trap-stair. He plucked it hastily from the relaxed fingers of the dying girl, who opened her dim eyes for an instant, with a feeble exclamation in Spanish, and, immediately closing them again, breathed out her spirit with a heavy and convulsive sigh. It was the action of a moment, and before any of his associates had entered the cabin, he had secreted his prize under his Guernsey frock; and if any human eye in that dismal place was aware of the theft, death had sealed it up ere it could betray it.

To dwell upon the proceedings of those desperadoes, during that long stormy night, and the feeble and unavailing resistance that was offered to them by a few dying wretches, who lay in an adjoining birth, would compel me to enter upon a detail of cruelties of which Andersen had long and sincerely repented before he related the adventure, and which, for his sake, I would now willingly forget. The centinels and night-watchers of Campeachy and its neighbourhood were astonished by an apparition, which borrowed a deeper character of terror from that wild and squally night, and was not soon forgotten by those that witnessed it. The midnight gun had discharged its wonted signal; and though the gale was somewhat abated, the sky was loaded with black and dreary clouds, which still sent out arrows of fire as if the angels of the tempest were unwilling to forego their warfare. But though less vivid than those "electric wanderers," there suddenly arose through the blackness that pervaded the offing, a long fiery train, which appeared to be carried away by the wind as it ascended, as if some "mysterious monster of the deep" were flying up to heaven, and had tinged with a red lurid glare the low hung clouds that were drifting over it. This phenomenon lasted for at least an hour. At the end of that time it passed away with an explosion like the discharge of a cannon, which came booming over the disturbed waters with a lulled and heavy sound. The plague-ship was swallowed up in that dreadful conflagration, the dying and the dead were mingled in one funeral pile, and those who had set forth on that evening on their errand of plunder, had concluded it with an act of desperate and merciless wickedness.

"We stood up in our creecar, skipper," said Andersen, "when we had rowed to a safe distance, and watched the progress of the flames, which were already bursting through the hatchways enveloped in sheets of smoke, and were reflected from the wet sails that flapped above them. There was one devoted sinner, strong in his agony, who staggered about the deck

like an antic fiend exulting in his own element. I think I still hear the shrill, searching cries of that doomed wretch—that rose above the gale in tones that were almost heartbreaking—but I dared not listen to them. Sometimes the fiery smoke whirled round him as if impatient for its prey, and for a moment stifled the accents of his despair, but the next they rose louder and louder, and ran through my head like a knife. Woe for me, skipper, if my penitence has been rejected in Heaven, for I shall hear those screams of agony again when the anchor of fate is fixed for ever."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF DISEASES.

THE following observations on the geographical distribution of diseases have been extracted from an excellent article on the subject in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, for October 1832, by Henry Marshall, Esq. Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals:—

In some portions of the earth's surface particular diseases occur much more frequently than in others; and there are great divisions of the globe where certain specific diseases never, or very rarely, appear. The causes of the prevalence of diseases in one part of the world, while they are not found in another, are frequently involved in great obscurity. Sometimes they seem to depend upon the influence of meteorological phenomena; but they frequently happen where no satisfactory origin can be assigned. Wherever mankind exists, there disease of one kind or another will occur, whatever care may be taken to obviate its causes. Death will have its victims; and probably from one to five per cent. die annually, not only among the savage races, and other classes who undergo great privations and want of skilful medical attendance, but also among those orders of society which are furnished with every comfort and luxury that wealth can procure.

Examples of a deficiency of the skin, hair, and eyes, occur much more frequently among the inhabitants of intertropical [or hot] climates than in temperate latitudes. Albinoes [or persons of a supernaturally or extremely fair complexion] seem to be relatively more numerous in Africa than in Asia or America. The King of Ashantee collected nearly 100 white negroes. It is remarkable that the few Albinoes who have been born in Europe have been generally males. When Albinoes are matched with blacks, the progeny is either white or black, not brown coloured, like a mulatto. In the oriental archipelago [a large cluster of islands near Hindostan] Albinoes are not rare among quadrupeds.

The affection called *goitre* is common among the inhabitants of the valleys of the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees. In Savoy, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Carinthia, there are villages in which the greater number of the inhabitants, more particularly of the female population, have some swelling of the neck. About two-thirds of the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum at Milan, when it was lately visited by a friend, suffered under this affection.

In the frozen regions of the north, the appetite for food and the power of digestion are commonly excessive. Captain Cochran, in his account of a Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, gives some remarkable illustrations of this fact. Admiral Sarichef states, that a Yakuti informed him, "one of their men was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink. The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the Admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for this purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds; and although the glutton had already breakfasted, yet did he sit down to it with the greatest eagerness, and consume the whole without stirring from the spot." Captain Cochran says, "I have repeatedly seen a Yakut, or a Tongouse, devour forty pounds of meat in a day;" and "I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal." He adds, "I myself have finished a whole fish in a frozen state, which might have weighed two or three pounds; and, with black biscuit and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal."

The geographical distribution of the disease of stone (*calculus vesicæ*) seems to be, in a great measure, limited to the temperate latitudes. But even in temperate climates it is much more frequent in one place than in another a very short way distant. Dr Dancer states, that calculus never occurs in Jamaica. Dr Scott makes a similar statement in regard to Bombay. Dr Ainslie, who was for more than thirty years on the peninsula of India, says, "I have had occasion to attend both Hindoos and Musselmauns suffering for gravel or stone."

Cancer.—This disease is, in a great measure, confined to the temperate latitudes. In Jamaica, Dr Dancer states that "cancer seldom occurs, and it is peculiar to water-drinkers."

The mean annual mortality of all ages in Great Britain has been found, by the census of 1821, to be about 1 in 58; but in round numbers I shall assume that it is 1 in 50, or 2 per cent. Now, according to the London bills of mortality since 1808, it appears that one-fourth, or 25 per cent. of the deaths is oc-

casioned by consumption. If the proportion of consumption to general mortality be admitted to be as 1 to 4, and if it be granted that the annual mortality is to the population as 1 to 50, while, by the census of 1821, it is ascertained that the inhabitants of Great Britain amount to 14,391,631, it will be found that the annual number of victims to consumption in this island amounts to 71,358. Perhaps this estimate is rather below than above the real number. At New York, consumption seems to engross one-sixth, and sometimes a fifth, of all the deaths.

The annual mortality in France is about 1 in 40, and the relative proportion of deaths by consumption to the general mortality is 23 per cent., or nearly one-fourth. Pleurisies destroy one-fourth of the whole population of Petersburg, fevers one-third, and consumptions one-sixth. Within the tropics, Europeans suffer much less by consumptions than in temperate latitudes. On the continent of Africa consumption is a rare complaint. In the West Indies, Africans are very liable to diseases of the chest, but chiefly to tubercular consumption.

Hydrophobia has been chiefly observed in Europe. It has, however, never been described as occurring beyond the Arctic Circle; and, indeed, according to some authors, it is seldom if ever heard of at Archangel, Tobolsk, or in the country north of St Petersburg. It has never been observed at Constantinople [which swarms with dogs], Syria, or Egypt. Hillary states that he saw some cases of the disease at Barbadoes. It is, however, a disease which is extremely rare in the West Indies; I believe that, in many of the islands, it has never been noticed. Valentin asserts that it is extremely rare in the warm regions of America, but common in the northern part of that continent. Rabies occurs in India, but not often. According to Barrow, the dogs in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope very rarely go mad.

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF WILLIAM FRASER.

SOME remarks on the Admirable Crichton, penned in a spirit of incredulity, lately appeared in the Journal, and were followed up by a translation of one of his poems, which certainly showed little of the feelings and ideas which are now deemed requisite for that branch of composition. Since the publication of that paper, we have been made acquainted with some particulars respecting William Fraser, a youth born in Edinburgh, near the close of the last century, which, taken in connection with what we know of similar persons, such as Zara Colburn, the American boy, and the boy Bidder of England, would seem to prove that nature does occasionally send forth prodigies of genius, such as Crichton is reputed to have been. We shall proceed to lay before the reader such particulars as we have been furnished with respecting Fraser:—

He was the son of an engraver in Edinburgh, and had the misfortune to lose both his father and mother at a very early age. Circumstances then threw him under the protection of an eminent teacher of writing and accounts in his native city, who treated him as one of his own family, and gave him the advantage of instruction in an *intellectual* system of arithmetic, which he had invented for the use of his own scholars, and practised with great success. Not only did Fraser make great progress in this branch of knowledge, but in languages, in music, and many other accomplishments, he displayed an aptitude that astonished all who had occasion to observe him. What rendered this the more surprising, was, that he never appeared to study. His disposition was playful to an extreme bordering on folly, and he indulged to the fullest extent in all the sports of his companions. He seemed to acquire all his knowledge and proficiency by intuition; for it is the distinct recollection of his patron, that he was hardly ever seen *seated at a book*. Yet, in this way, without the least observable exertion, he speedily mastered the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and (what is perhaps most surprising) German languages, so as to be able, at an almost childish age, to teach them to others. He could also play beautifully on the violin, flute, and piano-forte, and sing in a masterly and graceful manner, without ever having received instruction from a teacher.

At a very early age he was adopted as a sort of assistant by his kind patron, and took his share in all the laborious duties of the academy. His extraordinary genius had now attracted considerable attention, and, being very good natured, he made no scruple to gratify visitors with an exhibition of his arithmetical powers. He would allow a person to cover an entire slate with figures, and hold the wrong end towards him from the other side of an ordinary dining-table. He would then, in a playful manner, look at it with one eye, and sum up the columns, though twelve or fifteen figures deep, at the rate of a second for each column. Being asked, on a certain occasion, how he could know the amount of a column by a single glance of his eye, he answered by another question, "How do you know a friend when you meet him, without distinctly and sensibly marking every part of his per-

son from top to toe?" "But how is it," said the inquirer, "that you know the columns equally well when the figures are all upside down?" "Why," said Fraser, "if your friends were all to change their mode of walking, and meet you every day with their heels uppermost, would you not soon come to recognise them as readily in that way as in any other?" It afterwards turned out that he had got into a habit of reckoning accounts in this inverted manner, in order to save time in his teaching operations. The pupils being arranged along two sides of a broad desk, he found it convenient sometimes to examine the proceedings of a scholar on the off side, without going round by the end of the table, at the same time that he was keeping his eye upon those who were nearer to him; and thus he gradually became able to read figures as well the one way as the other. It was at length found necessary to invent a short-hand set of figures for his use in arithmetical calculations.

Many anecdotes are preserved of the frolicsome disposition which Fraser manifested throughout all these triumphs of his genius. When about eight years old, he was mentioned to Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster as an extraordinary genius, and that gentleman, with his usual benevolent interest in such subjects, expressed a desire to see him. He accordingly called at Sir John's residence, but the servants refused him admittance. He then obtained the loan of a trifle from a companion, with which he hired a pony, and, mounted on this animal, he called again at Sir John's house, with the same companion equipped as his servant. Being then readily admitted, he showed his expertness in calculation, and came off with great éclat.

An unhappy accident, which happened when he was a very young man, and some time after he had left the house of his first patron, produced a considerable derangement in the nervous system of Fraser. While fencing with a companion, he had the misfortune to wound a boy who ran in between them, in a mortal part. Some of the other boys having raised a cry of murder, the city-officers rushed in, and, apprehending Fraser, dragged him like a common felon to jail. The horror of his mind at the unfortunate act, joined to his mortification at thus enduring the gaze of the multitude, gave such a shock to his nerves as affected him seriously through life.

In early life, Fraser left the Scottish metropolis, and sought his fortune in London. He soon obtained employment as usher in one of the principal boarding-schools in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, but was speedily dismissed, on account, it was understood, of the jealousy of the master, who could not bear to see himself outshone before the boys. Previous to this time, Fraser's Edinburgh patron had removed to London, and it was in his friendly home that the unfortunate youth now sought a refuge, which, it is needless to say, was readily and cordially granted. Soon after this, a gentleman, in conversing with his patron, mentioned that he had in view to propose to government the establishment of a public office in the Admiralty, which would be of great service in that department; and that the preparatory calculations were so extensive as to require an unusually expert arithmetician for that part of the undertaking. Mr Paton—for it was he who acted in so kind a manner to this extraordinary youth*—at once recommended Mr Fraser; but it was thought necessary to consult certain eminent calculators concerning the preparatory business—namely, the formation of a complete set of annuity tables for three lives. The answer was, that it would require ten accountants for ten years, or one person for one hundred years, were it possible that he could live so long;† and that Price and other great calculators had contented themselves with making approximations, instead of forming a complete set of tables. In short, it was reckoned that the figuring requisite for the above purpose, by ordinary modes of calculation, would cover waggon-loads of paper. Fraser, however, undertook to finish the whole in one year, and actually produced a proportionate quantity in a month, so that the office was immediately established.

Soon after this, the gentleman formerly mentioned proposed the formation of another government office, and Mr Fraser was employed as before, and with equal success. While thus occupied, his apartment presented the idea of a magician's cave, being filled with graduated scales, yards in length, corresponding to magic wands, with other ingenious apparatus, contrived by himself, and inexplicable by others. Like many ingenious individuals, who have benefited others without improving their own condition, he failed in obtaining the advantages which were to have been expected from these singular efforts, and again was obliged to take a situation as usher of a provincial academy. Soon after, Mr Paton received a letter from him, mentioning that he was now very happily situated, having the honour of frequent invitations to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, among whom he figured to great advantage. Within a month, all

this happiness was reversed. Having caught a severe cold, by exposure on the top of a public coach during a rainy night, he found it necessary once more to return to the house of his early friend and protector—thus resembling the hare, which, when closely pursued by the hounds, and unable any longer to extend her course over the country, reverts at length to her own form. Though medical advice was procured, and every comfort administered, poor Fraser died in a fortnight—a mere youth, but not before he had given token of such mental powers, as, in their maturity, must have been a wonder and a blessing to his kind.

Alas! while we thus endeavour to rescue from oblivion the story of one of the most extraordinary geniuses that ever lived, and which, but for a mere accident having brought it under our notice, might have remained in obscurity for ever, how forcibly occurs the melancholy thought—that many persons of singular genius are *never heard of by the world at large*, but live and die as noiselessly as those to whom no such gifts have been vouchsafed!

THE TRAVELLER AND THE POLE-CAT.

ON a journey from Louisville to Henderson in Kentucky, performed during very severe winter weather, in company with a foreigner, the initials of whose name are D. T., my companion, spying a beautiful animal, marked with black and pale yellow, and having a long and bushy tail, exclaimed, "Mr Audubon, is not that a beautiful squirrel?" "Yes," I answered, "and of a kind that will suffer you to approach it, and lay hold of it, if you are well gloved." Mr D. T. dismounting, took up a dry stick, and advanced toward the pretty animal, with his large cloak floating in the breeze. I think I see him approach, and laying the stick gently across the body of the animal, try to secure it; and I can yet laugh almost as heartily as I then did, when I plainly saw the discomfiture of the traveller. The pole-cat (for a true pole-cat it was, the *Mephitis Americana* of zoologists) raised its fine bushy tail, and showered such a discharge of the fluid given him by nature as a defence, that my friend, dismayed and infuriated, began to belabour the poor animal. The swiftness and good management of the pole-cat, however, saved its bones; and as it made its retreat towards its hole, it kept up at every step a continued ejection, which fully convinced the gentleman that the pursuit of such squirrels as these was at the best an unprofitable employment.

This was not all, however. I could not suffer his approach, nor could my horse; it was with difficulty he mounted his own; and we were forced to continue our journey far asunder, and he much to leeward. Nor did the matter end here. We could not proceed much farther that night; as, in the first place, it was nearly dark when we saw the pole-cat, and as, in the second place, a heavy snow-storm began, and almost impeded our progress. We were forced to make for the first cabin we saw. Having asked and obtained permission to rest for the night, we dismounted, and found ourselves amongst a crowd of men and women who had met for the purpose of *corn-shucking*.

To a European who has not visited the western parts of the United States, an explanation of this corn-shucking may not be unacceptable. Corn (or you may prefer calling it maize) is gathered in the husk, that is, by breaking each large ear from the stem. These ears are first thrown into heaps in the field, and afterwards carried in carts to the barn, or, as in this instance, and in such portions of Kentucky, to a shed made of the blades or long leaves that hang in graceful curves from the stalk, and which, when plucked and dried, are used instead of hay as food for horses and cattle. The husk consists of several thick leaves rather longer than the corn-ear itself, and which secure it from the weather. It is quite a labour to detach these leaves from the ear, when thousands of bushels of the corn are gathered and heaped together. For this purpose, however, and in the western country more especially, several neighbouring families join alternately at each other's plantations, and assist in clearing away the husks, thus preparing the maize for the market or for domestic use.

The good people whom we met with at this hospitable house were on the point of going to the barn (the farmer here being in rather good condition) to work until towards the middle of the night. When we had stood the few stares to which strangers must accustom themselves, no matter where, even in a drawing-room, we approached the fire. What a shock for the whole party! The scent of the pole-cat, that had been almost stifled on my companion's vestments by the cold of the evening air, now recovered its primitive strength. The cloak was put out of the house, but its owner could not be well used in the same way. The company, however, took to their heels, and there only remained a single black servant, who waited on us until supper was served.

I felt vexed at myself, as I saw the good traveller displeased. But he had so much good breeding as to treat this important affair with great forbearance, and merely said he was sorry for his want of knowledge in zoology. The good gentleman, however, was not only deficient in zoological lore, but, fresh as he was from Europe, felt more than uneasy in this out-of-the-way house, and would have proceeded towards my own house that night, had I not at length succeeded in persuading him that he was in perfect security.

* MR GEORGE PATON, himself the father of a family of genius, and who, after having for some years been unknown in Edinburgh as a teacher, has again recently commenced amongst us the business of instructing youth in accounts, writing, geography, &c. using, in the first of these branches, the excellent system which may be said to have produced the extraordinary specimen of scholarship he has been employed in commemorating.

† This circumstance has a kind of resemblance to an anecdote in the life of the Admirable Crichton. When that personage challenged the Professors of the University of Paris, and came off triumphantly, they are said to have decided that it would require an ordinary person a *hundred years* of constant study to acquire the knowledge which he had displayed on the occasion.

We were shewn to bed. As I was almost a stranger to him, and he to me, he thought it a very awkward thing to be obliged to lie in the same bed with me, but afterwards spoke of it as a happy circumstance, and requested that I should suffer him to be placed next the logs, thinking, no doubt, that there he should run no risk.

We started by break of day, taking with us the frozen cloak, and after passing a pleasant night in my own house, we parted. Some years after, I met my Kentucky companion in a far distant land, when he assured me, that whenever the sun shone on his cloak, or it was brought near a fire, the scent of the pole-cat became so perceptible, that he at last gave it to a poor monk in Italy.

The animal commonly known in America by the name of pole-cat is about a foot and a half in length, with a large bushy tail, nearly as long as the body. The colour is generally brownish-black, with a large white patch on the back of the head; but there are many varieties of colouring, in some of which the broad white bands of the back are very conspicuous. The pole-cat burrows, or forms a subterranean habitation among the roots of trees, or in rocky places. It feeds on birds, young hares, rats, mice, and other animals, and commits great depredations on poultry. The most remarkable peculiarity of this animal is the power, alluded to above, of squirting for its defence a most nauseously scented fluid contained in a receptacle situated under the tail, which it can do to the distance of several yards. It does not, however, for this purpose, sprinkle its tail with the fluid, as some allege, unless when extremely harassed by its enemies. The pole-cat is frequently domesticated. The removal of the glands prevents the secretion of the nauseous fluid, and when thus improved, the animal becomes a great favourite, and performs the offices of the common cat with great dexterity.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

BRITISH SILK MANUFACTURE.

It is learned, from the accounts of different authors, that the Chinese were the first people who cultivated the production of silk by the means of silk-worms, and that a knowledge of the art was made known in Europe as early as the sixth century, and that by an accidental circumstance. Two Christian missionaries having travelled into China, there viewed with a curious eye the common dress of the people, and the myriads of insects employed in furnishing the material for the manufacturer. On returning to Europe, they mentioned these circumstances; and, stimulated by the offer of a large reward, they retraced their steps to China, where they contrived to possess themselves of a quantity of the eggs of the silk-worm moth, which they concealed in a hollow cane, and brought safely to Constantinople, in the year 552. From this careful of eggs, which were hatched in due season, have sprung all the silk-worms now found in almost every country of Western Asia and the south of Europe. These are daily multiplying, and, up to the present time, an immensely increased demand for silk has been felt all over the civilized globe.

Silk came into use in England in the fifteenth century, but its manufacture was long in arriving at maturity. It was for more than two hundred years used almost exclusively by the upper ranks, and it is only in recent times that it has formed a part in the garments of the middle and lower classes. The first manufacture of the article on regular principles was at Spitalfields, where a large body of French refugees settled, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685; it was, however, upwards of a century later, when the raw silk of India could be imported with facility, before it became a great object of national concern. The imports of raw and thrown silk into Great Britain in 1824 amounted to 3,392,357 lbs., of which 1,716,734 were furnished by Italy, and 1,307,300 by the East Indies and China; in 1829, they amounted to 2,892,201 lbs. It is difficult to form any precise estimate of the present value of the British silk manufacture. Mr Wilson, a well-informed and extensive manufacturer, in his evidence before the House of Lords' Committee, stated that he calculated that 40,000 hands, whose wages would amount to £350,000, were employed in throwing silk for the weaver; that £300,000 were consumed in soap and dye-stuffs used in the manufacture; and £265,000 were paid to 16,500 winders. The number of looms he estimated at 40,000, affording employment to 80,000 persons, whose wages would amount to £3,000,000. If we include infants and dependants, about 400,000 mouths will be fed by the silk-manufacture, the value of which Mr Wilson estimated at £10,000,000. British silk goods are, in general, higher priced than those of France; but the prejudice in favour of the latter is wearing out, and, in fact, the greater proportion of silks professing to be brought from Lyons and Marseilles, are direct from Spitalfields or Manchester.

It appears, from a statement now before us, that it requires thirty thousand worms to produce five pounds of silk. If we reckon that at the present time a million and a half pounds are imported annually, it therefore seems that nine thousand millions of insects are kept constantly working in order to furnish the British with the raw silk from which we make such a beautiful article of manufacture.

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

THE violin holds in the orchestra the highest rank: it always, and of right, is in the hands of the leader; for the grand point of instrumental imitation is the human voice, and no instrument approaches, by its tones, its delicacy of execution, and its brilliancy, so close to the human voice as the violin. Its origin is in the remotest antiquity. Bernardin Maffei, the cardinal, born in 1514, in his treatise on inscriptions and medals, gives an antique of Orpheus playing with a bow on an instrument resembling the violin, but which was called the lyre. The Nubium and the Psalterium of the ancient Jews are said to have strongly resembled the violin, as the Psalterium of the present day obviously does. Euphorion, in his book de Isthmiis, describes an ancient instrument called Magadis, which was surrounded by strings, and which, placed on a pivot, turned round, while the performer drew his bow across it. This machine was also called the Sambuce. The hieroglyphics of Peter Valerian, p. 628, c. 4, have a figure of a muse holding a bass viol in her hand. Philostratus, who taught at Athens in the time of Nero, thus describes the lyre:—"Orpheus supported the lyre against his left leg, while he beat time by striking his foot on the ground; in his right hand he held the bow, which he drew across the strings, turning his wrist slightly inwards; he touched the strings with his left hand, keeping the knuckles perfectly straight." This was of the nature of the modern viol-di-gamba. The word *plectrum* should be generally translated by bow, though it is uncertain whether the bow was not sometimes used merely to strike the strings. In the middle ages, the violin family were numerous, though the instrument had not attained its present exactness of shape. The troubadours were often called *vielleurs*, or violin players. It was in high estimation in the monasteries; and among their treasures are still preserved cases of violins, violas, and similar instruments tending to the lute, beautifully wrought with ivory and the precious metals. The modern violin has been brought into celebrity by a long succession of fine performers. Arcangelo Corelli, a Bolognese, was the first great violinist. He died January 1713, aged 60 years. He was the founder of the Roman school. Tartini was of a noble Venetian family. He died in 1770, first violin master of the church of St Anthony, in Padua. In Germany, the violin received great cultivation during the last two centuries. In France, the violin was brought into favour by Baltazarini, an Italian, sent from Piedmont by Marshal Brissac to Catherine de Medici. Lully flourished in the time of Louis XIV., 1662. The conservatoire has in the present age furnished France with a multitude of fine violin performers. In England, the violin became popular at the Restoration. Charles II. established a band of violin tenors and basses, and placed at their head Thomas Baltzar, a Swede, the first violinist of his time. Banister, an Englishman, succeeded Baltzar. At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, Nicolas Mattei, an Italian, arrived, and astonished every one by his mastery of the instrument; his style of bowing and his shakes were peculiarly fine. Francesco Geminiani, born at Lucca about 1666, a disciple of Corelli, was leader of the orchestra at Naples. He died in Ireland in 1762, aged 96. He was a great improver of the general taste on the violin by his publications. Veracini, the first violinist of his time, and a man of great power of composition, arrived in London in 1715. Felici Giardini, a Piedmontese, and pupil of Somis, arrived in England in 1750. His first performance was for the benefit of Cuzzoni, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, when he played a solo and a concerto. The applause rivalled the loudest ever given to Garrick. In 1755 he led at the opera. His elegance of bowing, his facility in embellishing passages, and his taste in varying common airs extempore, were surprising. After a long residence he retired to Italy. William Cramer was born in Mannheim in 1744; about 1773 he came to London, and succeeded Giardini as leader of the opera band for nearly twenty years. He led at the commemoration of Handel in 1784. His execution was remarkable for neatness, and fullness of tone; his facility of playing at sight was extraordinary; as a leader he had no equal; he died in 1799. The principal native violinists were, Corbett, leader of the opera in 1710; he died in 1748;—Dubourg, leader of the King's band in Ireland; he died in London in 1767;—Clegg, his pupil, leader of the opera band;—Pinto, born of Italian parents, leader at the opera, and afterwards at Drury Lane; he died in Ireland a few years since; his grandson, G. F. Pinto, also dead, was a great performer and musical genius.

The finer order of violins are expensive instruments; a brilliant toned violin can seldom be had in England or France for less than fifty guineas. Violins have been raised even so high as £250. The general price for a Stradivarius is a hundred guineas. The choice of violins cannot be made but by a master's experience. But new instruments are always to be avoided: if they have a good tone, it is almost sure to grow worse. The best violins are generally repulsive in their early tone, and few of them are good for any thing under fifty years. The violin makers most memorable are, Amati, of Cremona—(there were several of the name, Andreas, Jerome, and Anthony, his sons, and Nicolas, the son of Anthony); he flourished about 1600. Their violins are distinguished by beauty of shape and sweetness of

tone. Stradivarius; there were two of the name, both of Cremona; the latter was living in 1700. His signature was *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat, anno A. S. Andreas Guarnerius, also of Cremona.* His signature was *Andreas Guarnerius, fecit Cremona, sub titulo, Sancta Teresa, 1680.* Stainer, a German, a native of Tyrol; his violins are distinguished by their piercing and full tone. His signature is *Jacobus Stainer, in Absom prope Cnipontum, 1647.* Mathias Albani, a Tyrolese; his signature was *Mathias Albani, fecit, in Tyrol, Bulsani, 1654.* It is remarkable that almost the entire of the fine violins now to be found are the work of those Cremonese makers. Time may have done something for them, for the violin certainly improves by age, if it be originally a good one. But there is still something more difficult to be ascertained in their workmanship. Their violins have often been taken to pieces by the most expert artists, for the purpose of constructing others on their exact model, and yet the experiment has utterly failed. New constructions have been tried, and scientific models on the principles of sound have been invented, but without shaking the superiority of the Cremonese. But the most studied and dexterous experiments were made about ten years ago in Paris, by a M. Chanot. This intelligent artist presented one of his instruments to the French Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, with a curious memoir, in which he explained his proceeding. His principle was the acknowledged one, that the long fibres of the wood are fitter for the production of the low tones, and the shorter fibres, or arches, for the high tones. By fixing the sounding post at the back of the bridge, the fibres of the sounding board are divided into two arches, instead of being cut in two on the side of the E string. And this division is necessary, because the high tones being produced on that side, the bridge acts on the shorter arches like a small lever, while on the side of the bass string the fibres are enabled to vibrate in the long arches necessary to produce the low tones. But the more remarkable change was in the cutting of the sounding board. Among other points here, M. Chanot disapproves of the shape of the letter *f* for the sound holes of the violin, as cutting too many fibres. In his invention those holes are parallel and straight. A committee, on which were Cherubini the composer, and Prony the engineer, gave in a favourable report on this violin, which they had heard played on by Boucher, the famous violinist, in an adjoining room, alternately with a Stradivarius, without being able to discover which was which, excepting that they mistook the old violin for the new, which, as being the presumed superior, was a triumph for M. Chanot. But from all this we have not heard of any further results. The violin of Cremona still holds its ancient supremacy, and deserves it, at least in point of figure, for the new violins are angular and unpleasant to the eye. We have heard no more of M. Chanot, and are inclined to conclude that his invention was finally found inapplicable. This, however, should not deter our English artists from the experiment. They make the best harps and pianos in the world, and why they should not make every other instrument equally well, is beyond our conjecture.—*From an Album.*

THE NE'ERDOWEEL.*

To continue the relation of my uncle.—Mr Badenoch was now on his way to a foreign strand. It is unnecessary to trace the progress of a man so hopeless, as if he were a hero. He was landed at Demerara, that land where health is staked by the desperate for a chance of wealth, and where, with care and assiduity, wealth may be attained, and some measure of health preserved. The little island of Wakenham, at the mouth of the river, was the scene of our hero's destination. As he arrived at the finest part of the season, the country seemed delightful; and as he had formed the most anxious determination to repair the past, and as, moreover, his recommendations were strong, he soon found employment. He became a book-keeper under the attorney on a considerable estate.

For a time he exerted himself to acquire a knowledge of the duties of his new profession; and though he felt humbled from many circumstances, and, consequently, unhappy, yet, as he was inoffensive in his nature, and his employer proved one of those who can maintain their dignity without harshness, he was becoming a very faithful and useful servant of the estate. He had ever a pride in keeping his provision-grounds neat, and the fences of his coffee-land in the very best order, and yet working his people with the greatest gentleness, and expending his stores at once with fairness and economy. A feeling for the poor blacks, compelled, like himself, to a situation that was unpleasant to them, was the cause of much of this, combined, perhaps, with a melancholy wish to disappoint the auguries of his enemies, and to return to no distant day to his native country, with at least some share of wealth. Be this as it may, he became a favourite with the slaves, and so far respected by his master; and being now, in some measure, seasoned to the climate, he considered himself at last in the way to do well. Must it be told?—this was the dream of a moment. The good feelings of those to whom discretion has been denied, are equally capable of injuring themselves as the bad. He could not be kind to the poor slaves without forgetting that they were uninformed. From wishing to show kindness, perhaps a foolish and pa-

* Resumed from last week.

tronising kindness, he became familiar; from familiarity, they became presuming and negligent. Seeing his kindness, as he conceived, abused, he became resentful. The slaves could not bear ordinary severity where they had been treated with indulgence. From mutual sullenness, they proceeded to hatred; severity on his part, and rebellion on theirs. The gang was declared disorganised, and the manager was compelled to intimate his wish to the proprietors that they should part. Once more, therefore, our hero was at large upon the world, and had he been near those who formerly knew him, once more he would have been pronounced bewitched.

He soon found another appointment; but his character for discretion was lost. He could never hope to rise beyond the situation of a mere overseer, unless after proof of a steadiness of which he was little capable. He soon put an end to his probation. Some of the slaves whom he had helped to spoil, now regretting him as much as they had hated him, and resenting the just distance observed by his successor as much as they had abused the undue lenity shown by himself, escaped from their plantation, and ran to him for protection. Had he known any thing, he would have known that the concealment of a runaway slave is never forgiven by the colonists. He should instantly have given information, endeavouring only to mitigate the punishment. He intended this, but from time to time deferred it, till the retreat of the negroes was discovered. It was then too late for both parties. The act was plain; his intentions could not be known; and it was speedily evident that he must leave the colony, or starve. He went to Jamaica; but he took no character with him—or rather his character followed him—he was a marked man. He wandered about from estate to estate—hospitably enough received, as far as a meal would go, but employment was out of the question. He was declared unfit for, and even dangerous in, the West Indies, at least in any situation connected with the negroes, though it seemed extremely probable he might in time find something to do in a store.

As he wandered about from estate to estate, he envied even the slaves, as, contented and free of care, they trudged along under branches of rich plantains, or, in merry bands, carried the richer cane to its final destination in the mill. Often, if shame would have allowed him, he would have begged to take the place of the well-fed and cheerful black, that acted as "boy" in the families that, from time to time, received him as he trudged his weary round, sooner than submit to returning home poorer than he left it, and with the reputation of being fit for neither the old world nor the new.

A very unexpected incident soon decided him. A vessel from Scotland arrived in Kingston Roads; and having nothing to do, and the thoughts of home again coming strong upon him, he went on board. As he was ashamed to declare himself, farther than as a native of Scotland, little passed beyond the usual and natural inquiries; but being accustomed in his young days to climb about his father's vessels, he must needs shew the seamen of the vessel in question his dexterity. She was of considerable tonnage, so that in ascending the masts he had to come out a considerable distance in the puttock shrouds, his back downwards, and hanging by the feet and arms. Either from being long unused to such exercise, or from being desirous to shew off a little too much, he lost hold with his feet and one hand; and after hanging by the other for some time, to the amusement, doubtless, of the seamen, who were occasionally looking at him, as, with folded arms, they leaned on the gunwales, or loitered about the deck, he dropt with a scream into the water; and a shark having been for some time in waiting, right under him, he came up in a very few moments with a loss of a very serviceable leg! Here was a consummation! Was it possible to account for such misfortune on ordinary principles? Even the people of Kingston, who had never heard the opinion of those of the place of his nativity, could not help looking and laughing even while they pitied him, and exclaiming that the fellow was certainly bewitched!

This was too much. Unable to live on land, and bit by sharks the moment he, but by accident, dropt into the water, he now felt that there was only one refuge left, and that the sooner he was with his mother the better. But how to return? He had no money. He could not now work, even as a common seaman. A merchant who heard his history told him to make himself easy, and, as soon as he had recovered, gave him a passage to London. In the interval he had given him some employment about his stores—and had he been of ordinary prudence, an opening might thus again have been found for him; but lame and penniless as he was, and a married man as he had confessed himself, he had taken some opportunities afforded by the civility of the merchant, to make advances to his only daughter! and the old man, in turning him with contempt from his premises, could not help joining in the universal exclamation, that the fellow was certainly bewitched!

After any misfortune, our friend generally became prudent—it might be said religious—for a period proportioned to the severity of the evil. Upon this occasion his good resolutions lasted him till he was several days at sea. His fellow passengers were highly respectable. Our hero attached himself particularly to an elderly gentleman who had made his fortune, and was returning home, accompanied by a lady, the sister of a friend, and who was coming to join some relations

in this country. According to his general custom, Mr Badenoch boasted of the wealth of "the Old Boy," as he termed his father, and of his own absurdity; and the last being very obvious, connected with other circumstances, generally gained credence for the first. The young lady proved nearly as absurd as himself; at least they had not been many days in company till they began to be very constantly together; to consider in secret every body fools but themselves, and quiz them accordingly; and at last to join in evading the old gentleman, who, doubtless for very good reasons, saw it necessary to discourage rather than encourage their intimacy.

It was too late! The lady was stout and handsome, sung delightfully, and conversed well—at least our friend thought so; for by silly people mere talk is considered conversation. As she had been genteelly educated, however, had much softness of person, and grace and even dignity of manners, it is very possible the man was attached, and that, had there been no obstacle in the way, and either possessed of fortune, their connection might have appeared sufficiently suitable, and, as Squire Richard says, "done no harm to nobody." But there was not a shilling of fortune upon either side, the gentleman, as we have seen, being worse than nothing, and the lady depending on the good opinion of her friends; and to crown all, the man was already married! All these things, however, went for nothing. They were intoxicated with one another: they rose up but to flirt and wander together, and lay down only to dream of one another. The elderly gentleman found his authority set at naught—the captain and other persons in authority were bribed—a marriage ceremony even was gone through in the Scottish form, which, being accompanied by written engagements, satisfied both parties, and the moment they could confirm it in England, it was confirmed. Being firmly married, they began to think at last of what they should have thought of first, namely, how they should maintain themselves; and upon this point their speculations were very black. The gentleman knew he had nothing to look to, so upon that point there was no difficulty; and the temporary guardian of the lady, as well as her friends in the country, being either really enraged, or finding it for their interest to appear so, they were at once left to themselves, with the old declaration that they were certainly bewitched.

At last it occurred to our friend that he had written to his family of his misfortunes, and his intention to return home, and desiring to hear from them in London, at the house of an old correspondent of his father. As he had given the name of the vessel in which he sailed, and her arrival had been announced for some time, he found a letter for him, but it was neither from his mother nor his father, the last being still too angry to write to his son, and the first incapable of permitting herself to write, in the terms that were necessary. Since his leaving the country, short as that period had been, strange things had happened. First, a young gentleman had come into the world, who claimed to be the inheritor of his name, and, what proved of rather more consequence, his estates. These, it is true, were at one time considered little more than his share of the General Entail, that is to say, of the states of sin and misery bequeathed by Adam; but the father of the lady who had the honour of producing him, being one of those pragmatical fellows, who, though they expect to see nothing in a well, will yet look into it, and talk about a property that has been, for three or four generations after it has left them, so now, finding his daughter not only within a hair's breadth of having been a woman of property, but absolutely not exactly divorced from it, nothing would hinder him from stepping forward to see whether he had not at least a right to talk about the matter.

He decided very properly, that, of lawyers, the best for a doubtful case is one whom all his brethren have conspired to call the most troublesome fellow on earth; one whose very name strikes terror; who knows it, and acts up to it, in order to secure the reputation of his *prestige*, that being his talisman for opening the purses of his employers. It is impossible to step aside to describe the person and character of a Scotch country writer particularly, but we shall do what we can. Mr Thomas M'Quirk was a middle-sized, dark, pock-pitted man, with bushy hair; very tolerably made, but with a most forbidding look; at least all who disliked him said so, and they were pretty numerous. Your dandy man of business, who has only one journey to go in a year, not only torments his maid servant in preparations for a whole morning, after having tormented the neighbourhood about it for a week, but has as many knick-knacks proper for riding to put on, as a tailor preparing for a race-course. Our friend Tom had not time for ceremonies. After taking a proof ten or fifteen miles from home in one direction, and astonishing all the old women of the place with the fact of his keeping all law and lawyers at defiance by his single strength, he often found letters lying for him, or messengers waiting with directions not to go without him, that whistled him perhaps twice as far on the other side of his residence; for a famous writer, like a famous doctor, is sent for, as the saying is, from far and near; and no one that can get hold of either can die or be banged comfortably without having him. Our friend Tom, in consequence, required often to start on a new journey without shaving, after feeling at the fag-end of the old one as if his bones were shaking loose in his clothes. His riding appointments, there-

fore, were very simple. He wore leather breeches, because they served for dress or riding clothes indifferently; shoes and stockings for the same reason; and a single spur; because, like Hudibras, he knew that, when one side of his horse could be stirred to a trot, the other was not likely to lag behind. A spur, therefore, might be said to constitute his whole riding-dress—switch he had none. He always supplied himself from the hedges, any thing else being expensive, and apt to be lost. He carried a pen in his waistcoat pocket with a nose that defied injury, and abundance of paper in his coat. Such were the person and appointments of Mr M'Quirk—and Mr M'Quirk was the lawyer selected upon this occasion.

As lawyers know, as well as vultures, when a carcass is in the wind, and Mr M'Quirk knew upon this occasion that the windfall was considerable, the very idea of having a finger in it was sufficient. He already looked upon the greater part of the property as his own. When he entered the room, all was going on smoothly. The creditors of Nicholas Badenoch had lodged claims sufficient to have swallowed up fifty such subjects as remained to pay them; many groaning over the loss of hundreds, that were never supposed to have had twenties to lose; others pretending claims whom every body else supposed to be debtors; but Mr Fiddledede, the agent in the sequestration, was what the world calls a very decent man—that is, nine times in ten a very great blockhead. He received and entered all claims with suitable gravity, regretting only that there would be so many honest men losers. He very prudently said little about his own loss on the occasion, because it is no credit for a man of business to lose upon any occasion; moreover, perhaps, because upon this occasion he had not lost at all. He had taken all suitable instructions for disposing of the property, and the meeting was about to have closed with the utmost harmony, when, to their horror, they saw approaching the figure of Tom M'Quirk!

When Tom entered, and saw so many there whom he did not expect to see, he gave a loud whew! which did not diminish their uneasiness. They instantly saw for whom he appeared—for a country client knows too well to trust even his own writer out of his sight; so the grey hair and sun-burnt brow of old Dockenroot were seen behind Tom, like a victim behind the swarthy figure of a demon. At first there was an impression that his appearance there was ridiculous, as he had advanced no money, and there could be no reversion; and it seemed to give great satisfaction that they might oust him summarily. But Tom took his seat. He stated himself to appear *inter alios* for the heir of the bankrupt, and as *curator ad litem*!—which means, to manage his law-pleas; desired that the minutes of the meeting might be read; and heard all with such an imperturbable stare as made all alike afraid. "Have you the titles to the property?" said he, for that was their principal hope. "No; but there could be no doubt it fell under the sequestration." "The minute's no worth a damn!" said Tom; and immediately every one believed it. He said the first thing was to apply to the Court for authority to recover their titles; after that, he believed his client would be found exclusively entitled. He also knew that many of the claims would be found bad, at all events; but he did not desire them to be withdrawn, as an agent could never have too much security for his account; but, in the meantime, he declined to rank his own client, or to go farther than record his demand of the titles, as he might be compelled to take entirely separate measures. Several who had at the outset been freely and even ostentatiously showing their grounds of claim, had long since removed them out of sight with great quietness; and others, as they put their hats on their heads with both hands, and took a farewell look of the meeting, took also farewell of the business; for they saw it would now end in no good. In this way our friend was left to dictate his minute to rather a thin meeting; and to them he did not hesitate to let it be known that he meant to contend every inch of ground for the benefit of his infant client, who, he thought, in his long minority, would again bring matters round.

All this was mere bravado at the time, but it proved to be nearly correct; for upon looking into the titles of the property, it was found that it was so devised to a series of heirs, by the contract that had been entered into by Nic's father and mother, as to be incapable of being burdened by him, or evicted for his debts. This had been done by the old grandfather, to guard against the vicissitudes of trade, which he hated, being himself unfit for it—but kept a secret, almost from the parties themselves, certainly from the mother, that the credit of the father might be increased by the supposed unfettered property of the estate, rather than diminished by a recorded restriction. The debts, therefore, incurred in Nic's minority, and which had been subsequently confirmed by him, and made good, as it was supposed, against the estate by adjudication, now became merely personal; the young heir and his mother remained unencumbered possessors in expectancy, and with such advice as they had, were not likely to be smuggled out of it. In addition to this, it was discovered that sundry superiorities, or rights to vote for a member in Parliament, belonged to the property; and titles to these, even for the life of the incumbent, were then of great value. Upon proper inquiry, also, it was ascertained that many of the bills of poor Nic had been granted for accommodation of

the parties who held them, and yet had not scrupled to propose ranking for them, as they afterwards said, that the dividends might cover other and unknown claims; and, lastly, many debts obviously due to him, but which had been ranked against him, as the parties said, for greater security, were in due time recovered from the real debtors. The father, therefore, soon saw it expedient to step forward, and, upon a principle at once proper and honourable, made offer of a composition generally, that he might get quit as easily as possible of debts that were unreal, or had been improperly contracted, but paid all such debts as were just, without any deduction. In short, it was soon seen that Nic might have remained at home, and almost in independent circumstances; and when this was heard, it only confirmed people in saying, what they had long said before, that he was certainly bewitched.

The letter which he now received in London briefly announced these circumstances, so far as necessary, and informed him that his wife and child were well, and living creditably on an allowance made by his father, from the proceeds of the estate. It farther enclosed him a sum for his immediate expenses, and to bring him home; and concluded by cautioning him against all farther nonsense, as, though he fortunately could not do all the mischief which it had been supposed he could, he would at least make himself miserable for life, and that was pretty well.

When our friend had read this letter, he was so overpowered as to let it fall from his hands; and the old merchant who delivered it, having nearly about the same time received one from the father, that put him nearly in possession of the facts of the case, could not help being astonished. He therefore asked with some impatience what was the matter; and very soon ascertained that our friend had once more arrived at what might be termed prosperity—with the trifling drawback of being liable to be transported for bigamy! He immediately inquired into the circumstances; and finding that the lady was not only respectable, but had a guardian of very strong notions of propriety, and, therefore, likely to do the worst, he could not help exclaiming with the rest of the world, as he turned from him, "The fellow is certainly bewitched!"

The advice of the old merchant was very distinct. It was immediately to make himself scarce in England, and not even to sound a trumpet before him in Scotland; and Badenoch took leave with the intention of implicitly obeying him. But good advice is wasted on fools: it is, as Solomon has said long ago, casting pearls to pigs. Our friend had not passed a thousand yards in the right direction, when he thought it would be in the last degree cruel to part without seeing his Maria, as he called her, and even sharing what he had with her; forgetting that the old merchant was, as soon as he should be out of danger, to do every thing that was proper in that respect. He therefore went to her; and having blubbered till she thought him a fool, and almost told him so, closed by convincing her that he was also a knave. This was too much! Casting upon him one bitterly contemptuous look, she left the apartment; and while he sat in stupor, vainly trying to think what he should do, she had hastened to the house of her guardian. He began to think at last that he must pack up his things at least, if only to be in readiness; but by the time he had finished this, he found himself attended by several ill-looking gentlemen, with the warrant of a magistrate to commit him for examination!

The greatest fool has generally some sense of shame. He was almost distracted to think that his name and crime should be blazed in all the newspapers, and read by every one by whom he wished to have been respected. He was carried to the house of a bailiff for the night; and as these places soon extinguish lights, he had ample time to reflect upon his *incurable folly in every single circumstance*. Even to himself it appeared endless as it was inconceivable; and he threw himself upon the bed in an agony of shame and repentance. He acknowledged to himself that he could follow no right advice in any one particular, far less act rightly for himself.

As he, above all things, wished to escape public examination, and he had seen that the doors were so secured as to render egress in that way impossible, he determined to try the window. For this purpose he got up; and having placed the table under the window, and such props as he could find, upon it, he mounted, and opened the casement to reconnoitre. To his surprise he found that though there were bars set into the wall, they were not strong; probably from the height of the apartment, or from its opening into a yard, about as secure as the house; but these things did not occur to our friend. He therefore set himself to force out the bars, that he might see from what height he had to fall; and he succeeded. He now stretched up at all his length to ascertain the height, but a man with a wooden leg, however well made, does not act so freely as a man whose supports are natural. Just as our friend, therefore, had satisfied himself that his escape was hopeless, and was drawing back his head, the support of his feet gave way, and his head being caught between the casement and its frame, he hung suspended at a height of several feet!

As the casement opened outwards, his weight only increased the certainty of its hold. It seemed certain that he would soon be relieved from all farther trouble. Indeed, he felt that he deserved to be hanged; he was so utterly incorrigible. But it was otherwise ordered.

The bailiffs, always on the alert to secure, and even keep alive people whom it would be charitable to allow to escape or die, heard the noise, and were instantly in the apartment. Thinking of nothing but to pull the man back into the den, they had almost destroyed in the act of endeavouring to secure him, by pulling him down instead of lifting him up; but a groan soon apprised them that he was suspended. A light being procured, they soon released him, but found that he was in a state of insensibility.

Medical aid was obtained, and he was at last recovered so far as to breathe; but the idea of an examination was out of the question. The old merchant's address being found upon the letter that had been obtained through him, he was sent for; and having met with the lady's guardian, they soon came to an understanding. The former marriage, though involuntary, was indisputable; that point, therefore, was settled. The man, though a criminal, was a fool; that also was settled; and the old gentleman took care to say nothing of his inheriting the slightest property, and he himself fortunately could not blab for the present. It was, therefore, resolved, as the best way of settling a bad business, that the lady should immediately return to her friends, as the climate of this country was evidently too cold for her—and she returned accordingly.

In the meantime, our friend Nicholas had in so far recovered, as that he could sit in the sun in a chair, and even turn his head, though not without pain. It was universally believed that he had wished to destroy himself, and, though that was not the fact, he half inclined to let it be understood, that people might be more gentle with him. He agreed to live in England, to the great relief of his father—and his wife and child joined him; and though he never experienced what could be called happiness, yet he was so far happy from not expecting it. He had ease and competence, with a careful, almost an affectionate nurse; and having no charge of money, nor opportunity of wasting it, he got by degrees into the reputation of a respectable invalid; and, dying at last without encumbering his estate, he was considered as not the most unfavourable specimen of the family of Badenoch.

His second wife, not relishing the idea of returning to her friends with such a character as she knew she must carry with her, married the master of the vessel in which she had embarked, and never set foot in Jamaica.

A feeling so strong as this indicated, interested her friends in her behalf, and they gave her a sum sufficient to set her husband forward in his profession. Thus prospering, and with a woman naturally good hearted, and now painfully instructed, handsome, moreover, and accomplished far beyond his hopes, he was tolerably well off; and though her fortune was not brilliant, she had the means of humble happiness, and was contented. Her only regret was, that she had ever been connected with the name of Badenoch.

It would appear, from all together, that stupidity is worse than witchcraft; that there is no witchcraft so destructive as stupidity. That without proper training, the world is a world of pitfalls, while with it there are few situations in which opportunities of happiness do not present themselves—in short, that conduct is fate, misfortune too often but another name for folly; and bewitching for good or ill but another mode of indicating good or bad conduct—at least such was the opinion of my uncle.

WALTER-SCOTTIANA.

It was stated in our Life of Sir Walter Scott that the title of his Thesis was not mentioned in the minutes of the Faculty of Advocates, at the place where his admission into that body was recorded. We have now not only learned the title of his Thesis, but obtained the use of a copy; and as it is curious, both on general and particular considerations, we have resolved to present an English translation to our readers. The title-page is as follows:—

JURIDICAL DISCOURSE,
On the 24th head of the 48th book of the Pandects,
Concerning the BODIES OF CRIMINALS,
which,
under divine favour,
by authority of the most illustrious and learned
HENRY ERSKINE
of Newhall,
Dean of the Honourable Faculty of Advocates,
and also
With the permission and by decree of the said Faculty,
was submitted to public discussion,
in order to obtain the office of Advocate,
by

WALTER SCOTT, AUTHOR AND RESPONDENT,
On the 10th day of July, at the usual hour and place.

Edinburgh:
From the press of Balfour and Smellie,
Printers to the Faculty of Advocates.
M,DCC,XCII.

After an imprimatur from William Miller and David Williamson, now Judges under the respective designations of Lord Glenlee and Lord Balgray, follows the dedication:—

To the Honourable ROBERT MACQUEEN
of Braxfield,
Lord Justice Clerk,
and a most meritorious Judge in the Court of Session;
a faithful as well as skilful lawyer,
and therefore
distinguished equally by prudence and impartiality
in the discharge of these offices,
both in punishing crimes with due severity,
and in restoring and vindicating the rights of the
oppressed;
These Juridical Theses are dedicated
with the highest respect,
by
Walter Scott.

The body of the work then follows; and we may mention that it is an *unusually short* juridical discourse:—

INTRODUCTION.

It would almost appear that there is implanted in mankind a certain care and solicitude for the decent burial of the body after death, as if on the disposal of it in some measure depended the condition of the soul. For among all the nations hitherto discovered, not one has been found in which some funeral ceremonies, however dissimilar, did not prevail. This anxiety is indeed the natural consequence of the various doctrines concerning the state of the dead, and the migration of souls, held by different tribes.

The opinion of the Romans on this subject appears from the following lines of Virgil:—

The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchres and funerals due;
The boatman, Charon; those the buried host
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not composed in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.

DRYDEN.

The opinions of the Stoics also leant the same way. Lipsius, in the 9th dissertation of his third book *De Physiologia Stoica*, has shown from various authors that they considered the soul to be nothing else than a particle of ethereal fire. Burning was therefore held by the Stoics to be the shortest and most compendious way of unloosing the souls of the dead from the earth, and of enabling them to rejoin their proper element—namely, ethereal fire (Macrobius, book 1st, chapter 9th; Martian. Capella, book 2d, *De Nupt. Phil.*). If the body was not consumed, it was believed that the sorrowful spirit lingered round the corpse, and did not ascend to heaven till the last honours had been duly paid (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* book 7th, chapter 52d). But if a person had been drowned in the sea, it was thought the soul of fire was completely extinguished by the contrary element.

It is not therefore surprising that the exposure of the body should be denounced against the more atrocious criminals as the severest possible infliction. Hence was probably derived the punishment of paricide, described in § 6. *Instit. de Pub. Jud.*, and dwelt upon in such emphatic language by Cicero in his oration for Roscius. He who had deprived a parent of life was sewed up in a leathern sack, along with a viper, an ape, a dog, and a cock, conveyed to the sea-side on a cart drawn by black oxen, and cast into the deep, that the water gaining admission by degrees, might extinguish him. Thus while alive he was deprived of the power of breathing, and when dead, rejected by the earth, and tossed between sea and shore; he underwent, according to the Stoics, the death and destruction of the soul as well as of the body. Against robbers also, and those convicted of treason, this last doom is threatened (book 28th, § 15, *D. de Panis*.) The bodies or ashes of traitors were thrown into the Tiber; but robbers were fixed to a cross, to remain the sad memorials of their crime and punishment.

Although the introduction of Christianity abolished the doctrines of the Stoics, these laws were not abrogated. For as we have been accustomed to feel the utmost horror at the sight of a corpse unburied and decaying, so we are willingly led to believe that some kind of intercourse still subsists between this body and the soul; in consequence of which the latter, so long the guest and companion of the former, sympathizes, in some degree, with whatever injuries and contumely are inflicted upon it. And, indeed, from the very dawning of Christianity, an opinion prevailed that the connexion between soul and body is not wholly dissolved by death, but that souls cherish a certain affection for their terrestrial relics, hover round, and never cease to protect them.

The exposure of the bodies of criminals was ordered, however, not so much to punish the dead, as for a warning to the living. For what is calculated to strike greater terror into those who meditate unholly deeds, as the loathsome, foul, and livid corpses of those who have undergone sentence for similar crimes, exposed to be the prey of fowls and wild beasts?

By the municipal law of Scotland, the exposure of the bodies of those who have been hanged on the accursed tree, in some cases, especially on account of the crimes of murder or homicide, is in like manner appointed. In modern times, however, the custom, certainly to be approved, has become frequent among us of delivering such bodies to anatomists to be dissected for the ad-

vantage of medicine. In this manner criminals are not only stigmatized with deserved infamy, but, at the same time, good is elicited from evil, the bodies of those who, when alive, made it their study to produce loss and the worst of evils to the state, being, when dead, converted to beneficial purposes.

THESIS I.

Among the Romans the bodies of condemned persons could not be interred unless permission were obtained from the prince or judge (book 1st, *D. huj. tit.*) It might be obtained, however, if petitioned for, unless in regard to the more atrocious criminals, concerning whom we shall afterwards treat (book 2d, *D. huj. tit.*) Thus in the New Testament we find Pilate readily granting the blessed body to Joseph of Arimathea. See also book 11th, *C. De Religiosis*, and book 3d, *huj. tit.*

THESIS II.

In a few cases, however, the privilege of burial was denied to the bodies of the condemned. Many lawyers (legislators) ordained that noted highwaymen or robbers should after death be fixed on gibbets in the places where they resorted; both that the mournful spectacle might deter others from the same outrages, and that the infliction of punishment in the spot where the murders had been perpetrated might afford consolation to the relatives and friends of those who had been slain (book 28th, *D. de Pœnis*, § 15). Sometimes even these enemies of the human race were sentenced to be cast to wild beasts, in the bloody jaws of which they found a bloody grave.

But, in particular, sepulture was denied to traitors (book 1st, *D. huj. tit.*, book 11th, *D. de his qui notant infamia*; book 35th, *C. de Religiosis*). The bodies or ashes of those guilty of treason were to be thrown into a river.

THESIS III.

Finally, the bodies of exiles, or of those confined in an island, who died in banishment, were not to be transported to another place or buried, unless the permission of the prince were specially asked and obtained (book 2d, *D. huj. tit.*) Permission to this effect was very frequently granted by rescripts, as is testified from the same law by Marcian.

ANNEXED POINTS.

I.

A mandatory, if he exceeds the limits of his instructions, cannot maintain an action.

II.

An oath concerning crimes cannot be given by proxy.

III.

An oath contains a sort of bargain.

IV.

An action for expenses incurred is not competent to a possessor who has not acted in the best faith.

V.

A father may appoint a tutor even to a disinherited son.

VI.

An accused person may be twice put to the torture on suspicion of the same crime.

VII.

An agreement to make a partnership pass to heirs is not valid.

Lady Scott one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck. "Ah, Mamma!" said Sir Walter (he often addressed his wife familiarly by the term *Mamma*), "you may say as you like; but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads to fortune."

Lady (then Mrs) Scott had a rich piece of cake, which she presented—upon a salver to a glass of wine, and which, not being cut into nibbleable pieces, had been long permitted to remain entire, and had been presented and re-presented times without number to successive visitors, till her husband at length became quite tired of seeing the same piece so often, and one day remarked, when a guest was present, "Really, Charlotte, this piece of cake of yours is beginning to make me an *auld man*!"

Sir Walter resembled every man of true greatness of mind, in his deep respect for the illustrious Johnson. This is apparent throughout all his prose works, in which he never misses an opportunity of introducing a quotation from the "great moralist." Being one day in company when the various merits of Johnson's imitators were discussed, "Ay, ay," said he, "many of them produce his report, but which of them carries his bullet?" This is one of the most beautiful testimonies that one great mind ever bore to the greatness of another; and the metaphor in which it is conveyed is, in addition, singularly appropriate to the forcible character of Johnson's writings. We have been informed that Sir Walter was often heard to express his admiration of Dr Johnson, and, on one occasion, in the presence of several persons, he took out a volume of his works, and read "the Vanity of Human Wishes" in a tone which showed how deeply he felt the beauties and acquiesced in the truths of that fine moral poem.

Sir Walter said to a friend one day (long before the Waverley secret was divulged), "Man, do you ken what was the first book that was lent out in the circulating libraries at sixpence a-night?" The individual thus addressed did not know what to say, for

he had never heard of any book but the Author of Waverley's novels being lent at that enormous charge. Sir Walter, however, soon relieved him by saying, "Man, it was *Bruce*," meaning Bruce's Travels into Abyssinia, which, being a very expensive book (£7, 7s.), was charged proportionably high by the librarians.

Sir Walter told the following anecdote to a gentleman, who immediately afterwards related it to one of the Editors of this paper:—"When Marmion came out, it made a considerable noise, and had its day, no doubt; and many people went to see Flodden Field; so that an honest fellow thought it would be a good speculation to set up a public-house upon the spot, for the accommodation of the visitors: and he sent to me, asking me to write a few lines for a sign he was going to erect, thinking, as his letter told me, that any thing from me would have a good effect. I sent him back word, that I was at present a good deal occupied; but begged to suggest, as a next best, a quotation from the book which had occasioned his undertaking, which, I remarked, would do very well with a slight alteration—taking out the letter *r*—"

"Weary stranger, rest and p[er]j[ur]y."

Sir Walter, who hardly ever spoke slightly of superstitious beliefs, related the following circumstance to the same gentleman:—"When Abbotsford was built, the furniture was procured from London, and some of the upholsterer's men came down to put it up, and arrange it in the house. The night after all was put to rights, Sir Walter, and indeed the whole household, heard noises among the furniture in a distant part of the house, as if the workmen had been still engaged in arranging it. A few days after, intelligence was received that the upholsterer had died in London.

Sir Walter also gave this gentleman a curious trait of his own personal character. He had once ridden in a chase, along side of Mr Archibald Park (brother of the celebrated traveller), when that person, observing his fearless deportment in riding (which in Sir Walter's young days was very remarkable), said to him, "Od, ye'll never halt till ye get a fa' that'll send ye hame wi' yere feet foremost!" Sir Walter replied, that when he got upon horseback he felt himself quite changed, entering as it were upon another sort of existence, and having no power of restraint over himself. After this, who can wonder at his glowing descriptions of knights and war-horses?

He also said, that when his first two or three works were published, he felt exceedingly anxious to see the reviews, and hear how the world received him; but after that his curiosity or vanity died so much away, that he never made the least attempt to see a review, and often never heard or saw a word that was said upon the subject.

He had sent a copy of his first publication to a lady of Jedburgh, the wife of his friend Mr Robert Shortreed, who accompanied him on his tour among the Liddisdale farmers.* On his next seeing her, he asked, with the solicitude of a young author, how she liked his "William and Helen." She plainly answered, "Not very much;" upon which he took up the little volume, and requested permission to read it aloud to her, in order that the composition might receive all possible advantage from his knowledge of the emphasis due to various passages. After he had done, he was somewhat provoked to find that the good lady's opinion was quite unaltered. It is somewhat curious thus to view the champion of a hundred fields in his first stage as a warrior, and anxious, as we may say, about what people thought of his way of tying on his sash.

Sir Walter was one day visiting the Ettrick Shepherd, while the Waverley authorship was still a mystery, and took a sight of his library, in which his own prose works formed a conspicuous feature, with the back-title, "SCOTT'S NOVELS." "What a stupid fellow of a binder you must have got, Jamie," exclaimed Sir Walter, "to spell Scotts with two t's!"

A Methodist congregation at Kelso, when some repairs were about to be made upon their chapel, sent some of their number about through the country to get subscriptions for the undertaking. An old widow brought a subscription paper to Sir Walter. He read only the preamble and the conclusion, which bore—"and your petitioners shall ever pray;" and returned the paper to the woman with a guinea, saying only, "Well, well, my good lady, here is something for you, as I am very anxious to have the prayers of the righteous."

So facile was he in contributing to charitable purposes, that a Burgher congregation, about to set up a meeting-house in opposition to a country minister, who was not giving satisfaction, applied to him for a subscription towards the building. He said, "Really, I am not very favourable to such things as this, and think I shall not subscribe." To which the applicant made answer, "Come, come, now, Sir Walter; ye ken ye subscribe to mony a thing ye care as little for as this, and ye maunna begin and mak' step-bairns o' hus!" "Well, well," said the good-natured poet, "here's a guinea for you." Out of all the numerous applications made to him for charity, he was hardly

* It may be mentioned, by the way, that, besides the gig employed by the two travellers on these occasions, they sometimes also rode on horseback. Mr Shortreed generally used a grey mare, which recommended itself to the young minstrel by its sagacity in crossing mosses and mires; and it was the prototype of Dandie Dimmont's Dumble, as Sir Walter himself stated a few years ago.

ever known to refuse one; and, indeed, it is acknowledged by all who knew him that he squandered a great deal of money every year in this way.

Not long before the close of his life, while sitting to Mr Watson Gordon, he was shown a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle. "This is not the thing at all," said he, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures; "when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first place get up a gude stour [cloud of dust]; then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the spectator." In this sublime counsel may be said to lie the germ of all his power in the description of battles.

Like his counterpart Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott was much given to punning. Among a thousand instances of this propensity in the latter, we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands with these words—"Now, I consider it necessary to remind you, that this volume should be soon returned, for, trust me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good book-keepers."

THE JEWS.

On the hopelessness of all attempts to convert the Jews to Christianity, Carne, in his Travels in the East, thus speaks:—"Great efforts have been made for some years, and much money has been spent, for the regeneration of this singular and fallen people; or rather, it should be said, for their conversion, of which their establishment in their native land is to be one of the results. The wisest and best people of England have a right to disperse their donations to any land under heaven, and there is, no doubt, a peculiar charm in the idea that they are scattering them over so hallowed a country; that they are aiding to bestow on it a fresh glory, second only to that of the last dispensation of life and truth. It is a pleasing, but entire illusion. The mind of the Israelite is steered at all points against the pure and simple faith of Christianity; he will persevere and resist, and will not be brought to perfect good-will, and will, in most cases, give him a very civil reception in his house. We have even seen the descendants of the ancient people receive copies of the New Testament, sit on the divan by the side of their converted countrymen, listen calmly to his remonstrances and persuasions, promise to consider the weighty and long disputed subject, and read and judge of it maturely for themselves. All this sounds very pleasantly and sweetly to the ear that is ever on the stretch for the happiness of the fallen Hebrew, to whom words and promises cost nothing, but who in every instance stop short, sternly and decidedly, of the threshold of conversion. Long cherished devouring pride, like a spectre, stands in the way that leads to Calvary, and warns the wanderer back."

TURKISH MANNERS.

There is a curious dissimilarity between many of the customs of Christian Europe and those of Turkey. The Ottomans commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently completed and inhabited before the lower are closed in. They write from right to left; their masons sit while they lay the stones, and their compositors, while they arrange the types. The slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect, to uncover the head being deemed highly indecent. They turn in their toes, mount on the right side of the horse, assign the left hand as the place of honour, follow their guests into a room, and take precedence on quitting it; help themselves first at their own tables, assume the place next the wall, and move rapidly in token of deference; wear no hair except on the chin and the crown of the head, sleep in their clothes upon mattresses on the floor, hold strangulation as less disgraceful than decapitation, treat an inquiry after their wives as an insult, regard dancing as a spectacle to be looked at and not mingled in, except by slaves; wear white as their mourning colour, and interdict green garments, the sacred colour of the Prophet and his descendants, to any of a different persuasion. Many of these peculiarities, as well as others in use among them, such as the flowing robe and the seclusion of the women, have existed in the East from the earliest ages.—*Travels in Turkey.*

HORSES' POWER.

This term, used as the name of a measure of power, is an expression which has had its origin in convenience. In its first application, no great nicety was necessary; but as the value of mechanical power became better understood, an exact measure, nearly coinciding with the power of a horse, and uniformity in the practice of engineers, became desirable. Mr Watt has fixed the elementary horse power at 1,980,000 lbs. raised one foot per hour, or 33,000 lbs. raised one foot per minute, or 550 lbs. raised one foot per second. Mr Watt further assigned a proportion for the low pressure steam-engine equivalent to a horse's power, which is 5.5 times the square of the diameter of the cylinder, in inches, multiplied by the velocity of the piston six feet per minute, and the product divided by 33,000, the result is the number of horses' power. The advantage of steam power is apparent; the horses can work at that rate only eight hours; the engine may be kept at work as long as it is wanted.

AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

The following account of the sporting, &c. at Bathurst, in New South Wales, is given by a recent traveller:—"Bream is caught in all the rivers, bites very fast, and is nearly as large as the salt-water fish of the same name caught on the coast. The cod is the most remarkable fish at Bathurst, and is not infrequently caught as heavy as fifty, sixty, and even ninety pounds; when caught in large quantities, they are generally dried, and may be seen in this state hanging up inside the roofs of the settlers' houses. Game is plentiful; ducks, snipes, widgeon, teal, abounding near the rivers. I saw eight black ducks brought down at one shot, weighing, as I guessed, four pounds each. These are delicious eating. Sometimes the sportsmen will throw up a breast-work of boughs, near some favourite rendezvous of the birds, close to the water, and when they have collected near the spot, the sportsman fires from behind his battery, and does dreadful mischief among them, forty ducks having been brought down in this manner at one fire. The plover and bronze-winged pigeon are very numerous, and easily shot; the latter, especially, is a beautiful creature, and twice the size of the domestic pigeon. Bathurst, well, and it eats unfat at table. But the best sport at Bathurst is the quail: This is the partridge shooting of New South Wales generally; but the Bathurst settlers seem to enjoy it in perfection, having a much greater scope of clear open country. The cockatoo and magpie also abound at Bathurst, and are a great nuisance to the cultivated fields. In the forest country a variety of parrots, of the most beautiful plumage, fly about in every direction. This abundance of game, and the fine scenery, the more remarkable, as, in a late journey to Hunter's river, very few birds of any kind were seen. There is a hunt at Bathurst for the purpose of enjoying the sport after the kangaroo, and exterminating the native dog."

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ATTACHMENTS.

ATTACHMENTS to persons and places are among the most familiar sentiments of the human heart; yet there are some very mistaken notions respecting them. The general idea is, that they are, or ought to be, as enduring as the heart itself; that no one who has ever cherished either friendship for man or love for woman should change, or *can* change; and that, let our circumstances or our situation on the globe be altered as they may, we must never forget the people who formerly were around us, or the spot we once called our home. Thus, when we part from a friend, whom we are almost certain never to see again, we take as many vows of fidelity, and exchange as many promises of a close epistolary correspondence, as if our mutual welfare in future depended upon a continued attachment, or as if any thing else would be a kind of treason against one of the most sacred of human sentiments. We depart for the new scene and the new society, with desponding hearts, as if we believed it impossible ever again to form such attachments as those we are just breaking. It may be whispered to us that there is much pleasure in novelty, and that we may perhaps soon forget our old friends for the sake of the new, and lose the recollection of former scenes in the charm of the present. But we repel these insinuations with a kind of indignation, and determine, I may almost say, whether we will or no, to preserve a mournful retrospection of the past.

Now, the truth is, we are not designed to live upon the recollection of either past faces or past scenes. Friendship and love are not to be supported for any length of time without personal intercourse; nor can any scene ever be so important to us in recollection as that in which we are immediately placed. Instead of affection being a tangible object, which we can pledge away for ever, as the heart is supposed to be in non-sensical poetry, it is a *power* residing inalienably within us, to be exerted on whatever successive objects we are pleased with, the new objects regularly attracting a certain quantity of affection away from the old, till, in the end, the old have little or none remaining. Some readers will exclaim against this doctrine as a most unnatural one; but, in order to convince ourselves that it is really correct, let us recollect the fate of any one of all the friendships and loves we ever cherished. Suppose, for instance, the case in which friendships are supposed to be most warm—a school intimacy. Who that ever entertained even the most enthusiastic attachment of this kind, and, on parting, vowed to write regularly every month, if not oftener, ever found that the correspondence was in the least degree interesting after the first year? A few fond letters are exchanged, breathing the very spirit of old friendship. But soon this becomes tiresome. One of the parties happens to delay answering a letter of the other, till he is almost ashamed to do it; the reply to this is more dilatory still; and at last the correspondence, from which so much was expected, ceases altogether. It is much the same with tenderer intimacies. Love, to be lasting, must be frequently fed with a sight of the loved object. At a distance, other objects are presented, and the affair is at length only maintained at the expense of a struggle of principle—in which case it is, of course, no longer love. Nor is it wrong that our affections should be thus transferable. If we could never love but one woman in the course of our lives, or experience a friendship but for one local set of friends, we would be miserable creatures indeed. The chances would in that case be ten to one against our obtaining a partner in the least agreeable to us: we would probably enjoy both friendship and love only for one brief space in youth, while hap-

pening to be at a particular place, far from our eventual residence. All the rest of life—every other part of the world—would to us be a waste. Now, as the case really stands, though the scenes, and the friends, and the mistresses of youth, are, perhaps, the most permanently endeared, and though it is certainly proper that we should not cast off old attachments with an appearance of indifference or inconstancy, so as to give pain to those we are parting from, we can, nevertheless, find more or less pleasure in all the scenes which fortune has provided for our residence—all the various sets of people among whom we are thrown, from the beginning even to the close of life—and each successive woman upon whom our *power* of affection has chanced to be exerted.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

TREES.

"GIVE me," says the common thinker, "only a little practice, and a fig for the visions of theory." Theory, nevertheless—that is, science—is the great source of instruction for practice, and it would be just as reasonable for the man who lights the gas lamps in our streets to laugh at the German philosopher who invented the use of gas, as it is for practice in general to undervalue theory. In most of the arts of life, theory already regulates the most esteemed practice, and these may be said to be in a perfect state; because, in them, every thing that is done is done on principles perfectly well ascertained, and for which it is known that none better can be substituted. But yet, in some of the most common and most important arts, it is surprising to find that science was only of late, or is not even yet, employed. For example, it is not above forty years since a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Dundonald, gave the first hints as to the application of chemical science to agriculture; it is little more than twenty years since these hints were enlarged upon and enforced by Sir Humphrey Davy; and even at this day, important as agriculture is to all men, most rural operators proceed upon practice alone, and are totally ignorant of many methods suggested by Dundonald and Davy, of cultivating the ground in a much superior manner.

It is natural that men should at first proceed upon practice alone. Adam, and his descendants for many generations, could know nothing but that, if they put seed into the earth, it would grow up again with an increase; or that, if they boiled their grain or their animal food, it would make it more agreeable in taste, and perhaps more salubrious. But it is disgraceful to mankind to continue acting upon these simple principles, after men of science have pointed out to them principles that are superior, grounded upon the internal nature of the things operated on, by which the workman may not only know *why* he does such or such things, but may do them in a better and far more profitable manner. Science, from its usually coming in so late, finds unfortunately that practice, with all its blindness, has established itself in a certain degree of reputation, and that men are, from natural indolence, apt to content themselves with a present good, derived from this source, to the neglect of a greater, which could not be acquired without superior labour. But this must be manfully contended with. We must not permit the mass of mankind to be too easily contented. They must be roused to a sense of their own benefit, whether they will or no—if not for their own enjoyment, at least for that of their posterity. Learn, then, they must, that science, in almost every case, can confer some advantage on the common arts of life, and that theory, as they call it, so far from being

a more vague or uncertain thing than practice, is in reality the *only certain guide of the two*, and that, without it, we should not perhaps have as yet made any great advances beyond the condition of our savage ancestors.

The cultivation of timber, as every body knows, is an art of great importance, especially in a country whose chief means of defence lie in what are fondly called its "wooden walls." Trees protect the country from foreign invasion: Trees soften the climate, and shelter the soil, so as to favour the production of food: Trees render the country more delightful to the eye, and give it an indelible and endearing feature in the fondness of recollection. The children of the gentry delight in the old trees that surround the ancestral homes of Britain: The children of the peasantry have their own heartfelt pleasure in the ancient village beech, beneath whose boughs youth has sported, and age looked on, during many generations. Whither does the lover delight to lead the mistress of his bosom?—to the green and far retreats of the wood, where all the minstrels of nature are in full voice. What scene does the student choose for his abstracted wanderings?—the solemn grove, where few intrude. Wood, indeed, enters to an immense extent both into the pleasures and the accommodations of human beings, and its culture, accordingly, cannot be otherwise than an important object of science.

Strange to say, no attempt was made in Britain, nor in any other country of Europe, to apply scientific principles to this useful art, till the year 1823, when Sir Henry Stenart, of Allanton, in Lanarkshire, published his "*PLANTER'S GUIDE*," a work in which those principles are laid down in clear, forcible, and even eloquent terms, together with a complete view of their previous reduction to practice on the author's own estate. By the diffusion of two ample editions of this work, the scientific principles of the art are already pretty generally known; yet they have not hitherto been so generally acted on as to preclude the necessity of our giving a brief view of them, for the use of our own readers.

Trees, as well as all other plants, are living beings, organised on principles somewhat similar to, but not possessed of all the functions of, animals. It might at first sight be supposed that they are chiefly composed of fibres or thready substances; but in reality the substance of trees is almost altogether composed of vessels or tubes, through which the sap flows, like blood in the veins of an animal. Seven millions of these vessels have been counted in the surface of a square inch of wood! The vessels in trees, like those in animals, are of different sizes; but it has been ascertained that there is not any thing in trees performing the same functions as the heart in animals; that is, propelling the blood throughout the system, and, by its return again to the heart, completing the circulation. The vessels simply extend from one end of the tree to the other, sometimes joining with each other, as the veins and arteries of animals do, and, moreover, exhibiting circles, which, when the tree is cut across, have the appearance of rings. One of these circles of vessels grows round the outside of the tree (under the bark) every year, and is called *albumum*, or sap-wood, while the inner and harder matter is called *duramen*; and thus, when a tree is cut, it is possible, by counting the rings, to ascertain its age.

A tree consists of four principal parts—the Root, the Trunk, the Branches, and the Leaves.

The Root consists of two parts—the body or bulb of the root, and the long branch-like fibres, great and

small, which disperse themselves abroad into the soil. The body of the root differs little in substance from the trunk, but the rootlets terminate in slender spongy threads, fitted for absorbing the sap of the earth, and sending it up into the rootlets, whence it ascends into the trunk. It is observed that the earth is only exhausted of its nourishing matter in the neighbourhood of those soft extremities of the roots.

The TRUNK is called by Linnaeus *Caudix ascendens*, or root above ground, an illustration perhaps more fanciful than philosophical. It is covered by bark, consisting of a series of thin layers, one of which is formed (next the timber) every year; while in the outside of all is a very thin layer of a different substance, called the epidermis or cuticle, analogous to the outer skin of the human body. The new inner layer which is formed every year receives the name of *liber*, because it was on this substance that the ancients, before the invention of printing, were accustomed to write; and *liber*, it is well known, is the Latin word for a book. Within the bark is the wood, consisting chiefly of vessels, great and small, which may be torn asunder from each other, and which are employed in conveying sap to the upper extremities. In the very centre of the trunk is a small space filled with a soft substance called pith, which is supposed to be a reservoir of nutritious matter for the development of the buds in spring.

The BRANCHES require no further notice than that they precisely resemble the trunk in every respect, except that they are upon a minor scale in point of size.

The LEAVES consist principally of tissue, like the trunk, with vessels throughout, and an external cuticle enveloping the whole; and they are connected with the branch by a small stalk called the *petiole*. The leaf is one of the most important parts of the whole tree. By a most curious process, not certainly known to us, the crude sap rises through the wood, in the manner just described, and is elaborated or prepared into juice of a more nutritious sort, by the leaves. That process, according to some, is effected by means of an alternate contraction and dilatation of the sap-vessels, and, still more, by a respiration, perceptible and imperceptible, in the leaves, and by the action of the atmosphere; but, according to others, it is rather the exhalation from the leaves, than what are properly their respiratory functions, that effects the ascent of the crude sap. It is then converted into proper sap, or cambium, and, being fitted for the nutrition of the whole tree, it descends by the returning vessels of the leaf-stalk, and the longitudinal vessels of the rind or inner bark. At length it reaches the roots, which originally supplied the crude sap itself. This elaborated sap is like human food digested into chyle, and as it forms the only real nourishment of the tree, it becomes apparent that the plant must decay if stripped of its leaves.

Although some of these facts were discovered about the year 1660, by Dr Grew, an English physician, and nearly about the same time by Dr Malpighi of Bologna, yet, till Sir Henry Steuart published his book in 1828, no planter of wood had ever thought of applying them to the practice of his art. The transplanting of a full-grown tree has, in all ages, been deemed next to impossible; and when it was attempted, the operator thought it necessary to cut off a great number of the branches (and consequently the leaves), from an idea that, if suffered to remain, they would require more sap than the roots could supply in their new situation. Of course, just in as far as they deprived the tree of its branches, or, we may rather say, of its leaves, they deprived it of the principal organ of its existence, and it invariably decayed to a corresponding degree. The lopping was like a cutting off of the lungs in a human being; and it would be as absurd to expect a man in that state to be healthy and strong, as it was to hope for vigour in the stripped member of the forest.

Sir Henry Steuart, having studied the internal structure of trees, began, a good many years ago, to practise the art of transplanting on what he justly calls the preservative principle; that is, without mutilating either roots or branches, as was universally practised till his time. His seat, Allanton House, is situated on an irregular slope, on the right bank of the river Calder, which is a tributary of the Clyde. The neighbouring ground, though diversified, has no very picturesque natural points; but he has contrived, by the removal of large trees, and forming an artificial lake and river, to realize in some measure the miracle of bringing new and picturesque scenery into actual existence, in an almost endless variety of combination. He has, in fact, created landscape, where no landscape existed before, and almost as promptly as the Hero of the Lamp created the palace of Aladdin. An English aristocrat, who observed with jealousy the extensive building operations of a mercantile neighbour, cried, "Thank heaven, the fellow can't build a tree!" But the citizen who seeks to employ his honourable wealth in rearing a suitable home for the evening of his life, is now placed by Sir Henry Steuart upon a level with the proudest baron in the kingdom, seeing that he can build a forest, if he pleases, by only exerting industry, according to the laws of Science, and then leaving Nature to do her own work. Having studied the principles of landscape, Sir Henry arranged his trees in such a manner as to form a great variety of beautiful pictures on a larger or smaller scale, the combination of which is almost as endless as there are numerous points in the park for beholding them. Here almost every tree is made to serve several

purposes. Perhaps, when beheld from the west, it is an undistinguished member of a beautiful clump or grove; when seen from the east, it possibly terminates a fine vista; at some other point, it forms the opening of some delightful glade, leading the eye in *remoto gramine* (to quote a happy expression of Horace); that is to say, into some far and dim retreat, where the eye is lost in a mass of foliage and verdure.

Besides all this, each individual tree is, of course, useful to the general landscape effect of the whole park. Sir Henry, as we understand, does not previously, as might be imagined, delineate these striking pictures on paper; he merely stakes them out upon the ground in the general outline, adding the subordinate features as the work proceeds in the execution, until the whole is finished to the intended design, and as he has imagined it in the beginning. Yet the result is a new and happily conceived mode of producing pictures in real landscape,* which has probably never been attempted in our times, and such as would transmit his name, as an artist, to future ages, were not his discoveries destined to a higher and more useful purpose, namely, that of giving *fixed principles to general arboriculture*, and raising it from the rank of a mechanical, to that of a *scientific art*. Had he drawn up a dry and didactic treatise on general tree culture, as improved by physiology, instead of enforcing its laws through the medium of a popular branch of the art, his work most probably would have attracted but little notice.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to pursue this interesting and scientific system through its various ramifications; we must therefore refer the reader to Sir Henry's excellent volume. But we cannot omit to suggest to an intelligent public, laudably anxious to carry *reform* into every department of arts as well as institutions, the expediency of establishing a society for promoting the improvement of arboriculture among us. As it is to our English neighbours that we stand originally indebted for our knowledge of most of the useful and elegant arts, so, in eminently advancing those of agriculture and arboriculture, it is pleasing to think that we have of late been able to repay, with interest, some portion of these obligations. Of such an object as the society in question, the landowners and country gentlemen must beyond a doubt be the prime movers and most efficient supporters. These constitute the great and influential class of British planters; and were phytological science to become a favourite study among them, it would, of course, be acquired by gardeners and nurserymen, who would soon become its ostensible and most appropriate professors, whether in the creating of real landscape in parks, or for general forest purposes. In their present state, we regret to say that the British planter is never a physiologist, and the physiologist is never a planter, whether in the north or south. The planter, therefore, is the mere pupil of experience, that slow instructress who can tell him only *how* certain results are brought about respecting trees, but who is utterly ignorant *why* they are brought about. But before many years pass over us, we are confident that a revolution must take place in our ideas of arboricultural skill and science, as complete as in political. The future, compared with the present condition of our race of planters, will then be like that of mariners who have long been at sea without a compass, or like men *working in the dark*, when the *light of the sun* was let in upon their labours!

THE BRAVE BRITISH TAR.—A TALE.

"There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

To be sure there is, and it's the best and sweetest hope of a tar, that, in every hour of danger and of difficulty, "the same gracious Providence watches for all." But there, I ain't a going to give you a long rigmarol for a prologue. No, no, I'll just tell you the story as I've heard it fifty times with my own ears on board the old "Marmad," commanded by Captain Malcolm, for d'ye see Jem Gantline knew all about it, and many a mid-watch he's kept us awake by telling it.

"It was one beautiful morning in July (says Jem), and the sun was just taking his look-out aloft, that Ned Davenport quitted his native village to become a lonely wanderer upon the wide world, determined to stifle recollection among the busy scenes of life, or amidst the tumult and wild roar of warfare. Yet, on passing through the churchyard, he stopped to shed one last tribute on the grave of his parents. He looked on the surrounding lands and spacious farm which once had been their property, and thought of the time when, overwhelmed with accumulated distress, they had descended to their long home in anguish and poverty. He turned from this to catch a distant view of the stately mansion which contained all that was dear and precious to him in existence; and a sweet girl she was too (Jem would say), for I remembers her, messmates, like a lovely dower blooming on the breast of spring. But when poor Ned was left destitute, all intercourse was forbidden between them, and the hearts that had throbb'd together from infancy were cruelly torn from each other; but I lie, messmates, I lie; nothing on earth can separate the hearts that truly love. Howsomever, they parted without a hope of

meeting again on the shores of time. Oh, who can paint the sorrows of his soul as he lay prostrate on the grassy mound, and poured forth the anguish of his spirit? I cannot do it justice, messmates, for my suppers overflow whenever I think of it. That name, that endearing name, he had first learned to lip in early infancy, 'My mother!' burst from his lips, and then he prayed to Heaven for mercy. Mercy was near—a kindly voice, mild as the gentle breeze on the shores of the Mediterranean, instilled the balm of consolation on his wounded mind, and directed him to look up to that wise unerring Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry. 'Twas the curate of the village, who had been passing the night by the humble pallet of a dying cottager, administering the last offices of humanity, and encouraging the departing spirit ere it took its flight to the realms of everlasting rest. He was returning to his little home when he heard the petition for mercy, and, as the servant of that Power to whom it was addressed, he soothed the sufferer's anguish, calmed the inward tempest of his mind, and they parted—the curate to his modest mansion, and Ned—ay, Ned, to brave the dangers, to feel the contumely, of that world to which he was a stranger.

"The father of Anna had risen from comparative obscurity to wealth and honours: he was what they call a privy councillor. I don't know what it means, but they told me it was something near the King, and so he had no time to devote to his daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth; and the sweet girl grew like a mountain-rose-bud, luxuriantly wild, till poor Ned's parents, feeling for her situation, loved and cherished her as their own; and thus was formed that deep, strong, deathless passion, which distance could not shake, nor time dissolve. I knows what love is, messmates, for in my younger days I—but there, its over now, its over—yet I love to think about it too. She heard of Edward's departure, and struggled with her agony; but the generous man who had softened the sorrows of the youth performed the same kind office for the sinking maid. Her principal gratification was to wander to the lone churchyard, and, sitting on the cold grave-stone near the resting-place of her early friends, she would recall the visions of her childhood, and commune with her own sad heart. Now, messmates, you shall hear in what manner she kept her vows of truth and constancy; but, poor thing, she couldn't help it!

"It was one still calm evening that a gallant little 20-gun ship lay under easy sail in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to protect the commerce of our country from the attacks of the enemy. Five weeks had already passed off that enchanted station (many of you know it, messmates, no doubt), and our cruise (for I was in her) had been particularly fortunate in making captures and reprisals. The week after we were to return into port for stores and provisions. Well, d'ye see, the hands were turned up to skylark, and every soul hurried upon deck to enjoy the sport. The captain and officers assembled abaft, and shared among themselves in the amusement; but in all their athletic exercises no one could be found fore and aft to equal the junior lieutenant. This young man had risen solely by merit to the quarter-deck; and his bravery in several actions had recommended him so powerfully to his commander (whose life he had once preserved at the imminent risk of his own), that he adopted him as his son, and obtained him a commission in his own name, for Captain Malcolm himself had come in at the hawse-holes, and had no relations that he knew of in the world. Young Malcolm was beloved, ay, almost idolized, by every hand aboard. He was the smart seaman, the brave officer, and, without departing from the strict line of duty, he conciliated the esteem and regard of all the men. His face, bronzed by a tropical sun, was seamed with honourable scars, that made him appear much older than he really was. His figure was remarkably neat and trim, firm-built and powerful, and he tried to copy his benefactor in every pursuit.

"A match against time had just been made from the deck to the mast-head and down again, and the lieutenant was laying his hand upon the truck, when, casting his eye round the horizon, he shouted, 'A sail, a sail upon the lee beam!' All was instantly hushed. 'Turn the hands up, make sail!' cried the captain. 'Keep her away, boy! Square the after-yards! Stations, men, stations! Mast-head there!' 'Sir!' 'Look out when she's right a-head.' 'Ey, ey, sir; starboard a little—there, steady, so, steady!' In a few minutes every stitch of canvass that would draw a breath of wind was spread and trimmed. We had just light sufficient to make out that the stranger was a large ship, when darkness obscured all further observation. The breeze freshened, and the officers crowded on the fore-castle to look out for the chase. Eight bells came, and we began to fear that we had missed the stranger. The captain was just giving directions to alter the course, when a marine sung out, 'I've got her, sir, I've got her!' 'Got who?' inquired the lieutenant. 'Got her, sir, got the ship,' replied the sodger. 'Where? where?' said the captain, running aft. 'Here, sir! here, in the starboard waste.' 'That's right, my lad, hold her fast,' exclaimed a midshipman, while the sail was shortened and the ship hauled to the wind. We were sufficiently close to discover that the stranger was a heavy frigate, and, as our night signals were unanswered, concluded she was an enemy. 'Give him a shot,' cried the captain;

* By "real landscape" is here meant a picture formed of Nature's own materials, such as wood, water, ground, &c., in contradistinction to "artificial landscape," which is produced by canvass or paper, by means of colours.

it was instantly returned by a whole broadside that laid several of our best men lifeless on the deck, and the action commenced with daring bravery. Well, d'ye see, we kept at it for about two hours, when the frigate's fire began to slacken, and shortly after ceased. 'Sail-trimmers to the weather braces,' cried the captain. 'Boarders on the starboard quarter! Stand by to heave all aback, and, Malcolm, be ready to lead the men.' All this was obeyed; but, just as we got to our yard-arms touching, the enemy poured in a tremendous fire, and Captain Malcolm, with his second lieutenant, fell. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of horror which this event occasioned. The young officer ran and raised his generous friend. He was yet living, though the tide seemed ebbing fast; but his poor messmate was a corpse. 'Leave me, Malcolm; leave me, my brave lad,' faintly articulated the captain; and pointing to the colours, added, 'Tis the flag of England—do your duty. Take her, and I die content.' At this moment one of the midshipmen came to young Malcolm, and told him the first lieutenant talked of striking. Rage and indignation shook his frame. The captain had been carried below senseless, and the command devolved upon the senior officer—that officer who was about to disgrace himself for ever. The first lieutenant was giving directions to haul down the colours and the light, when Malcolm rushed aft. Here he found the boatswain standing by the ensign halliards, with his pistol cocked, swearing he would shoot the first man that offered to touch them. The commanding officer drew his sword, and was in the act of making a thrust, when a shot very unceremoniously walked off with his head, and the sole charge now rested upon Malcolm, who fought the ship with heroic intrepidity, determined not to surrender till every hope was lost. The carpenter appeared, and reported that we were making so much water, that she could not hold it out another half hour. This was appalling news, yet, rousing all the energies of his mind, he called to the master to lay him aboard the frigate. In a few minutes the young officer, followed by his brave crew, were upon the enemy's deck, and the conflict became terrible. In vain we swept away our foes; others instantly supplied their places, and, though our numbers were fast diminishing, yet our hearts were unsubdued. Twenty minutes had elapsed in hard fighting, when the master, carpenter, and surgeon, were seen on our own decks carrying in their arms our beloved commander—the ship was sinking. This sight operated like enchantment on the men; a wild shout of desperation resounded, and in a few minutes more the frigate was our own. Scarcely had Malcolm received the Dutch captain's sword (for she was a Dutch frigate, laden with specie for the Cape), scarcely had the three officers with their dying burden been assisted on board, than our own gallant little bark went down. In a few hours afterwards our brave captain breathed his last, and we bore up for England, where we anchored in Plymouth Sound, in about eight days' time. The young hero landed, and was ordered by the commander-in-chief to carry his own dispatches to the metropolis; at the same time receiving letters of introduction to a nobleman in a high official station. On his arrival he drove immediately to the house, and it happened that a large party of the nobility were assembled to a shew-o, as they call it. Now, I can tell you all this, messmates, for a fact, because, d'ye see, I was with him to take care of the colours and baggage, having sailed with him when he was a youngster, and first taught him his duty as a seaman; but no matter for that; his Lordship left the company, and entered the room where Malcolm was waiting to receive him; but when their eyes met, the young officer staggered back upon a chair, and turned as pale as ashes. Recovering, however, he apologized for his behaviour, and attributed it to the effects of his unhealed wounds. The Dutch captain's sword and the frigate's colours were displayed, and, while the lieutenant took some refreshment, Lord N—— returned to the drawing-room, and related the particulars. All were desirous of seeing the intrepid young tar immediately; but his Lordship promised to introduce him the following day, as he had no doubt that Malcolm required rest. Among the party were several members of the cabinet (that's a strong box, I believe, messmates, and every one of the gemmen belonging to it carries a gold key in his pocket, but I ain't sure): howsoever, next morning some of 'em got telling our good old King about it, and he expressed a wish to see the officer. Malcolm, of course, was introduced, and appeared before his Majesty with his right arm bound round with a black bandage, his left suspended in a sling, while his curly hair, hanging over his forehead, scarcely concealed the covering of a deep wound. 'Make, make, make him a captain,' said old George; 'shall be a captain, shall be a captain—he deserves it—good officer, brave officer—shall be a captain;' and Malcolm obtained a commission for post rank. On the same evening he dined with his Lordship, but on entering the room his embarrassment and agitation were excessive, as the ladies crowded round, and were almost ready to embrace him. Lord N—— led him first to his daughter, and Anna (for 'twas she, messmates, 'twas she) received him with all the natural warmth and goodness of her heart. I saw it all, for they would drag me up too. I was never so daunted in my life; for all the beautiful creatures said such kind things, I was ready to pipe my eye. I dare say I looked foolish enough, for I scratched my head,

shucked up my trousers, and twirled my hat, till at last I dashed my quid into the fire, and offered to kiss 'em. My eyes, how they run! all but one sweet little cherub, who put her arms round my neck, and then—there, don't laugh, messmates, 'twas the sweetest buss I ever had in my life—and says she, 'If the brave defenders of our country do not merit our gratitude, who does?' To see Anna, and not love her, was impossible; and what's a sailor without a sweetheart, eh? Why, he is like a ship without stays, and so Malcolm fell in love. When we were alone, he used to talk all manner of things, but I couldn't understand him. Anna's affections, however, were still fixed on him, whom she feared was lost to her for ever. 'Tis true, she felt pleased in the captain's company, for he was so widely different from the airy flutterers that continually buzzed in her ear; but love—oh, no, she had sworn never to love but one. On the following week after our arrival, his Lordship purposed returning to his country seat, and we were invited to accompany him; but Malcolm candidly told him the state of his heart, and his Lordship, with equal candour, related the story of her early attachment and continued fidelity, declaring 'that, though the captain was unexceptionable, yet he had promised never again to importune his daughter.' A circumstance occurred which detained Lord N—— another week in town, during which time the captain passed every spare moment with his beloved Anna, till she became alarmed at his attentions, and yet an indescribable emotion prevented her from checking them. His conduct was so delicate, his manners were so engaging, and he appeared to anticipate her wishes with such winning kindness, blended with a marked respect, as excited a deeper interest in her heart than she liked to confess even to herself. Well, d'ye see, at last we commenced our journey early one morning, and the next afternoon arrived at the family seat. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, his Lordship withdrew to arrange some affairs with his steward. The captain took a stroll in the park, while Anna hastened to her old friend, the curate, who had been prevented by the gout from attending their arrival. After passing some time with that excellent man, she promised to return on the morrow with the captain, and took her leave. One other duty yet remained—the visit to the lone churchyard. The shades of evening began to fall heavier and heavier on the landscape, but Anna was superior to fear. Advancing with a light step towards the hallowed spot, what was her surprise and agony to see a man kneeling by the grave in the attitude of prayer! She bounded forward, 'It is he—it is he—Edward, my Edward!' and she sunk senseless in the arms of Captain Malcolm, who sprang from the grassy tomb, and caught her to his heart. Yes, it was Edward, her own Edward, that held her to his breast, changed in all but that affection which could never change. He called her his Anna, moistened her lips with kisses, and, as she slowly recovered, heard her sweet voice acknowledge him. The poor lad, who had once implored the mercy of Heaven on that very spot, when cast abandoned like a weed upon the ocean, was now—yet, why need I repeat it? Ned Davenport and Captain Malcolm were one. Together they retraced their steps to the curate's cottage, where they poured forth the fulness of their hearts in gratitude and praise. Lord N—— heard their tale, joined their hands, and blessed them. There, messmates, it's a tough yarn, but 'tis all true, you may depend on't; and some other time I'll tell you all about the wedding, when I got groggy for joy; but it's my next look-out, and so I'll just shut my eyes for five minutes, to keep 'em warm.'—*Greenwich Hospital.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PETER THE GREAT.

Few men, and, least of all, those in an exalted station in society, have so distinguished themselves for the pursuit of knowledge as Peter the Great of Russia, one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived; and although his life has been already communicated in various forms to the public, it is considered that a relation such as that which follows will not be without its effect in the present publication:—

The Czar, Peter I. of Russia, was born in 1672, and at ten years of age found himself in nominal possession of the throne, although, for some time, all the actual power of the state remained in the hands of his sister, the princess Sophia, who was about five years older than himself. But his boyhood was scarcely expired, when he gave proof of the energy of his character by ridding himself of this domination; and in 1689 the princess was already removed from the government, and immured in a monastery. From this moment, the young Czar, now absolute in reality as well as in name, directed his whole efforts to the most extraordinary enterprise in which a sovereign ever engaged; being nothing less than to change entirely the most settled habits and prejudices of his subjects, and not so much to reform them, as to transform them, almost by main force, from barbarians into a civilized people; for the Russians at this time—not more than a century and a half ago—were, in truth, little better than a nation of savages. Nay, Peter himself was born and reared a savage; and to his last days the passions and propensities of his original condition remained strong in his nature. It speaks the more for his wonderful genius that, throughout his whole history, he forces us to feel that we are reading the adventures of the chief of a barbarous

country, struggling to civilize himself as well as his people; and undoubtedly we do not follow his progress with the less interest on that account. Nothing, in fact, in his proceedings or his character, so much engages our curiosity as to watch the astonishment with which his own ignorance was struck on the first view of those arts of civilized life which he was so anxious to introduce among his less ambitious, but hardly more ignorant, subjects. It is exactly the case of a strong-minded and enterprising leader of some tribe of wild Americans, or South Sea Islanders, setting out to see with his own eyes the wonders of those distant lands of which his white visitors have told him, and, after all, viewing the scenes which civilization presents to him with an intoxication of surprise, which shows how imperfectly even his excited fancy had anticipated their actual nature. But, however he was at first struck with what he beheld, Peter did not continue long lost in mere amazement. The story which is told of the occasion which awakened him to the ambition of creating a Russian navy is very illustrative of his character. While looking about one day among some old stores, and other neglected effects, he chanced to cast his eye upon the bulk of a small English sloop, with its sailing tackle, lying among the rest of the lumber, and fast going to decay. This vessel had been imported many years before by his father, Alexis Michelovitch, also a prince of distinguished talents, and who had nourished many schemes for the regeneration of his country; but it had long been forgotten by every body, as well as the object which it was designed to promote. No sooner, however, was it observed by Peter than it fixed his attention; he made inquiries of some of the foreigners by whom he was surrounded, as to the use of the mast and sails, even the general purposes of which he did not know; and the explanations which he received made him look on the old bulk with new interest. It immediately became, in his imagination, the germ of a magnificent national marine; and he could take no rest till he had made arrangements for having it repaired and set afloat. With some difficulty the Dutch pilot was found out whom Alexis had procured at the same time with the sloop to teach his subjects the method of managing it; the man, like the vessel of which he was to have the charge, had long been forgotten by all the world. Once more, however, brought out of his obscurity, he soon refitted the sloop; and the Czar was gratified beyond measure by at length beholding it, with its mast replaced and its sails in order, moving on its proper element. Delighted as he was, he went himself on board, and was not long before he became a sufficiently expert seaman to take the place of his Dutch pilot. For several years after this his chief attention was given to maritime affairs; although his first ships were all of foreign construction, and it was a considerable time before any issued from his own docks. From so small a beginning as has been described, Russia has since become, after England, one of the greatest naval powers in the world.

But the most extraordinary of the plans which Peter adopted in order to obtain an acquaintance with the arts of civilized life, was that which he put in execution in 1697, when he set out in the suite of his own ambassador to visit the other countries of Europe. On this occasion, passing through Prussia, he directed his course to Holland, and at last arrived in the city of Amsterdam. His embassy was here received by the government of the United Provinces with all manner of honour and distinction; but he himself refused to be recognised in any other character than as a private individual. The first days of his visit were spent in perambulating the different streets of the city, the various wonders of which were probably never viewed by any eye with more astonishment and gratification than they excited in this illustrious stranger. The whole scene was nearly as new to him, and as much beyond any thing by which he had ever before been surounded, as if he had come from another world. The different arts and trades which he saw exercised, and the productions of which met him, wherever he turned, in such surprising profusion, were all attentively examined. But what especially attracted his attention was the great East India dock-yard in the village of Saardam (situated a few miles from Amsterdam), which was then the principal establishment of this description in Holland. Here he actually took the singular resolution of entering himself as a working carpenter; and accordingly, giving in to the superintendent the simple name of *Peter Michaelof*, he took his place among the other workmen, and became in all respects one of them, even wearing the same dress, eating the same sort of food, and inhabiting equally humble lodgings. The hut in which he lived is still shewn at Saardam. When he first made his appearance in the dock-yard, nobody knew who he was, and he of course attracted no notice; but, even after his true quality was discovered, he would suffer none of the observances usual to persons of his rank to be paid to him, repelling every attempt of the kind with evident displeasure. And in this way of life he passed several months, during which time he bore a considerable part in the building of a vessel, which, when completed, was named the *St Peter*, and was purchased by the royal person whose hands had thus helped to put its timbers together. While thus employed, however, the Czar did not neglect his duties and appropriate occupations as a sovereign. After the labours of the day were over, his evenings were generally employed either in writing dispatches to the mi-

nisters whom he had left in charge of affairs at home, or in holding consultations with his ambassador regarding the negotiation pending with the Dutch government, in which he took the most anxious interest, as having for its object the procuring of a supply of vessels and seamen from that power to aid his favourite scheme of forming a navy for Russia. In this application, however, he was unsuccessful.

On leaving Holland, Peter proceeded to England in a vessel sent to convey him by the government; but on his arrival in London he insisted upon still being treated only as a private individual. Here he spent his time at first as he had done in Holland, examining the many interesting objects that everywhere met his view. Among other places he went to see the Tower, where he was much delighted with the armoury, and the coining of money in the Mint. He was taken also to see the two houses of Parliament when sitting; and he appeared twice or thrice at the play, but did not seem to have much relish for that species of amusement. He was very fond, however, of visiting the churches; and was so anxious to learn the mode of worship observed by the different denominations of dissenters, that he attended several of their chapels. On one occasion he was present at a Quaker's meeting. He paid one visit to Oxford, to see the University; and another to Portsmouth, where he was greatly entertained by a mock sea-fight that was exhibited to him. On this occasion he declared that he considered an English admiral a happier man than a Czar of Muscovy. He also applied himself with zeal and diligence to learn whatever he deemed useful, without regarding the humble nature of any of the handicrafts in which he wished to become a proficient. With these views he did not scruple to work as a common labourer in paper-mills, saw-mills, rope-yards, and other establishments of a similar kind. Voltaire mentions that he studied with particular attention the art of watch-making. His first residence was a house appointed for his reception by government below York Buildings, in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge; but he found this both a very noisy place of abode, and not conveniently situated for the object on account of which principally he had come to England—his improvement in the art of ship-building. After a short time, therefore, he removed to Deptford; and here he spent several months in the dock-yard, employing himself in the same manner as he had done in that of Saardam.

While the dock-yard, however, was the place in which the Czar spent the greater part of the day, he employed many of his leisure hours in taking lessons in mathematics, navigation, and even anatomy, which he had begun to study, while in Holland, under the instruction of the eminent professor Frederick Ruysch, whose museum he afterwards purchased for the sum of thirty thousand florins. Peter, indeed, neglected no opportunity, during his travels, of forming the acquaintance of distinguished individuals; and both in Holland and England many of the ablest men of the time were introduced to him, some of whom he persuaded to accompany him home to Russia. He also expended considerable sums in purchasing such curious productions of art as he conceived might best excite the emulation of his subjects.

We cannot here enter into any detail of the various reforms in the customs of his people which this extraordinary man proceeded to introduce on his return to his own dominions, with the view of assimilating them more to those which he had found prevailing in the other countries of Europe. Suffice it to say, that by a series of the most energetic and frequently violent measures, he succeeded in effecting a complete change in some of the oldest institutions of his empire, and even commenced a revolution in the habits and manners of general society, which, from that beginning, has since gone on till it has established, in what was before almost a barbarous country, all the benefits of a flourishing civilization. Peter may be said, indeed, to have given to his subjects nearly every art of civilized life, of which they were some time afterwards found in possession. He taught them navigation, commerce, and even agriculture and the management of flocks, having imported from Saxony and Silesia both herds of sheep and shepherds to take care of them. He called to him artists of all descriptions from other countries, and employed them in contriving, each in his appropriate department, how best to bring into development the natural resources of the country. He built a new capital, the first truly European city that had been seen in Russia, on a site which did not form part of the empire at his accession. Finally, he founded schools, academies, colleges, libraries, and museums, and thus laid the surest of all foundations for the permanent and progressive improvement of his people.

A college of physicians, a dispensary, an observatory, and a botanical garden, were among the establishments with which he adorned his two capitals. The art of printing had been introduced into Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century; but this early press seems to have hardly left any trace of its operations, and Peter, at his accession, found his country without books. To supply this deficiency, he had some scientific works translated into Russian; and when he was in Amsterdam, he employed a printer of that city to print them, giving him a monopoly for the sale of them in Russia. His Majesty himself, some time after this, remodelled the alphabet of his native language, considerably simplifying the forms

of the characters, and established several printing-houses in Petersburg, at which various elementary works were thrown off, mostly translated from foreign tongues.

In 1717, the Czar set out on a second foreign tour, attended on this occasion as became his rank. In the course of his progress he visited successively Hamburg, Berlin, Amsterdam, and Paris; in the last of which cities especially he found all that the arts had yet contrived for the use and enjoyment of man, in the highest state of advancement. He no longer now applied his hand to the practice of the different crafts which he inspected; his days of apprenticeship were over; but he was not on that account less diligent in visiting every workshop and manufactory in which any thing novel or curious was to be seen. He went also to see the observatory, the libraries, and the different learned institutions, and was present at a sitting of the Academy of Sciences, which admitted him one of its members.

This great man's education in his youth had been worse than neglected. His sister and her counsellors had even surrounded him with every seduction most calculated to deprave both his moral and intellectual nature, and to stifle in him the desire of knowledge. The bad parts of his character were undoubtedly, in a great measure, the result of the manner in which he was treated at this time of his life. Yet, violent and ungovernable as his passions continued to be, in some respects, to the last, making him act often with a ferocity unsurpassed by any thing that is told of the excesses of infuriated savages, he succeeded in completely overcoming that one of his evil habits which he found would have interfered most with the conduct of his great schemes. In his youth he was a slave to the love of ardent spirits, but he had weaned himself entirely, in his maturer days, from that destructive vice; nor was he insensible to the other defects of his original character which he had failed to correct. "Alas!" he would sometimes exclaim, on recovering from one of those paroxysms of rage by which he was liable to be carried away, "I have reformed my people, but have not been able to reform myself." Perhaps, however, no man in any station ever did more than this illustrious monarch to repair the mischievous consequences of a neglected youth, as far as intellectual acquirements are concerned. In addition to a competent knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, navigation, medicine, and anatomy, he appears to have made himself master of more than one of the modern languages of Europe. He translated several works from the French, the manuscripts of which are still preserved at Petersburg. He had even made himself familiar with the Latin tongue, if we are to believe an anecdote told by M. Stählin, of his detection, upon one occasion, of the inaccuracies of a monk whom he had employed to translate a work written in that language into Russian.

When he began to educate himself, he did not neglect even the more elegant and ornamental acquirements. During his first visit to Holland, he had an opportunity of seeing many good pictures; and this gave him a taste for painting, to which he was ever afterwards much devoted. Even while at Amsterdam, many of his hours were spent in the working-rooms of the eminent artists who then resided in that city, some of whom he engaged to accompany him to Russia. He afterwards expended very considerable sums in the purchase both of pictures and sculptures, and commenced the formation of a gallery of these works of art at Petersburg. He also formed a valuable collection of medals. Every department of liberal knowledge, indeed, found in Peter a munificent patron, and, so far as his leisure and opportunities permitted, even an ardent cultivator. When passing through any country, interesting from its historical recollections, were he conducting his army on a warlike expedition, he would go many miles out of his way to examine a celebrated ruin, or to tread a spot that fame had consecrated. In the same spirit, he was especially solicitous for the preservation of the old historic memorials of his own country. While travelling, his constant habit was to obtain as much information as he could beforehand, with regard to every place he was about to visit; and even when he approached the smallest village, he would inquire if it contained any thing remarkable. If those about him told him it did not, he would reply, "Who knows? if it be not so to you, perhaps it is to me; let me see all." When setting out on his investigations, on such occasions, he carried his tablets in his hand; and whatever he deemed worthy of remembrance was carefully noted down. He would often even leave his carriage, if he saw the country people at work by the way side as he passed along, and not only enter into conversation with them on agricultural affairs, but accompany them to their houses, examine their furniture, and take drawings of their implements of husbandry. He obtained in this manner much minute and correct knowledge which he could scarcely have acquired by other means, and which he afterwards turned to admirable profit in the improvement of his own country.

He was rarely absent when a dissection took place in Petersburg, and occasionally he assisted as one of the operators. He let blood and extracted teeth with great expertness; and he is recorded to have once tapped a patient for dropsy. These may not seem the most appropriate accomplishments for a king; but we must remember the peculiar circumstances of Russia during the reign of this great author of her civil-

ization. On the one hand, the simplicity of the national manners was such that it was not held at all indecorous for the Emperor to mix in the domestic circles of his subjects, almost as one of themselves; and, on the other, the prejudices of the people were so strong, and their aversion to innovation so bigotted, that probably nothing less than the actual example of their sovereign would have roused them to take any interest in the new arts he wished to introduce among them. Peter, therefore, rightly felt that the consideration of the undignified nature of some of the occupations in which he engaged was far more than overbalanced by the advantages that his personal exertions gave him, in overcoming the inertness and positive opposition on the part of his countrymen which his reforms had to encounter.

This must be his apology also (if the case shall be thought to require any) for certain other labours to which he was sometimes wont to apply his hand. He once passed a month, M. Stählin tells us, at Müller's iron-works at Istia, about seventy miles from Moscow, during which time he employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith; and so much progress did he make, that on one of the last days of his stay he forged, with his own hand, 720 pounds of iron, making his mark on each bar. On his return to Moscow, he proceeded to Müller's house, and, having received from that gentleman the same pay for his labour which would have been allowed to any other workman, about two shillings of our money, he immediately went and purchased a pair of shoes with it, which he ever afterwards took great pleasure in shewing. One of the bars he forged on this occasion is still to be seen at Istia. He was also accustomed, according to Voltaire, to take his place sometimes among the men employed in cutting canals, a species of public labour on which he expended large sums, in order to encourage and animate them in the more difficult parts of their work. But his favourite art was that of ship-building, his lessons in which, learned in Holland and England, he took care not to forget on his return home.

Peter died in 1725, in the fifty-third year of his age. His history presents us with, perhaps, as remarkable a case of the conquest of difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge as it would be possible to quote. In his noble resolution to educate not only himself, but his country, he had to contend with obstacles at every step, which nothing could have overcome but that determination to succeed which overcomes all things. Few monarchs have better deserved the epithet of Great, if he is to be appreciated either by the great powers of mind he displayed, or the great effects he accomplished. And of these last, it is to be remarked that none have passed away; all have been permanent and productive. Compare Peter the Great, in this respect, with many other characters who during their time have filled the earth with the noise of their exploits, and how high must he be placed above them! Alexander's mighty empire fell to pieces as soon as his own hand had resigned its sceptre; so did that of Charlemagne; so did that of Buonaparte. These all, after moving everything, established almost nothing. But whatever the Russian planted still grows and flourishes, and bears fruit more plentifully every year. The reason is, that while other builders, up of empires have trusted, for the support of their institutions, alone, or chiefly to the sword, he based his on the moral strength of knowledge and civilization.

—Abridged from *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

BURYING WITH THE HEAD TO THE WEST.

It is too much the custom in Presbyterian places of worship for the congregation to disregard all those observances which might be construed as signs of respect for the place where they are assembled. The people in the country march along the passages with their hats on, in the very same manner that they do in the highway; and when seated, they loll about in the pews, rest their heads upon their hands, fold their arms, and try all methods to adjust themselves in an easy position during the service. Then they think nothing of blowing their noses, which sound like so many occasional blasts of a trumpet; they seem to keep all their coughs for the Sunday, and burst in, full bark, between the singing of psalms and prayers, so that the minister and precentor are frequently under the necessity of pausing a space, until these appalling stertorations subside. Some, indeed, do remain at rest during the sermon; but though the poor preacher may flatter himself that it is because they are immersed in the profoundest and most reverential attention, he is destined, at the close of his discourse, to behold them stretch themselves as if they were just relieved from an oppressive load, or were struggling to get rid of the effects of a powerful soporific draught. If any one drops a bible or a pair of spectacles, a great commotion and stretching of necks take place, on account of the remarkable anxiety which generally prevails to ascertain with precision what it is that has caused the noise. There is a general looking of watches when the hour strikes, from a natural curiosity to know how many minutes of difference there is between their pieces and the church clock; and some who are scrupulous about keeping time, take that opportunity to adjust and regulate their watches, so that, as the cases are again successively closed, a snapping of springs and catches is heard all over the church. Then, if a baptism is to take place, every

as if he were about to put in a ceremony, though the real motive of the man and his child are like pardonable to go home, and not to be at church; and a sketch of the colour and texture of the clothes they were never proving unacceptable to the female friends who may happen to have kept the house for the day, a concussion of bonnets is not unfrequently the consequence of one female being desirous to gratify her curiosity as to the occupants of the seats to the left, while her next neighbour on that hand is preparing to make a similar scrutiny of those to the right. In short, too many people do little else, from the moment they enter church, but make signals to show how extremely uneasy they are in it.

On the other hand, the Catholic is attentive to preserve all the appearances of devotion. He listens unweariedly to the discourse of the priest, looks with reverence upon the ceremonies which are gone through in his presence, and departs apparently impressed with a sense of the truth of what he has heard. This punctiliousness in the observance, in all that regards the Deity, of all those forms of respect which civility requires from a man towards his superior, probably gave rise to a custom, which, as it is a convenient one, has been adhered to by Protestants, of whom few have any idea, or at all trouble themselves to consider, what may be the origin of it. The practice of digging all graves in a direction from west to east produces this advantage, that a much smaller plot of ground serves for a churchyard than if space were less economized, and bodies were laid in all directions, along, across, and aslant, as accident or fancy might determine. It was not this, however, but another consideration, which gave rise to it. There is a passage in the Gospel of St Matthew (chap. xxiv. ver. 27), which says, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." The meaning of this passage probably is, not that our Saviour, when he comes to judge the world, will approach it from any particular quarter, but that the knowledge of his presence will pervade it as rapidly as lightning. From a literal interpretation of the words, however, the opinion seems to have in elder times prevailed, that Jesus would at the resurrection appear from the east; and hence that, by being deposited in the grave with their faces upward and their heads to the west, the dead would be in readiness to stand up with their faces towards their Judge—a position more respectful than any other mode of sepulture would permit them to assume. As we have said, the custom, being established, is convenient for the present, though wholly immaterial as respects its supposed ultimate results.

It is plain that Swift alludes to this practice when he says, in *Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput*, that the inhabitants of that country "bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth, which they conceive to be flat, will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them," he adds, "confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar." This Lilliputian theory, it will be observed, would, if carried into effect, have produced peculiarly awkward consequences to those who held it, because, although, by the earth turning upside down, they would have been placed with their feet downwards, it would have been with nothing to stand upon; which any one may satisfy himself of who sticks a pin in a board, supposing the point to be the head of a man, and the board the earth; on reversing the board, the man's head is indeed upward, but the earth is above him, and his feet rest upon nothing. In this situation the Lilliputians would have been in a bad case for walking. This may be one absurdity of the doctrine which their learned men perceived; but the main one was that of believing that it could be of the slightest avail to any one at the last day whether his body had been deposited with the head or the heels upward. One of Swift's commentators has very wisely mistaken the meaning of this passage. "Here," says Lord Orrery, "the author dares even exert his vein of humour so liberally as to place the resurrection, one of the most encouraging principles of the Christian religion, in a ludicrous and contemptible light. Why should that appointment be denied to man, or appear so very extraordinary in the human mind, which the Author of Nature has illustrated in the vegetable world, where the seed dies and corrupts before it can rise again to new beauty?" This is a very cruel misinterpretation, the doctrine ridiculed being, as is above shown, not that of the resurrection, but the belief that the particular position of body will be of any consequence to people when that great event arrives.

It is probable that the Author of *Waverley* had this superstitious belief in his eye when he makes Meg Merrilies manifest her anxiety to be placed on her deathbed in a posture the reverse of that in which the dead are buried. It is very natural to suppose that the laying of a sick person with his head to the west should come to be considered ominous, and that, therefore, the position was always the reverse. It is quite in unison with Meg's character, that, though in a state where an omen of death could not make its approach more certain, she should be scrupulously observant of old customs. The passage referred to is as follows:—

"When the gipsy arrived at the hut, she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, 'Na! na! not that way; the head to the east;' and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly." On the scaffold, before the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, a reference to the same superstition was made, and his comment upon it may very well serve to conclude what we have to say on the subject. "He called for the executioner," says Jardine, in his *Criminal Trials* (vol. i. p. 509), "who kneeling, and asking his forgiveness, he laid both his hands upon his shoulders, and said he heartily forgave him. And there being some dispute that his face should be toward the east, he made answer and said, 'So the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth.'"

Now that the bodies of suicides are sometimes permitted to be interred in consecrated ground, they are not buried like the other dead, but with the head to the north and the feet to the south. Suicides were formerly buried in England in cross ways, and had a hedgeway driven through their bodies; in Scotland they were buried—as if not only consecrated ground, but every other portion of earth, rejected, as far as possible, the unholy remains—where "three lairds' lands met." This was for the most part in wild situations on the tops of mountains; and many such places, particularly in the south of Scotland, are still distinguished by names which mark them out as spots where such interments have taken place. "The Dead Wife's Grave" is a prevailing designation of this kind for mounds still to be seen on many elevated ridges.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

EGYPT.

THE study of History, which is so much calculated to enlarge and cultivate the understandings of youth, usually commences with a perusal of the annals of those nations in the east in which the light of science and the charms of civilization first arose and humanized the faculties of our race. Among those ancient kingdoms and empires, now decayed and little known in the intercourse of the modern world, the most honourable place has been given to Egypt—a country which, long ere Greece was known, or the foundations of Rome were laid, was inhabited by a learned and ingenious people, governed on regular principles, and capable of offering an example to the inhabitants of other parts of the earth. In point of local situation, Egypt possesses various advantages. It lies in the north-east corner of Africa, in a salubrious part of that vast continent, presenting its northern base to the Mediterranean Sea, and bounded on the east by the Red Sea, which separates it from Asia. Through the whole land from north to south, a length of six hundred miles, flows the Nile, a fine large stream rising in the inland kingdom of Abyssinia, and, from certain periodic floods, of great use in irrigating and fertilizing the country. A large portion of Egypt consists of an alluvial plain, similar to our fertile carse grounds, formed by the deposits of the river, and bounded by ranges of mountains on either side. The greatest breadth of the land is 150 miles. Anciently this territory was divided into three principal parts—Upper Egypt, or Thebais (from Thebes, its capital city), which was in the inner or southern part; Middle Egypt; and Lower Egypt, which included what was called the Delta, a low district of land on the shores of the Mediterranean, formed by the mouths of the Nile into the shape of the Greek letter Δ, or delta.

The history of the people who at one time inhabited this remarkable country is carried by their annals to the very earliest ages of the world; indeed, to a period far more remote than that ascribed by Moses to the creation of the universe. When divested of fable, it appears that an Egyptian monarchy was established by Menes, or Misraim, in the year of the world 1816, and that it lasted till the year 3479, when it was destroyed by Cambyses, King of Persia. To Misraim succeeded a line of sovereigns of great power and fame, almost every one of whom seems to have delighted in rearing edifices of extraordinary magnitude and splendour. Extensive and beautiful cities, obelisks, pyramids, and temples, were erected without regard to the toil or resources of the people; and as their remains are till this day extant, and have been described by travellers, we are impressed with the most significant tokens of the taste and knowledge of the ancient Egyptians. Although each of the Egyptian monarchs was distinguished by his own peculiar name—as Moeris, Rameses, Sesostrius, Pheron, Cheops, &c.—those who reigned for a considerable period, in Lower Egypt especially, were designated Pharaoh, a title commonly used in Scripture to express the Egyptian

rulers at the time. The Pharaoh who was noted for his oppression of the Israelites, and who flourished 1577 years before the Christian era, was properly called Rameses Miamum, while his son, the Pharaoh under whose reign the Children of Israel departed out of Egypt, and who was drowned in the Red Sea, was entitled Amenophis.

The country thus governed, by a course of circumstances unknown to the present age, and which will most likely ever remain hid from our understanding, was the first on the face of the earth which exhibited any demonstrations of education and intelligence, and it was from hence that most of the arts, the sciences, and other branches of human skill and knowledge, were derived. "This kingdom (says Rollin) bestowed its noblest labours and finest arts on the improving of mankind; and Greece was so sensible of this that its most illustrious men—as Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, even its great legislators, Lycurgus and Solon, with many more—travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning. God himself has given this kingdom a glorious testimony, when, praising Moses, he says of him, that 'he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.'" Such was the desire for encouraging the growth of scientific pursuits, that discoverers of any useful invention received rewards suitable to their skill and labour. They studied natural history, geometry, and astronomy, and, what is worthy of remark, they were so far masters of the latter science as to be aware of the period required for the earth's annual revolutions, and fixed the year at 365 days 6 hours—a period which remained unaltered till the very recent change of the style. They likewise studied and improved the science of physic, in which they attained a certain proficiency. The persevering ingenuity and industry of the Egyptians are attested by the remains of their great works of art, which could not well be surpassed in modern times; and although their working classes were doomed to engage in the occupations of their fathers, and no others, as is still the custom in India, society might thereby be hampered, but the practice of handicrafts would be certainly improved. The Egyptians were also the first people who were acquainted with the process of communicating information by means of writing, or engraving on stone and metal; and were, consequently, the first who formed books and collected libraries. These repositories of learning they guarded with scrupulous care, and the titles they bore naturally inspired a desire to enter them. They were called the "Office for the Diseases of the Soul," and that very justly, because the soul was there cured of ignorance, which, it will be allowed, is the source of many of the maladies of our mental faculties. As these repositories of the learning of the ancient Egyptians were all destroyed, and are only known from the records of historians, the works of their sages and poets cannot now be shewn; and it is by little else than the inscriptions on stones, found amidst the ruins of pyramids and temples, that we are so much as aware of the nature of the characters employed in their writing. These characters were exceedingly curious, consisting chiefly of representations of animate and inanimate objects, each of which stood for some particular idea. The use of emblematic figures seems to have been, as it still is, common among uncultivated races of men, being the first approach towards literature; but the use of an alphabet, by which words are formed by combinations of different characters, was, in early times, confined entirely to the Egyptians, from whom the invention was communicated across the Mediterranean to Greece, by a person of celebrity called Cadmus, and from thence spread into other European nations. It is also understood that the Israelites, and other Asiatics, received their knowledge of letters from the learned inhabitants of Egypt. The use of rude emblematic figures was not abandoned by the Egyptians as letters became known, but continued chiefly to denote matters of a mysterious or religious tendency. These figures have received the name of *hieroglyphics*, and are of various kinds, more or less significant of the thing or idea intended to be expressed. For thousands of years the world remained in total ignorance of the manner of deciphering these hieroglyphics, for the Egyptians left no clue wherewith to make the discovery; and it was only in 1814 that, by the researches of some Frenchmen, a key was made known. It was found that, although the figures often signify the thing which they represent—for instance, the figure of a lion signifying that animal—yet, that in many instances it does no such thing, but stands simply for the letter L, which is the initial letter in the word *lion*. The discovery of this mode of deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, by reckoning only the initial letters in the names of the things represented, lays open a wide field for the investigation of learned and inquisitive travellers in the ancient territory of the Pharaohs.

The comparative intelligence of the Egyptians did not rescue them from the most debasing superstitions in their religious faith. They had a great number of ideal gods; among others, Osiris and Isis, which are thought to have been the sun and the moon. They also worshipped a number of beasts, as the ox or bull (under the name of Apis), the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the crocodile, the ibis or stork, the cat, &c.; and such was the reverence which they had for these animals, that, in extreme famine, they chose to eat one another rather than feed on their imagined deities. The Egypt-

tians had a belief, inculcated by their priests, that the souls of men, after death, passed into the bodies of clean or unclean animals, according to the deeds done in the body, and that at a distant period of time they returned to the body to which they originally belonged. A doctrine so extravagant led their kings to build enormous architectural edifices for the reception of their bodies, in order that they might, as they thought, repose in safety till they were again to be endowed with a living soul. In this fantastic notion we find a satisfactory solution of the mysterious practice of inhaling mummies in those huge pyramids, now reckoned among the greatest wonders in the world.

In the days of Egypt's ancient glory, it was dignified with two greater and many lesser cities. The two principal were Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt, and a city of extraordinary extent and splendour; and Memphis, the capital of the middle district of the country. Memphis was built on the west side of the Nile, and has been succeeded by the comparatively modern city of Cairo, on the east bank of the river. On the site of Thebes and Memphis, and in their neighbourhood, are now found the greatest quantity of the ruins of ancient temples and other magnificent erections. In the present day Thebes receives the name of Said.

Like all other distinguished nations of antiquity, Egypt, after a lengthened period of extensive civil power, military glory, and dignified learning, suffered a series of reverses of fortune, and finally sunk into a state of utter poverty and barbaric ignorance. The political distractions into which it fell were taken advantage of by the Babylonians, under their king, Nebuchadnezzar, who, according to the promises of the Almighty, recorded by the prophet Jeremiah—"I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and he shall take her multitude, and take her spoil, and take her prey, and it shall be the wages of his army," &c.—overran the country with his hosts, and carried off, in peace, an immense quantity of its moveable wealth. This transaction took place about 569 years before Christ; and it will be remembered by the readers of Scripture that the Egyptians, on this and other occasions, excited the anger of the Deity, and brought upon them the visitations of his outraged providence, by their vicious and idolatrous practices. About forty-four years afterwards, Egypt was again intruded upon by force of arms, and fell a prey to the conquering hordes of Persia under Cyrus. It now became a distant colony of Persia, which maintained an authority over it for more than two hundred years, at the end of which it was seized by Alexander the Great, a monarch of Greece, who shortly afterwards conquered the whole of Persia. Besides settling the government of the country, Alexander improved it in various ways—among the rest of his enterprises, building the city of Alexandria, which he called after his own name; and as it was placed on the sea-coast, at one of the mouths of the Nile, it speedily rose to be one of the largest and most opulent sea-port towns in the world. Upon the division of the Persian empire some time later, Egypt fell to Ptolemy Lagus, one of Alexander's generals, who was succeeded by a race of princes distinguished by the name of Ptolemy, in addition to their other appellations; and hence the Ptolemies of Egypt who are spoken of in ancient history. The last royal descendant of this noble Grecian line was Cleopatra, a princess of great beauty and accomplishments, and at her decease, which she accomplished by suicide, the land of Egypt became a province of Rome, some of whose emperors endeavoured to revive in it a love of letters, and enriched it by various improvements. Subsequently, Egypt fell into a state of ruinous distraction, consequent on the troubles and decline of the Roman government, and was at last completely subdued by the Saracens, who introduced the religion of Mahomed, destroyed the libraries, and, as far as possible, the splendid works of art; so that, under their sway, every species of barbaric rudeness was made to supersede the ancient refined habits of the people. Since that dismal epoch, Egypt has, century after century, sunk deeper and deeper into a state of perfect neglect and ruin. In recent times it has been under the immediate despotic rule of Mahomet Ali, nominally a pasha of the Sultan of Constantinople, and a man who is apparently both able and willing to do much towards restoring civilization to the place of its birth.

CRACOW.*

AT about one A.M. on the 19th of August we reached the confines of the small portion of territory attached to the town of Cracow. Here we were stopped, it being necessary that our passport and luggage should be examined at the customhouse, which could not take place before five or six o'clock. Our German had now ceased to be of service to us; and as the postilion understood nothing but Polish, we were kept half an hour in the midst of the road in a dark rainy night, vainly endeavouring to persuade our postilion to proceed, and unable to conjecture the cause of delay. The mystery was at length explained by our being taken back to the posthouse where we had last changed horses, the driver of which, being a German, informed us of the nature of the predicament in which we were placed, and having directed us to a miserable hovel, called an inn, left us to shift for ourselves during the rest of the

* One of the chief cities in Poland.

night as well as we were able. We aroused the people, and, after much difficulty, gained admission to a dirty room, where we found two German officers asleep on the chairs. There being no beds to be had in the place, they brought us in two bundles of straw, and spread it on the floor. We laid ourselves down in the hope of having a few hours' repose. Scarcely, however, had we closed our eyes, when a simultaneous attack of fleas soon convinced us that sleep was not for us; and the remainder of the night was spent in writhing and scratching, and wishing for day-light. An early breakfast, on black coffee and brown bread, the only refreshment which the house afforded, having been soon despatched, we once more set out, and in a few hours after, having passed through the purgatorial forms of the customhouse, we found ourselves in the suburbs of the once flourishing and populous Cracow. The inn at which we stopped had a long range of apartments for windows, eighteen in number, only three of which were furnished with glass. The chimneys tottering, and the tiles sliding from the roofs of all the surrounding houses, added to the miserable and squalid appearance of the inhabitants, who consisted of Jews, convicts, and a semi-barbarous peasantry, presented a scene of dilapidation and misery never to be forgotten. Having been provided by the landlord of the inn with a sort of cicerone, who undertook to shew us the principal parts of the town, we turned our steps towards the castle. This is a large pile of building, on a slight eminence, which commands the town. Only a part of the inclosure within the walls is occupied by the structure itself, there being a large yard, from which you enter the cathedral. Here are the tombs containing the mouldering remains of the Kings of Poland. The valiant and the vile, the paternal and the despotic, side by side, partake a general doom, untroubled by the woes and slavery of their wretched country, for whose downfall they, by internal dissensions, but too surely prepared the way. But the tombs of the Casimirs, the Sigismunds—rich as they are in historic recollections—pass from the mind of the traveller as he stands by the monument raised to the memory of Sobieski. This hero was the first to stem the torrent of Islamism, which, having overrun the whole of Hungary, threatened to sweep away the Austrian empire; and, with an army of sixty-three thousand men, though opposed by six times that number, he repelled the invaders, saved the throne of Leopold, and caused a turn in that tide of Ottoman power which is now at its lowest ebb in Europe. Lamentable indeed is it, that the empire, so rescued in its hour of need, which owed its safety, and, we may say, owes its present existence to Poland, should have been among the first to assist and partake in the dismemberment of that once rich and noble kingdom—a dismemberment which must eternally stand recorded among the most flagitious and unblushing outrages on political faith and national law. Our regret for the unmerited prostration of Poland is increased, if we take a comparative view of the present state and prospects of the Poles and Greeks. Whilst the former are subject to a system of unrelenting espionage and constraint, and, in return for their chivalrous exertion in the cause of Christianity and European freedom, are abandoned to a merciless despotism, the latter, who, by their intrigues and pusillanimity, prepared the way for the Turkish invasion; who lowered the cross to the crescent, and crouched in the very dust beneath Ottoman dominion; who equal their conquerors in fanaticism, and exceed them in vice, without partaking of one spark of that honour and bravery which have ever distinguished the Turkish character; are held forth as the inheritors of the high spirit and patriotism which gave undying glory to ancient Greece. Thus, the needy adventurer and Philhellene, taking advantage of the false impressions imbibed through classic associations, mislead the untravelled enthusiast; and thus is the fate of nations decided by the dreaming influence of schoolboy recollections.

On leaving the body of the church, we were conducted by our guide to the crypt below, which contains the tomb of Sobieski, and the coffin in which are the remains of Poniatowski. We then left the castle, and, descending the eminence, entered a church, which we found crowded with people lying round the altar, with their arms extended and motionless. The aisles were filled with devotees, many kissing the ground, some striking their breasts, and few evincing the calm of true devotion. The church is long, lofty, and gaudily gilded. Returning towards the inn, we entered a bookseller's shop, to seek for some publication enumerating the objects worthy of being visited in the town, and were surprised to find a translated edition of Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, which, though only published in England a few weeks before, had already found its way to this remote and unfrequented city.

On a height to the left, about a mile from the town, is a conical mount, to the memory of Kosciusko.

Cracow has about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, all of whom dress alike, in a black robe, and wear their hair very long. They carry long sticks, and usually wear fur hats with broad rims. The part called Mount Vistula is inhabited exclusively by them. As you pass the doors, they come out and take you by the hand, imploring you to buy something of them. The women have very long hair, and caps of cloth and fur. The dress of the unmarried is somewhat distinctive, consisting of a red kerchief tied round the head like a turban, the curls falling from beneath.—*Webster's Travels through the Crimea*, 1830.

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

In the year 1388, the Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England on a large scale, and had assembled a great army for that purpose; but, learning that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and, issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the flat and rich country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights; but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew out his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas got possession in the struggle of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognizance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith. "That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland." "Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent."

The Scots army, having completed the purpose of their expedition, began their retreat up the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running towards the Scottish frontier. They encamped at Otterbourne, about twenty miles from the frontier, on the 19th August 1388. In the middle of the night the alarm arose in the Scottish camp that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the advance of Sir Henry Percy, with a body of men equal, or superior, in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and, with a degree of military skill which could scarce have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there were none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising showed them the Scottish army, who they fancied were retreating, drawn up in complete order, and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of "Douglas!" rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, it would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North-Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but, blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will be this day accomplished."

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the Earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers, Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly, and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas—

"Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field."

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him, for ransom, to build a castle for him at Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, which he called *Poinon*, from having been reared with *poiné* money. The battle of Otterbourne was disastrous to

the leaders on both sides, Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, and the great historian Froissart says that, one other action only excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time.

NOVEMBER.

Now (says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*), as the branches become bare,—another sight presents itself, which, trifling as it is, fixes the attention of all who see it. I mean the *birds' nests* that are seen here and there in the now transparent hedges, bushes, and copses. Now, the *falling of wood* for the winter store commences; and, in a mild still day, the measured strokes of the woodman's axe, heard far away in the thick forest, bring with their sound an associated feeling, similar to that produced by a wreath of smoke rising from out the same scene: they tell us a tale of

"Uncertain dwellers in the pathless wood."

The "*busy flail*," too, which is now in full employment, fills the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invites the passer-by to look in at the great open doors of the barn, and see the wheatstack reaching to the roof on either hand; the little pyramid of bright grain behind the threshers; the scattered ears between them, leaping and rustling beneath their fast-falling strokes; and the flail itself flying harmless round the labourers' heads, though seeming to threaten danger at every turn; while, outside, the flock of "barn-door" poultry ply their ceaseless search for food, among the knee-deep straw; and the cattle, all their summer frolics forgotten, stand ruminating beside the half-empty hay-rack, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate that looks down into the village, or away towards the distant pastures.

Of the *birds* that have hitherto made merry even at the approach of winter, now all are silent; all, save that one who now earns his title of "the household bird," by haunting the thresholds and window-cills, and casting sidelong glances in-doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frosts force him to lay aside his fears, and fit in and out, silently, like a winged spirit. All are now silent except him; but he, as he sits on the pointed palings beside the door-way, or on the topmost twig of the little black thorn that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipt hedge, pipes plaintive ditties with a low inward voice—like that of a love-tainted maiden, as she sits apart from her companions, and sings soft melodies to herself, almost without knowing it.

Some of the other small *birds* that winter with us, but have hitherto kept aloof from our dwellings, now approach them, and mope about among the house-sparrows, on the bare branches, wondering what has become of all the leaves, and not knowing one tree from another. Of these the chief are the hedge-sparrow, the blue titmouse, and the linnet. These also, together with the goldfinch, thrush, blackbird, &c., may still be seen rifling the hip and haw-grown hedges of their scanty fruit. Almost all, however, even of those singing-birds that do not migrate, except the redbreast, wren, hedge-sparrow, and titmouse, disappear shortly after the commencement of this month, and go no one knows whither. But the pert house-sparrow keeps possession of the garden and courtyard all the winter; and the different species of wagtails may be seen busily haunting the clear cold spring-heads, and wading into the unfrozen water in search of their delicate food, consisting of insects in the *aurelia* state.

Now, the *farmer* finishes all his out-of-door work before the frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hand-labour again.

Now, the *sheep*, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip-field, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root, holding it firm with their feet, till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now, the *herds* stand all day long hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, but as patiently too, to be called home to the hay-fed stall, as they do in summer to be driven afield.

Now, cold rains come deluging down, till the drenched ground, the dripping trees, the pouring eaves, and the torn ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged downward slantwise by the threads of dusky rain that descend from them, are all mingled together in one blind confusion; while the few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their till now interminable business of feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm, and, hanging down their heads till their noses almost touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless, like dead images.

Now, too, a single rain-storm, like the above, breaks up all the paths and ways at once, and makes home no longer "home" to those who are not obliged to leave it; while, *en revanche*, it becomes doubly endeared to those who are.

London is so perfect an antithesis to the country in all things, that whatever is good for the one is bad for the other. Accordingly, as the country half forgets itself this month, so London just begins to know itself again. Its streets revive from their late suspended animation, and are alive with anxious faces, and musical with the mingled sounds of many wheels.

Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their

owners depend on disposing of the "summer stock," at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

Now, the theatres, admonished by their no longer empty benches, try which shall be the first to break through that hollow truce on the strength of which they have hitherto been acting only on alternate nights.

Now, during the first week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burthens of which are barons of beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a ticket for the Lord Mayor's dinner on the ninth.

Now, all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guy Faux, for having attempted to burn "the Parliament" with "gunpowder, treason, and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn every thing they can lay their hands on—their own fingers included: a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true "beauteous and sublime of human life."

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa,
Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa;
'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' come had chresty twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa.
It was a' to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.
He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd ower the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.
"Oh, when will ye be back?" sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, when will ye be back?" my himmie and my dear!"
"Whenever I can win enouch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlyns and silks, my dear."
Oh, Randal's hair was coal black, when he gaed awa,
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa,
And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark, in the morning sky.
Oh, Randal was an altert man when he came hame,
A sair altert man was he, when he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a sif at his name,
And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.
He leikit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a ladie to see him come in,
And after the ladie came bairns fifteen—
"Can this muckle wife be my true-love, Jean?"
"Wha'na stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
"In troth," quo' the ladie, "sweet sir, the very same."
He turned him about, wi' a waeiful ee,
And a heart as sair as saul could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa did wildly fee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.
Oh, dule on the purith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
For they've wrecked the bravest heart in this hale countrie!
R. C.

MIERS'S "TRAVELS IN CHILE."

THE difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman is certainly very great and very remarkable. Mr Miers, the author of this book, in conjunction with a friend, was possessed of a disposable capital of twenty thousand pounds. Were a Parisian to find himself in possession of a moiety of this sum, would he not, married or single, live in two or three spacious garrets within half a mile of the gardens of the Tuilleries or the Luxembourg? Would he not spend his mornings at the café or the reading room? his evenings in promenading the walks and gardens, or assisting at some *spectacle*? Would his wife have any domestic affairs to attend to? Certainly not. He and she dine, separately or in company, at a restaurateur's, who takes all the business of dinner on himself, and, with the keeper of the café, all the business of all the meals. The quiet home is disturbed by few servants, and by no odour of cookery, neither by noisy children: a Parisian family is always small. It is exceedingly *ennuyeux* to both parties to be burthened by more than one or two children. Look on this picture, and then on the English one. Mr Miers, being in possession of a moderate and disposable fortune, considers it in no other light than capital—as the seed of future wealth—and immediately casts about how he may increase it by some enterprise tenfold, and in a few years make himself an enormously rich man. The scene of money-making for the moment is supposed to be South America—Chile presents itself, and an experiment on copper promises much. Yes; "the conclusion was irresistible," says Mr Miers, "that upon the given data an immense fortune might rapidly be made in the proposed speculation." This was enough—Mr Miers spends his honeymoon in purchasing and shipping a grand train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing; the next months of married happiness are spent on board a packet bound for Buenos Ayres; his wife is then hurried across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the painful period of gestation is passed in tumbling through the broken roads and barbarous deserts of the Pampas, until the moment of parturition arrives, and the unfortunate wife of the anxious speculator is brought to bed, if it may be so termed, in a savage pass of the lofty and almost inaccessible Andes. All this too, with the utmost attachment and tenderness on the part of the enterprising husband; and with the greatest courage, strength of mind, and heroic fortitude of the English wife. The unhappy lady faints on her mule; her anxious husband conveys her to a wretched post-bud, unsheltered from either rain or wind, where she is delivered. In this atrocious place she recovers from her labour and her puerperal fever, until the time comes when her husband may carry her, on hides and poles borne on the shoulders of himself and of three

others, forty-five miles to the nearest civilized place, which he does till the poles eat into the very flesh of his scapulary muscles. This is only a trifling part of the difficulties which Englishmen will voluntarily encounter in a speculation, when an "immense fortune" is to be "rapidly" acquired. Mr Miers leaves his wife and new-born child in a comfortable retreat, and proceeds to the end of his journey; for his machinery is to be landed, the ships will charge for demurrage, and the workmen will get drunk and run away; besides, the capital is lying dead. When this machinery is landed, the speculator has all the prejudices of the natives to contend with, their rogueries and jealousies to defeat, the corruption and delay of their courts of justice to submit to, the ingratitude and neglect of friends to bear with, before the great manufacturing train can be put into action. All this and more Mr Miers, it seems, had to contend with, for we doubt whether the machinery is even yet at work; and Mr Miers is in England, and Mrs Miers is at Concon, in Chile, where the great fortune is or was to be made. However, whether Mr Miers has succeeded in making a good speculation or not, his adventures have put him into the way of compiling an excellent book. Certainly, neither the very excellent one of Captain Basil Hall, nor that of Mrs Graham, nor any other we have seen, is entitled to more attention, from the fulness and variety of its instruction.—*London Magazine*.

AN OLD SCOTTISH PUNISHMENT.

It appears, from the Records of Justiciary, that a custom at one time prevailed in criminal jurisprudence of commuting sentence of death into gifting away as slaves into perpetual servitude under specified masters. The following extract will make the mode of gifting understood:—

"At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south district, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald McDonald, prisoners within the Tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this court, and by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the Commissioners have changed their punishment of death to perpetual servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: Therefore, the said Commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald McDonald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullebardane; recommending to his Lordship to provide a collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck, with this inscription:—'Donald McDonald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701, and gifted as a perpetual servant to John Earl of Tullebardane.' Recommending to his Lordship to transport him from the said prison next week," &c.

It would appear that a similar commutation was made of the doom of the other prisoners. About forty years ago, some fishermen, in dragging their nets in the river Forth, above Alloa, brought up from the bottom a brass collar with this inscription upon it:—"Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars, as a perpetual servant to Sir John Aresken of Alva." This curious collar is now in the possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

LORD SANQUHAR AND THE FENCING-MASTER.

We learn from every authority that duels became nearly as common in England, after the accession of James VI., as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was nowhere carried more highly than at the court of the pacific Solomon of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats upon the *Hiegate of Edinburgh*, which had often disturbed his repose at Holyrood, his leaves at Theobald's were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished, but not less sanguinary contests.

Though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The accident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did Lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him how he lost his eye? "By the thrust of a sword," answered his Lordship, not caring to enter into particulars. The King, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately inquired, "Does the man yet live?" These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing-master. The mutual animosity betwixt the English and Scottish nations had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry, by single combat; and James now found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

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TURNERS.

"TURNERS" are a class of people, so called because they regularly take what they call a *turn* every Sunday afternoon before dinner. They are a middle-aged order of men, married and unmarried; and you may always know them at a distance, even when they mingle in the crowds of the emptying churches, by their faces rendered rosy with the country air, their shoes somewhat dusty or muddy, and the breasts of their coats blown back over their shoulders, as if they were anxious to receive as much of the air as possible. Your *turner* of the present year of God 1832, is a *black* of the year of Grace 1808 or 9, and a *muttoner** of 1820. He is confined all the week by some sedentary employment, to which he sits down every day regularly at ten o'clock—having first opened, with a neat and adroit jerk, the lowest button of his waistcoat—and from which he does not rise till four, after which he takes a *constitutional walk* till five. The arrear of exercise and air, which has been gathering during the week, he pays off by one good "*turn*" on the Sunday afternoon, having first heard the forenoon sermon—or perhaps not—in some respectable church, such as St Giles's, which always presents ample scope and verge enough for a great number of what may be called skir-mishing church-goers. Say he has been indulging a little on the Saturday night, in the lodgings of some friend, or in the Rainbow; perhaps a brother *turner* drops in upon him next forenoon, exactly out of time for sermon, and finds him, as the bells are just ringing in, beginning to reach his arms out of bed, and calling for breakfast. In one hour after that date, the two are seen dropping out at the bottom of the King's Park, on the way to Portobello. We say no more. They return about four, and, falling into the ranks of the church-going people, may be singled out, secure as they think themselves, by the characteristics we have described. But we must look back to the *turners* and the *turner* system of thirty years since—a class, of course, who were the gay young men of the time of Deacon Brodie.

Suppose the High Street of Edinburgh, on a Sunday forenoon, about that period—a fine summer Sunday—the sun throwing a deep black shade on the south side of the street, and brilliantly illuminating the north side; the bells of St Giles's just beginning to stagger to a cessation; Dr Blair past in his gown; only a few decent citizens, with their wives and children, remaining unchurched; these evidently about to disappear off the street altogether. A small group of middle-aged respectable *Lawnmarket*ers, who have hitherto been standing at the Cross, as if intending to go into church themselves, begin to observe that the streets are getting so empty as to make *their* appearance a little conspicuous. When the bell ceases entirely, they start a little, as if taken by surprise, and, muttering something about being too late, psalms begun, and so forth, pull out their watches to see if they are exact with the town clock, cast a few affectedly careless glances around them, and then begin to slide away in different directions, some apparently towards the Tron, others towards St Giles's. They never reach those places, however. They are absorbed in closes and stairs upon the way. In about half an hour, if you were stationed about the Meadow Walk, or Bruntsfield Links, you would see the same figures come oozing out at different exits from the town, and meet at the Golf-house, or at the Cage, or other place of rendezvous, and then proceed, in full band, in the direction of Currie or the Hunter's Tryste. About one o'clock, Mr J— L— might be seen cooling it through

Straiton, in the midst of a slow procession of bellied men, his hat and wig perhaps borne aloft on the end of his stick, and a myriad of flies buzzing and humming in the shape of a pennon, from behind his shining pow. Perhaps Captain B—, of the town-guard, is of the set; he has a brother a farmer about Woodhouselee; and they intend to call there, and be treated to a check of lamb, or something of that kind, with a glass of spirits and water, "for really the day is very warm." The talk is of Sir Ralph Abercromby and General Brune, and the Duke of York and the Texel; or, more interesting subject still, the last week's proceedings of the Edinburgh volunteers in the Links. These fat men, who not only sleep o' nights, but almost o' days too, are all sergeants and corporals in the regiment, though, of course, they employ real veteran sergeants to run about planting the little flags to march by, and other matters of duty; it being as much as they can do to go through the regular business of the drill.

"'Pon my honour," says one, "it was too bad of Justice Clerk Hope to keep us so long upon the ground on Thursday. Two mortal hours. I thought I should have fainted with the fatigue and the heat together. I declare, when we all rushed afterwards into the Golf-house to get a draught of porter, I think I drank a whole bottle before ever I felt the taste of it. It was all spent upon the mere aridity of the soil."

"It was a terrible drill, indeed," remarks another. "I heard Lieutenant Beveridge himself say, that he never knew one so fatiguing; Captain Jardine was quite at a loss to know what his Lordship meant. That hopping body, —, who was my rear rank man, tramped down the heel of my shoe at the beginning of the drill, and I had to march all the time in that state: I thought I should have died of the pain of it."

"But what do you think Lord Cathcart said of us," asks another, "after our last review? Why, he said that with five hundred such troops he would not be afraid to meet the charge of three thousand Frenchmen."

The *turners* do not countenance newfangled flashy houses of entertainment, which spring up by the wayside every now and then, and, after a year or two, sink again into another state of existence. They are attached to old, small, permanent thatched ale-houses, kept by decent *widow-women*, whose husbands perished many years ago by the shooting of quarries, or other accidents, and who were then set up "in a way of doing" by subscription. With the sneaks of the doors of such houses they are as familiar as with their own firesides. They enter the humble quiet abode, and in an easy friendly way step into the family apartment, where they find the widow compounding between God and Mammon (being unable to leave the house for church), by sitting in front of an extinct fire, with a large Bible open upon her knees, which she reads with one of the eyes of her spirit, while the other is cast backward and *benward*, in reflection upon a reckoning there in progress.

"Well, Mrs Simpson, how are you the day? Very warm weather. When did you hear from your son William? And how is John getting on now?"

"Oh, sir," answers the widow, "William's still with the army in Holland; but I heard frae him lately, and, thank Heaven, he keeps his health. John has been in the Hielands for mair than a year, and he's

now gardener to Mr M'Scandlish of Dronascandlish—some gait about Badenoch, I think they ca' it."

"And is your dochter Jean still in her place with Mr Smith, in Edinburgh?"

"Ou ay, sir; and she has got an addition of ten shillings a-year to her wages."

After some chat of this kind, the result of a sincere interest which the Messrs Turners take in the affairs of the widow *once a-week*, some undertoned communications pass amongst them—whispers, and mutterings, and unsyllabled sounds—concerning neither they nor any other body knows what, but which at last take shape and language—"Ay, a little spirits and water;" their minds, be it remarked, having been all alike made up upon the subject, without communication, for the last two miles of the road, though nobody likes to pronounce the exact words till a certain trace of the general wish is mutually perceived through the hum of discussion. "Ay," at last says one aloud, after the sounds have been advancing gradually to speech for a quarter of a minute, "a little spirits and water." The widow parades the desired liquor, which is no sooner set upon the table, than they begin with renewed vehemence to wipe their dewy foreheads, and remark upon the heat of the day, although for a minute or two previously they had intermitted that employment. As there is only a single tumbler, one who assumes the office of high priest of the stoup, presents a little of the fluid to his neighbour, who says, however, with a disinterested air and hurried tone, "Be doing yoursel', Mr —, be doing yoursel'—I'm in nae hurry"—though in secret he is all the time absolutely burning to be at it; and then, taking up the water, he says, "Tell me when to stop," and so pours the proper modicum of that less generous fluid upon the spirits already in the glass. "Hech, that's refreshing!" is the exclamation of each, as he sets down the empty rummer. "We've had a long walk. I dinna ken the time when I was so thirsty before." "Good whisky that," says one; "Clemie's Wells, I suppose." "A wee thocht of a goo,"* says another, "but good whisky." "I thought," says a third, tasting a little of it raw, with a very knowing air, and a peculiar compression of the lips, and shutting of the eyes, "I thought it had a kind o' *look*.† Where dye get this, mistress?" "Ou, I deal wi' Mr Galloway, i' the Bow-fit. We juist get ey the twa gallons as ither twa's dune. He's an *extro-o-rnar* decent man, Mr Galloway." They then enter into extensive conversation with the widow about the improvements of the country-side, and the late deaths and marriages among the inhabitants. "That's a fine new gate Mortonha' is building." Or, "that's an excellent crop of beare behind the house, Mrs Simpson." Or, "Mrs H. of C. has had a son lately, I hear." Or whatever else. The object is to keep up an apparently interested talk, or what Haggart would have styled gammon, for the landlady, till they are fully gratified with liquor. Afterwards they stroll back to town in a cool light way, with their sticks at the advance, and their lapels drifting far over their shoulders in the wind.

Sometimes *turners* are very much annoyed by the weather. At setting out, they are by no means critical about the sky. They hope for good weather so fondly, that they will hardly permit themselves to suppose that it can be any thing but fair. If either the sky, however, is overcast, or a few straggling drops from some passing cloud are felt upon the cheeks, then is it curious to observe how they coax, as it were, the powers of the air, and extract, like true

* This was said by different officers of every militia regiment raised during the French war. It was a pickled phrase for review-days, and, we need not remark, had little reference to the real merit of any particular corps of which it was said.

* Gout—Fr. taste.

† This word, we suspect, is beyond even Dr Jamieson.

philosophers, good out of evil. "A little dull, I think: clouds high, though." "Draw to heat, I think." "Likely clear up about twelve o'clock." "Only a few drops: good to lay the dust." "Too much wind so be much rain." "A little rain do much good: help to lay the wind." Sometimes it is "the rain to lay the wind," sometimes "the wind to lay the rain;" but there is always some consolation—always some refuge. If the rain come seriously on when they are, perhaps, one mile out of town, "Oh, never mind; soon be at Mrs Thomson's." Sometimes, however, a traitor to the cause of turning remarks, as he contemplates the soaking of his clothes, "It would have been better, perhaps, if we had been all at church yet," a sentiment that falls upon the poor company like ten additional bucketfuls. Another, however, chancing to look up, says, cheerfully, "Clearing in the west! We'll have a fine day yet." When, again, all is joy; and Mrs Thomson's door is passed—that not being "the house." "A mere skiff, after all: nothing to speak of. The folk at Penny-cuik are getting it, though." "There's a rainbow—it's all off—down with the umbrellas."

There is a certain class of turners, who have a particular penchant for Leith Pier, as the object and goal of a walk. "A turn to the end of Leith Pier" used to be a nice neat thing, just sufficient to give a keener relish for the jigot of mutton done to a turn at home, and to be partaken of at five. They used to drop down Leith Walk, or the Easter Road, at the rate of two knots and a half in the hour; and when they had reached the end of the pier, they would stand listlessly for a quarter of an hour, gazing over the parapet, and casting their minds, as it were, abroad upon the waters. This has long been a favourite walk, we suspect, among the turners; for we observe that in the acts passed in the reign of King William against Sabbath-breaking, the Castlehill, the King's Park, and Leith Pier, are the promenades particularly pointed out as most frequented by the public. Judge, then, how the race and order of turners have felt of late at seeing the end of the pier—or what had been the end from time immemorial—converted into a middle, by the elongation of the mole towards the Martello Tower! Was not that a matter for despair? A friend, who enters fully into the feelings and associations of "the turners," is of belief that they have not yet acknowledged the wooden addition as a part of the pier proper; just as some stately old government of the east of Europe might refuse to sanction a new-set-up country made out of a province in the west, and which pretended to have a king of its own. They cannot away with this unseemly upstart thing, or piece of work, which has disturbed their souls with new and untoward ideas. In short, the novelty of the lengthened pier has destroyed all their comfort in this walk: and while the managers of the work are congratulating themselves and the public on its advantages for the harbour, they little think how much mischief it has occasioned among the TURNERS.

[The English and provincial reader will, it is hoped, make some allowance for the locality of this article: there is little reason to doubt that corresponding characters are to be found standing in the same relation to corresponding places in and about every large town in the empire. The Editors at the same time hope that the burlesque which lurks at the bottom of the article will be obvious enough to satisfy those who consider the trespasses of the turners in their more serious light.]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE JEWS.

THOUGH there were nearly as great a variety of nations in ancient times as in the present, there were much fewer who practised the art of reading and writing: hence the very names of most of them are forgotten, and what we know of the rest is derived only from the records which three celebrated nations have left of their own neighbourhoods, or of the places visited by their armies or merchants. The countries occupied by these three nations, the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans (independent of that of the Egyptians, already noticed), lay at different points along the shores of an inland sea, and were neither large nor far removed from each other. When we look on the coast of the Mediterranean, at the places where they dwelt, we wonder that our whole knowledge of the world for four thousand years should be derived only from the inhabitants of such inconsiderable spots. But it was in these spots only that means were in practice for transmitting the knowledge acquired in one age to the people of another. Over all the rest of the world, when a generation passed away, its labours and knowledge passed away with it: the knowledge of every man, however much he had done or learned, died when he died, and was lost to his successors; hence the bulk of the people of antiquity never rose above the situation of savages. Among some of them there were indeed certain imperfect modes of writing; but on account of their clumsiness, these took so much time to acquire even in their imperfections, that they could only be learned by a few, such as the priests, and were never diffused among the people. This was the case in Egypt, and, it is supposed, also in Persia and Chaldaea, in all which countries, relics of some lame attempts at the use of letters are found on stones, and rocks, and in tombs; but they contain, as far as they can be unriddled, only names, and circumstances serving for dates, which would be utterly unintelligible without the light thrown on them by the writings of the three nations we have mentioned. The Egyptians had made considerable progress in some arts, such as

painting, building, and statuary; but every thing was learned by direct instruction from one man to another, almost in the manner of apprenticeship; and their marks used for writing were quite insufficient for communicating specific instruction on any subject. Hence we know nothing of their history but what is learned from the Hebrews and Greeks, whose writings are sometimes dimly illustrated by monuments and dubious inscriptions found in Egypt itself. With regard to all the other nations of antiquity, it is the same; what even is known concerning them is known only from the books of the three nations we have mentioned. Without these the whole world, for four thousand years, would have been to us as if it had never been; and concerning every people whom they have not mentioned (with a few exceptions), it is so now. We know nothing of them, not even of their existence; whole nations lived, flourished, and became extinct; tongues and languages were formed, changed, and lost during several thousand years, without one step of the process having reached our ears; solely because they were beyond that circle which was known to the only nations who were acquainted with the art of writing. In the continent of North America there are now and then found relics of a people more civilized than any who have lived there for many ages; fortifications, it is said, have been discovered, which could only have been planned by some degree of science; and tools of excellent quality have been found in certain gold mines recently opened in Virginia; all of which are traces of the existence of a race of men now forgotten, and of whom the very name has perished; it seems like believing in a mystery to credit even their very existence. Yet, had it not been for the solitary writings of the Hebrews, a like darkness would have overspread the memory of all the nations of our own continent for the first two thousand years of its existence; the Greeks rescued it from oblivion for the next thousand; and the Romans only were added for another thousand, to preserve the memory of its nations from perishing.

The Hebrews are the most ancient of these "People of the Book," and were descended from an Arabian shepherd of the name of Abraham, whose grandson, Jacob, and his children, emigrated into Egypt, where they settled, and became a numerous, though distinct, people. In their adopted country they received the name "Hebrew," or "Foreigners," and were at the beginning treated with much kindness, and had peculiar privileges, especially while under the protection of Joseph, who, as described in Scripture, was the original cause of their migration. Agreeable to ancient patriarchal usages, the sons of Jacob became the heads of separate tribes, or clans, yet all adhering together in a general union of interests. From an early period, the descendants of Abraham, as we are told in the inspired writings, were selected by the Almighty for the purpose of establishing a religion much more pure than any prevalent in the ancient world, and intended as a typical precursor of that still purer faith which all civilized nations now profess. This is a most extraordinary fact in the history of the Hebrews, who, be it well remembered, were, from whatever cause, the only people in the early ages who had any conception of the nature and attributes of the true and unseen God.

The rapid increase of the Hebrews in Egypt soon excited the jealousy of the masters of the country; and, from being in high favour, their tribes gradually fell under the lash of power, and came to be treated as public slaves. From the description of their situation, which is given in Genesis, and the affecting allusions to it afterwards in different passages of the Psalms, it appears that their tyrannical masters viewed them with the same kind of hatred, contempt, and fear, which are now inspired by the negroes in the southern States of America, and by slaves, indeed, in every country. Their sufferings were at last avenged by a direct interposition of Providence, which visited their oppressors with successive plagues, storm, vermin, and pestilence, till every living and growing thing in the land of Egypt was threatened with destruction; and the selfish rulers of the country were at last constrained by terror to release their injured bondsmen. The God of their fathers brought the Hebrews out of Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm; a branch of the Red Sea was dried up in order to aid their departure; and the Egyptians, who attempted to pursue them, were overwhelmed in the returning waters. Even during their sojourn in the "house of bondage," the Hebrews seem to have cultivated a national learning, which rendered them superior to their taskmasters; for though Moses, their leader, had been trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, he was obliged to have recourse to the eloquence of his brother Aaron, the Levite (who had been educated after the manner of the Hebrews), on any occasion where it became necessary to speak in public. The acquaintance with writing, besides, which is shown in the transactions of the Hebrew leaders, immediately on their taking command of their countrymen, is a feature not to be traced in any relics we have of Egyptian knowledge; the latter people seem to have paid more attention to the arts of life, which their wealth gave them the means and inducement to cultivate; while the Hebrews, who were poor and oppressed, sought relief in the recollection of an ancestry of whom they had just reason to be proud, and cultivated the use of letters, that they might be enabled to cherish their fame. One of the tribes was early set apart for sacred duties, and for preserving the records of their nation; and their history is therefore complete and authentic,

shedding a steady light on all the first ages of the world.

After crossing the Red Sea (before Christ 1490), the Hebrews passed into a desert country, parched, rocky, and barren, with the purpose of journeying through it, to take possession of the fertile land which lay onwards to the north-west. In this sandy and trackless wilderness, their multitudes could neither have traced their way nor procured subsistence, without a continual miracle—the hand of God brought forth rivers of water out of the flinty rock; rained manna, or bread, from heaven; and gave a pillar of cloud to direct their journeys through the day; and a pillar of fire by night. He delivered the tables of a moral law to Moses, their leader; and gave out a set of regulations for the ceremonies of worship, the establishment of a separate order devoted to religion and learning, and for the civil government of the nation. They had thus a regular polity and written laws, when most other countries of the world knew only the law of the sword, or of savage animal superiority.

The country which was allotted as a settlement to this people was at that time occupied by many numerous and warlike tribes, who had grown strong in its fertile plains and valleys; and the generation of the Hebrews, whose spirits had been tamed by the bondage of Egypt, was too timid to be willing to encounter such enemies. Their want of confidence in the arm which had hitherto protected them was punished by a sojourn in the wilderness of forty years, till the whole of that generation had died, and left their bones in the deserts.

The contest of their successors with the Canaanites, the inhabitants of the country which they were to occupy, was not of long duration. They defeated them one after another in rapid succession; and the alarm which had deterred their fathers from making the attack was now transferred to their enemies, who feared it. The old Israelites had said in the desert, "we are in our own sight as grasshoppers, before these sons of Anak; hath the Lord brought us out of the land of Egypt to fall by the sword of this people?" But the new generation had a firmer confidence in the help which was promised them; and it was now the turn of their foes to shrink, insomuch that "their hearts melted, neither was their spirit in them any more, because of the children of Israel." (Before Christ 1450.)

The Book of Judges exhibits the Hebrews in possession of the Promised Land, but often forgetful in their prosperity of the God who had guided them through their sufferings. To punish their ingratitude, and remind them of their dependence on Heaven, they were obliged to maintain a continual struggle with the nations who surrounded them, for the fertile country which they occupied. They were at this time divided into two or three separate governments, each of which had at times a different judge, and sometimes fell separately under the arm of some powerful enemy. The instances of generous patriotism, of bravery, and of devout confidence in the God of their fathers, which are shown in the acts of several of the judges, render the record of their history one of the most interesting and romantic in the earth. Yet they were often reduced to the greatest distress. "Because of the Midianites," it is said, "the Children of Israel made them dens in the mountains, caves, and strongholds; and when Israel had sown, the people of the east came up against them, and destroyed the increase of the earth, till they left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass—for they came up as the grasshoppers for multitude; and the Children of Israel cried to the Lord." From these calamities they were at times delivered by the devotion of some pastoral soldier among their tribes. Their songs of rejoicing on such occasions still more pathetically tell the disturbed state of the country, and present the troubles of its inhabitants for three hundred years (before Christ 1427 to 1112), while they formed a republic under their judges; but it is also a picture of the whole earth at that period: the Hebrews only bore a share of calamities which fell much more severely upon others, in an age when regular government was unknown. It says much for this people, that in the midst of such a scene of unrest, they continued still to cultivate letters: The beautiful simplicity of the narratives given concerning the heroes of their country is not to be equalled in any other remains of antiquity.

The epoch of kings succeeded that of judges. The reign of Saul, their first monarch, though the people were stronger by being united, was gloomy and troubled. David, who succeeded, was a soldier and a conqueror. He rendered the Hebrews formidable to the whole of their enemies, and gave them a regular and defensible position, expelling their old antagonists from every part of the country. He left an empire peaceful, respected, and strong; and, what was of as much importance; he selected from among his sons a successor who was able to improve all these advantages, and to add to the progress which his countrymen had already made in prosperity. Under Solomon, the name of the Hebrew government being able to protect its subjects in other countries, the people and their king began to employ themselves in commerce. Their trade was at first engrafted on that of Tyre, a people speaking a similar language with themselves, and like them, too (though certainly to a smaller degree), acquainted with the art of writing. The commerce of the time of Solomon is the only portion of that part of the history of the Jews which is noticed in sacred writ, but there is no reason to sup-

pose that after his day it was discontinued. It was, perhaps, no longer a matter of state; but the wealth of the country (which exposed it to continual pillage), and the number of prosperous Hebrews who were found in all parts of the earth (it would be idle to say that these were all brought away as captives), render it probable that, from the splendid reign of this monarch, they always continued to be addicted to commerce. It is indeed likely that they had been so before his reign, and that Solomon merely took commerce under the protection of the state; for there is no instance on record of any monarch all at once, and successfully, creating a national trade. However this may be, a greater contrast cannot be imagined than between the troubles of the time of the judges (only one hundred years before), and the peace, security, and enjoyment of this reign. "And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; and cedars made him to be as sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance: and Judah and Israel were many; as the sand which is by the sea-shore for multitude, eating, and drinking, and making merry." The riches lavished upon the temple, which was erected in his time, are still the wonder of the east and west; and though the building itself may now be rivalled in extent by many of our parish churches, yet the gold, ivory, and other precious materials employed in its decoration, indicate a wealth which must, at that time, have been without a parallel. Both Solomon and David, his father, were men accomplished in learning, as well as in the arts of government; and the writings which they have left, if they show their own abilities, indicate not less a great attention to the cultivation of knowledge among the rest of the Hebrews. That nation could neither have reared such men, nor treasured up their productions, had there not been many among them well qualified to relish, and even to imitate, such efforts. We do not here allude to the inspiration of these writings; it is merely to their poetical beauties, and to the profound and calm knowledge of mankind with which they abound, "beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame." It is vain to look in all the long list of the kings of other nations for two such names as David and Solomon.

After the death of Solomon, the country fell into the same divisions which had weakened it in the time of the judges. Each of the districts of North and South Israel were under a separate king, and they were exposed both to the attacks of their enemies and to quarrels with each other. Their history is a succession of agitating conflicts for independence, and of unexpected and remarkable deliverances, of a similar nature to those of the earlier period, and they continued for about the same length of time (380 years); but they are marked by fewer of those traits of heroic devotion which distinguished the epoch of the judges. The backslidings, errors, and misgovernment of their kings, is the chief and painful subject which is presented to us; and though these are relieved at times by the appearance of such monarchs as Josiah, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah, yet the whole history of this period is overcast with the gloominess of progressive decline. By far the most delightful parts of it are those which relate to the lives of the Prophets, who were raised up at intervals to warn the nation and its rulers of the fate which they incurred by forsaking the religion of their fathers. These inspired men sometimes sprung up from among the humblest classes of the community: one from "the herdsmen of Tekoa," another from "ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen;" several were of the priestly order, and one (Isaiah) is said to have been of royal lineage; but the works of all are marked with the same sacredness, force, and authority. They reprehend their countrymen, in the most eloquent strains, at one time for their idolatry, and at another for their hypocrisy; and their indignation is expressed with the same freedom and dignity against the vices of the highest and the lowest. It has become fashionable to trace the free spirit of our national tone of thinking to the historians and orators of Greece and Rome, which are taught in our schools; but any one who looks into the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and sees the boldness and energy with which the humblest of them threatens the nobles and princes of his country, or chastises the vices of the nation around him, will remark the pedantry of seeking, in volumes known only to the learned, for an effect which may be traced to books whose strong and pathetic eloquence has long swayed the affections of every peasant of the country. There is no subtlety of reasoning, no sporting with ambiguities, in these writings; every thing is bold, decided, and powerful, appealing to great principles, and marked with high and energetic feelings. What a film of fancy-work are the metaphysical ingenuities of Plato, compared with the firm, broad, and uncompromising morality, the mild domestic charities, taught in the books of Psalms and Proverbs, or the pathetic and indignant remonstrances of the Prophets against the backslidings of the "daughter of their people!"

At the end of the epoch of the kings (about 600 years before Christ), the land of Israel was swept by several powerful invaders, who carried off many thousands of the people into captivity. Little is known of the fate of those of the northern district, who are sometimes supposed to have been carried to India, sometimes to Tartary; but there are many interesting notices of the captives of Judah. They were carried to Babylon, a flat country intersected by rivers, to the eastward of their own. Here they seem to have been treated with kindness, and many of them even arrived

at wealth and distinction. Nothing, however, could overcome their regret at being torn from the country of their ancestors—a feeling which is expressed with unrivalled beauty in the 137th Psalm, where the Hebrew captive looks back mournfully to the mountains and brooks of Judah, as he hangs his harp on the willows by the sluggish Euphrates, and refuses, with sorrow and scorn, to gratify his conquerors by singing the celebrated songs of his country in a strange land. It is a farther proof of what we have said of the general intelligence and education of the Jews, that all the conquerors who carried them off granted them high privileges in their new countries. Alexander, it is said, made them equal with his own Macedonians in the city which he founded; Ptolemy conferred on them similar privileges. We find one celebrated man of their nation (Daniel) chief minister of two successive monarchies. Hebrew generals more than once commanded the armies of Egypt; and the scattered notices of history present to us many of them in other public situations of importance and trust.

After 70 years (during which there is little account of the people who were left in the country), permission was given to some of the chief Hebrews of the captivity to return with their people to Judea, and to establish there a government, conducted by their own countrymen, under the protection of the Persians. They were also allowed to rebuild the temple. Many families returned accordingly; and the Hebrews from this period enjoyed, as tributaries of this powerful monarchy, a long peace of about 220 years, during which their country seems to have been quiet and prosperous. About 187 years before Christ, in consequence of their becoming involved in the quarrels of neighbouring powers, they were obliged to maintain a series of struggles in behalf both of their religious and national independence, more fierce and prolonged than we read of in almost any other nation. We are accustomed to admire the gallantry and perseverance of Wallace and of William Tell in behalf of their country; but Judas Maccabeus surpassed both, and with more brilliant success. The actions of one family of Jewish priests, belonging to a town (Modin) of which the very site is unknown, might dignify the scutcheons of a whole aristocracy. Under them the Hebrews were again, for three reigns, an independent and even a powerful people.

The empire of the Romans was now extending itself to the east; and that power being called in to aid the Hebrews on one occasion (about 70 years before Christ), seized the opportunity to establish its influence among them permanently. Their kings, the three Herods, and their other rulers, were now dependants of the emperor, and their country the tributary of Rome. But they were by this time a people scattered over the whole earth; their captivities and emigrations had taken them abroad, and their intelligence or knowledge had rendered them prosperous; so that, when, about 70 years after our Saviour's birth, those who remained at home engaged in a rebellion against the Romans, and were slain in tens and hundreds of thousands at the capture of Jerusalem, the misfortune had no more effect in extinguishing the Jewish name than it would have now.

As in the case of Egypt, already detailed, the country of the Jews, now known chiefly by the name of Palestine, became a conquest of the Saracens, a half-civilized Arabian people, and the professors of Mahomedanism. Since that event it has been the seat of barbaric ignorance, and been little visited. Of the Jews themselves, few are found in their ancient territory, the nation being scattered over the face of the whole earth, yet in its misfortunes maintaining an individuality so surprising as to be almost miraculous, and as if designed, according to the prophecies of the sacred writers, to be at some period restored to the beloved Zion from which it has been banished.

* HUNTING ADVENTURES.

THE following anecdote is abridged from that clever periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*, of March 1831, where it is given upon the authority of a Danish writer. Whether true or not, it possesses a power and force of description altogether its own:—

About three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer, and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favourite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and in-

numerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the paroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side: the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap-tree; the splendid mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen-oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone; and, after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm.

We then continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid, that the steel-work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—everywhere a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewn upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!"—and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the

stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance shewed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs; and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived, by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her ef-

forts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewn our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and, with his sword, divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand

grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Some hastened away in search of the body, and I remained with my wounded friend, who still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to return back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewn with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe.

DIGESTION.

THE food being received into the stomach, is prepared for assimilation with the body by digestion. This process—to borrow the words of an acute modern writer—taken in its most general and most proper sense, may be defined the conversion of dead into living matter; at all events, it is the conversion of dead animal and vegetable substances into an animalized fluid, qualified to enter into the current of the circulation, and then to become part and parcel of the living machine. No other fluid, not even milk from the living udder, can be poured into the blood-vessels without risk of life; and, therefore, we are authorised to conclude, that the chyle (that is, the digested food) is a vitalized fluid, like the blood itself.

There have been various opinions concerning the manner in which the digestive process is carried on. The ancients supposed that it was effected by heat; and this opinion was formed from a consideration of the situation of the stomach, which they thought was in the hottest part of the body, being placed in the cavity of the abdomen, and surrounded by numerous soft organs. That heat acts as an auxiliary to digestion, is not to be doubted; but it can never be considered as a principal agent in the process; for cold-blooded animals are known to digest their food sufficiently well to supply the wants of the machine; their temperature is but little higher than that of the atmosphere.

Another idea was that of *fermentation*; but the food does not remain a sufficient time in the stomach to allow of fermentation; nay, if this process should take place, it would induce disease. The best founded theory is that of solution; that is, of solution through the means of a very peculiar solvent. Rheumur inclosed alimentary matter in tubes, which were pervious at both ends, and introduced them into the stomach of animals; when they were discharged, he found that the substances which he had inclosed in the tubes were so acted upon by the gastric juice as to become almost dissolved. Sometimes a part of the stomach itself has been found dissolved or digested after death; but this phenomenon is rarely found in those who have died of any lingering malady; it usually occurs in such as die suddenly, and are at the time immediately previous to their death in good health; it is observable also, that in these cases it is always the upper portion of the stomach which disappears. The following interesting experiments, made by Dr Stevens, will show, in a very forcible manner, the effect of this peculiar process of solution. The first series which we shall describe was made upon a man who was in the habit of swallowing stones. Alimentary matter was introduced into hollow silver spheres, divided into two cavities by a partition, and having a number of apertures on the surface, to allow the gastric juice to mix freely with the food. In one experiment a portion of *meat* was put into one of the cavities, and into the other a portion of *fish*: when the sphere was discharged, both the substances were found to have been acted upon by the gastric juice, but more especially the fish. In another experiment, the Doctor wished to ascertain if the cooking of meat retarded its digestibility. For this purpose he introduced a quantity of boiled meat into one part of the sphere, and some roast into the other, when it was ascertained that the boiled meat was more dissolved than the roast. The next discovery he wished to make was the comparative effect of this extraordinary solvent upon food previously masticated, and upon that which was swallowed whole. This experiment was conducted like the former, and the food, which was previously masticated, was more dissolved than the other.

Finding that animal substances thus submitted to the action of the gastric juice were easily digested, he made many similar experiments on vegetables, which were also digested, but not so speedily as animal matter. Inanimate substances not being so readily soluble, he next inquired how far living animals were capable of resisting the action of the gastric juice.

To ascertain this, he inclosed a leech in a sphere, to prevent its wounding the stomach. The man swallowed it, and, when voided, nothing was found in the

sphere but a viscid black miasma, the undefined remains of the digested leech.

Dr Stevens, having no longer an opportunity of conducting his experiments on the man, had recourse to dogs and ruminating animals. Having previously weighed a quantity of animal and vegetable matter, he inclosed them in different ivory spheres, and made a dog swallow them. Some hours after this the dog was killed, and the animal food was found to be by far the most dissolved. The gastric juice of these animals has such a strong solvent power, that the ivory spheres which were employed were found to have been acted upon. He then made several experiments on herbivorous animals, by giving them animal and vegetable substances inclosed in different tubes. When these were discharged, the animal food had undergone no alteration; while, on the contrary, there were no remains of the vegetable matter.

These experiments plainly prove that digestion is by solution, in which process the gastric juice is the principal and general agent that acts upon the food, dissolves it, and combines with it previous to its propulsion into the intestines, where the process of assimilation is further advanced. It also appears, from these experiments, that some animals can only digest vegetable substances, while others are only capable of digesting animal food—every species of animal having, in fact, its peculiar gastric juice.—*New London Literary Gazette.*

SICILY.

IN common apprehension, Sicily is a good place for the scene of a dark-blue romance about castles, and dukes, and priests, and daggers. Nobody knows any thing about the place; and the writers of fiction, presuming upon the public ignorance, have taken occasion to people it with a world of their own, which they might almost as well place in Great Britain, if it were not that they would be found out if they did. This is not right. Sicily has as good a right to be known for exactly what it is, and what it contains, as any place; and we therefore present the following account of it from the work of a recent and most intelligent traveller: *

The island of Sicily, which lies in the Mediterranean Sea, at the most southerly extremity of Italy, possesses a population of only a million and a half. The disproportion of nobles is great, there being in this small kingdom, exclusively of the royal family, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and other church dignitaries, no less than one hundred and twenty-seven princes, seventy-eight dukes, one hundred and forty marquises, with counts, barons, and knights almost innumerable. Many of these titles, however, never wore the honourable badges of power and trust, but simply marks of distinction, conferring little more than local importance, and bestowed by the crown for various services. The baronial peers alone possess any influence in the country, and are entitled to sit in the Upper House of Parliament.

A few of the nobles attend to public affairs, and shew a considerable share of talent and sagacity; but, from defective education, and from being deprived of the advantages of travelling, the majority have narrow and contracted ideas, which lead them to prefer the dissipation and the heartless pleasures of the capital, to rural, literary, or scientific pursuits. So far from enjoying the varied beauties of Sicilian landscape, their country excursions, called *Villeggiature*, are confined to a residence of about a month in spring and autumn, at a small distance from the great towns, where the time is passed in the usual routine of paying and receiving visits, in those monotonous assemblies called *conversazioni*, and in gambling. In their deportment they are obliging, affable, and attentive, though very ceremonious. Those violations of truth and morality that so frequently cloud the brightest titles, may be attributed to the neglect of the domestic ties, to their indolence, and to the effects of bad example.

In this elevated class the rights of primogeniture are so strictly exercised, that the eldest son alone is well provided for; the others, being retainers for life, on a small pension, called "*Il piatto*," or dinner-cover, at the father's or elder brother's table, are driven to mean habits; and, as they are not allowed to marry, and are generally deficient in military or civil enterprise, they abandon themselves to idleness, vice, and debauchery.

There is also a class of nobility miserably poor, whose honours never had any patrimony annexed to them, and who are yet too vain to permit themselves or their progeny to engage in commercial or professional undertakings; and it is this class that, by its misdeeds, has lowered the respectability of the whole Sicilian peerage.

A pompous affectation of title is, indeed, the principal trait of the Sicilian character, and is as observable in the vain inscriptions which their public edifices, fountains, and statues display, as in the metaphoric superscriptions of letters in use among all

ranks; for even tradesmen address each other *Most Illustrious*, and a letter to any gentleman scarcely ranking with an esquire in England, is addressed as pompously as to the first peer of the realm.

Most of the nobles have a palace of their own, which goes by their name; but very few, if any, have an establishment sufficiently numerous to occupy the whole building, and many let even the "*appartamento nobile*," or second floor, restricting themselves to an inferior suite of rooms. They are proud of having a tall robust man as porter at the gate, decked out in more gorgeous livery than any of their other servants, with mustachios, a huge cocked hat and feather, broad cross-belt and hanger, and a large silver-headed cane.

In Sicily every house is a palace, and every handicraft a profession; every respectable person is addressed as his Excellency, and even a servant on an errand is charged with an embassy. This attachment to ostentation is so inveterate, that the poorer nobility and gentry are penurious to an extreme in their domestic arrangements, and almost starve themselves to be able to appear abroad in the evening with an equipage, often mean, and calculated rather to indicate poverty than comfort.

All the Fine Arts are at a very low ebb in Sicily, while the mechanics are idle, and have no notion of constant work. Although there is a manifest decay in the genius of their literature, some expressive sonnets and pastoral poems of merit, with a few works on jurisprudence, ethics, mineralogy, mathematics, natural philosophy, and archæology, however disguised in diffuse and inflated language, prove that talent has not fled from amongst them; but statistics are neglected, and reviews, travels, romances, tales, plays, and other lively productions, are almost strangers to their press. Perhaps the custom of submitting manuscripts to the inspection of supervisors and censors, has contributed to clog the flights of fancy, and occasioned the suppression of many an elegant treatise; for even their "*Opuscoli*, *Effemeridi*, *Notizie Letterarie*," and various other journals, have severally existed but for a short period. From the causes before enumerated, female readers are few, and writers of that sex unknown. Of private libraries there is a great dearth. Public libraries are numerous, though but little attended; and foreign authors, except a favoured few, (those principally German that have been translated,) are interdicted; for the least reference to freedom of opinion, in religion or politics, is sufficient to prohibit their introduction into the country. Scarcely any English works, except *Young's Night Thoughts* and *Hervey's Meditations*, are in circulation. The names of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other British bards, have barely pierced the gloomy atmosphere of Sicilian prejudice; and even Shakespeare was only latterly introduced to public notice, by a ballet founded on *Macbeth*. Scott, Crabbe, Byron, and other ornaments of the present day, have found a few admirers; some of our new works on chemistry and medicine became known and esteemed, during the occupation of the island by the British troops, when many students were received as assistants into our military hospitals.

Gambling seems to be still more universal than any other pursuit; it is the inveterate vice of all ranks.

Besides the riches of her mineral and vegetable products, Sicily boasts the finest fisheries in the Mediterranean Sea. There is a destructive method of fishing practised, called the *Bilancella*, in which two latine-rigged vessels, with a fresh breeze, drag an immense net by means of hawsers, which draws in every thing in its course.

In eating, the Sicilians are generally temperate, though there are many exceptions; and when an entertainment is given, the guests are expected to taste of all the dishes, which are, therefore, successively handed round by the servants, after having been carved. At the feasts of the great, the head of the table is opposite the door where the servants enter, and is appropriated to the most honoured of the company, while the dependants are ranged at the opposite end, around the family chaplain, who is, too often, the butt of the party. The meal commences with soup, which is followed by maccaroni, vegetables variously dressed, and shell-fish, called "*frutti di mare*." The table, during the changes, remains garnished with small plates of raw ham, anchovies, olives, and fresh figs, and melon when in season; then come bouilli, huge fish, made dishes, roast meats, salad, luscious pastry, and, lastly, fruit and coffee. Wine is plentifully drunk during the repast, sometimes accompanied with "*brindisi*," a kind of toast, expressed in an extemporaneous complimentary couplet, ending with, and rhyming, either to the name of the guest, or that of the host; and, latterly, the English custom of pledging has been frequently adopted. When the dessert is finished, every one rises with the ladies, a measure that contributes greatly to prevent excess. From the jealousy of their government, they are deprived of that fertile topic of conversation, political discussion. The habit of pilfering at entertainments is a singular meanness, derived from the Romans, and still in full practice, as is also that of placing good wine at the

upper end of a table, and bad, or indifferent, among the dependants. The rage to excel in the size of fish for their grand entertainments, yet exists; and I have seen the late Prince of Butera, than whom nobody better understood good cheer, place a whole tunny, garnished round with mullet, like a leviathan, in the centre of his festive board.

Besides the usual fare, snails, ink-fish, frogs, hawks, jacksaws, and small birds of every kind, are eaten; but maccaroni, with cheese grated over it, is the standard and favourite dish of all classes; and there are not a few, even of their public characters, renowned for their prowess in its attack; a kind of honour, corresponding to that enjoyed by our five and six bottle men. Their bread is very fine, and of good quality, with the sweetish seeds of the "*gingiolina*," an indigenous Sicilian plant, strewed over it. They eat a greater quantity of salads, fruit, pulse, and other vegetables, than, perhaps, would be wholesome, were they not qualified by numerous culinary ingredients, among which cinnamon and other spices, sugar, oil, and garlic, form a prominent feature.

The usual drinks are light wines, lemonade, and orgeat; beer and tea they are strangers to, except medicinally. Iced creams are a favourite luxury, with which they daily regale themselves, besides drinking iced water at their meals, sometimes corrected by a few drops of "*zambù*," a spirit distilled from aniseed.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

"THERE is perhaps nothing more difficult to an American traveller (continues Mr Fergusson, in his *Notes on the United States and Canada*) than to assign their due and proper status to the places which he may visit on the Western Continent, where a mill and a few paltry stores or shops start, as it were by magic, into importance, and where he will hear of the busy transactions of men, carried on in villages or towns, which he may look for in vain upon his map. Buffalo [a town at the east end of Lake Erie, opposite the Canadian frontier] was becoming a place of some importance in 1814, when it was burnt by the British in a hostile incursion, and would, in our old *joy-trot* part of the world, have been most probably thereby utterly extinguished, or thrown back for a long and indefinite period. Not so, however, here. A spirit of enterprise, which, without doubt, characterises the citizens of America, forbade the local advantages of such a place to remain dormant. The town is now rapidly advancing in wealth and trade, full of bustling merchants, and stores amply provided with the products of every quarter of the globe. The navigation of the great inland seas [Lakes Erie, Ontario, Superior, &c.], and of the Grand Canal [which, by means of the Hudson river, communicates with the Atlantic at New York] here uniting, must confirm the prosperity of Buffalo; and the influx of emigrants flowing through it, to secure the rich and virgin treasures of the western lands, is almost without example. At this time [about eighteen months ago] the numbers were such, that it required compulsory measures to clear the decks of the daily steamers upon Lake Erie. The population of Buffalo (I believe) at this time is about 7000. Besides the concourse of strangers common to the season, the town was particularly crowded, during my visit, from the interest excited by the incorporation of a new bank, of which the shares were to be at this time apportioned, and being considered an extremely good investment, a downright scramble ensued for the stock. The capital had been fixed by the State Legislature at 200,000 dollars; but in a few minutes a million and a half were subscribed, and the greatest disappointment expressed by those who had failed to obtain shares, and many of whom had come a great distance for that purpose. The dividend was expected at once to reach 10 per cent.

"I took my departure this morning from Buffalo, by the track-boat on the Erie Canal, for Rochester, a distance of 94 miles. Fare $3\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, or 16s. 9d., three capital meals included. These boats are much in use by travellers; they are moderate in their charges, comfortable, and well regulated. The cabins are provided with books and pamphlets, and the table abundantly supplied with good cheer. The upper deck affords a pleasant promenade, with fine views of the country, though rather frequently interrupted by innumerable bridges upon the canal, so near the deck that it is absolutely indispensable to descend upon approaching them. The Erie Canal is undoubtedly a magnificent work, and reflects high credit upon those who planned it, and upon the legislature of the state of New York, who have carried it into effect, within the short period of five years, at an expense of 8,000,000 of dollars. It is the property of the state. The outlay has been most judicious, and will produce large returns to the public exchequer, besides the incalculable collateral advantages which it must confer upon the state. It has made a very prosperous opening this spring. Upon the 23d of April, the collection of dues amounted to 4483 dollars, or about L.1200; and the average since has been about L.450 per day. The canal is 40 feet wide at top, 28 at bottom, and 4 deep. The whole extent is 360 miles. Soon after leaving Buffalo, my eye was attracted to a strange-looking barge, which proved to be a floating menagerie, and I gave *Jonathan* credit for the idea. The great length

* Memoirs descriptive of Sicily and its islands, interspersed with antiquarian and other notices. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N. London, 1824.

of the canal, and the rich improving country which it intersects, will make the speculation, I dare say, a good one; and by judicious intervals in their visits, with a reasonable change of stock, it may expect to retain the charm of novelty. Another travelling establishment lay near it, containing a grocer's store, which must prove a considerable accommodation to families on the line of the canal, living distant from villages or towns.

"Lockport, 27 miles from Buffalo, has been rapidly transformed from the wilderness into a thriving village of perhaps 2000 inhabitants. The canal near this has been cut through the solid calcareous rock, for a distance of five miles, to a depth of from 5 to 30 feet, and still maintaining the general width of 40. At the termination of this stupendous excavation are placed five double combined locks, of handsome solid masonry. The descent, I believe, is about 70 feet, and the scene is altogether picturesque and interesting. After having been for above an hour immured by the rock on either side, you find yourself suddenly emerge, and approaching steadily to an abyss of a somewhat threatening aspect. Presently, however, a halt takes place, and the beautiful mechanism of the hydrostatic ladder transports you in safety to the plains below. You have in fact descended the Falls of Niagara, for it is the same ridge which intersects Canada, and you are now upon the level of Ontario. Next day we reached the far-famed Rochester; and here I took leave of the canal, intending to prosecute the remainder of my journey to Albany by land. Rochester is well known, to all who take an interest in America, as a remarkable instance of what may be done in the way of transition, and as exhibiting in its streets a perfect sample of the progress from stumps to steeples. It is certainly an interesting place, and presents a busy scene of manufacturing and commercial enterprise."—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE REV. ROBERT WALKER,

Otherwise styled, THE WONDERFUL WALKER.

MR WORDSWORTH, the poet of the English Lakes, in the notes to his poetical volume styled "Sonnets on the River Duddon," gives a prose account of the Rev. Robert Walker, who acted for many years during the last century as curate of Seathwaite, in that part of the country. This person's character and mode of life are so perfectly extraordinary, and afford a picture so truly grateful to the moral affections, that we have resolved to make room for it in our columns.

In the year 1700, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar*; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses, the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Lowes-water; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Torver, in the vale of Conistoun—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds per annum; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

"Conistoun, July 26, 1754.

"SIR—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teasing and spinning

wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and, moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen, or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to any thing else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and I believe the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor?—a man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place:—

"The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about L.17, 10s., of which is paid in cash, viz. L.5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and L.5 from W. P. Esq. of P—, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and L.3 from the several inhabitants of L—, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at L.4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth L.3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings."

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of L.40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessities of life."

About the time when this was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful hand-writing, now lies before me), thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha; indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both."

And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My LORD—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair; if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places, by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr Walker to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful.

Besides being liberal in the education of his numerous family, he was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a

distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and, what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; entrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately, R. W."

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a-year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than L.2000, and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details. And to begin with his industry: Eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school-hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making, and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They in their turn complimented him with a present of a hay-cock or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was, in a strict sense, kept holy, the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind, not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper, or sometimes with a magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his

wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which in the winter evenings their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were, perhaps, produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessities of life," but afforded them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office; the poor and needy "he never sent empty away"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited. The feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom; they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that, upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord, would often give way before the breathings of his good will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations, that they should love their neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burdett's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious:—"There is a small chapel, in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages all added together

amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact, that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

It would be unpardonable to omit, that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "she was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin, and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

THE PERSECUTIONS OF GENIUS.

THE successful efforts of genius have not been more remarkable in the biography of eminent individuals, than the miseries which have often, during barbarous times, been endured by men of learning and scientific skill, through the ignorance of the very persons whom they intended to benefit. It is only, indeed, in the present age that we find the discoverers of new arts and sciences rewarded with the approbation of their fellows, if not with more substantial gifts; and in considering what has from first to last been the amount of the cruel persecutions of the learned, the existing generation can hardly believe it credible that so much wanton abuse of power can have been exercised. On this subject of melancholy interest, D'Issraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, has collected a variety of striking particulars. "Before the times of Galileo and Harvey (says this accurate writer), the world believed in the diurnal immovability of the earth, and the stagnation of the blood; and for denying these, the one was persecuted, and the other ridiculed. The intelligence and virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecutions, swallowed poison. The great geometricians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Virgilus, Bishop of Salzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving stenography, or the art of secret writing, having published some curious works on that subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries. Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow his sentiments regarding the motion of the earth, the truth of which must have been abundantly manifest: He was imprisoned in the Inquisition, and visited by Milton, who tells he was then *poor* and *old*. Cornelius Agrippa—a native of Cologne, and distinguished by turns as a soldier, philosopher, physician, chemist, lawyer, and writer, was believed to be a magician, and to be accompanied by a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog—was so violently persecuted that he was obliged to fly from place to place; the people beheld him as an object of horror, and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach: This ingenious man died in an hospital. When Urban Grandier, another victim of the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him.

"Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albertus Magnus—an eminent philosopher of the thirteenth century—constructed an automaton, or curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas (a celebrated theologian) imagined it to be the work of the devil, and struck it with his staff, which, to the mortification of the great Albert, annihilated the labour of thirty years. Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland when he first published his opinions: Voetius, a person of influence, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century."

THE SCOTTISH COTTAR.

THE peasantry of Scotland have been long noted for the simplicity and purity of their manners, as well as for their sagacity and spirit of independence. Burns, in his "Cottar's Saturday Night," feelingly embodies an exceedingly accurate detail of their character and manners, with which his birth and early life led him to be peculiarly well acquainted. Though still maintaining the greater part of their ancient characteristics, the peasantry have been much modified in their habits of living and style of thinking. A taste for refinements in dress, and a less sober system of manners, have in most places broken down the old distinctions of their class, while their deportation from the soil, and the destruction of their hamlets, in consequence of the modern practice of farming on a large scale with improved machinery, have tended to cast them loose on society, and make them totally regardless of their ancient masters, the landed proprietors. The settlement of Irish emigrants has been another obvious cause in reducing the tone of the peasantry, and is one which, in all likelihood, in a certain space of time, will leave no remnant of a class, which for ages has been an object of national boasting.

There are few places in Scotland traversed by the tourist which can now offer a perfect specimen of the old Scottish peasant and his family, nearly the whole land having undergone a change as wonderful as it has been rapid. Perhaps, in the wilder parts of Ayrshire and Galloway, or in the secluded vales of Nithsdale, the "cottar's ha" is to be found in a more primitive condition, as to its structure and inmates, than in any other part of the country. The following picture of one of these rude residences, with the venerable rites of which it was often the scene, presented by Mr Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," is extremely interesting, and may be given as a memorial of the former condition of our respected peasantry:—

"On entering a neat thatched cottage, when past the partition or hallan, a wide, far projecting chimney piece, garnished with smoked meat, met your eye. The fire, a good space removed from the end wall, and contained in a grate open all round. Behind this were benches stretching along the gable, for the use of the family as well as for all visitors. The cottar sire was placed on the left of the fire, removed from the bustle of housewifery. A settle of oak, antequely carved, and strewn with favourite texts of Scripture, was the good man's seat, where he rested after the day's fatigue, nursing and instructing his children. His library shelf above him displayed his folio Bible, covered with rough calf-skin, wherein were registered his children's names and hour of birth; some histories of the old reforming worthies, the sacred books of his fathers, lay carefully adjusted and pretty much used; and the acts and deeds of Scotland's saviour, Wallace, and the immortal Bruce, were deemed worthy of holding a place among the heroic divines who had won the heavenly crown of martyrdom. Above these were hung a broad sword and targe, the remains of ancient warfare, which happily the hand of peace had long forgot to wield. From the same pin depended the kirk-cut of corn—the name given to the last handful of grain cut down on the harvest field—curiously braided and adorned with ribbons. Beside him was his fowling-piece, which, before the enactment of game laws, supplied his family with venison and fowls in their season. At the end of the lang-settle was the window, which displayed a few panes of glass and two oaken boards, that opened like shutters, for the admission of air. On the gudewife's side appeared her articles of economy and thrift. A dresser, replenished with pewter plates, with a large lead chest of carved oak, extended along the side wall; bunches of yarn hung from a loft or flooring, made of small wood or ryse, spread across the joisting, and covered with moor turf. The walls, white with lime, were garnished with dairy utensils (every cottar almost having one or two kye). At each side of the middle entry was a bed, sometimes of very curious and ingenious workmanship, being posted with oak, and lined with barley straw, finely cleaned, and inwoven with thread; these were remarkably warm and much valued.

"Family worship was performed every evening; but on the Sabbath morning it was attended with peculiar solemnity. At that season all the family, and frequently some of the neighbours, presented themselves before the aged village apostle. He seated himself on the lang-settle, laying aside his bonnet and plaid. His eldest child came submissively forward, and, undraping the Bible, placed it across his father's knees. After a few minutes of religious silence, he meekly lifts his eyes over his family to mark if they are all around him; and decorous. Opening the Bible he says—in a tone of simple and holy meekness—"Let us reverently worship our God by singing the (eighth) Psalm." He reads it aloud; then gives or recites line after line, leading the tune himself. *The Martyrs* is a chosen air, so called in honour of those men who displayed a zeal worthy of the name, and perished in "the Persecution." All the family join in this exquisitely mournful tune till the sacred song is finished. A selected portion of Scripture is then read from the sublime soarings of Isaiah, or the solemn morality of Job. As the divine precepts of his Saviour are the sacred rules by which the good man shapes the conduct of his children, Isaiah's fifty-third chapter, where the coming of the Redeemer is foretold, is the soul-

lifting favourite of rustic devotion. It is read with an exalted inspiration of voice, accordant with the subject. The family rise as he clasps the book, fall down on their knees, bowing their heads to the ground. The good man, kneeling over his Bible, pours his prayer to heaven in a strain of feeling and fervent eloquence. His severity of church discipline relaxes in the warmth of his heart:—'May our swords become ploughshares, and our spears reaping-hooks: May all find grace before thee!'

"There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish Sabbath morn presents, when the wind is low, the summer sun newly risen, and all the flocks at browse by the waters and by the woods: how glorious then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chant of the cottarmair's psalm spreading from hamlet and village!"

STREETS.

THE people of Great Britain, who are so much accustomed to the use of certain comforts not known in other nations, that they are hardly aware of possessing any thing peculiar, do not sufficiently appreciate the comparative excellence of the pavement of their streets. Throughout the greater part of the Continent the streets are kept in an execrable condition. There are no water or gas pipes laid;* no proper establishment of lamps; few or no common sewers, the whole liquid refuse of the town flowing in the gutters; and, what is worst of all, no side pavements for foot passengers. When foreigners land in this our well-regulated island, the first thing which astonishes them is the side pavements, of which they had previously little or no knowledge. Bonaparte felt chagrined at the want of these comfortable appliances to the streets of Paris, and in some of his improvements attempted a piece of side pavement, which is esteemed one of the wonders of that city. It is somewhat remarkable that in the destroyed towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, there were side pavements, which shews that the invention is by no means British.

In illustrating this subject, Beckmann, in his *History of Institutions and Inventions*, has the following observations:—

"The public accommodations now so commonly found in every great town, are considered as so indispensably necessary, that they are generally supposed to have been coeval with the first erection of cities; yet, if we inquire into the antiquity of many of them, we shall find that some, of the most obvious utility, were not only unknown to the most splendid capitals of ancient times, but are, in fact, comparatively modern improvements.

Among the first of all public conveniences is that of a facility of locomotion; and hence we find that the Greeks and Romans paid particular attention to the construction of their roads. But it is somewhat singular, that they were at the same time indifferent as to the state of their streets; and although one might imagine that men would be more desirous of a good pavement in front of their houses, where they daily trod, than on highways which they could seldom have occasion to use, it is nevertheless certain that the streets of ancient Rome were only very partially paved during its most brilliant era, and are described by authors of that period as being filled with dirt.

Although the most minute accounts have been transmitted of the buildings in many of the Grecian cities, yet we hear nothing of the pavement of any of them: except, indeed, that the streets of Thebes were under the inspection of certain officers, whose duty it was to keep them in repair; from which some persons have inferred that they were paved.

The oldest pavement of which we have any account, in modern cities, is that of Cordova, in Spain, which was paved with stones so early as the middle of the ninth century, while under the dominion of the Moors, in the thirtieth year of the reign of the Caliph Abdulrahman II., who also caused water to be conveyed into the city in leaden pipes.

Paris was the next to adopt this improvement; but it did not take place there until the year 1184, on which occasion Rigord, the historian of Philip II., says, 'that the name of the city was changed from Lutetia, by which it had been previously called on account of its filthiness, to that of Paris the son of Priam.' What connection there was between the city and Priam does not appear; but he tells us that the king, standing one day at a window of his palace, and remarking that the dirt thrown up by the carts produced a most noxious stench, resolved to remedy the nuisance by causing the streets to be paved. We may, indeed, conjecture how offensive they must have previously been, from the circumstance that swine were constantly permitted to wallow in them, until a prince of the blood being killed by a fall from his horse, in consequence of a sow running between its legs, an order was issued that they should not in future be suffered in the streets. But against this the monks of the Abbey of St Anthony remonstrated strongly, insisting that it was a want of respect to their patron to prevent his pigs from going wherever they pleased; and it was, in consequence, found ne-

cessary to grant them the exclusive privilege of wallowing in the mire without molestation, only requiring the holy fathers to turn them out with bells about their necks.

The streets of London were not paved in the eleventh century; nor is it certain at what time this improvement was first introduced. In 1090, Cheap-side was of such soft earth, that when the roof of Bow Church was blown off by a violent gale of wind, four of the beams, each twenty-six feet long, were so deeply buried in the street, that little more than four feet remained above the surface. The first toll that we know of in England, for repairing the highways, was imposed in the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III., for mending the road between St Giles's and Temple Bar. It was not until 1417 that Holborn was paved, though it was often impassable from its depth of mud. Even during the reign of Henry VIII. many of the streets are represented as 'very foul, and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious, as well for all the King's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriage; and Smithfield was without pavement until 1614. In 1678, Commissioners of Sewers were appointed: but we learn from a proclamation of the Lord Mayor, in the following year, that the paving and cleansing of the city were still much neglected, and, in fact, down to 1762, the streets of the metropolis were generally obstructed with stalls, sheds, sign-posts, and projections of various kinds. Each inhabitant paved before his own door, in such manner, and with such materials, as pride, poverty, or caprice might suggest: there were no flagged trottoirs—the footway was exposed to the carriage-road, except in some of the leading streets, where they were separated by a line of posts and chains, or by wooden paling. In that year the 'Westminster Paving Act' passed, from which we may date all those improvements which have rendered London superior in cleanliness and accommodation for passengers to any other city in Europe.

They who are only accustomed to the pure air and clean streets of London, will scarcely believe that many large cities are even yet in a great measure destitute of the convenience of water-closets. Madrid was without this improvement at a time when it was found by English navigators near the habitations of the savages of New Zealand, and most of the towns throughout Spain are still deficient in that respect. In the streets of Lisbon the filth is suffered to accumulate in heaps, which, in the summer months, are dried into dust and scattered by the wind, and in the winter are partially carried off by the rain; hogs and unowned dogs are the only scavengers; and, in some of the narrow lanes of the old town, the inhabitants are supposed never to have seen the pavement. It is only a few years since the streets of Warsaw ceased to be the common receptacle of every kind of dirt. Even those of the now elegant Berlin were never cleaned until about the middle of the seventeenth century; and hog-sties were at that time to be found immediately under the windows.

The pavement of the cities of Holland is superior to any other, both from being entirely composed of that kind of brick which we call clinkers, and from its being but little worn by carriages. The Dutch could scarcely be otherwise than cleanly, from the abundance of water in all the streets of their large towns."

The streets of Edinburgh, which were formerly in an uncleanly condition, are now kept in the best order, through the exertions of the police, and the improvement in manners in the inhabitants. The side pavement of this city, from the quantity of fine freestone in the neighbourhood, is also excellent, and is, perhaps, superior to that of any other town in the world.

SONG.

MINNIE TO HER SPINNIN'-WHEEL.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
The roods and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gow! at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care na for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Hey, how the towslat now comes down!
Hey, how the wheel rins round and round!
How merrily, hey, the tirlin' pin
Snaps wi' its iron teeth the yarn,
Aye followin' fast the birrin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Kate's bridal day will soon be here,
And she maun ha her pairt of gear;
The weaver's hands are toom of war;
He's crying loud for sheet or sark,
And flytes you, lazy spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Haud aff, ye bairns! touch nae the rock;
Play farer aff, we Jean and Jock;
For minnie is taksit and set to hae
A braw linen wae ere sweet May-day,
Wi' birrin' at her spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
The roods and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gow! at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care na for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

COTTON TRADE.

Of the cotton cloth made in England, three hundred and sixty million yards are annually exported, and three hundred and ninety-nine million yards are retained for home consumption. This was the state of the cotton trade upon an average of years from 1824 till 1828.

AN ITALIAN ROBBER.

At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting up travellers upon a night has been furnished the facetious Grimaldi himself with a bandit scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at night through the woods; here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted of a not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen of well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, travelled arms, and other appendages well suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postilion to stop; he then made the conductor and the passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the woods, he desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers—"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear." This modern Rolando was sent to hard labour for life in the galleys. It appeared on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the woods, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers who appeared determined to stand their ground; they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley, and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand: of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.—*Goldsmith's Statistics of France.*

TORTOISE-SHELL.

The following singularly barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the Singapore Chronicle:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is, however, a proof of the want of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

USE OF FORKS.

A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; and a German by using the knife particularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table. An affectation of the French usages in this respect seems now to be gaining ground in this country.

MONSIEUR LE CHAT.

Mr Shaw, an agent of one of the Fur Trading Companies, had passed many years in the interior of the North-West Territory, and was the voyageur called *Monsieur Le Chat*. On quitting the Indian country, he married a Canadian lady, by whom he had several children. Some years after this event, one of his old foremen, named Louis La Liberté, went to Montreal to spend the winter. He had heard of his old *bourgeois's* marriage, and was anxious to see him. Mr Shaw was walking on the Champ de Mars with the young couple, and as they were about to cross the bridge, he immediately ran up, and seizing him by both hands, began as follows:—"Ah, mon cher Monsieur Le Chat, comment vous portez-vous?"—"Très bien, Louison."—"Et comment se porte Madame La Chatte?"—"Bien, bien, Louison! elle est très bien."—"Et tous les petits Chatsons?"—"This was too much for Mr Shaw, who answered shortly, that *kittens* and *cats* were well, and telling him to go, he turned away with a queer expression of the face. The *Catechistical* Louison quite astonished at the abruptness of his departure.—*Ross Cox's Adventures.*

FRANCE.—CHEAP LITERATURE.

Cheap literature is becoming even more prevalent in Paris than in London; that is to say, literature of a particular class. I have now before me five prospectuses of works of this nature; the first a collection of the principal works, comprising *Le Génie, l'Art, l'Anquet, l'Esprit, &c.* beautifully printed, and illustrated by maps and portraits; it is published in weekly volumes, containing about two hundred pages each, at twelve sous, or sixpence per volume; the next comprises the complete works of Buffon, edited by Cuvier, and published in the same manner, and at the same price; the third is a translation of Sir Walter Scott's works, published in the same manner, but at fifteen sous per volume; the fourth is a collection of the most celebrated voyages in every country, and will form two hundred volumes, in 18mo., published in a similar manner, at thirteen sous per volume; and the fifth comprises an admirable selection of all the best authors in the French language, at twelve sous per volume; the whole are got up in a style which would make them admissible to any library, while the price and mode of publication render them accessible to those to whom otherwise they would be for ever forbidden fruit. In the last-mentioned work, *L'Histoire de Charles XII.* is comprised in one volume for sixpence, and his *Siecles de Louis XIV.* and *Louis XV.* in another. The importance of publications of this description is most perceived with reference to the rising generation. Young people allowed to appropriate sixpence per week in this manner, instead of squandering it as formerly, feel at once the pride of seeing their own library accumulate around them, and shame, if they are not masters of its contents. Hence the mind is early stored with materials for thinking, and it is easy to give a proper direction to the use of these materials when collected. The importance of general education becomes every more universally felt and acknowledged; even those who at first opposed it, find themselves carried away by the strong current of opinion, and are compelled (reluctantly, indeed, and not without some insidious efforts to poison the springs of truth) to lend their assistance to the great work.—*New Monthly Mag.*

THE PASHA.

However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and its derivation are scarcely familiar even to the "erudite few." The word itself is compounded of the Persian "pashaw," or the shah's foot, and is a standing memorial of the designations which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state, calling them his feet, hands, eyes, and ears. Those entrusted with domestic affairs were styled "the eyes"; the secret emissary was termed "the ear"; the tax-gatherer "the hands"; the warrior "the foot"; and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, the "tongue of equity."

* It was overlooked in our last number, that the Duke of Richmond alluded to in the anecdote near the end, was the late Duke.

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* Gas is now, or was lately, manufactured at Brussels, but on a scale which is surpassed by any Scottish country town.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MONSIEUR MOLLIN.*

ABOUT the end of the last war, a considerable number of the French officers, who had been taken prisoners and sent to the dépôts in Scotland, were liberated upon their word of honour, and permitted to reside in the neighbouring towns, upon a certain small allowance made to them by our government. Amidst a host of dashing fellows who resided on this footing at the ancient burgh of Cairnton, in the south of Scotland, there were a few old personages who had been captured in the earlier years of the war, and almost grown grey in this species of honourable imprisonment. Some of these latter personages were so different in age and habits from the others—were so entirely, as it were, of a different generation or fashion of Frenchmen (for every thing about this nation changes in ten years)—that they hardly seemed to belong to the same country. While the gay young officers of the Emperor went frolicking about in long surtouts and moustaches, turning the heads of all the girls, and running into as much debt as possible with all the tradesmen, the ancient subalterns of the Republic and First Consul were a race of quiet, little, old, wind-dried men, with much of the *ancien régime* about them, wearing, in some cases, even the anti-revolutionary powder, and all of them as inoffensive as if they had been each sensible that he was in his own parish. A particular individual, called Monsieur Mollin, had become so perfectly assimilated with the people of the town, that he was not at all looked on in the light of a stranger. He lived in a small room, which he rented from a poor old "single woman," Lizzie Geddes by name, and nothing could be more simple or irreproachable than the whole tenor of his life. In the morning, before breakfast, he went to the public green, which he traversed in one particular direction exactly ten times. For the ducks which cruised along the neighbouring mill-race, he had a few crumbs: for the servant lasses, who spread their washings on the sod, he had a few complaisant observations. If Jamie Forbes, the shoemaker, happened to be leaning over the bottom-wall of his kail-yard, Monsieur Mollin would courteously salute him, and express a hope that Madame Forbes (otherwise called Kirsty Robertson) was well. If, in returning to breakfast, a group of weavers were found clustering about the head of the close, the benevolent old gentleman would join their conversation, and learn, perhaps, that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to set up a new kingdom, or that John Jamieson had got a new coat. After partaking of his frugal meal (consisting of the usual Scottish fare in humble life, porridge and milk), he would set out for a country walk, and perhaps return about one, with his pockets filled with *fir-tops*, which he made a practice of gathering in the plantations, in order that they might aid his landlady's little fire. He then ate his slender dinner, in company with Lizzie Geddes and her nephew, and had, it was said, as many polite observances in the matter of second-day's broth and a cold scrag of lamb, as if he had been seated at the table of a sovereign prince. In the evening, good Monsieur Mollin was to be seen, perhaps, mingling in the clamorous company who amused themselves in the bowling-green, or else enjoying another cool walk beside the mill-race, where, I well recollect, there was a little trodden footway, which I believed to have been solely formed by his own "constant feet," so exclusively, to my childish apprehension, did it seem appropriated to himself.

Lizzie Geddes, in whose humble garret Monsieur

Mollin occupied an apartment, was the daughter of a person who had been town-clerk in Cairnton, in an age far beyond the ken of the present generation; and an annuity of ten pounds was all that she could depend upon for her subsistence, the rent of her house being paid by what she got from Monsieur Mollin for his lodging. Though little removed above the condition of a pauper, she had had a good education, and possessed a mind of no vulgar cast. In her old age, she had been burdened with the duty of bringing up an orphan nephew, to which task, however, she applied with a zeal that went far beyond her humble means. As the boy showed an aptitude for learning, and as the school-fees at Cairnton were remarkably cheap, she was tempted to give him a classical education, instead of placing him at some trade by which he might have sooner begun to support himself. There was some hope of patronage from a distant relation, who, holding some inferior public office at Edinburgh, was looked upon at Cairnton as a person of immense consideration. But when application was made to this individual for the means of setting forward the youth at College, all those hopes were found to have been fallacious, and young Geddes, with the refined notions of a classical scholar, and at an age when ambition begins to bud in the human bosom, was obliged to abandon his books and become a shoemaker. Monsieur Mollin, who in all respects treated Miss Geddes as a sister, and took a sincere interest in the prospects of her nephew, was exceedingly chagrined at this sad reverse; but he was so poor himself that he could not help it. "If I ver not one poor prisoner," he would say, "if I ver once more in mine own cuntry, and had so much money as I once had, begar, Mademoiselle Geddes, your nephew should not stop till he ver one ministér, putting his head into one pulpit; but I am only one poor prisoner, with six shillings in de veek from your king—and what can I do with that?" The good old man was determined, nevertheless, that the youth should not forget his learning, or sink into the tastes and habits proper to his new condition. So, every evening after Thomas had returned from his work, he caused him to bring forth his books, and heard him execute a translation in Virgil or Livy before going to rest. Sometimes this was varied by other intellectual exercises, such as the reading of a novel from the circulating library. Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, or Thaddeus of Warsaw, or the Farmer of Inglewood Forest, or any other crack book of the year 1812, was borrowed at the cheap and easy price of eighteenpence a quarter, and read by Thomas to his aunt and her lodger, who generally became so much absorbed in the interest of the tale, that they heeded far less the progress of the war then going on in Russia, important as it was to the interests of both French and English, than they did the proceedings of the fictitious hero among a set of characters as shadowy as himself. Thus, while an ordinary person would have been apt to answer the common question of "what news?" by mentioning that Bonaparte had overthrown the Russian army at the Borodino, poor Lizzie Geddes would have been apt to state that Robert Bruce had just made his escape from the English court, with his horse's shoes put on backwards; her mind, in fact, running upon the last chapter she had heard read of the Scottish Chiefs.

For several years this little family lived in humble peace and general affection, with hardly an incident to ruffle the habitual calm. Monsieur Mollin daily exhibited his thin shanks, in white cotton stockings, on the beaten foot-path in the green, and every evening enjoyed mental pleasures beside his landlady's fire. Sunday after Sunday, he was to be seen gallant-

ing Miss Geddes to church; himself rigged out in a clean shirt, exhibiting a profusion of frill, and a large New Testament under his left arm; while she, on her part, tried to look as well as possible in a well-saved cardinal, first put on about forty years ago; Thomas bringing up the rear, in his leather cap and corduroys, with almost as much linen folded over his shoulders and back as what could be supposed to be in contact with his skin. Few persons in Cairnton lived a more blameless life, or were more generally respected.

At length, the tranquil contentment of this scene was broken up by the peace of 1814, which afforded to Monsieur Mollin, for the first time since his capture, an opportunity of returning to his native country. Had it been the old man's fate to live on and on as a prisoner till death, he would have been perfectly happy in his bonds, for time had so completely reconciled him to the present scene and manner of his existence, that he never formed a wish respecting any other. When it came to pass, however, that a residence in Cairnton was no longer a matter of necessity, when a possibility of returning to France actually arose, that which, in ordinary circumstances, ought to have been hailed as a blessing, became to him a bitterness and a misery. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I must leave you—I must go back *au ma patrie*: your king will give me no longer any money to live upon, and I must see what I can do in mine own cuntry. It is *tres grand malheur*—one great distress; for I do not expect that I vil find any one in Francé to love as much as you and your nephew. But vat can I do? how shall I pay my lodging? how shall I live?" The case was too clear to admit of argument; and Monsieur Mollin, therefore, packed up his baggage in an old satchel that had once held Thomas's books, and prepared to take his leave. In the first place, however, he made *two* walks each day for a week, to gather *fir-tops*, of which he was thus able to store up as many as promised to serve for a week after his departure. He then spent as much money as he possibly could spare, in purchasing a stock of sugar and tea for Miss Geddes; as likewise a few drugs, which she occasionally required for a particular malady to which she was subject. On the day when he and his fellow prisoners were appointed to march, it happened that Miss Geddes was confined to bed with this indisposition—a circumstance that added greatly to his distress. "Ah, pauvre Mademoiselle," said he, as with his own hand he mixed and brought forward her medicine, "*je suis bien fâché* at your *maladie*—that is, I am not vat you call *fashed*, but I am sorry—I am *penetré* with grief, that I should have to leave you on your bed of indisposition. Come now—*prenez votre medicin*, and make yourself better. Here is de cup; and I vil leave it on de little table, and you must take von other tea-spoonful in two hours more, and de good fille, Peggy Dickson, down stairs, she say she vil come soon and see if you vant any thing. I have myself taken de dirty vater away, and swept in de hearth-stone, and now let me put in de clothes at your back, and make you comfortable. One kiss, Mademoiselle—now adieu—God bless you for ever—adieu!" And they separated, with tears more bitter, perhaps, than any ever shed by youthful lovers when parting to meet no more.

About two months after the departure of Monsieur Mollin, his friends at Cairnton received a letter from him, informing them that he had got back to his native city of Bourdeaux, where he had the satisfaction to find that he had recently been left heir to a small property, which promised to maintain him in comfort during the remainder of his life. He was distressed, however, to learn that hardly any of his relations

* Our late article, entitled "ATTACHMENTS," serves, in some measure, as an introduction to the following tale, which is from real life.

were alive. The only one in whom he felt the least interested was a young girl, who had for some years been an orphan—the daughter of a niece who had once been his favourite, and a person, as he described her, of the most agreeable properties—quite fitted, he said, to become, in a few years, the wife of his young friend Thomas, provided they had an opportunity of seeing each other. He complained, however, of the change that had taken place in his absence, the effect of which was to render his native country far less kindred to him than even Scotland; and “it is not impossible,” he added, “that I may come back to Cairnton, and spend the remainder of my days with you.”

This was destined to be the actual consummation of his story. About six months after having left his humble lodging at Cairnton, Monsieur Mollin reappeared on the street, with a sprightly young Frenchwoman leaning on his arm. Quite disappointed with his native country and its new regime, he had made up his mind to return to the quiet little Scottish burgh, where he had spent so many happy years, and where dwelt almost the only two individuals of his race in whom he felt the slightest interest. The joy of the Geddases, as may be supposed, was boundless, more especially as Monsieur Mollin took an early opportunity of declaring his intention to complete the education of his friend Thomas, and push him forward in the profession he originally contemplated. In a few days the whole of the little party was established in a neat house in the suburbs, where it soon became apparent, to the delight of the benevolent Frenchman, that his niece and Thomas were exceedingly taken up about each other. In the process of time, the young man obtained a manse, and Eloise as his companion in its occupancy; and the latter days of Mollin and Miss Geddes have been spent in serenity and happiness.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

THE Mountain of Vesuvius, celebrated in ancient and modern times for the number and terrific violence of its volcanic eruptions, stands upon the shores of the Bay of Naples (an inlet of the Mediterranean Sea, on the west side of Italy), and is distant about eight miles from the Neapolitan metropolis. It is at present about 3400 feet high, having lost 800 feet of its height by the last eruption, which happened in 1822. Five miles from Vesuvius, and thirteen from Naples, stands, or rather stood, Pompeii, at the bottom of the above-named bay; and on the same coast, between Pompeii and Naples, but nearer to the latter city, and also to Vesuvius, was situated Herculaneum. Of the early history of these devoted cities, nothing certain is known: their origin is enveloped in the common and impenetrable darkness which hangs over remote ages. Strabo, however, has the following passage:—“This city (*i. e.* Herculaneum) and its next neighbour, Pompeii, on the river Sarnus, were originally held by the Osci, then by the Tyrrhenians and Pelasgians, then by the Samnites, who were in their turn expelled by the Romans.” Farther than this, it will be in vain to inquire.

SITUATION.

Both Pompeii and Herculaneum were sea-ports. The latter town is still very near the shore, but a mile of land now intervenes between Pompeii and the bay which formerly washed its buildings. This gain of land is owing to the filling up of the bed of the sea with volcanic matter. Pompeii occupied a small eminence, composed of the ancient effusions of lava from Vesuvius. Flights of stairs led down to the water's edge, and the lowest steps of these are said to be still on a level with the sea. The adjacent country was distinguished in all ages for its romantic loveliness and beauty. The whole coast as far as Naples was studded with villas, and Vesuvius, whose fires had been long quiescent, was itself covered with them. Villages were also thickly scattered all along the shores, and the scene presented the appearance of one vast city, cut into a number of sections by the luxuriant vegetation of the paradise in which it was embosomed. The following epigram of Martial gives an animated view of the scene previous to the dreadful catastrophe which so bloated this fair page of Nature's book:—

Here verdant vines o'erspread Vesuvius' sides;
The generous grape here poured her purple tides.
This Bacchus loved beyond his native scene;
Here dancing satyrs joyed to trip the green.
Far more than Sparta this in Venus' grace;
And great Alcides once renowned the place;
Now flaming embers spread dire waste around,
And gods regret that gods can so confound.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, IN THE YEAR 79.

The scene of luxurious beauty and tranquillity above described was doomed to cease, and the subterranean fire, which had been from time immemorial extinct in this quarter, again resumed its former channel of escape. The long period of rest which had preceded this event seems to have augmented the energies of the volcano, and prepared it for the terrible explosion. The first intimation of this was the occurrence of an earthquake in the year 63 after Christ, which threw down a considerable portion of Pompeii, and also did great damage to Herculaneum. In the year following, another severe shock was felt, which extended to Naples, where the Roman Emperor Nero was at the time exhibiting as a vocalist. The building in which he performed was destroyed, but, unfortunately, the musician had left it. These presages of the approach-

ing catastrophe were frequently repeated, until, in A.D. 79, they ended in the fatal eruption. Fortunately we are in possession of a narrative of the awful scene by an eye-witness, Pliny the younger, who was at the time at Misenum, with the Roman fleet commanded by his uncle Pliny the elder. The latter, in order to obtain a nearer view of the phenomena, ventured too far, and was suffocated by the vapours.* His nephew remained at Misenum, and describes the appalling spectacle in a very lively manner.

A dense cloud was first seen to ascend from Vesuvius to a great height, and, spreading itself out laterally as it rose, bore a strong resemblance (says Pliny) to a pine-tree. Darkness more profound than night enveloped the land for many miles round the mountain, occasionally alleviated by columns of blood-red fire, which were belched forth by the raging phlegmon, and appeared far more terrible than the utter gloom which they pierced. Showers of ashes and volumes of steam were spouted for miles into the sky, and then rained down again in torrents upon the earth, which, convulsed in every part, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship. The sea receded from the shore, as if it shrunk from the appalling scene, and left numbers of the finny tribes upon dry land. These horrors were augmented by the shrieks of the women and children, and the cries of the men—some lamenting their own fate, others that of their family—now “howling to their gods”—and anon finding consolation in the miserable belief that they were about to perish with the world itself.

No lava appears to have flowed from Vesuvius during this eruption; and hence Pompeii was buried under the shower of ashes and sand which continued to pour down for eight days. Much of this matter was deposited in a liquid state; which is accounted for by supposing that the steam projected into the air was condensed, and descended in torrents of rain. Proofs of this fact will be afterwards noticed. It was not by one eruption alone that the cities were covered to their present depth. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, and the lowest has evidently been moved while the others remained untouched—a proof that some time had elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants had made excavations in search of their property. This is further established by the fact, that few articles of intrinsic value have been found. But let us hasten to a period nearer our own, when the long-forgotten cities of antiquity were to be reclaimed from the sepulchre where they had lain unknown and undisturbed for nearly seventeen centuries, and again revisited by the glimpses of the moon.

DISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM.

Herculaneum, though buried many feet deeper than the other city which shared its fate, was the first discovered, by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk in 1713, which came down upon the Theatre, where the statues of Hercules and Cleopatra were soon found. It may well be conceived with what interest the intelligence was received, that a Roman city had been discovered, which, safely entombed under ground, had thus escaped the barbarian Goths and Vandals who ravaged Italy, or the sacrilegious hands of modern pillagers. The process of excavation began; but it was found so excessively tedious, from the depth and hardness of the volcanic products beneath which the city lay, that places formerly cleared it was found necessary to fill up again with the rubbish of new excavations. The Theatre alone is open to inspection, and it can only be seen by artificial light. Several articles of use or luxury were, however, obtained, which at present adorn various museums. But the disappointment felt at the obstacles opposed to the exhumation of Herculaneum, was repaired by the

DISCOVERY OF POMPEII.

This city, as was formerly observed, stood at a greater distance from Vesuvius than the companion of its fate; and hence the streams of lava which have successively flowed over the latter have never reached the former. The ashes, &c. under which it was buried, are of a loose and friable description, and, therefore, easily removed. The upper stories of the buildings, which were probably composed of wood, were either burned by the red-hot stones which fell upon them, or borne down by the weight of matter which collected on their roofs and floors. With this exception, the city may be said to stand as it did nearly two thousand years ago—the buildings unaltered from their original designs; furniture standing in all the disarrangement of recent use; paintings apparently fresh from the easel; articles of value abandoned in the precipitation of flight, as if they had dropped from the trembling hands of some fugitives, who, like Orpheus, were not permitted to look back even upon their dearest treasures. Memorials of a more impressive kind, the skeletons of some sufferers, also bear sad testimony to the suddenness of the doom which overtook them. One-fourth of Pompeii has

* The death of this celebrated naturalist was probably occasioned by carbonic acid gas. This noxious vapour must have been generated to a great extent during the eruption. It is heavier than common air, and, of course, occupies in greater proportion the substrata of that circumbient fluid. The supposition is greatly strengthened by the fact, that the old philosopher had lain down to rest; but the flames approaching him, he was compelled to rise, assisted by two servants, which he had no sooner done than he fell down dead.

now been rescued from its subterranean darkness, and laid open to the sun. Of this portion we shall endeavour to give as minute an account as our limits will permit.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF POMPEII.

The city was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced; and six gates and twelve towers have also been counted. Its greatest length is little more than three quarters of a mile, its breadth less than half a mile, and its circuit nearly two miles. It occupied an area of about one hundred and sixty-one acres. The general figure of the city is something like that of an egg. There have been excavated about eighty houses, an immense number of small shops, the public baths, two theatres, two basilice, eight temples, the prison, the amphitheatre, with other public buildings of less note, and also fountains and tombs.

The streets are paved with large irregular pieces of lava, neatly dovetailed into each other. This pavement is rutted with the chariot wheels, sometimes to the depth of one inch and a half. In general, the streets are so narrow that they may be crossed at one stride. Where they were of greater breadth, a stepping-stone was placed in the middle for the convenience of foot passengers. On each side of the street there is a foot-path, the sides of which are provided with curbs, varying from one foot to eighteen inches high, to prevent the encroachments of the biga, or chariot. But to proceed to the public buildings: and first, let us enter the

FORUM.

A Roman Forum was the focus of business, and the arena of political and legal contention. As the city of Rome itself increased in wealth and splendour, it was found necessary to have two classes of fora—*Venalia*, mere markets, and *Civilia*, those devoted to the other purposes of a public assembly. The Forum of Pompeii answered for both. It is situated at the north-west corner of the city, and is entered by a flight of steps, leading downwards through an arch in a brick wall, still partly covered with stucco. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area, surrounded by columns, the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public erections; there are also a number of pedestals for the support of statues. The wall by which we have thus entered, is connected with the back of a building called by some the Temple of Jupiter, and by others the *Senaculum*, or Council-chamber. It stands upon an elevated basement, which was ascended by a flight of steps. Those near the columns, which served both for ornament and for supporting the upper part of the building, run along the whole front of the portico. The interior has been painted; red and black are the prevailing colours. Fragments of a colossal statue were discovered upon the pavement; a sundial was also found.

Near this temple are the ruins of what has been conjectured was the Granary, from the public measures being found near them. Adjacent to this building is the prison, where were found the skeletons of two soldiers, their leg bones still within the shackles. These are preserved in the museum at Portici.

PANTHEON.

One of the buildings surrounding the Forum has received this appellation, from there being found in the centre of its area an altar encircled with twelve pedestals, on which it has been presumed stood the statues of the mythological deities. The area is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by ninety in breadth. Numerous cells attached to this building have been found; these in all probability were for the accommodation of priests. Near to the Pantheon, ninety-three brass coins were discovered, and also statues of Nero and Messalina.

On the north side of the Pantheon, there runs a street named the Street of Dried Fruits, from the quantity of fruits of various kinds preserved in glass vases which have been found. Scales, money, moulds for pastry and bread, were discovered in the shops, and a bronze statue of Fame, small and well executed, having bracelets of gold upon the arms. In the entrance which conducts from this street to the Pantheon, a box was found, containing a gold ring with an engraved stone set in it, forty-one silver, and a thousand and thirty-six brass coins. On the walls are representations of Cupids making bread. The mill stands in the centre of the picture with a ass on each side, from which it may be inferred that these animals were employed in grinding the flour. There are a great number of other paintings in this building, some of which are very beautiful.

Adjoining to the Pantheon is a building supposed to have been the *Senaculum*, or place for the meeting of the Senate or Town Council. In the centre is an altar, and on each side of this, in two large recesses, stand two pedestals, which most likely supported effigies of the gods to whom the place was sacred. Near this is a small temple elevated on a basement. On the altar there is an unfinished bass-relief, representing a sacrifice. In the cells attached to this building were found a number of vessels in which wine was kept. The liquor was brought to the door in large skins, and then drawn off into these vases.

Adjacent to this is a large building, which, from various inscriptions, appears to have been erected at the expense of a lady named Eumachia, for the benefit of the public. Amongst other relics found, was a statue of the lady, five feet four inches high, and painted green and red.

Along the south side of this building runs a broad street, which, from various articles of jewellery being found there, is called the Street of the Silversmiths. On the walls of the shops several inscriptions appear, one of which has been thus translated—"The scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerrinius Vatia, the Edile, to patronise him: he is deserving." This is somewhat analogous to our own—"Patronised by his Royal Highness," &c. At the end of this street was discovered a skeleton, supposed to have been a priest of Isis. In the hand was a bag of coarse linen, not entirely destroyed, containing three hundred and sixty silver coins, forty-two of copper, and six of gold. Near him were also found various articles belonging to the worship of Isis.

The next building of importance connected with the Forum is the Temple of Venus, in one of the apartments of which was found a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, in a state of perfect preservation. In most of the paintings, the colours are as vivid as when first laid on.

These are the principal edifices which surround the Forum. An account of the baths, theatres, amphitheatres, manuscripts, and other interesting relics of antiquity, which have been discovered, will be comprised in another article.

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now.

The colonists themselves were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then humane, temperate, independent people; on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly-imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste, who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own country, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries), he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, our humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit.

"Well, Dick—here am I, thy friend John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago I would have ventured a guess that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkenning of a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeira—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds. I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed

away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' 'Faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your unbragous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side—and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloe and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples, grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and white-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, merchant in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protégé of Messrs Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, parquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negresses and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Samboes for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home, having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo (another "nigritude"), who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen. The visitors of the family

avoided her, as though she had the plague (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded, and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way, and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last the truth came upon him; she was the child of—a *quadronee*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"But she *shall* be my friend," was Vivian's exclamation, "my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?" "Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No." "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter whom I have spoken of had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager."

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought, that, if the parent was ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir, to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir, the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and, finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man (Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and

betrayed great agitation)—the old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr Vivian's property; perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton? Did he urge his suit?"—"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially the master. In the absence of Mr Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You?" exclaimed our hero; "are you the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour, my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachtenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, needs not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorised by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed; but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm), his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and, turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person;" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily; "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more, "I speak as the agent only of Mr Vivian. This gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means, by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr Vernon's arm, and —"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton; "I am Vivian's representative."—"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic; "Mr Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek."

"Ha!" said Seyton, then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr Manager, or whatever you are, take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worse part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves —"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom, if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtfully and humbly), he will win—for this atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men; seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"He is here!" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "he is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I AM Vivian, your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant; "you ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But, Mr Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves (which from this moment is all your own), you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is —" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is myself, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestine flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "is conferring pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give Freedom to one's fellow men."—*Abridged from "Friendship's Offering" for 1831.*

ANAGRAMS.

ANAGRAMS are now hardly known as efforts of wit, but in ancient times they formed the subject of learned disquisition, and were ranked among the cabalistic sciences. The paltry process of anagramatising sentences and proper names was also extremely fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, occupying that place now enjoyed by conundrums, and other small means of amusement among the idle. The French are reputed to have been exceedingly fond of anagrams. On one occasion an anagram was made on the mistress of Charles IX., which threw the nation into an ecstasy of delight. The name of the lady was *Marie Touchet*, the letters of which words were transformed into *Je charme tout* (or, *I charm all*)—an anagram said to be historically just. But this anagram was perhaps surpassed by the following: The assassin of Henry III. was *Frere Jacques Clement*, and it was soon discovered that the letters of these three words could form the appalling sentence, *C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée* (or, *It is hell which created me*.)

Various anagrams were appropriately formed on the name and titles of our own King James VI., one of which was, *James Stuart—a just master*. One on the same monarch, but referring to his complete name, was, *Charles James Stuart—claims Arthur's Seat*. Of the poet Waller it was said—

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with Laurels he is crowned.

And *Randle Holmes*, a person who wrote a book on heraldry, was complimented by the expressive anagram, *Lo Men's Herald!* Perhaps the happiest of all anagrams, says D'Israeli, "was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies,

the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character: she was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her productions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name, *Eleanor Davies—to Reveal O Daniel*. The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, took up a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: *Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad a lady!* The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state. No more was heard of the prophetess."

COLKITTOCH.

[Some years ago, a series of interesting papers appeared in that respectable weekly report of literature, the London Literary Gazette, entitled "Traditions of the Western Highlands." "They were communicated," says the Editor of the Gazette, "by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the language and the manners of the Highlanders in the present times—who was indeed born and bred among them—and who, with the advantages of learning and a very extensive acquaintance with general history, had rare opportunities of collecting materials to throw light on the history of the Highlanders." We propose to do ourselves an honour, which we are sure Mr Jerdan will not object to, by giving one or two of these traditions a circulation more germane to their character than what they have hitherto had, in the columns of the Edinburgh Journal. The following refers to a very remarkable person:—]

THE name of Colkitch often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles I. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Colkitch, by others Colkitch, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonald: he was a native of Ireland. His father was Archibald Macdonell, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, having driven away the Macfees, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kitch, or, more correctly, Ciotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service, both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance on his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroom, and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the castle. His own piper was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovagh, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Islay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie, who commanded the parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunstaffnage. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyre was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the Restoration, when Argyre was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the captain of Dunstaffnage, in whose castle he was confined, and the tower where he lay is still named after him. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonourable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possible indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity.

The Marquis of Argyre charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well-known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyre swore that if Coll should be found at large, the captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was dispatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed, and outrun the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the castle, he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyre, in the castle where he was confined. Maclean of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was one of the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which, with many others, he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service there than thyself." He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend the captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff-boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. The fate of Colkittoch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyre.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

THE PATRIOTIC SHOEMAKER.

MR TIMOTHY BENNETT, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime, Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. An excellent engraving of Mr Bennett is still extant, which represents him of a firm and complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of his conversation with his Lordship. The inscription beneath the engraving is, "Timothy Bennett, of Hampton-Wick, Middlesex, Shoemaker, aged 75." "And who are you?" inquired his Lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my Lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your Lordship, when I was a young man, sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my Lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am 'unwilling' (it was his favourite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it." This, my Lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone, you are an impatient fellow," replied his Lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat, "LORD HALIFAX, the NOBLEMAN, nonsuited by TIMOTHY BENNETT, the SHOEMAKER," he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day: he died 1756.

Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, endeavour, at least, not to leave the world worse than he found it.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHEN Captain Watling and his company escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, they had left a Mosquito Indian on the island, who was out hunting goats when the alarm came. This Mosquito-man, named William, was the first and the true Robinson Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude. Immediately on approaching the island, Dampier and a few of William's old friends, together with a Mosquito-man, named Robin, put off for the shore, where they soon perceived William standing ready to give them welcome. From the heights he had seen the ships on the preceding day, and, knowing them to be English vessels by the way they were worked, he had killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage of the cabbage-tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and running up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet! William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted

him up, and they renewed their embraces. "We stood with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the surprise, tenderness, and solemnity of their interview, which was exceedingly affecting on both sides; and when these their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with him in the woods his gun and knife, and a small quantity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition was expended, by notching his knife into a saw he cut up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he converted into harpoons, lances, and a long knife. To accomplish this he struck fire with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened for this purpose in a way he had seen practised by the Buccaneers. In this fire he heated his pieces of iron, hammered them out with stones, saved them with his jagged knife, or grinded them to an edge, and tempered them; "which was no more than these Mosquito-men were accustomed to do in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them." Thus furnished, William supplied himself with goats' flesh and fish, though, till his instruments were formed, he had been compelled to eat seal. He built his house about a half-mile from the shore, and lined it snugly with goat-skins, with which he also spread his couch or *barbecue*, which was raised two feet from the floor. As his clothes wore out, he supplied this want also with goat-skins, and, when first seen, he wore nothing save a goat's skin about his waist.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.

TRAVELLING through the Barrens of Kentucky, in the month of November, I was jogging on one afternoon, when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon. Accustomed to our heavy storms of thunder and rain, I took no more notice of it, as I thought the speed of my horse might enable me to get under shelter of the roof of an acquaintance, who lived not far distant, before it should come up. I had proceeded about a mile, when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gallop as fast as possible to the place of shelter; but it would not do; the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and, instead of going faster, so nearly stopped, that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he all of a sudden fell a-groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan. I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a minute more elapsed, but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake.

I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, although, like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with the reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking, as it were on my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around, and expecting the ground every moment to open, and present to my eye such an abyss as might engulf myself and all around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to the natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from which I was yet many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havoc than I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found, with much pleasure, that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the apprehension excited for my own safety.

Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slighter shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that, in our western country, attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a *log-house*, one of large dimensions, and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lan-

cets, tourniquets, amputating knives, and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and phials of different sizes. These had some days before made a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

As I have said, we had all retired to rest, some to dream of sighs and smiles, and others to sink into oblivion. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling noise that precedes the earthquake began so loudly, as to waken and alarm the whole party, and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued it is impossible for me to describe, and it would require the humorous pencil of Cruickshank to do justice to it. Fear knows no restraints. Every person, old and young, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log-house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavily along, as if to conceal from her view the scenes of terror which prevailed on the earth below. On the grass-plot we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of almost perfect nudity. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about not knowing whither; and the Doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his shop-room, to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor. Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars, with so little success, however, that before the shock was over, he had lost nearly all he possessed.

The shock at length ceased, and the frightened females, now sensible of their dishabille, fled to their several apartments. The earthquakes produced more serious consequences in other places. Near new Madrid, and for some distance on the Mississippi, the earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk for ever, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

GORDON.

THE Gordon family affords a lively instance of what is by no means uncommon in Scottish family history—a race of Norman lineage, which has gradually acquired, in no very remote times, the character of Highland chieftainship. The founder of the race, a settler from England, possessed, in the reign of David I. (1123-56), the lands of Gordon, in Berwickshire, from which he probably took his name. Sir Adam de Gordon, in the time of Bruce, is found a powerful Baron. In reward for his services to Bruce, he obtained a royal grant of the lands of Strabogie, in Banffshire, which has ever since been the principal residence of the family. With a natural attachment to local prepossessions, the names Gordon and Huntly, which belonged to their lands in Berwickshire, were transferred to places in their northern territory. The last of the line, another Sir Adam de Gordon, fell at the battle of Homildon Hill, in 1402, and his memory is embalmed in the drama by Sir Walter Scott, styled (*pro euphonia gratia*) "Halidon Hill." His daughter and heiress marrying a Seton, the true line of the Gordons was lost, though the name was still retained. Alexander, the son of this pair, was elevated from his territorial style of Lord of Gordon, to the title of Earl of Huntly, by King James II., in 1449. He was a conspicuous adherent of the royal cause against the rebellious Douglasses and Crawfords. Having obtained a grant of the lordship of Badenoch, which forms a large district in the centre of the Highlands, he laid the foundation of that influence in the country of the Gael, by which his successors have been so much distinguished; an influence derived exclusively, it will be observed, from the possession or superiority of lands, and from no pretensions of birth or lineage. George, second Earl of Huntly, married the sister of the King, and was the father of that Lady Catherine Gordon who became the wife of Perkin Warbeck, as well as of Sir William Gordon of Gight, whose family ended in the person of Lord Byron. The immense estates of the Earls of Huntly, with the power they possessed of marshalling all their tenants and dependants in warlike array, rendered them so very powerful, that, but for the remoteness of their residence alone, they must have been at all times the leading noblemen of the country. George, the fourth Earl, was at the head of the Catholic interest in Queen Mary's time, and offered to that Princess to place her in the government without any toleration of the reformed doctrines; but she thought it safest to go in with the Protestants, and entrust her affairs to her brother James, Earl of Moray. The consequent turbulence of the Earl of Huntly ended fatally; he was killed in rebellion by Murray. Notwithstanding this unhappy incident, his son, the fifth Earl, was a partisan of the Queen in her latter and evil days. Nor for a hundred and fifty years did they forsake this faith, or abandon the Tory politics which formerly used to be always connected with it. George, the sixth Earl, occasioned infinite troubles in the reign of James VI., by his endeavours to obtain toleration for the ancient faith, and his in-

triques with foreign Catholic powers for that purpose. He it was who killed the young Earl of Murray—a dreadful piece of feudal revenge. Though frequently in open arms against King James, he was in reality rather the enemy of the royal counsellors, than of the royal person. James loved him very much, gave him his cousin Lady Henrietta Stewart to wife, and in 1599 created him Marquis of Huntly, being the first Peer of that rank in the kingdom. This nobleman was as great a favourite with Charles I. as he had been with King James, but was not so well fitted to shine in the more polished court of the former monarch. Having arrived there after a long absence, he excited the surprise of the glittering circle, by omitting that gesture which Sir Pertinax MacSycophant has caused the greater part of Englishmen to believe in the highest degree characteristic of their northern neighbours. On being reminded of the omission, he begged the King's pardon, and excused his want of respect by saying, "he was just come from a place where every body bowed to him." The Cock of the North was in those days, as it has been since, the popular and highly appropriate title for this Highland potentate and his descendants. In 1636, the first Marquis left his honours and estates to George, second Marquis, who, after many zealous efforts in favour of King Charles I., was beheaded by the Maiden at Edinburgh, March 23, 1649; chiefly, it was said, at the instigation of his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Argyll. Four sons of this nobleman distinguished themselves in the cause of royalty; and one of his daughters, marrying a Polish nobleman, was ancestress to the unfortunate Prince Czartorinski. His grandson George, the fourth Marquis, proved his loyal zeal by holding out Edinburgh Castle, after the Revolution, in favour of King James; and his wife afterwards, in the easy times of Queen Anne's Tory ministry, created a vast sensation by presenting a Jacobite medal openly to the Faculty of Advocates. This Marquise was, in 1684, converted by Charles II. into a Dukedom, when the title was changed from Huntly to Gordon. The family throughout all the last century, and to the present hour, professed those Tory principles which it has advocated, with such extraordinary consistency, ever since the division of opinion at the Reformation. The Catholicism, however, was resigned about a century ago, in consequence, it is said, of a rustic jest. A tenant on the estate had experienced some neglect at the hands of his Grace's factor; at last, he applied to the Duke personally, by whom he was very quickly redressed. Catching a glimpse, on this occasion, of the images within the family chapel, he asked what they were. The Duke answered that these were the representations of certain holy men, to whom good Catholics were accustomed to apply for intercession with the Deity. "Such nonsense!" said the honest farmer; "would it not be far better to do as I have been doing—speak to the laird himself?" It is said that this was the proximate cause of the conversion of the family. The late Duke, Alexander, who died in 1823, was the fourth possessor of the ducal title; and it is remarkable, that he had possessed it for the space of about seventy-six years, having succeeded his father in 1752. He married, in 1767, his celebrated Duchess, Jane, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith—one of the most sprightly, elegant, and fascinating women of her time; an eminent favourite of the highest class of British society for nearly half a century, and who lived to see three daughters married, each to an English Duke, and one to a Marquis. The present Duke, who, as Marquis of Huntly, distinguished himself highly in the late war, and was, in 1807, created a British Peer, is a High Tory. As a man and a landlord, he is greatly respected. From his want of issue, the title, discovered from a large portion of the estates, will probably descend to the Earl of Aboyne, a cadet of the ducal house.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WASHINGTON.

Our young readers who have followed us through the various accounts presented to their notice, of men of genius and perseverance rising from the most humble situations in life to places of honourable distinction, will now be gratified in perusing a sketch of the life of one who, from the condition of a private gentleman, attained the highest situation in his country, and died with the extraordinary reputation of having preserved integrity of principle and genuine simplicity of character to the close of his career.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, in the North American colony of Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732, and was great grandson of John Washington, a gentleman of the south of England, who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, emigrated to this province. The education of young Washington extended only to the reading of English, and some of the more practical branches of mathematics. His inclinations, it seems, led him to adopt a sea life, and, when very young, he obtained the commission of midshipman in the British navy, but was soon induced to relinquish that service, by the pressing entreaties of his mother. After this, he entered upon the business of land-surveying, and was remarked for his diligence and expertness, but particularly for a certain gravity and dignity of demeanour, that would have graced riper years, and a more elevated station. In this humble sphere, however, his countrymen seem early to have discovered his capa-

city; for, when only nineteen years of age, he was appointed one of the adjutants-general of the Virginia militia, with the rank of major. But the opinion of his prudence and capacity was still more conspicuously displayed by his appointment as envoy to the French commandant on the Ohio, to remonstrate against certain encroachments of his troops upon the province of Virginia. Upon his return, he published a very clear and interesting account of this arduous mission, and was immediately appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment which had been ordered to proceed against the French, the answer of the commandant not having proved satisfactory. He had not proceeded far, when the command devolved upon him by the death of the colonel, and his services in this campaign obtained the thanks of the legislature of Virginia. Soon after, he resigned his commission, in consequence of certain regulations which he thought derogatory to the officers of the provincial troops, and retired to Mount Vernon, an estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he had lately succeeded by the death of his brother, purposing to devote himself to the occupations of a country life.

His military bias, however, did not permit him to remain long in retirement. He was invited once more to defend the frontiers of the provinces from the invasions of the French, and his conduct, during the whole expedition, was so much approved, that, though only twenty-three years of age, he was soon made commander of all the provincial troops of Virginia. The frontiers being in some measure secured from invasion, he again, in 1758, resigned his commission, amidst the applauses and regrets of his soldiers.

Here might have terminated the military career of George Washington, and he might have passed the remainder of his days in the quietude of rural affairs, but for the unfortunate quarrel which took place between Great Britain and her American possessions. It will here be necessary to explain to our juvenile friends the origin and nature of this distressing dispute. For a considerable period Great Britain possessed a large tract of territory in the North American continent, divided into colonies or separate jurisdictions, the inhabitants of which being chiefly emigrants from this country, were governed by English laws, and guaranteed that civil and religious liberty common to ordinary British subjects. Each of these colonies had a local parliament or assembly of delegates of its own, presided over by a governor appointed by the British ministry. One of the understood regulations in managing these distant countries was, that they should contribute no taxes to Britain; but it having happened in the course of time, that the British treasury stood much in need of a supply of money, our ministry and parliament resolved on exacting certain taxes or duties from the American colonists. These taxes, we are informed, would have been freely contributed by the Americans, provided they had been granted the power of sending representatives to Britain to sit in parliament; but this proposal being strenuously refused, through a fear of its leading to further changes in the British legislature, the result was, that the Americans refused to pay any taxes whatever, and in a short time opposed their exaction by force. All men are now of opinion that the British government at this period acted with extreme impropriety; nevertheless, the nation at the time rushed heedlessly into a war with the colonies, expecting speedily to quell all opposition to the laws. As for the Americans, they sagaciously prepared for the struggle.

In constructing an army for the defence of the provinces, the Americans bestowed the command of the forces on George Washington, of whose military talents and prudence they had already seen many proofs. No man in any age or country ever filled a more arduous station than that in which he was now placed. He was called to defend an extensive country just beginning the perilous experiment of self-government, altogether unpractised in war on a great scale, and with no other resources than his spirit, against a nation possessed of all the means, and strong with all the sinews of war, and able, by its command of the ocean, to carry its hostilities against any part of that extensive coast, which had drawn towards it the best part of the wealth and industry of the country. For a considerable period, his troops had no fire-arms but what they provided themselves; they had no tents, no magazines, no cavalry, no artillery, and scarcely any ammunition. So provided, or rather unprovided, the best troops in the world would not have been able to do much; but when we consider the nature and description of the American armies, we must wonder that he was able to keep the field for a single campaign against the well-trained forces of Britain.

The history of the war in America may be summed up in a few words. Instead of transporting large masses of men capable of crushing in an instant the united force of the colonists, the British ministry dispatched small detachments of troops, who were invariably cut up in detail as they marched through the country, and on some occasions whole regiments had ignominiously to lay down their arms. In this species of inglorious war, which has afforded our American brethren some cause for boasting, Washington was equally conspicuous for his cool determination and courage in the heat of conflict, and his mercy after victory, so as to win the applause of both friend and foe. The situation of the general was, moreover, one of peculiar difficulty. He experienced languor, insubordination, and desertion in his followers; and it was,

only after he had the address to induce his countrymen to establish a standing army, on something like regular principles, that success crowned his exertions. It is allowed by all parties that the services of Washington in this grand struggle against oppression were as great as ever performed by any man to any nation. History is full of far more brilliant exploits; but it must always be recollected that in Washington's situation, not to be defeated was victory. In the arrangements on the day of battle, we should discover but a small portion of those happy endowments which gave him an unrivalled ascendancy over the minds of his countrymen; which enabled him to keep a powerful enemy in awe with fluctuating levies, whose defective constitution forbade the necessary severities of discipline; which enabled him to awaken sentiments of honour and patriotism in hearts divided by animosities and jealousies. In criticising his military conduct, we must always keep in view his means; and if we cannot discover any single achievement of peculiar brilliancy, we shall yet be forced to admire a long series of arduous operations, which display penetration and energy, combined with uniform and unerring sagacity. Although it was simply the redress of grievances relative to taxation which prompted them to take up arms, as they began to feel their strength, they aspired to higher views.

The war was commenced on the 14th of June 1774, and, with greater or lesser vigour, was carried on for about eight years. Two years after its breaking out, on the 4th of July 1776, the colonists declared their independence of the English crown, which was acknowledged by France in 1778, by Holland in 1782, but not by the British parliament till the 30th of November 1783. Yet, in thus securing the blessing of national liberty, the colonists, it seems, were by no means satisfied. They broke out into parties; disaffection spread on all sides; and had not the wisdom and patriotism of Washington suggested expedients to allay the ferment and avert the danger, the Union of States would have been dissolved, and national ruin and disgrace the consequence.

Having given liberty to his country, Washington once more retired from public life to his paternal roof, followed by the fervent admiration of his countrymen. Unlike Cromwell, or Napoleon in later times, he had no desire to take advantage of his situation or popularity, and so secure the office, for life, of emperor, king, or protector. He freely renounced all official distinction, thereby offering an example of moral virtue quite unparalleled in the history of modern times, and retaining no other reward for his extraordinary services than his country's love. The following letter to La Fayette—a distinguished French nobleman, who assisted in establishing the independence of the States, and who still survives—written soon after his arrival at Mount Vernon, gives a lively picture of his feelings, and breathes a fine spirit of philosophy.

"At length, my dear Marquis, I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree. Free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in the hope of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

During his retirement, objects of public utility still occupied his thoughts; and it was not long before he formed, with his characteristic sagacity, a plan of improving the internal navigation of the country. This plan was, to open as high as possible the great eastern rivers, and to connect them, by means of intermediate streams, with the Ohio: and his object in this magnificent undertaking was to draw the States beyond the Alleghany mountains into a closer connexion with those upon the Atlantic; and thus, by multiplying their commercial relations, to give stability and unity to those of a political nature. These beneficent schemes of Washington have been fully accomplished. He was soon, however, called upon by a sense of duty into more burdensome labours. The jealousies prevailing among the States threatened again to wreck the newly-formed republican government. When at last it became evident to all that some alteration of the general system was indispensable to the preservation of its parts, a convention was held under his auspices; and the constitution which it formed having been adopted by the greater part of the States, he was, in April 1789, called to the office of First President, by the unanimous voice of the confederation. There is abundance of evidence that he accepted this office of chief magistrate of the United States with the greatest reluctance. He had no ambition of high place; and, free from all presumption, this truly great man felt diffident of his capacity to administer, in peace, the affairs of a country which, in war, he had saved from ruin. "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and domestic felicity," says he, in

an entry in his diary; "and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions to render service to my country, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

The duties of Washington's civil administration, though far less arduous than those of his military command, yet required much of that fortitude and sagacity which that command so conspicuously displayed. To re-establish credit, and provide for the debts of the Union, when there was every desire to profit by injustice, and where taxation was both difficult and odious—to give stability and energy to a new government, encountered in its first operations by the contending interests of thirteen separate States—and to preserve the blessings of peace to a rising community, when the misguided feelings of the people would have precipitated a war, were efforts which statesmen are seldom called to make, and which but few would have been equal to perform. In his public conduct, we look in vain for any of those vices which oppose the prosperity of nations, and the peace of the world. In choosing the officers of his government, in virtue of the powers committed to him by the constitution, he is universally allowed to have displayed the utmost disinterestedness. No prejudices, no affections, no interests, were seen to interfere with his great duty, to call to the management of a nation's concerns the talents from which a nation has most to hope. His addresses to the people and to Congress—as the parliament of the American States is called—afford indubitable proofs of the purity, as well as the solidity of his principles; and it is impossible to read them, and to trace them, as exemplified in the whole course of his public career, without admitting "that he performed justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." General Washington survived his retirement from the Presidency, which he twice enjoyed, only two years. He died on the 14th of December 1799, of an inflammation in the throat, occasioned by a slight rain to which he had been exposed the preceding day. Soon after the disease commenced, he foresaw he would die; and he met his fate with his accustomed fortitude.

The personal appearance of this lamented statesman was noble and commanding; and it has been frequently remarked, that the impression of awe which it was calculated to produce, was never effaced by frequency of intercourse. He was reserved in his manners, and unaffectedly modest. He was hospitable, and his establishment expensive, but under exact regulation. He spoke with diffidence; but his letters to Congress, and his written addresses, are admirable for clearness and solidity. His personal habits were exceedingly temperate, and the purity of his morals was never questioned. In short, to use the words of Mr Fox, "a character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices, is hardly to be found in the pages of history." By all classes of citizens in the United States, the memory of George Washington is cherished above that of all other patriots, while his name serves as a lasting incitement to the nation to preserve its institutions unimpaired to a distant posterity.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

WITCHCRAFT AND POISONING—KATHERINE ROSS
LADY FOWLIS.

THIS woman, daughter of Ross of Balnagown, was the second wife of the fifteenth Baron of Fowls; and the object of her crimes was to destroy her stepsons Robert and Hector Monro, with about thirty of their principal kinsmen, in order that her own children might succeed to the possessions of their father, which were considerable, and lay in the counties of Ross, Sutherland, and Inverness. Her brother, George Ross, seems to have been in league with her for the accomplishment of this diabolical purpose—a participation the more atrocious in his case, because his wife, Marjory Campbell, called the young Lady Balnagown, was marked out as a victim, whose removal, with that of the persons already named belonging to the Fowls family, might pave the way for his marriage with the wife of Robert Monro, the young laird. Their schemes were brought into active operation in the summer of 1577. In the end of November of that year, four of their accomplices, Agnes Roy, Catherine Ross in Canorth, William MacGillivorie-dam, and Thomas MacKane More MacAllan MacEvoh, were arraigned in a justice court held in the cathedral kirk of Ross, convicted, and burnt. One of the judges who presided at this trial was Robert Monro, the husband of the principal instigator of the crimes, and father of the family whose lives were practised against. Lady Fowls, upon the discovery of her wickedness, fled into the county of Caithness. After remaining there for the space of three quarters of a year, her husband was persuaded, "be lauburrows," and by the influence of the Earl of Caithness, to receive her home again. What kind of "lawburrows" it was that existed at that time, of force enough to effect a reconciliation in such circumstances, is not explained, and we are totally at a loss to conjecture. Lady Fowls seems to have lived unmolested during the rest of the life of the old baron; and even the young laird, for whose destruction she had perseveringly laboured, made no exertion to bring her to justice. He, however, en-

joyed the family estates only from November 1588 to October 1589. His brother Hector, on succeeding him, procured a commission for the punishment of certain witches and sorcerers, which was understood to be aimed at his stepmother; but before he had time to act upon the power thus granted, she had influence enough to obtain a suspension of the commission; and it was not till the July of 1590, thirteen years after the perpetration of the crimes, that she was brought to trial at his instance. The evidence mainly rested upon seems to have been the notoriety of the facts, and the confession of the accomplices; each count of the indictment closes with a reference to the record of the process before the provincial court, with the occasional addition of "as is notour," "as is manifest be the hail countrie of Roiss," or words to that effect. The verdict was favourable to the accused; but Mr Pitcairn is of opinion that her escape was owing to her powerful interest. "The inquest, he says, 'bears all the appearance of a selected or packed jury, being in a very inferior rank and station of life to the panel, contrary to the usual custom.' It is also to be remarked, that several individuals who had been summoned as jurymen did not come forward, and were, in consequence, 'unlawit,' or fined in the sum of forty pounds (Scots). Their failure to answer the citation may not improbably have been a discreet way of avoiding the inconveniences that might have followed, had they passed upon the assize and given their voice against a person of influence like the Lady Fowls. The ditty or indictment is the only part of the proceedings which is preserved; indeed the reading of it seems to have constituted the whole case of the prosecutor, and the simple denial of the 'samin and the hail poyntis thereof,' the whole case for the accused; after which the jury retired to consider their verdict. The acquittal which followed was no doubt such as any modern jury, with no better proof before them, would instantly acquiesce in; but this can scarce be held a presumption of the innocence of the party, because we are now habituated to an entirely different manner of leading evidence; and if the whole tribe of ancient evildoers, whose crimes were neither few nor trivial, were arraigned, according to the forms and practice of their own times, before a court of the nineteenth century, not a single conviction could be obtained. But to come to the matter against Lady Fowls.

The first method adopted to compass the deaths of the persons who stood in the way of her ambition, was to form figures to represent the young Laird of Fowls and the young Lady Balnagown, which were shot at with elf-arrows, in conformity with the belief that, if these charmed weapons struck the typical bodies, the wounds would be felt in their real bodies, and produce invisibly the desired effect. For the performance of the necessary rites, a meeting of three witches took place in the house of Christian Ross at Canorth, Christian herself being one of them, Lady Fowls another, and third, Marjory MacAllester, a hag of peculiar eminence, distinguished also by the name of Loskie Loncart, which was probably conferred upon her by the second or diabolic baptism, to which the rest had not attained. Having constructed two images of clay, they placed them on the north side of the western chamber, and Loskie, producing two elf-arrows, delivered one to Christian Ross, who stood by with it in her hand, while, with the other, Lady Fowls shot twice at the figure of Lady Balnagown, and Loskie three times at that of Robert Monro, without success. In the meantime the images, not having been properly compacted, crumbled to pieces; and their purpose being thus thwarted for the present, the unhallowed convocation broke up, Loskie Loncart having engaged, at the command of Lady Fowls, to make two other figures. MacGillivorie-dam seems now to have been taken into their counsels; and, by his advice, an image in butter of the young Laird of Fowls was placed by the side of the wall in the same western chamber of Canorth, and shot at eight times with an elf-arrow by Loskie, without effect. This was on the 2d July 1577; and, nothing discouraged by repeated failures, a clay figure of the same person was constructed on the 6th, when the indefatigable Loskie discharged the elf-arrow twelve times, sometimes reaching the image, but never wounding it. The other two hags stood by, anxiously watching for a successful shot, Christian Ross having provided three quarters of fine linen cloth to be bound about the typical corpse, which was to have been interred opposite the gate of the Stank of Fowls, in order to complete the enchantment by a full representation of every circumstance which they were desirous of producing as its consequence. The main part of the rite, however, consisted in the infliction of a wound; and this not having been accomplished, they desisted from the vain labour.

What are called elf-arrow heads, as the reader is probably aware, are pieces of flint chipped into the shape of a barb with serrated edges, used by our barbarian ancestors for mutual destruction in the absence of the more effective weapons which civilization contrives for the same purpose. They are sometimes dug up in considerable quantities together, and were long thought by the vulgar to be of fairy origin, and to possess destroying powers without the infliction of a visible wound; thus, if a man or beast were seized with any disease attended with unusual symptoms, it was immediately concluded that they were elf-shot. Even till within a few years of the present day, when cattle were grievously tormented with flies in the summer, and galloped about in a distracted manner to get rid

of them, it was no unusual thing to hear exclamations of "What can be the matter with the beasts? They're surely elf-shot!" the impression being, that they were consumed by some invisible smart that preyed upon the vitals, and drove them about in maddened flight. Lady Fowls was so eager to obtain one of these arrow heads, that she sent four messengers to John MacNilland in Dingwall, who possessed one, and who was at last induced to pay her a visit at Fowls, and dispose of it for four shillings (Scots). Another messenger was dispatched to Tain, and procured a second from two women there, reputed witches, who had it in keeping.

The more secret arts of witchcraft having failed to effect the desired ends, Lady Fowls next had recourse to poison; and numerous were the consultations held to concoct drugs, and devise means for administering them. The same assistants figured as the chief agents in this equally abominable work. A stoupful of poisoned ale was first mixed in the barn of Drumhryn; but opportunity not serving for its immediate use, it was kept three nights in the kiln; and the stoup being leaky, the liquor was lost, all but a very small quantity, to prove the strength of which, Lady Fowls caused her servant lad, Donald Mackay, to swallow it. The three confederates were assembled upon this occasion, and as the draught did not kill the boy, but only threw him into a state of stupor, Loskie Loncart was dismissed with an injunction to "mak ane pig-full of ranker poysonne." The obedient hag prepared the potion, and sent it to her patroness, by whom it was delivered to her nurse, Mary More, to be conveyed to Angus Leith's house, where the young Laird then was, that it might be employed for his destruction. Night was the time chosen for dispatching her on this errand; she broke the vessel by the way, spilt the liquor, and wishing probably to ascertain the nature of what had been entrusted to her under such circumstances of mystery, tasted it, and paid the forfeit of her curiosity with her life; and what helps to show the deadly qualities of this preparation, the indictment adds, that "the place quhair the said pig brak, the gers that grew upon the samin wes so heich by (beyond) the natour of uther gers, that nather cow, ox, nor scheip ewir preavit (tasted) thairfor." It were endless to detail all the traffickings and messengers kept scouring the country to collect the requisite quantity of poison. Loskie Loncart was lodged and maintained a whole summer in Christian Ross's house, for the greater convenience of assisting to drug drinks, and devise means of administering them—MacGillivorie-dam was sent to consult the gipsies about the most effectual way of poisoning the young laird. He also purchased a quantity of the powder used to destroy rats, from a merchant in Elgin, and another portion in Tain, and was strictly questioned by Lady Fowls whether it would suit best to mix the ingredient with eggs, brose, or kale. No fitting opportunity seems to have occurred for administering any of the potions to Robert Monro; but, after three interviews, John MacFarquhar, young Balnagown's cook, was prevailed upon, by the present of two ells of grey cloth, a shirt, and twelve shillings and fourpence (Scots), to lend them his aid in accomplishing their purpose on his mistress. That young lady being to entertain a party of friends one night at her house of Ardmure, a witch named Katherine Neynday carried poison thither to MacFarquhar, who strewed it on the principal dish, which was kidneys. This woman remained to witness the effects, and afterwards declared that she "skunnerit," or revolted, at the sight, which was "the sarest and maist cruell that evir scho saw, seing the vomit and vexacioun that was on the young lady Balnagown and her company." The victim of these horrible practices did not die immediately, but contracted a deadly sickness, "quhairin," says the indictment, "scho remanis yet [that is, upwards of twelve years after taking the poison] incurable."

Such were the desperate means adopted by a lady of the 16th century to elevate her own children to the birthright of the elder sons of her husband. We might be apt to think that the affection was at least very strong which prompted her, for the benefit of her offspring, to engage in these odious practices, and to incur so great hazards. But this is a supposition founded solely upon modern notions of the atrocity of her guilt. If a woman *now* were to meditate murder for the space of a year, and to use all that time in unwearied endeavours to carry her purpose into execution, risking constantly, for so long a time, the infamy and the penalty of discovery, while, even if her design succeeded, the principal advantage was to be reaped by her son and brother, we must accord to her the character of being disinterestedly and heroically wicked. But in the time of Lady Fowls, crime was not so repulsive in itself, nor so fatal in its consequences. The daring requisite for its perpetration was, therefore, not so great. Men's minds, in place of revolting at the idea of depriving a fellow-being of life, were familiar with every form of murder: it was the business of the next of kin to revenge it; but it exposed the guilty individual to the execration of no one beyond the limits of blood-relation to the sufferer. Hence the ease with which accomplices were found in the basest crimes. The persons named as privy to the designs of Lady Fowls were numerous, and included the daughter of a baronet of her own name, whose interest in the matter seems to have been merely that of a connection, "or, at most, of a clanswoman; and the bribes with which she purchased assistance and secrecy were of the paltriest kind. She provided

lodgings in the houses of her adherents, for some whom she wished to have near her, for the better maturing of her schemes. The cook of young Lady Balnagown was bribed, as we have seen, with little more than a shirt, and a shilling sterling! The fidelity of Christian Ross was bespoken, by reminding her that she ought not to reveal any thing against one who was her lady and mistress. Another of the gang was paid with "ane half furett of meill." MacGillivrie-dam got four ells of linen for his trouble, but, besides, appropriated six and eightpence (Scots) of the money given him to be expended in the purchase of poison; at other times, however, this person was conciliated with 20s., a firlof of meal, five ells of linen, and 16s. The brother of Lady Fowles is also said to have promised to Thomas MacKane More MacAllan MacEvoch "ane garmounthe of clais" (suit of clothes) for his services in the same base plot.

From a review of this whole case, with others of the same date, it will appear that the crimes of former times were distinguished from those of the present, not so much by the greater atrocity of any single act, as by the length of time for which they were meditated, and the number of persons admitted to a knowledge of them without any fear of disclosure. They were the offspring of habitual thoughts rather than the effects of sudden starts of passion. Before the eye of sober investigation, the romance with which many of the bloody deeds of the olden time and of savage life are invested must vanish. The villain then had not to brave the risk of certain punishment, nor to cut himself off, as it were, from sympathy with his kind. The villain of civilized times acquires the courage to do both. If we desire, therefore, to admire the *beau idéal* of a bold ruffian, let us not take the trouble to search into antiquity. There we find only the exercise of habitual ferocity, with the necessity of breaking through few restraints. It is our own day that gives birth to peculiar monstrosity of crime, where the impulse of passion, or the dogged purpose of an impenetrably hardened heart, finds itself withstood by almost every conceivable restraint, and sets them all at naught.

SIR M. HALE.

THE character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge was splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stainless. In the words of one who wrote with no friendly feeling towards him, "his voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored." The temper of mind with which he entered upon the duties of the bench is best exemplified in the following resolutions, which appear to have been composed on his being raised to the dignity of Chief Baron at the Restoration:—

"Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:

"1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the King, and country; and therefore,

"2. That it be done, 1. Uprightly; 2. Deliberately; 3. Resolutely.

"3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

"4. That in the execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

"5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unreasonable and interruptions.

"6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

"7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

"8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

"9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

"10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

"11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in any thing I do, in point of distribution of justice.

"12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

"13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

"14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

"15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

"16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

"17. To charge my servants, 1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their known fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

"18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may by the fitter for business."

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been almost irreproachable.

CORK.

MANY persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of bark of the cork-tree, a species of the oak which grows wild in the countries in the south of Europe. The tree is generally divested of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year, the quality of the cork continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flame of a strong fire; and, after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has yet been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples for bottles—the ancients mostly employing cement for closing the mouths of vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century, wax being till then chiefly in use for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upwards of 5000 tons.

AN ADVENTURE.

As Mr Thomson, with his companion, was proceeding across the uninhabited desert in South Africa, he met with the following adventure:—

"We proceeded on our course, over extensive plains, sprinkled with numerous herds of game—quaggas, elands, gnooks, koodoos, hartebeests, gemsboks, and smaller antelopes, the movements of which helped to relieve our lonely journey. The gnook here was of a larger size, and apparently different from that on the other side of the Cradock, being of a dark blue colour, and having a black bushy tail, instead of a white one. I observed also two sorts of hartebeests. As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night; but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals above mentioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses about ten yards before me, I following with the other two. Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld, with consternation, two monstrous lions, reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws shewing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us, if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence, while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, shewed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited, on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly, in not speaking or evincing the least alarm, while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated, for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed, a quagga, as it seemed to me, from the hurried glance I had in passing."

WATCHMEN OF STOCKHOLM.

THE appearance of the watchmen in Stockholm is most grotesque. Their dress consists entirely of the skins of animals, and they walk constantly in pairs, carrying in their hands a curious instrument for seizing culprits who may endeavour to escape from them. It is so contrived as to shut fast about the neck, being applied below the back part of the head, and becomes tighter the more the person caught struggles to get free.

STANZAS

Written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.
By HERBERT KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."—St Mal.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Afrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and, beset with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that frets
The skin that, but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! They have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above that
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet, none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,
Peace! peace! it is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies snow!
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning." "No," replied the old Moravian coolly, "you have not met the Apostle Paul; but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus."

ANIMAL LIFE.

The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life from the most celebrated writers on natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog from 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtle-dove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 100.

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of William the Third, there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour; the very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet high at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep swamp, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places on the same day in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

CATS.

The first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyaba sold for a pound of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a species, which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens produced thirty *litares* each; the next generation were worth twenty; and the price gradually fell, as the inhabitants were stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures. Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with six hundred pesos.—*Southey's Brazil*.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A TURN FOR BUSINESS.

NEXT to a thorough grounding in good principles, perhaps the thing most essential to success in life is a habit of communicating easily with the world. By entering readily into conversation with others, we not only acquire information by being admitted to the stores which men of various modes of thinking have amassed, and thereby gain an insight into the peculiarities of human character, but those persons into whose society we may be accidentally thrown are gratified to think that they have been able to afford instruction. Seeing that we appreciate their favourite subject, they conceive a high opinion of our penetration, and not unfrequently exert themselves wonderfully to promote our interests. Men in business, particularly, who have this happy turn of being able to slide as it were into discourse, and to throw it into that train which is best suited to the capacities and humours of others, are wonderfully indebted to it for the run of customers it entices to their shops. A stately, grave, or solemn manner, is very inappropriate in measuring stuffs by the yard; and though a man be penetrated by the deepest sense of gratitude, if his bow be stiff, and his countenance not of a relaxing cast, he makes not half so favourable an impression as another who may not perhaps be a more deserving person in the main, but has a more graceful method of acknowledging his obligations. It is astonishing, too, at how cheap a rate good will is to be purchased. An insinuating way of testifying satisfaction with the pleasantness of the weather, is often a very effectual way of extending popularity; it is regarded as an act of condescension when addressed to some, while with others it is received as the indication of a happy temperament, which is at all times attractive. A person who "has little to say," or, in other words, who does not deign to open his mouth except when it is indispensably necessary, never proves generally acceptable. You will hear such a one described as "a very good sort of man in *his way*;" but people rather avoid him. He has neither the talent of conversing in an amusing vein himself, nor of leading on others to do so; and they are only the arrantest babblers who are contented with an inanimate listener. I remember a striking example of the various fortune of two persons in the same profession, who happened to be of those different dispositions.

Two pedlars made their rounds in the same district of country. The one was a tall, thin man, with a swarthy complexion. Nothing could exceed this fellow's anxiety to obtain customers; his whole powers seemed to be directed to the means of disposing of his wares. He no sooner arrived at a farm-house than he broached the subject nearest his heart—"Any thing wanted in my line to-day?" He entered into a most unqualified eulogium on their excellency; they were all unequalled in fineness; he could sell them for what might be said to be absolutely nothing; and as for lasting, why, to take his word for it, they would wear for ever. He chose the table where the light was most advantageous, proceeded immediately to undo the labyrinth of cord with which his goods were secured, and took the utmost pains to exhibit their whole glories to the eyes of the admiring rustics. If the farmer endeavoured to elicit from him some information concerning the state of the crops in the places where he had been travelling, he could only afford a brief and unsatisfactory answer, but was sure to tack to the tail of it the recommendation of some piece of west of England cloth which he held in his hand ready displayed. Nay, if the hospitality of the goodwife made him an offer of refreshment before he entered upon business, he most magnanimously, but unpeddler-like, resisted the tempta-

tion to eat, animated by the still stronger desire to sell. There was no possibility of withdrawing him for a moment from his darling topic. To the master he said, "Won't you buy a coat?"—to the mistress, "Won't you buy a shawl?"—to the servant girls, "Won't you buy a gown a-piece?" and he earnestly urged the cowherd to purchase a pair of garters, regardless of the notorious fact that the ragged urchin wore no stockings. But all his efforts were ineffectual; even his gaudiest ribbons could not melt the money out of a single female heart; and his vinegar aspect grew yet more meagre as he restored each article untouched to his package.

The rival of this unsuccessful solicitor of custom was a short, squat man, fair-haired and ruddy. He came in with a hearty salutation, and set down his pack in some corner, where, as he expressed himself, it might be "out of the way." He then immediately abandoned himself to the full current of conversation, and gave a detail of every particular of news that was within his knowledge. He could tell the farmer every thing that he desired to know—what number of corn-stacks appeared in the barn-yards wherever he had been, and what quantity of grain still remained uncut or in shock, and he took time to enumerate the whole distinctly. He was equally well prepared in other departments of intelligence, and so fascinating was his gossip, that when the duties of any member of the family called them out of hearing, they were apt to linger so long, that the goodwife declared he was "a perfect offput to a' wark." This, however, was not meant to make him abate of his talkative humour; and neither did he: the whole budget was emptied first, and he received in turn the narratives of all and sundry. Then came the proposal from some of those whom he had gratified with his news, to "look what was in the pack." The goods were accordingly lugged from their place of concealment, and every one's hand was ready to pick out some necessary or some coveted piece of merchandise. The master discovered that, as he would be needing a suit ere long, it was as well to take it now. The mistress was just waiting for Thomas coming round to supply herself with a variety of articles, "for," quoth she, "mony things are needit in a house." The servants exhorted each other to think whether they did not require something, for it was impossible to say when another opportunity of getting it might occur. The ellwand was forthwith put into diligent requisition, the scissors snipt a little bit of the selvage, and an adroit "scored" separated the various cloths from the rapidly diminishing webs. The corners of many chests gave up their carefully hoarded gains, with which cheap remnants were triumphantly secured. In the midst of this transfer of finery, the poor herd boy looked on with a countenance so woefully expressive of the fact that he had not a farthing to spend, that some one took compassion on him, and, having laid out a trifling sum, had the satisfaction of making him perfectly happy with the equivalent, flinging it into his unexpectant arms, and exclaiming, "Here, callant, there's something for you!" What a multiplicity of pleasing emotions had this trader the tact of calling into exercise, all of them redounding tenfold to his own proper advantage! It was impossible to say whether he cultivated his powers of talk from forethought, as knowing that they would produce a crisis favourable to his own interests, or if he indulged in them because gossiping was congenial to his own disposition. He had a sharp eye enough to what is called the main chance; but at the same time he did not possess that degree of intellectual depth, which we might expect to find in one who could calculate upon exciting the purchasing propensities by a method so

indirect. Most probably, therefore, his success in business was more the result of an accidental cast of mind than of wisdom preposse, or any aptitude beyond common for the arts of traffic, as considered by themselves.

Such, also, in most cases, is that talent which gets the name of "a fine turn for business." The possessor exerts his powers of pleasing, alike when engaged in the concerns of his profession, and in society when there is no object to serve but that of passing time agreeably. His engaging address is productive of commercial advantages, but it is not a thing acquired and brought into exercise solely for that end. Some people, no doubt, finding themselves to have a prepossessing manner, do employ it systematically to promote their views of business; but by far the greater number employ it because they have it, and without reference to the pecuniary profit that may accrue. The pecuniary profit, however, follows not the less as its consequence; and we have the satisfaction of seeing urbanity of manners almost uniformly rewarded by attaining to easy circumstances, while the man of a gruff unsocial humour has usually to maintain a hard struggle with fortune. The mere packing of knowledge into the heads of children is not the only thing required to ensure their future respectability and happiness—the qualities of the heart also demand the fostering care of the instructor; and since so much depends on their temper and behaviour to those around them, parents cannot be too assiduous in the cultivation of affability, the possession of which virtue is the grand secret that confers "a fine turn for business."

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS WITH A BACKBONE.

MAN is the most perfect of all vertebrated animals; from him down to the lowest fish, the brain is protected by a skull, and the spinal marrow is inclosed in a bony column, consisting of small bones articulated together, which is called the spine or backbone. The ribs are attached to the sides of the spine, as well as the bones of the legs and arms; there is no instance of their having more than four limbs. These are technically called the upper and lower extremities. Above the bones are built the muscles, or fleshy substance which gives action to them. The alimentary, or nourishing system of the body, is inclosed within the cavity of the ribs, and belly.

All animals with a backbone have a muscular heart; their blood is of a red colour; their mouth consists of two horizontal jaws. Organs are situated in their head, through which they enjoy what is called the senses; namely, seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting.

By a knowledge of comparative anatomy, we are enabled to trace a similarity of the various parts of man through the whole animals which are provided with a backbone. Fishes are vertebrated animals, the most remote from man in their external structure. Yet comparative anatomists can trace in these, different series of bones, which correspond to or represent the bones of the arms, legs, hands, fingers, feet, and toes of man. The knowledge of these facts has tempted many philosophers to hazard the absurd opinion that man had his beginning in a minute animalcule, and has attained his present perfect condition from progressive improvement by reproduction. These opinions first originated with the ancients, from their want of knowledge of facts which are now universally established. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should have been deceived into these views; but when we find, so late as the year 1773, that Lord Monboddo, a learned and philosophi-

cal senator of the Scottish College of Justice, should have adopted such opinions, we must feel surprise; and we learn with astonishment that even so late as the year 1803, one of the greatest scholars, and ablest medical man of his day, Dr Darwin, espoused these false doctrines. He says—

"Hence, without parent, by spontaneous birth,
Rise the first specks of animated earth;
From Nature's womb the plant or insect swims,
And buds, or breathes, with microscopic beings."

He is of opinion that life first commenced in the ocean. On this point he says—

"Organic life, beneath the shoreless waves,
Was born and nurs'd in Ocean's pearly caves;
First forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
Move on the head, or pierce the watery mass;
These in domestic generations bloom,
New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume;
Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing.
Thus the tall oak, the giant of the wood,
Which bears Britannia's thunders on the flood;
The whale, unmeasured monster of the main,
The lordly lion, monarch of the plain;
The eagle soaring in the realms of air,
Whose eye, undazzled, drinks the solar glare;
Imperious man, who rules the bestial crowd,
Of language, reason, and reflection proud,
With brow erect, who seems this earthly sod,
And styles himself the image of his God;
Arise from rudiments of form and sense,
An embryon point, or microscopic ens!"

The acute anatomical knowledge of the Doctor, and his deeply sophisticated arguments, have a strong tendency to seduce the less philosophical reader into his baseless doctrines.

But views like these can never be entertained by healthy minds, and it requires but little reflection to dispel such absurd theories. Xenophon, who flourished 550 years before Christ, in his "*Treatise De Re Equestri*," describes Arabian horses exactly as they are found at the present day; and pedigrees are preserved of horses by the Arabs for upwards of five hundred years; and we have never heard of a horse becoming another animal. In short, this theory is too absurd to require a serious refutation.

There is a law in nature completely opposed to these doctrines, which is, that wild animals, of different species, while in a state of freedom, never commix; and thus the purity of their race is preserved in an unsullied and uninterrupted stream. In a state of domestication, man has so far changed the habits of some nearly allied species, as to induce them to propagate a spurious breed, but the produce are invariably mules; that is, they are barren, and incapable of continuing their kinds, with the exception of a few solitary instances; and these have never extended beyond the second generation, seldom living long, and always incapable of reproduction. But for this wise law, the world would become a scene of hideous monstrosity.

The organs of sense, in all animals with a backbone, consist in two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, the tongue, and all the muscles which cover the skeleton. The nervous system takes its rise in two masses situated in the cavity of the skull; the essential part is called the medullary substance or marrow; and anatomists have remarked, that its quantity is proportioned to the intellectual energy. The true nature of the marrow has not yet been ascertained. When minutely examined, it appears a soft matter, of a cream-coloured white, and seems to consist of innumerable infinitely minute globules. It appears itself to be devoid of motion; but from it are transmitted to the mind the impressions of the senses, whether in man or animals, and from the brain are conveyed the impulses of the will to the different muscles of the body.

The brain itself seems to be principally composed of marrow; and the spinal cord, or marrow, is the great stem leading from it, which conducts the numerous branches of the nerves through every part of the body. It is from the nerves we enjoy sensation or feeling.

The flesh, or what is termed the muscular fibre, is composed of many series of fleshy threads, whose distinctive property consists of contraction, arising either from the contact of an external body, or the agency of the will carried along the nerves.

The whole ingredients of the body are derived from the food which is taken into the stomach; this is termed the vegetative system. All the substances taken into the stomach are converted into fluids, of which the blood is the principal, and contains the general ingredients of the animal system. It is composed of carbon, or the essence of charcoal; hydrogen, or one of the constituent parts of which water is composed; oxygen the acid principle, another constituent of water; and azote or nitrogen, or that gas which has the quality of extinguishing flame. They are all combined with a substance called fibrin; gelatin, or jelly, and a compound substance named albumen; these combine to form constituent parts of the animal solids and fluids; there are, besides, phosphorus and lime, of which the bones are principally composed; also iron, and oily or fatty matter.

Hence it is evident that the fluids derived from food sustain and supply the waste of all the solid parts of the body, which are subject to perpetual change, from respiration, perspiration, and other causes.

The intestines, or what is termed the alimentary or intestinal canal, extends from the mouth to the opening of the rectum; and its length comprises various degrees of expansion, which anatomists have

designated by different names. The food, after it has been digested, is, in its passage through this alimentary canal, converted into a fluid substance, called chyle. This substance enters a series of vessels, or tubes, which have their opening into the large vessel called the thoracic duct, and are called the lymphatics, whose cavities are contracted at small and unequal distances; they are carried into the glands of the mesentery. In the words of the poet—

"The glands
All artful knots, of various hollow threads,
Which lymphducts, an art'ry, nerve, or vein,
Involv'd and closed together wound, contain."

Chyle is conveyed by these vessels to the heart, and it mixes with the mass of blood.

The blood, after having served the end of nourishment, is returned to the heart by the veins. This blood, for the purpose of restoring its arterial character, must pass, either wholly or in part, through the lungs, or organs of respiration, before it is conveyed by the arteries to the various parts of the body. In the three first classes of animals with a backbone, the lungs consist of a number of small cells, through which the external air passes as it is breathed.

The quantity of respiration, or breathing, depends on two causes: first, the relative portion of blood contained at every instant of time, in the breathing organ; and, secondly, the quantity of oxygen which enters into combination with the surrounding fluid.

The blood receives its red colour, in its passage through the lungs, by being exposed to the oxygen contained in the air, which is drawn into them while breathing.

In animals which suckle their young, the circulation is double, and is performed by means of their capacious lungs alone. The volume of their breathing is, consequently, greater than in reptiles, or fishes, whose organs of respiration are less.

Birds breathe in greater quantity than quadrupeds, in consequence of their double circulation and aerial respiration, with the addition of cavities, which penetrate through almost every part of their bodies.

Hence, in quadrupeds, which are designed for walking and running, the respiration is moderate. Birds which are lightly formed, and which require strength of muscle to support them in the air, have a greater degree or extent of respiration. Reptiles, which crawl along the earth, have more restricted powers of breathing; and fishes, which move through a fluid so much heavier than themselves, breathe by means of gills.

OF THE MAMMALIA, OR ANIMALS WHICH SUCKLE THEIR YOUNG.

These are placed at the top of every system, as possessing a superiority of structure, and a higher degree of intelligence. Their organs are more perfect, their faculties more numerous, and their sensations more delicate—thus entitling them to a higher rank in the scale of animal life.

They all produce their young in a living state, which are nourished after their birth by milk secreted within the breasts of the female; hence the name of the CLASS, from the Latin word *mamma*, a breast.

The animals of this class have but moderate powers of breathing, and are, with a few exceptions, only fitted for progressive motion on the earth, which, however, they can sustain for a great length of time. A few species, such as bats, can mount into the air by means of extensible membranes, in the form of wings. These are attached to their limbs, and are usually greatly lengthened. Animals of this construction may be considered as the connecting links betwixt the feathered tribe and quadrupeds. On the other hand, whales, and all that tribe of marine animals which breathe by lungs, seem to be the connecting links betwixt quadrupeds and fishes. These suckle their young in the same manner as quadrupeds. They are formed for moving in the water only, from the shortness of their limbs.

Most of the distinctions of the genera of quadrupeds are founded on the number and structure of their teeth, together with the size and shape of the bones of the skeleton. Man is the most perfect of organised beings; his skeleton contains all the bones of other animals. His teeth are of three kinds, namely, the incisory or cutting teeth, which are the four ceatre ones in both jaws; next to these on each side, are the four canine teeth, being one above and below in each jaw; all the other teeth are called the molars or grinders.

We would recommend to all who wish to have a thorough knowledge of the natural history of animals, to make themselves acquainted with the bones of the skeleton, and also of the several muscles which form the outer covering of the body.

Genus MAN.

Generic Character.—Man has eight incisory or cutting teeth, four above and four below; four canine teeth, one above and below, on each side of the cutting teeth; and twenty grinders or molars, five above and five below, further into the mouth than the other teeth; being in all thirty-two. The angle of his face varies in different nations.

MAN, who ranks at the head of created beings, consists but of one species. When he enters the world, he is a helpless and defenceless creature, and continues in a state of infancy longer than any other animal, and arrives at maturity from the years of twelve to twenty, according to the latitude in which the individual lives. Speech and reason, which place

man above all other creatures, are but germs, which do not ripen of themselves, but are evolved by the aid of culture and education. His instinct seems inferior to that of most other animals; for they possess internal impulses, peculiar to their kinds, by which they can provide for themselves almost immediately on entering the world, and in maturity are capable of forming habitations for their young, while man is entirely destitute of these instincts. The Almighty has, however, given him in their stead reason and reflection. He is also provided with a soul, by which he can give utterance to infinite modifications of articulate sounds; and thereby has constructed language, which enables him to communicate his ideas to his fellow-men. These qualities are possessed by every known race of mankind. Man, besides, differs from all other creatures in his upright gait, and in the admirable construction of his hands, which enable him to perform actions and to form instruments with much nicety. These, in connection with his intellectual qualities, have enabled him to make discoveries beyond the sphere of this earth.

The specific distinction betwixt man and all other animals consists in his upright posture, and in the bones of his legs and arms being so constructed that it is impossible for him to walk with ease on his four extremities. The length of the thigh bone would bring the knee in contact with the ground, and the short inflexible structure of his feet disqualify him for this sort of action. The arms, being so far separated from the central line and the articulations of the shoulder joints, together with their distance from each other, show that he could not support himself in a horizontal position. The muscles, which act as a binder betwixt the shoulders, are small in man compared to those of other animals; his head is heavier, and the bones and muscles of his neck are weaker, so that he could not possibly long support himself in this posture. In the quadruminous animals, or those having four hands, such as apes and monkeys, the arteries which supply the brain with blood are subdivided, while in man they are entire; and would, consequently, in the horizontal position, flow with such force and rapidity as soon to produce stupor. Man is the only true biped, his feet being exclusively formed for walking, and his hands for higher and more varied purposes. In one particular they differ widely from those of all other animals, namely, in the structure of the thumb, which, being entirely independent from the fingers in its action, gives a facility and power in grasping, greatly superior to the orang-outang or chimpanzee, whose structure approaches most nearly to that of man.

But what raises man far above every other creature, is his brain. Several of the inferior animals, as the elephant and whale, have larger brains in absolute size than man; various species of monkeys, and in the sparrow, canary, linnet, and redbreast, the brain is larger in proportion to the size of the body than in him. But man is distinguished from the inferior creatures by the possession of several cerebral parts, which are wanting in them. For example, in man there are several convolutions lying transversely in the upper region of the brain, under part of the parietal bones; and also a variety of convolutions in the anterior lobe, which do not present themselves in the brains of the inferior animals. These would appear to be connected with certain moral feelings and intellectual faculties which are denied to brutes.

Man, under all his varied modifications, is but of one species. Cuvier has reduced these changes to three distinct varieties, which, he considers, preserve uniformity of character; namely, the white, or Caucasian; the yellow, or Mongolian; and the negro, or Ethiopian. These, however, we conceive too limited, and agree with Blumenbach, that they may be divided into five races or varieties; namely, the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malayan.

For a more detailed account of the varieties of the human race, we beg to refer the reader to an article on that subject in Number 34, of the Journal.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.*

DURING those extraordinary times when Nero waned in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered all over the city. The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high breeding. In short, it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what

* From "Fragments and Fictions."

* Darwin's *Temple of Nature*, Canto I., line 247, &c.

† Ibid., line 293, &c.

style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavour to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple, where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and, ere long, came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged, in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed any thing he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into a delicious languor, while it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burned in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the prætor were circulated with a liberal hand; and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries, without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero's conduct was examined with freedom; but more as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in wait for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he showed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed, not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly breaking forth among the male part of the company; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and garnished by the centurion at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, "How long does the festival of Cybele continue?" Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, "Only two days more; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome;" and then added with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, "What a pleasant companion that old senator is! I never spent a night so happily." "Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him; but instead of being shown down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple; two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amorous description. Satyrs gambolled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavoured to find out the meaning of his situation, but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered.

She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, "My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I cannot let you depart, without some advice concerning the perils of this bad city; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavour to get near the Emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions; nor with Greeks, who are sad impostors. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry; but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them, otherwise you will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me," said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder: "Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say; but the prætor himself was that moment heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, "Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever, but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering about his pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sybils, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts, worth all the rest put together. Many a beautiful head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster, awoke in him the softest feelings of delight; many a group of Bacchanals taught him a jovial indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him, and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house, but now, he said, "I must go back to see Phrosine."

In the meantime, as it was yet early in the forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and acclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, observed the prætor's wife, attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognised him with blushes of gladness; and after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behaviour, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's white shoulders, and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her gar-

ment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterwards they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chestnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. "Ah, how pleasing is a country life!" said Phrosine. "I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulia, or some of those delightful provinces where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town, or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for every one is afraid of being cruelly insulted by the Emperor, or some of his favourites; and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those distant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray, from what province do you come?" "From no other than Calabria," replied Agenor. "I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and, now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and, indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero and his detestable court has annihilated every thing amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor, "for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness."

"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said Phrosine, "provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor.

"It is evident she wishes you out of her family." "But what is worse," said Phrosine, with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder; "would you believe it, Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly inquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favour; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation; "she would not approve of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor. "Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine; "I cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied Agenor. "Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along," said our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowing herself to be dragged away.

The moral of the story is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.

ANECDOTE.

An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland, was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant as an interpreter, which he did; and upon his arrival at Lady F——'s, an old Scottish countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to "fa' lee, fa' lee and eat." Upon his application to the interpreter for an explanation, the servant said, "Hoot, man, her ladyship means, fa' tu eat, eat." "And pray what the devil," replied his master, "is fa' tu?"

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE improvement of the Highlands of Scotland, the change from barbarity and poverty to civilization and comparative comfort, have been almost magical, and cannot be too widely made known. The grand improvement of the district has been its intersection with roads, any one of which is as good as is to be found in the southern part of the island. Along these commodious ways, which have been constructed by parliamentary commissioners, and extend in length upwards of 900 miles, there are now suitable inns, affording good accommodation for travellers, both as regards lodgings, and the hire of horses, chaises, and gigs. Regular carriers of goods also travel in all directions, conveying intelligence, personal comforts, and luxuries, to the most remote regions. Formerly there were few or no carts used in agriculture; now they are numerous in every quarter, and serve to introduce the use of ploughs, and other cumbersome instruments of husbandry. As an instance of the improvement that has taken place in Ross-shire, now the most beautiful and highly cultivated county in the Highlands, it may be mentioned, that more wheat is now grown on certain farms than was produced in the whole shire thirty or forty years since. It was not until 1813 that the first barley mill, north of the Cromarty Firth, was erected; and it was not till 1821 that the first flour mill was established. To such an extent, however, has cultivation of late years been carried, that the growth of wheat alone is now estimated at 20,000 quarters annually. Among other exports may likewise be mentioned the produce of various extensive whisky distilleries, and a considerable quantity of salted pork, bacon, &c. A marked improvement is every where observable in domestic animals. Since the communication with the south has been opened up, considerable attention has been recently paid to the breed of horses, both for the purposes of agriculture and draught; and, in some instances, those of the finest description have been successfully reared. The improvements in many parts of Inverness-shire have been scarcely upon a less extensive scale than in the county of Ross, although the field for agricultural operations in that county is naturally more limited. In the county of Sutherland, the objects of the commissioners have been promoted in an extraordinary degree, by the liberal exertions of the Marquis of Stafford, and other heritors, who have effected a complete revolution in the state of that extensive district of the Highlands. Agriculture is there conducted on the most approved plans, and farm buildings, and other establishments of husbandry, have been erected on a scale equally extensive and complete as in the most improved parts of the kingdom. This is the more remarkable, as, not twenty years ago, nothing of the kind existed; and until that period the great body of the inhabitants were confined to the upper parts of the county, and had undergone little change from their primitive and uncultivated habits, living in huts of the most wretched description, and strangers to every species of industry or comfort. Latterly, however, crofts, or small portions of ground, were gradually allotted out for them near the coast, in such positions as were best calculated to employ their labour with advantage to themselves and to the country; and every encouragement was given for the improvement of the lands, and the erection of comfortable and suitable cottages, while the upper parts were converted into extensive farms for the rearing of cattle and sheep, to which they are naturally adapted, and in which way only they can prove valuable to the proprietors or to the community.

Certainly a more striking example of what roads do effect, and effect, too, in an extremely poor country, has rarely been seen than in Sutherlandshire; such a quick development of what natural wealth lay latent in such a country, is unexampled. From this wild and mountainous territory about 80,000 fleeces of wool and 20,000 Cheviot sheep are annually exported, besides a good many droves of well-fed cattle, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of herrings and other fish. The effects of the different improvements are particularly exhibited in the usages of the people:—the pigs and cattle are treated to a separate table; the dunghill is turned to the outside of the house; the tartan tatters have given place to the produce of Huddersfield and Manchester, Glasgow and Paisley; the Gaelic to the English. Thanks to the exertions of the Scottish ecclesiastical establishment, under the immediate direction of the very Rev. Principal Baird of Edinburgh, few of the inhabitants, comparatively speaking, are now found who cannot both read and write—accomplishments yet unknown to thousands of individuals in England, who, perhaps, never think of the Highlands but as ignorant savages.

The various improvements in the Highlands have had the effect of raising the rental and value of property to a most remarkable degree. Estates which were lately let for L.70 or L.80, now bring about L.600. In 1790, a property on the Beaulieu Firth was sold for L.25,000, and in 1824 was again sold for L.135,000. Estates in the romantic district of Strathglass have risen, since 1785, from L.700 of rental, to be worth now upwards of L.5000. When Donald Macdonell of

Glengarry died in 1788, his yearly income did not exceed L.800; the same lands now yield from L.6000 to L.7000 a-year. But instances of this nature are so numerous that they need not be particularised. It will not be unimportant to remark, says the writer of a Report to Parliament, from which these details are extracted, that the formation of roads has also led to the advantageous establishment of great sheep and cattle fairs in the north. At Inverness, which has in various ways become the central point in Highland commerce, there is one of these markets at which an astonishing amount of business is now transacted. Thither all the sheep farmers resort from the remotest parts of the country, to meet the wool-dealers and manufacturers of the south. There, nearly the whole fleeces and sheep of the north of Scotland are generally sold, or contracted for in the way of consignment. At a recent yearly fair, upwards of 100,000 stones of wool, and 150,000 sheep, were thus disposed of.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

FEW individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St Germain's, curiosity led him to experiment on a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several regular dances with a dog. Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well known *Cats' Opera*, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and, in a few days, Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds, to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum, with its hind legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats: he trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular country dance; but, in doing this, confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a goldfish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But, some time afterwards, a doubt having started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was devoted to the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig, and trained it to lie under the stool at which he sat at work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose; and, despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in the world, to become the most tractable. In August 1783, he once again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shown for two or three nights at Ranelagh's. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should move into the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and exhibited the pig in Dame Street. "It was seen," says the author of *Anthologia Hibernica*, "for two or three days by many persons of respectability, to spell, without any apparent direction, the names of those in the company; to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married, to kneel, and to make his obeisance to the company," &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose insolence disgraced authority, broke into the rooms without any sort of

pretext, assaulted the unoffending man, and drew his sword to kill the swine, an animal that, in the practice of good breeding, was superior to his assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded in vain the permission that had been granted him; he was threatened to be dragged to prison. He was now constrained to return home, but the agitation of his mind threw him into a fit of illness, and he died, a few days after, at Chester, on his way to London.

THE HEADLESS CUMINS.

IN the parish of Edinkellie, a place towards the centre of Morayshire, in the northern part of Scotland, there is a romantic and fearful chasm, supposed to have been at one time the bed of the river Divie. It has two entrances at the upper end, and the ancient courses which led the river into these successively, are easily traceable. The lower extremity of the ravine terminates abruptly about forty feet high above the Divie, that flows at its base. This spot is one of a very interesting nature. Its name in Gaelic signifies "the Hollow of the Heads," a name originating, it is said, in the following transaction:—

Near the upper end of the ravine there is a curious cavern, formed of huge masses of fallen crags, that cover the bottom of the place. It enters downwards like a pit, and the mouth, which is no more than wide enough to admit a man, is not easily discovered. Here it was that the brave Allister Bane secreted himself after the battle of the Lost Standard. At this time the Castle of Dunphail was besieged by Randolph, Earl of Moray; and Allister Bane, who could no longer make head against him in the open field, contented himself with harassing the enemy. Knowing that his father and his garrison were reduced to great want, he and a few of his followers disguised themselves as countrymen, and, driving a parcel of horses yoked in rude sledges, laden with sacks, they came to the edge of the glen where Randolph's beleaguering party lay, and, pretending to be peasants carrying meal from the low country to the highlands, they entreated their protection from one Allister Bane, of whom they were afraid. Their prayer being granted, they unyoked their horses, and took care to leave their sledges at the brink of the precipice, so that, on a given signal agreed on with the garrison, they tumbled sledges, sacks, and all, over into the glen below, and the garrison, making a sally at the same time, each man bore off a sack on his back, whilst the pretended peasants sprang on their horses, and were out of sight before the astonished sentinels of the enemy had well given the alarm.

Randolph was so provoked on learning who the author of this trick was, that he set a price upon his head. A certain private pique led a Cummin to betray his master's lurking place. His enemies hurried to the spot to make sure of their game; but when they saw the small uncouth-looking aperture, they paused in a circle around it. One only could descend at a time, and the death of him who should attempt it was certain; for the red glare of the Cummin's eye in the obscurity within, and the flash of his dirk-blade, shewed that he had wound up his dauntless soul to die with the "courage" of the lion on his crest. They called on him to surrender at discretion. He replied by hurling a deep note of defiance from the dark womb of the rocks—"Let me but come out, and, with my back at that crag, I will live or die like a Cummin!" "No!" exclaimed the leader of his foes; "thou shalt die like a fox as thou art!" Brushwood was quickly piled over the hole, but no word of entreaty for mercy ascended from below. Heap after heap was set fire to, and crammed blazing down upon him. His struggles to force a way upwards were easily repelled by those above, and, after a sufficient quantity of burning matter had been thrust in to insure his suffocation, they rolled stones over the mouth of the hole.

When the cruel deed was done, and the hole opened, Allister Bane was found reclining in one corner, his head muffled in his plaid, and resting on the pommel of his sword, with two or three attendants around him, all dead. To make sure of them, their heads were cut off, and thrown, one after another, into the fortress, with this horrible taunt to the old man—"Your son provided you with meal, and we now send you flesh to eat with it." The veteran warrior recognised the fair head of his son. "It is a bitter morsel indeed," said he, as he took it up, kissed it, and wept over it; "but I will gnaw the last bone of it before I surrender."—From Sir T. Dick Lauder's *Account of the Moray Floods*.

WITTICISM OF KING JAMES.

THE following pleasant joke of the witty King James has seldom been in print. In his first journey to London, his Majesty was treated with a splendid entertainment by the mayor of an English town, whose liberality was such that he kept an open house, in honour of the new sovereign, for several days. Some of the English courtiers took occasion from this to hint, that such examples of munificence must be very rare among the civic dignitaries of a certain other kingdom. "Fient a bit o' that are they," cried King James; "the provost o' my burgh of Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer!" The secret was, that the chief magistrate of Forfar kept an ale-house.

THE BRITISH IRON TRADE.

GREAT BRITAIN has been particularly fortunate in possessing inexhaustible mines of coal and iron—two natural products which give the country a prodigious superiority over the adjacent continental nations. By means of these valuable materials, and the skill of the inhabitants, we are able to export hardware goods and machinery of every description, on the most advantageous terms, to all parts of the world. From an early period the natives have enjoyed a high reputation for the manufacture of warlike weapons; and, what is justly esteemed a compliment to the people, it has more than once occurred that they have supplied fire-arms, bayonets, swords, and daggers, to the very nations with which they were at war: thus furnishing instruments for their own annoyance and destruction.

The iron trade of England is one of the chief staples in the country, and gives employment to a vast body of labourers and artisans. Every where our observation is attracted towards the combinations and results of this extensive branch of traffic, and we find that there is even less to create astonishment in the multitude and variety of the products, than in the exquisite perfection of the machinery employed—machinery seeming almost to usurp the functions of human intelligence. "No one, for instance," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "can adequately comprehend the mighty agency of the steam-engine, who has not viewed the machinery of some of our mining districts, where it is employed on a scale of magnitude and power unequalled elsewhere. In Cornwall especially, steam-engines may be seen working with a thousand horse power, and capable (according to a usual mode of estimating their perfection as machinery) of raising nearly 50,000,000 pounds of water through the space of a foot, by the combustion of a single bushel of coals. No Englishman, especially if destined to public life, can fitly be ignorant of these great works and operations of art which are going on around him; and if time can be afforded in general education for Paris, Rome, and Florence, time is also fairly due to Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield. Nor, speaking of the manufactures of England, can those be neglected which depend chiefly or exclusively on chemical processes. It may be conceded, that the French chemists have had their share in the suggestion of these processes; but the extent, variety, and success with which they have been brought into practical operation in England, far surpass the competition of any other country. These are, perhaps, from their nature and from their frequent need of secrecy, the least accessible of our manufactures to common observation; yet they, nevertheless, offer much that is attainable and valuable. Connected with our manufactures are the great works of the civil engineer, which cover every part of the kingdom; the canals, roads, docks, bridges, piers, &c.; works which attest more obviously than any other the activity, power, and resources of the country."

It was lately computed that about 700,000 tons of iron are annually made in Great Britain, a very large proportion of which are the produce of South Wales and Staffordshire. In Scotland, 36,500 tons were, at the same time, made. The chief consumption of this immense quantity of metal is in the island itself, there being little more than 100,000 tons exported. The value of that which was exported was, for British iron, £1,226,617, and for hardware and cutlery, £1,387,204.

The great seat of the iron manufacture in Scotland is at Carron, a place in Stirlingshire, situated on the north bank of the river Carron, about three miles from the south shore of the Firth of Forth, and a short way north of Falkirk. The Carron iron-works, which are reckoned one of the greatest wonders in North Britain, are the property of a chartered company, established in 1760. They are employed in smelting ores, and the manufacture of all kinds of cast iron goods, whether used in war or agriculture, domestic economy, or any other purpose. Cannon, mortars, howitzers, and carronades of every description, are here made in the greatest perfection. The carronade now used in warfare was first made at Carron, and hence assumed its name. Shot and bombshells of every sort and size are also made, and on a scale which rivals the manufactories of Germany and Russia. This large establishment is placed in the midst of a country, possessed of inexhaustible stores of the materials of its manufacture, and has every facility of export. Besides these qualifications, the country is rich in every species of produce, and able to support a dense population. Including those employed in the works, and those engaged in the mines and pits, with the individuals employed in the coasting and carrying trade, the whole will amount to between 2000 and 3000 persons, who subsist directly by the works. To a stranger, the approach to the establishment from the north, in a calm night, is striking and terrible, from the illumination of the atmosphere, which is seen at a great distance, the noise of the weighty hammers resounding upon the anvils, the groaning of blast machines, and the reflection of the flames in the reservoir which bounds the works on the north, as in a large mirror. The scene is much admired, and often resorted to, in "the calm summer even," even by the local inhabitants.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ORKNEY.

[We borrow the following short, but vividly descriptive article, from a volume entitled "Orcaian Sketches; Legendary and Lyrical Pieces, by David Vedder," Edinburgh, 1832. The volume appears to contain the first literary efforts of a strong, graphic, and poetical mind, and foreshadows, we are persuaded, better things to come.]

To the contemplative mind, which, enthusiastically fond of the sublime and beautiful, gazes on nature with the eye of a poet, and lists with rapture to the howling of the deep-toned winds—the moaning of the ocean—the never-ceasing murmur of a hundred mountain streamlets—the irresistible Atlantic rushing with inconceivable velocity into countless subterranean gios or helyers, with a noise louder than thunder, and anon receding with equal rapidity, few places are equal to the island of Hoy, in Orkney.

Towering over the neighbouring islands, like the fragment of some huge Gothic cathedral over the humble cottages of the peasantry, this insulated mountain may be seen from forty to sixty miles' distance, according to the state of the atmosphere, from every point of the compass, whilst its rocky base is deeply immersed in, and lashed by a tremendous

wilderness of waves
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

But the freshness of spring, the glories of summer, the sere and yellow leaves of autumn, and the vapours, clouds, and storms of winter, dwindle into insignificance when compared with certain celestial phenomena which very frequently occur in these wild regions during the winter months.

Let the reader imagine himself standing alone in the midst of such desolate scenery, surveying the azure vault of heaven, bespangled with stars innumerable, whose scintillating rays converge and blend, apparently throwing a gossamer veil of silver over the blue expanse.

Let him turn his eyes northward, and what must be his feelings, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, ten thousand rainbows rush into a glorious existence, and fill the celestial arch with their radiance, shifting their positions with the velocity of a sunbeam, blending into a circular halo round the concave of heaven, mounting to the zenith like squadrons of cherubim, diving into the profound like bright but fallen spirits, and vanishing with the speed of thought, leaving the stars and planets glowing in tranquil sublimity, and the spectator, if he possesses a particle of the *vidua vis animi*, entranced with the recollection of the glories by which he had been surrounded? Again and again, in my school days, have such visions of celestial grandeur floated before my delighted eyes, and many a chilly hour have I passed amidst the rigour of a hyperborean winter night, watching the progress, the advance, the retreat, the *melee*, and the final extermination of these celestial armies; and I do aver, that no object in nature can illustrate the wars of the

Thrones and dominions, potentates and powers, of Milton, half so well as the splendid sight which I have been attempting to describe.

It is rather humiliating to human nature when I observe, that the majority of the peasantry regard this beautiful phenomenon with frozen apathy.—Though its splendours are beyond the power of pen to delineate, though its glories, on particular occasions, are absolutely overpowering, yet I have frequently mingled in the groups, made one in their parties, and never heard an impassioned exclamation escape a single individual of them, though the aurora borealis was flickering and flaming, and glowing, nay, actually hissing, as if in scorn of the frigid feelings of those who were so happy as to witness the jousts and tournaments of these aerial revellers.

THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

A WORK with this title, written by Sharon Turner, and published, in an octavo volume, by Longman and Company, London, has recently made its appearance, and we feel bound to state, that a more valuable production could not be brought under the perusal of families requiring instruction on the great topics treated of in its pages. The creation of the world, as narrated to us in the most ancient history and book now existing, and which has been universally venerated in the Christian world for its truth and its origin, from the commencement of the Christian faith, is naturally the first subject of investigation to this erudite author, while the opinions he expresses throughout seem of the soundest description. The following observations on the origin of the earth which we inhabit, and the universe of which our globe forms but a mere unit, as well as on the nature of the Being who created and sustains the whole, will be perused with edification by our young readers.

"Our globe consists of its earthly structure—of the ethereal fluids which move upon it and above it—of the watery masses and effusions of the vegetable kingdom—and of the animated races. It is subjected to the potent and varied agencies of the sun and moon. It rolls, with undisputed and unsupported freedom, through a boundless space; and it is connected by immediate relations with the planets of our system; more remotely with the splendid stars, whose

nature and numbers we have not yet ascertained; and occasionally, at intervals, some of which are recurrent, with the rapidly-moving comets. These rush suddenly and unexpectedly, for the most part, into our visible heavens, by laws and for purposes yet unknown; rather advertising us of their existence, and amazing us by their appearance, than exercising any perceptible effect or imparting any knowledge of their composition, of the causes of their journey, or of the places from which they come, and to which they so mysteriously depart. In this grand system of existence, man is the most intelligent being that is visible to our material sense; and we have as yet no decisive evidence that any thing, below the Creator, will be ultimately his superior.—The sacred history of the world is built on the grand truth expressed in the first verse of the Pentateuch:—

'In the beginning, God (*Elohim*) created the heavens and the earth.'

This is the foundation of all religion, whether popular or philosophical. The intellectual world possesses an invaluable treasure in this simple, but emphatic, information. It deserves the epithet invaluable, because it is a fact which could be certainly known to us only from revelation, as no human eye could have witnessed the event; and because the greatest minds of antiquity were in doubt and darkness, and in opposition to each other, on this subject, as we should still be, if the book of Genesis had not descended to us. Instead of deriving the world from God, it was more common among the classical nations to derive their gods from the world. Hesiod, as well as Epicurus, makes his divinities to be an order of beings springing out of the material universe. Several Pagan nations, even in our own times, thus account for their existence. Few have thought the Deity to be the Creator of the earth or of the heavens; and the mind had become so confused on this point, that it was more generally supposed, that either these were eternally what they are, or that they were united into what we see them to be, by a fortuitous concourse of self-moving atoms. Such ideas were highly patronized in ancient times; and until the prevalence of Christianity diffused the knowledge and authenticity of the Mosaic record as to the origin of things, nothing was positively known or rationally believed about it. The more we investigate the conflicting and chimerical opinions of mankind on this great topic, the more we shall appreciate the first chapter of Genesis. On no subject of its thought has the human mind been more fantastic, than in its suppositions on the origin of the gods whom it chose to worship, and of the material world in which it was residing. Revelation has banished these, by giving to us the desirable certainty.

The theory, that the component atoms or particles of things could have moved themselves into the beautiful forms and scientific arrangements and motions of visible nature, was felt to be incredible by some of the finest minds of antiquity, and finds no patronage now from the true philosopher. Design, contriving thought, the adaptation of things to each other, and the skilful production of important ends by the application and co-operation of the fittest means, are so manifest in the structure of the earth, in the formations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in all the astronomical phenomena, that no judicious inquirer will attempt to support the Lucretian reveries. The more favoured opinion of some, who desire to remove the Creator from the material universe, is the arbitrary assumption, that the system and course of things which we admire, has had no origin at all, but has been eternally what we see it to be. This is no new conception of the human mind, but it is that to which those who are adverse to religion, and who discredit revelation, seem to be now most inclined to adopt. For this reason, it may be useful to suggest an observation, which seems to prove it to be an impossible hypothesis.

If the material world had been one uniform homogeneous mass, its eternal existence would have been always a possibility. It would then not have contained any evidence in itself to contradict the supposition. But the actual fact is, that all visible nature is a multifarious association of very compounded substances. Nothing is simple—nothing is uncompounded. Every thing we see, feel, or handle, is a composition, a mixture or union of more particles or of more elements than one. Not merely the grosser earthly bodies are so, but even the water, the air, and the light, are in this compounded state. Now, it is impossible that any compound can have been eternally a compound. Composition and eternity are as incompatible, as to be and not to be. The particles of which compounds consist, must have been in some other state before they were compounded together. The single condition of the elements must have preceded their union in the composition; and thus it is physically impossible that a compound can have been eternal. The schoolboy perceives at once that his plum-cake cannot have been eternal. The plums, the flour, the butter, the eggs, and the sugar, of which it is composed, must have been in some other places and state, before they were brought together to make the substance which gratifies him. So the mighty world we live on, the rocks, the mountains, the minerals—so every substance around us, animate and inanimate—cannot have been eternal, because every one is a combination of numerous particles, usually very heterogeneous, and the primary elements of each must have been in their elementary state, and in some other position, before they moved and joined into their compound one.

The process of creation, in the primitive construction of our earthly fabric, has not been detailed by the Hebrew legislator. He mentions no more of its massive composition than this short sentence:—

'The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of Elohim moved upon the face of the waters.'

'The earth was without form.' It had therefore to be put into form. Its material substance had been created, but had not been arranged into any specific formation. It was also 'void;' it was therefore empty; vacant of all that now adorns its surface, or that was afterwards made within it. It had to receive and to be replenished, both internally and externally, with all those additional and organized things and beings, or more specific metals and minerals, which were intended to be within it and upon it. As 'darkness was upon the face of the deep,' there was in its primeval state a deeper abyss—a vast obscure concavity; and as 'the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' its surface must have been covered with the aqueous fluid. Thus the first state of our earth which is noticed to us after the general creation, is that of a dark mass, unformed and void, with an abyss within, and whose surface was covered with moving waters, but on which the Divine Spirit was operating. The effects of this operation are not stated, but we may presume them to have been to produce those formative arrangements which constitute its present structure—its great masses of rocks and strata—its geological system and construction.

At this point of time, when its specific composition was taking place, the Divine command was issued for the appearance of the luminous fluid. The introduction of this grand agent of the creative process is mentioned with that sublimity of diction which arises from the emphatic conciseness of imperative dignity:—

'And Elohim said, "Licht! be," and light was.'

It came instantaneously, pouring on and pervading the terrestrial mass; and the operations of this beautiful element, whose penetrating, universal, and marvellous agencies are yet so little understood, fulfilled its author's wishes:—

'Elohim saw the light, that it was good.'

The next act of the Deity was to make a boundary, or division, between the effect of the visible presence or action of light, and that darkness which arises from its latent state or disappearance; calling the duration of our luminous sense of it 'day,' and the time of its absence 'night.' Their succession was made to constitute that portion of time which we designate by a natural day. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.' Our earthly day is that space of time in which our globe turns once completely round. This section of time, which we subdivide into twenty-four parts, or hours, does not depend upon the sun, nor arise from it. As it is only an entire rotation of the earth, it could occur as well without a solar orb as with one.

The annual circuit, or a year, which is the completed orbit of the earth round this luminary, could not take place without a sun; but a day requires the existence and revolving motion of the earth alone. This is mentioned by Moses as beginning before the sun was made the centre of our astronomical system. As this fact denotes the diurnal movement to be distinct from the sun, and independent of it, it is another instance of the correctness of the Mosaic account. The first rotation of the earth round its own axis made the interval of the first day, and each subsequent revolution constituted the several days which succeeded. Our planet might cease to turn round in this diurnal continuity, and might yet circle round the sun in its yearly course. The moon moves in this way about our earth; for it has no rotatory motion. The cause of our earth's revolving round its axis is quite distinct from the double and mutually counter-acting forces which produce its annual orbit. Physics have not discovered, nor can rational conjecture assign any reason for the diurnal rotation, except the commanding will and exerted power of the Divine Creator. Nor is it a mere revolution alone which makes our day; but it is a revolution with that particular, chosen, specifically assigned, and limited and yet marvellous velocity, in which this movement is and ever has been performed. To occupy that portion of time which composes our day, it must move precisely, and with constant and undeviating exactness, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour, or above 16 miles every minute; a stupendous celerity for a massy globe nearly 8000 miles in diameter! A greater velocity would make our day so much the shorter; a slower progress would as much prolong it. But this revolving force has been continued and has acted for nearly 6000 years with a precision which has never varied. In all the ages of which history has preserved any memorial, the natural day has always exhibited every where the uniform duration; a proof that the rolling power which actuates it has never undergone any alteration or diminution, but has still the same measured and governed proportion or agency with which it was first attached to our terrestrial habitation.

When sufficiently arranged and consolidated, our earth was placed, with the planets, at those immensely distant points and scientifically calculated intervals, both from each other and from the sun, which would accomplish the purposes to be fulfilled in each. A mighty impulse was then added to each, apparently differing in amount, which, if it had been unchecked,

would have propelled them through the endless expansion of the universe; but an attractive force was at the same time attached to the sun, which drew them, by a mysterious gravitating tendency, down to his centre. A marvellous adaptation was then skillfully and most exactly settled between these counter-acting forces, and according to their individual diversities; by which, while the attraction of gravitation was made by an invariable law to be ever equal to the masses of each planet, the centrifugal or projectile impulsion, precisely proportioned in every one to that attraction, was given to each planet: so that in no one it should exceed the solar attraction, and yet that it should be always sufficient to prevent that commanding power from pulling any one out of its appointed orbit down to the absorbing centre. On this nicely balanced adjustment of two most mighty and ever struggling and opposing forces, all the movements of our planetary system are daily proceeding, ever on the verge of the most destructive danger, by either energy mastering the other; and yet such a powerful and vigilant superintendence is constantly governing both, that this perilous contest has continued nearly 6000 years without the balance varying in the slightest degree. The most scientific harmony continues to regulate them with unabated constancy and unrelaxing exactitude—ceaseless battle with as unceasing equalization of force and energy; the most marvellous activity with the most steady maintenance of undeviating order. Nothing but the Divine wisdom could have composed such a finely-balanced system of tremendous forces; nothing but the Divine power could command them, or perpetuate their indispensable equality; and nothing but the Divine will can dissolve what it is upholding. We may again repeat, and on high human authority, that it is impossible that this can be the meaningless result of unmeaning chance; for it is La Place who has said, 'One of the most remarkable phenomena of the solar system is the rigorous equality which is observed to subsist between the angular motions of rotation and revolution of each satellite. It is INFINITY TO UNITY that this is not the effect of hazard.'

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. O, but I was wicked. Tear out their eyes, says I; blame their skins; and torment their hearts. Finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled or had any thing to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke-full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out, and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprang his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now, Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Get out, Pompey." "Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do you do?" "Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop? Haul up a chair, and sit down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs Jones?"—"O, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs Jones, going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty

year."—"Ho; but where does he come from?"—"Daown taown."—"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs Jones's last scream. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one handiron; the cat crouched down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said, "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door—and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on an end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusalem. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'y'e think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er long side o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter?" "I a'ter? O, jest takin' a walk." "Pleasant walkin', I guess." "I mean, jest to see how you all do." "Ho!—That's another lie. You'd've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'y'e want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping-cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and, the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs Jones lighted t'other candle; and, after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings, and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up." "Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it agin"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous—a little old maidish, I guess." "Hands off is fair play, Mr Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me—so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and have done with it." "No. I won't, so there, nor tech to." "I'll take it, whether or no." "Do it, if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wited down to a dishcloth. But she had no

time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah, came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!

[This humorous specimen of the off-hand style of a New-England, originally appeared in one of the newspapers under the signature Y. Y.]

LIFE IN INDIA.

Young men who enter the Indian army as cadets are peculiarly situated. They at once join regiments composed of foreigners, to whose language and habits they are entire strangers; who form a class of men remarkable for superstitious attention to habits, and bigoted attachment to the manners and religious ceremonies of their ancestors. Among these people the European officer is probably destined to pass the greater part of his life; and one of the first objects of his duty, as regards himself individually, as well as the men to be placed under his command, must be to acquire their language, and to become familiar with their customs.

Indian cadets are usually like yourself, youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who have seen very little of the world, and know nothing beyond what they have acquired at the schools in which they have been educated. It is not surprising, therefore, to find, that on their first arrival they are struck with astonishment at all they see, nor that they should at first dislike, and become even disgusted with, the habits of nations so essentially different from their own. In addition to these circumstances, there is another feeling, which, in India, tends to create a contempt towards the natives, and, however absurd the notion, it is, nevertheless, true, that their dark complexions convey to the mind of a European a sensation of inferiority. It is a well known fact that most of the barbarous nations in the universe, and the savages found on the several islands discovered by modern navigators, are dark, and that the unhappy and debased slaves conveyed from the western coast of Africa are also black. From this circumstance, which renders them the objects of commiseration, probably arises the contempt we feel for men of that colour, and which leads us to consider them as a degraded race, whose minds are incapable of energy, or of the nobler passions of mankind. This prejudice, so commonly prevalent among Europeans towards all dark men, makes us too apt to identify fairness of complexion with intellectual powers and civilization, and to associate with the term "black man," the idea of barbarism and brutality.

These notions are usually brought to India by every cadet, and they frequently receive confirmation by an association with the officers of the ship, who see and know little of the natives of India in general. Their intercourse is confined to those interested and mercenary individuals abounding at sea-ports in every part of the world, and who, feeding on the necessities and ignorance of seafaring men, make unfavourable impressions on their minds of the whole nation. Yet it would not be more unfair in a foreigner to judge of the whole English people by the casual communication he maintains with the boatmen, and others concerned in clearing ships at Liverpool, Blackwall, or Portsmouth, than to draw unfavourable conclusions of the Hindoo race from the specimens which an Englishman sees of the natives of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. There is, however, an additional reason why a person arriving from on shipboard should, on his first landing in this country, be more shocked with every strange object he sees, than a traveller would in Europe. In the latter case, although he meets with great varieties of dress, of modes of worship, and of manners, yet there is a general similarity to what he has always been accustomed. For instance, though the costumes in Europe vary, still there is no absolute nakedness, such as strikes every person on arriving in India. This is observable at Madras in particular, where, with the exception of a small stripe of linen round his girdle, and a sharp-pointed skull-cap, made of leaves, fitting the head, the men in the canoes are absolutely naked. To a European the sight is hardly human, to see a black animal kneeling on three bits of wood, connected only with the fibres of the cocoanut, paddling away, alone, several miles from land. Yet, strange to say, these men, on their rude skiffs, pass through a tremendous surf on the coast, into which no English seaman or English boat dares venture. The natives, however, fearlessly attend the country boats, filled frequently with European passengers, in order to save their lives; and they encounter, night and day, not only the risk of drowning, but the more serious chance of being carried away by sharks, to which animals many of them frequently fall victims. As rewards for their services, however, we see these naked Indians adorned with medals, presented by government for their brave exertions in

saving the lives of shipwrecked persons, of which they are justly as proud as any military and naval heroes who may have fought for their king and country.

In Europe, the climate every where requires that the human body should be clothed, which is by no means necessary in India. Religion, too, though it assumes various forms among the numerous sects of Protestants, Roman Catholics, &c., and the disciples of the Greek church, still none of these differences shock us by their extravagances. We have, in some degree, become familiar with them by our education; and, in the course of passing from one country to another, a traveller in Europe becomes gradually introduced to the novelties which occur on his journey. With regard to customs, too, though in some respects different, yet there is a general similarity preserved throughout the European and Christian nations. The same habit every where prevails of saluting by uncovering the head; of sitting on chairs and couches; of entering houses, and even palaces, with shoes; of eating all sorts of flesh, fish, and fowl, and of using knives, forks, and spoons at our meals. All these customs are so common, and so universal with us, that when we find the whole of them neglected, we are naturally disposed to think such a people sunk into the lowest state of barbarism. Our surprise is not less than that of an Indian chief, who one day asked me if we had abundant rice crops in England; but was surprised to hear that neither rice, nor any other of the Indian grains, wheat excepted, grew in England. You will be equally astonished, no doubt, to learn that a great part of a population of a hundred millions of inhabitants, exists, for the most part, without eating wheaten bread, flesh, fish, or fowl, or drinking fermented liquors of any sort. Both the Indian and the European would very naturally ask of each other, "Then what is it you do subsist on?"

What, then, must be the feelings of a person landing fresh from London, without having witnessed any intermediate state of society between the height of European civilization in the finest city in the universe, and that to which he is so suddenly brought!

All the several shades of similarity which exist in European society, are lost in this hemisphere.

The climate, as I have already observed, requires the natives to use very little clothing, and the labouring classes, consequently, hardly use any. The middling and upper classes, instead of being clad in close broadcloth garments, are habited in long flowing linen robes, giving them, in our eyes, an air of effeminacy. The men shave their heads, both for cleanliness and comfort, and use cotton turbans of various colours, instead of hats. These it is rude to take off on any pretence; so that what we do out of courtesy, must to them appear ill-bred. The women have their heads uncovered, and wear their hair after the fashion of the Greeks. The eyelids of the Mahomedans are tinged with antimony, to give the eyes brilliancy; the complexions of the Hindoos are not unfrequently dyed yellow with saffron; and the teeth of the Mahomedan females are stained black as ebony after they marry.

The dryness and the heat of the climate render it unnecessary to use chairs or couches, as in Europe. The floors of the rooms of the upper classes are covered with carpets, brocades, or fine linens. Upon these they sit, eat, and lie down; hence the custom throughout the East of taking off the shoes before entering on them, which, soiled by the dirt of the streets, would not only injure the furniture, but also pollute the linen garments in which they are clad. The custom of removing the shoes from off the feet, on coming into houses and temples, and on approaching superiors, is very ancient; and a stronger proof of the fact need not be adduced, than by consulting the third chapter of Exodus, when God commands Moses "to put off his shoes, for he stands on holy ground;" and yet, till we become accustomed to this habit, it is extremely repugnant to our feelings to see men walking about our houses with naked feet; and it is the more extraordinary, that we know it is done purely out of respect.

—Briggs' Letters to a Young Person in India.

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JOHN LEDYARD.

LEDYARD was an American. He was first designed for the law, a study which did not suit his romantic turn of mind; secondly, for a missionary among the Indians, which proved as uncongenial to his habits and dispositions. While prosecuting his theological studies at College, to relieve the tedium of the chapel and the lecture-rooms, he introduced the acting of plays, occasionally performing himself in a long grey beard. The missionary scheme was soon abandoned, and he made his escape from college in a canoe which he hollowed from the trunk of a tree; sailing alone, and dressed in a bear-skin, he reached home after performing a voyage of 140 miles on a dangerous river. His next profession was that of a common sailor on board a vessel bound for Gibraltar. Having heard his grandfather speak of some wealthy relation in England, he resolved on a journey to London; and accordingly setting out from New York, he was landed at Plymouth without a shilling or a single acquaintance. In company with an Irishman as thoughtless and poor as himself, and agreeing to take their turn in begging along the road, he reached London, where he discovered the house of his rich relation. His story, however, was discredited, and himself treated as an impostor, which roused his indignation to such

a pitch that he abruptly left the house, resolved never to return. Upon further inquiry his friend became satisfied of the truth of the connexion, and sent Ledyard a kind invitation, which he haughtily declined. He even rejected a sum of money which his relation, on hearing of his distressed situation, had sent; desiring the servant to tell his master that he belonged not to the race of the Ledyards. His next function was that of a corporal of marines, on board the ship of Captain Cook, then preparing for his third and last voyage round the world; in which capacity he made the tour of the globe. He was present at Cook's death, and published a short narrative of the voyage. From a marine he was next converted into a fur-merchant, having his head full of romantic projects about a trading voyage to Nootka Sound. His main difficulty was in procuring a ship. He applied to various individuals in New York and Philadelphia, but all he got was a promise. Finding himself disappointed, and cursing the lack of enterprise among his own countrymen, he resolved to try his fortune in Europe. He visited Cadiz, Brest, L'Orient, and Paris, with no better success. At Paris he got acquainted with Paul Jones, an adventurer as enthusiastic as himself, and with Sir James Hall, who generously gave him fifteen guineas, as he was now reduced to a sort of wandering vagabond, without employment, motive, or means of support. His next plan was a journey, by land, through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, then to cross Behring's Straits to the continent of America. While waiting for the permission of the Empress of Russia, he received an invitation to London from Sir James Hall, who had procured him a free passage in an English ship, bound for the Pacific Ocean, and to be put on shore at any spot he chose on the north-west coast. Sir James, moreover, gave him twenty guineas, with which Ledyard "bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet," the only companions of his journey. The happy moment seemed now arrived when he was to open to his blinded countrymen the path to unbounded wealth; but, on reaching Deptford, the vessel was seized by a custom-house officer, brought back, and exchequered. This was a severe blow, but Ledyard was never without a resource: "I shall make the tour of the globe (says he), from London eastward, on foot." A subscription was raised by Sir Joseph Banks, Sir James Hall, and others, by which means he got over to Hamburg, which he reached, he tells us, "in perfect health, and with ten guineas exactly," with which he had to traverse the vast continents of Europe and Asia. His ten guineas, however, were otherwise disposed of. His host, at the tavern where he lodged, having informed him that a Major Langhorn, an American officer, and "a very good kind of man," had left Hamburg for Copenhagen, "with only one spare shirt, and very few other articles of clothing," Ledyard concluded that the man must necessarily be in distress; and, moreover, that a person in this situation was just suited to be the companion of his travels. The sympathy was irresistible. "I shall fly to him (says he) and lay my little all at his feet." Accordingly, though it was the dead of winter, and Copenhagen several hundred miles out of his way, he set out on this charitable expedition. After a tedious journey through Sweden and Finland, he reached the Danish capital, and discovered his countryman, the Major, shut up in his room, where he had been some time detained in captivity for want of money and a clean shirt. Ledyard's countenance glowed with joy as he disbursed the remains of his ten guineas into the palm of this needy adventurer. After staying a fortnight, he propounded to his friend the other grand object of his visit, viz. that the Major should accompany him to St Petersburg. The proposition met with an abrupt refusal. "No," was the reply; "I esteem you, but no man on earth shall travel with me the way I do." This dissolved the intended association; and Ledyard, having parted with his friend and his last shilling, set out alone for the Russian capital. The passage by sea being impracticable, he was obliged to perform a journey of twelve hundred miles, round the Gulf of Bothnia, which, in a direct line, did not exceed fifty. We cannot here follow him in his route from St Petersburg across the regions of snow and desolation which he traversed on his way to Okotsk. After many hardships and delays, he reached Irkutsk, where he was apprehended as a French spy, and put under arrest by an order from the Empress. Accompanied by a guard of soldiers, he was conveyed back to the frontiers of Poland, a distance of six thousand versts, in six weeks! "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, as he approached the boundaries of civilized Europe, "petticoats appear, and the glimmerings of other features." Here the soldiers set him at liberty, giving him to understand that he might go where he pleased, only if he again returned to the dominions of the Empress, he would certainly be hanged. He contrived, by drawing on his friends, to reach London, where he was introduced to Mr Beaufoy, Secretary to the African Association. In a short time he set out on a mission of discovery to that ill-fated country; and was among the first that fell a victim to the cause of African geography. His plan was to proceed up the Nile as far as Senaar, and from thence to strike across the African continent to the coast of the Atlantic. He died, however, at Cairo, of a bilious complaint, about the end of November 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

MODERN INQUISITION ANECDOTE.

MR G—, a native of Xeres, near Cadiz, from the commercial intercourse his family carried on with Britain, had imported a number of English books, which he was fond of perusing. While residing in the house of his uncle, a considerable merchant at Xeres, the parish priest was a frequent visitor. This man, with a little more erudition, though not honesty, than usually falls to the lot of Spanish ecclesiastics, had acquired some knowledge of our language, and was in the practice of borrowing from Mr G— some of the best English authors. Blair's Sermons, in particular, attracted his attention, as a work which he could turn to account. By way of precaution, he observed to Mr G—, that no other but a Catholic clergyman could produce such elegant compositions. Mr G—, though he knew better, took care to agree with him for obvious reasons. Not long after, on a Palm Sunday, which is observed by the Catholics with more than usual solemnity, the priest regaled his parishioners with a Spanish version of one of our countryman's most flowery discourses. Every body was charmed at such an unexpected display of pulpit eloquence. "My uncle, in particular," said Mr G—, "expressed himself highly delighted with the preacher's exertions. I could not help remarking to him," added Mr G—, "that I could point out the source from whence all these fine sentiments and imagery were derived—in plain language, that the friar was a downright plagiarist." Mr G— was then challenged to make a translation himself of the sermon in question. This task, after some delay, he performed, and his uncle failed not instantly to recognise the striking likeness which it bore to the subject treated by the friar, on Palm Sunday. In the fullness of his heart, he seized the first opportunity of triumphing over the dishonesty of the priest, who was accordingly, for this purpose, forthwith invited to dinner. "Pray, father," every body is in raptures with your Palm Sunday sermon; have you all the merit of that wonderful discourse?" "I certainly consider it as my masterpiece," replied the other, "having employed some months in its composition." "Why, my nephew here alleges he read a sermon remarkably like it in an English book." The friar was mute—he felt mortified, but took care to conceal his chagrin, and parted with the company seemingly in good humour. "Next day," added Mr G—, "to the great surprise of the family, the house was beset with the officers of the Inquisition, who had a warrant to seize my person, and all the English books." "I made my escape to Port St Mary, where a relation concealed me for a fortnight. By that time the sacrifice of a considerable sum enabled me to make my peace with the Holy Office; but upon the whole, the detection of this glaring imposition cost me rather dear."

INGENIOUS RECTIFICATION OF AN OMISSION.

DR S—, after realizing a considerable fortune abroad, having no near relations, left the bulk of his fortune to endow an hospital near Edinburgh. It happened, in the latter part of his life, that he became acquainted with a mason of his own name, who proved to be a distant kinsman. This man, who was rather in confined circumstances, had a family of twelve children, all of whom had arrived at maturity. To each of eleven of these, the twelfth being probably omitted by oversight, the Doctor bequeathed a legacy of one hundred pounds. The mason having got notice of the particulars of this will, was naturally anxious that his children should partake equally of the Doctor's bounty. He took an early opportunity, therefore, of calling his whole family together, and, having informed them that Dr S— had left £100 to each of them except one, whom he did not name, he recommended them to sign an agreement that the £1100 should be equally divided among the twelve. To this proposal all parties cheerfully consented, as no one could tell on whom the loss would fall, if any one should refuse to concur in such a measure. Thus the whole twelve were very nearly as well provided for as if each had been left £100.

TITLE APPROPRIATE.

MR Matthew Ross, who some years ago bore the honourable distinction of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, though a lawyer of reputation, was rather of diminutive stature. About the time General Kerr's estate of Littledean was advertised for sale, Mr John Clerk made up to Mr Ross, and told him that this property would be a very desirable purchase for him, "as you know, in that case, you would be Little Dean of that ilk."

FLOOD EXTRAORDINARY.

An inhabitant of an upper flat in the highest part of the town of Glasgow, was in company one evening, where a good deal of conversation passed on the subject of the Clyde overflowing its banks, and inundating the lower part of the houses of the Bridgegate (the street next the river). Next morning when he awoke, it being quite dark, and the former night's discussion still engrossing his thoughts, the first step he made out of bed was into a tub of water, which had, accidentally, been misplaced. He could not help exclaiming, "If the water is come to this height, Heaven have mercy upon the folks of the Briggate."

DISADVANTAGE OF A WRY NECK.

The postman who went between Perth and Dundee formerly happened one day to fall from his horse into a ditch, and was a good deal hurt. A stranger passing by, and observing what had happened, endeavoured to give him what assistance he could. Not knowing, however, that the postman was wry-necked, he laboured hard to make his neck straight, thinking this part of his body had got a wrong twist by the fall. The poor man, thus tortured by his benefactor, exclaimed, "Ay, ay, that way," meaning that his neck had been always in that position; but the other, supposing he wished him to persist in his attempts to rectify what was wrong, redoubled his efforts; and before the matter could be explained, the patient had suffered not a little by the well-meant exertions of the operator.

VALUE OF LONG NAILS.

At Batavia, the Chinese used to pay the Dutch for a licence to wear their nails long.

THE LADY THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier,
On fire for high-born dame,
To win her smile, with sword and spear,
I'd seek a warrior's fame;
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer—better mood,
The lady that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll bear a mind of harder mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf about my corset cast,
With her fair name y-wove,
I'll have her pictured in my breast—
The lady that I love.

No mettle steed through battle-throng,
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won:
Among the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove;
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The lady that I love.

R. C.

"TAKE HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE."

The late Lord H—, whose irritable disposition, eccentricities, and facetiousness, have been so aptly portrayed by the author of the Scrap Book in his story of "The Man," had his natural propensities called into action on another occasion, when presiding in a criminal court in the north. A trial, where life or death was at stake, was proceeding with that solemnity which distinguishes our justiciary courts over those of our neighbours, when a wag (for there are some characters who must have their joke, however solemn the occasion) entered the Court, and set a musical snuff-box a-playing "Jack's Alive" upon one of the benches. In the silence of conducting the inquiry, the music struck the ears of the audience, and particularly the venerable judge, whose auricular organ was to the last most admirably acute; and a pause to the business was the immediate consequence. He stared for an instant at a sound so unusual in a court of justice, and with a frantic demeanour exclaimed, "Macer, what, in the name of God, is that?" The officer looked around him in vain to answer the inquiry, when the wag exclaimed, "It's 'Jack's Alive,' my Lord." "Dead or alive, put him out this moment," "We canna grup him, my Lord." "If he has the art of hell, let every man assist to arraign him before me, that I may commit him for this outrage and contempt." Every one endeavoured to discover the author of the annoyance, but he had put the check upon the box, when the sound for a time ceased, and the macer informed his Lordship that the person had escaped. The judge was indignant at this, but not being able to make a better of it, the trial proceeded, when, in about half an hour, sounds of music again caught the ears of the Court. "Is he there again?" exclaimed his Lordship. "By all that's sacred, if he shall escape me this time; fence, bolt, bar the doors of the Court, and, at your peril, let a man, living or dead, escape." All was now bustle, uproar, and confusion; but the search was equally vain as before. His Lordship, who had lived not long after the days of witchcraft, began to imagine that the sound was something more than earthly, and exclaimed, "This is a *deceptio auris*; it is absolute delusion, necromancy, phantasmagoria;" and to the hour of his death never understood what had occasioned the annoyance that day to the Court.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, *power must always be the standard of truth*; if every dreamer of innovation may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed, that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions, which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, *promotes the book*; and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief.—*Dr Johnson*.

ANTS.

Among the foreign ants, we may mention a small yellow ant of South America, described by Dampier, which seems, from his account, to construct a nest of green leaves. "Their sting," he says, "is like a spark of fire; and they are so thick among the boughs in some places, that one shall be covered with them before he is aware. These creatures have nests on great trees, placed on the body between the limbs: some of their nests are as big as a hog's head. This is their winter habitation; for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the woodlands, for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and equal in size. I never observed any thing besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burden; yet they would march stoutly, and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them." Ants observed in New South Wales, by the gentlemen in the expedition under Captain Cook, are still more interesting. "Some," we are told, "are as green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure: they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and glueing the points of them together, so as to form a purse. The viscous matter used for this purpose is an animal juice which nature has enabled them to elaborate. Their method of first bending down the leaves we had no opportunity to observe; but we saw thousands uniting all their strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within, in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their stations, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought them able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevengeed, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of a bee; but, except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

THE SPIRITED SHOEMAKER.

The following pleasant anecdote used to be told by the eccentric Dr Monsey:—The Duke of Leeds, the Doctor, and his Grace's Chaplain, being one morning, soon after breakfast, in his library, Mr Walkden, of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shewn in with a pair of new shoes for the Duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St James's church, where the Duke was a constant attendant. "What have you there, Walkden?" said the Duke. "A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied. "Let me see them." They were handed to him accordingly. The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain. "Half a guinea, sir," said the shoemaker. "Half a guinea! what, for a pair of shoes!" said the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourn Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than they ever were or ever will be, for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying, that, as they were fellows, they ought to go together; and at the same time replied to the chaplain—"Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopenny than my Lord gives you a guinea for." The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "that is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."—*Crispin Anecdotes*.

A STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

About the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of *The Apprentice*, an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who, he understood, was that evening to make his debut in Lear; he entered the room at the moment when Dick was exclaiming, "I am the king—you cannot touch me for coining!" "No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by the collar; "but I can for not picking the ducks."

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CONTROLLERS-GENERAL.

It is a prevailing notion, that people are all so exclusively engrossed with their own concerns in this world, as to have no time or opportunity to take the least interest in those of their neighbours. No idea could be more mistaken. The truth is, a great many people—perhaps a *third* of the population of large towns, and *three-fourths* of those in small ones—are far more anxious about the concerns of their neighbours than about their own. In fact, society in this respect resembles the ape department in a menagerie, where, it is said, every individual chatterer neglects his own pan of meat (opposite his cage), and stretches with all his might to reach the mess of some distant companion in captivity, who, on his part, tries, with equal straining and exertion, to rob some other friend. The case, however, differs immensely as to intention. The monkeys, as we seriously believe, act thus from a wish to eat all the neighbouring pans of meat in the first place, after which they think it will be time enough to attend coolly to their own. But human beings look after each other's morals and worldly prosperity through the most generous impulses. They think it selfish to be always attending to their own affairs, and that it would be an utter defiance of the greatest law of nature, if they were only to look after themselves. Our own business requires, perhaps, the first attention, but common justice to our race demands that all our *spare* time, at least, should be devoted to a supervision of the concerns of other people, and a surveillance of their moral conduct. We are to love our neighbours as ourselves, and, in order to testify that we love them, we are to do as we do with children, castigate them properly whenever they misbehave.

It is lamentable to think how negligent some large classes of society are respecting the affairs of their neighbours. In large cities, the more actively engaged citizens go on from year to year in the pursuit of their own advantage, never casting a single thought upon their next door neighbours, unless, perhaps, to make a transient inquiry into the state of their credit. Is it not fortunate, that, while the men are thus apt to get wrapped up in their own sordid interests, the fairer and more generous part of the race are still in general sufficiently at leisure to see after their neighbours? What *would* society do without these amiable controllers-general?—or what would society do, if these amiable controllers were to get so much engaged too, as to have no time for the affairs of their friends? It is dreadful even to think of such a calamity. How many poor improvident wretches would, in such an event, be left to sink or swim as chance directed! How naughty the world at large would become!

Let us contemplate the delightful picture of one of these friends of society. She is generally a person very much at leisure; for without leisure, that natural preference of our own concerns to those of others precludes all exertion of the faculty: she is also, in general, placed in a tolerably secure position in the world, whence she may survey, with compassionate and patronising eyes, the poor strugglers beneath her. Virtuous she is, as virtuous can be; and that is to say, she is altogether beyond temptation. Herself and all her own immediate friends have been fortunate; therefore she has a kind of prescriptive title to speak freely of the misfortunes of others. It is incredible what exertions this amiable person will make to procure data for her remarks. or, to speak more properly, grounds whereon she may proceed in her benevolent exertions. Charity being an excuse for every thing, she will even descend so far from her dignity as to institute inquiries, through servants and children, into the concerns of those persons whom she has taken un-

der her patronage. Her own Betty, having the same turn with herself, takes frequent opportunities of visiting the kitchens of her friends; and all the remarks that the girl has been able to make upon the external state of things there, and all the prattle she has been able to pick up from the servants in that house, is brought home and faithfully detailed to her mistress, who accidentally, for that purpose, opens a conversation with her. Nor is this all. Through the impulse of her benevolent wishes, the good lady will often take information from her servant, which *she* has learned from another servant, respecting the concerns of a family in which that other servant has perhaps a sister or a friend; her sincere desire of doing good being so strong as to reconcile her to every possibility of misrepresentation, which a story may be supposed to undergo in its progress through so many mouths. It is also to be observed, that she is not exclusively attentive to the concerns of those whom she actually knows. The acquaintances of her acquaintances, and their acquaintances again, even to the third generation, she will inquire about with equal solicitude; and if she knows any thing disagreeable connected with your friends, or any thing that might be thought to unfit them for your acquaintance, she always very kindly lets you hear of it, so that you may be *quite upon your guard*.

"What do you think?" the talk, perhaps, thus proceeds; "they say she is such a *fine lady* that she never enters her kitchen: she never knows any day what is to be for dinner: all that kind of thing she leaves to her servants. And such quantities of company they keep! Hardly a night but what there are more or less visitors. A neighbour of ours, Mrs Blackwell, has an aunt who lives opposite them; and *she* says that the racket is without end. I'm sure I was just saying to our Goodman the other day, that if *we* were to go on in such a way [he it marked, the speaker is reputed to be in infinitely better circumstances than the party commented on], we could not go on long. Puir young things! I'm greatly concerned about them—although, to be sure, it's not *my* business. I was at the school with her mother, and I would like to see them keep right, if it were possible. Young folk are often newfangled about things at first. They think every body that they see is their friend—and its 'this one, come to your supper,' and 'that one, come to your dinner,' as if they could not get past it. When they come to my time o' life, they'll not be sae flush."

"They say she's highly accomplished," thus runs another strain of remarks; "plays on the piano-forte and harp—draws—speaks French and Italian. That would be all very well if *he* had a fortune to keep it up; but a poor man's wife! Commend me to a woman that can darn her husband's stockings, and help to get ready his dinner. I think there's naething like a gude plain education—reading, writing, and sewing—what mair does a woman need? The gude-man and I were often advised to send our girls to learn music, but I never thought it their station. It just puts a parcel o' nonsense into a girl's head. Our lasses never learned ony thing but what they could mak a gude use o'; while, there's Mary Foster does nothing but read novells from morning till night: she's one o' your fine misses. If our girls were to bring a novell into our house, I would put it at the back of the fire, though there was na another novell i' the world."

It is said that in nunneries, where there is neither vice, nor the possibility of it, the ladies, if unable to talk real scandal, make up for it by censorious remarks upon the most trifling foibles in their compa-

nions, or upon the most unimportant failures in the performance of the most unimportant duties. If a holy sister has been observed to smile at a wrong moment, if she has miscounted a bead, or tripped in her gown while walking in a procession, there is as much prattle about it as if she had committed a real offence. Just so, in a country town, every trivial incident becomes a subject of comment for those amiable people who make a point of attending to every body's business but their own. The consequence is, that every person moves in a country town as if he were upon an ambuscading party: he sends by stratagem for every necessary of life which he requires: he takes all kinds of byways and back roads to escape observation, and cannot so much as cross the street without fearing he will be circumvented. Any thing like a good round thumping impropriety is hailed in such a place like rain in a drought. The most of the matters of remark are very small deer, hardly worth hunting down. When one of a more important character arises, it is quite a godsend. Suppose, for instance, the failure of some unfortunate merchant, who has been ruined by mere simplicity of character. The country people, somehow, have a most exaggerated idea of the mischiefs of bankruptcy. A bankrupt, in their eyes, is a person of distinguished criminality—almost enough to make him be regarded as a world's wonder. In proportion, therefore, to their previous remarks for the edification of the unhappy man, is their wholesome severity afterwards. They are surprised to find that, after such an event, he still bears the ordinary shape of a human being—that he has not become signalled by some external transfiguration, of a kind sufficiently awful to indicate his offence. Another thing they are astonished at—that the family of a bankrupt should continue to have the usual appetites of human beings—that they should not, indeed, have altogether ceased to eat, drink, or sleep. The following is very nearly a conversation which really occurred, on such an occasion, in a somewhat humble rank of mercantile life.

"Weel, hae ye heard the news?"

"What news, woman?"

"Ou, hae ye no heard it?—James Sinclair's shop's no open this mornin'—that's a'."

"Aih, weel, has it come to that at last? I aye thocht it. It was easy seeing *yon* could na stand lang. Sic on-gauns as they had for a while—sic dresses—sic parties! But every thing comes to its level at last. I wonder folk dinna think shame to gang on sae wi' other folk's siller. It's a perfect black-burning disgrace. And *she's* just as muckle to blame as *him*. There was hersell, just last Sunday eight days, at the kirk wi' a new pelisse and a bannet, and the laddies ilk ane o' them wi' new leather caps. I'se warrand there was nae bannocks ever seen in their house—naething but gude wheat bread. Whenever a bairn whinged for a piece, it buid to get a shave o' the laiff. I't-weel her grandfather, auld George Morrison, was na sae ill to serve. Mony a claut o' cauld parritch he gat frae my aunty Jess, and was thankfu' to get them."

"Na, but, woman, I saw Jamie himsell gaun up the street this mornin', and a superfine coat on his back just the same as ever. Na, the lass was seen this forenoon getting a leg o' lamb—a fifteenpence leg it was, for our Jenny got the neebor o't—the same as if naething ava had happened. But, of course, this'll no gang on lang. They'll be roupt out, stab and stow, puir thochtless creatures; and I'm sure I dinna ken what's to come o' them. She has nae faither's house to gang back to now. They'll hae to set up some bit sma' public, I reckon."

"Heaven keep us a' frae extravagance—I had never

ony brow o' that new plan she had o' pitting black silk ribbands round the callants' necks, instead o' cotton napkins."

Such are a few of the remarks of our good friends the controllers-general of society; and we are very sure that few people alive but what must look upon them as a most useful, most exemplary, and most benevolent class of persons.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

METEOROLITES,

OR STONES WHICH HAVE FALLEN FROM THE SKY. AMONGST the few instances in which vulgar belief has outstripped philosophy in the explanation of natural phenomena, the fact of stones having really fallen from the atmosphere is perhaps the most remarkable. It is strange, that, after an accumulation of facts of such occurrences, merely to give the dates of which would fill more than a page of this Journal, the scientific world should have looked on with callous indifference, and maintained the utter impossibility of such events.

So late as the year 1790, an iron tempest which fell in a parish of France, and was authenticated by a great number of individuals, some of whom were of the highest respectability, was treated in the most contemptuous manner by the journalists of the time, and said to be calculated to excite not only the pity of the learned, but of all rational beings. Meanwhile Mr Howard, an able English chemist, was prosecuting the study of the subject, and pursuing the only route which could lead to a solution of the problem. He collected specimens of stones which had fallen at different times, and in various places. His researches led to the important conclusion, that they are all composed of the same principles, and in nearly the same proportions. This remarkable circumstance has since been proved by the investigations of philosophers of the highest authority, both in chemistry and mineralogy.

A thin crust, of a deep black colour, covers the whole of them. They have no gloss, and the surface is roughened with small asperities. When broken, they are internally of a greyish colour, and are of a granulated texture, amongst which, four different substances can be discovered by a lens. Those which occur most frequently vary from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea. They are of a greyish colour, sometimes inclining to brown; opaque, with a little lustre, and capable of giving faint sparks with steel. The second kind is of a reddish yellow colour, and black when powdered. A third consists of small particles of iron, in a perfectly metallic state. From the presence of these, the mass possesses the quality of being attracted by the magnet. The fourth is in general of an earthy consistence, and crumbles when pressed between the fingers. These bodies are composed of iron and nickel, both in a metallic and oxidized state; sulphur, silice (an earth), magnesia, and about one per cent. of chrome.

The chronicles of almost every age and country record the fall of these bodies. The Chinese and Japanese noted down with great care every thing connected with the appearance of these extraordinary phenomena. The Chinese actually made catalogues of them, believing they were connected with contemporary events. There is no occasion for laughing at this oriental superstition, since there were not wanting, half a century ago, philosophers in enlightened Europe, who declared the impossibility of stones falling from the atmosphere at all.

One of the most remarkable cases of antiquity is that mentioned by Pliny, in his Natural History. This stone fell near Egopotamos, in Thrace, about 465 years before the Christian era. Pliny informs us that it was still shown in his day, and that it was the size of a cart, and of a burnt colour. The Greeks believed it to have fallen from the sun, and that the philosopher Anaxagoras had predicted the exact period when it should arrive on the earth's surface. According to the historians who have recorded the event, its fall was preceded by a meteoric appearance of a very unusual character. We are told that a large fiery body, like a cloud of flame, careered through the heavens with a vague, uncertain motion. By its violent agitation, several fragments were projected from it in various directions, sweeping with the velocity of "shot stars down the troubled sky." On examining it after its fall, no trace of combustible matter was found, and the stone, although large, did not at all correspond to the dimensions of the meteor. Various other instances are recorded of the fall of meteoric stones in ancient times, but we prefer giving an account of the better authenticated cases which belong to a modern date.

On the 7th of November 1492, between eleven o'clock and noon, there arose a furious storm at Ensisheim, a town of France. The sky was inlaid with sheeted flame, and loud thunder "pealed in the blood-red heaven." We are told by a contemporary that there were also other sounds of a strange confused description; these probably arose from the rapid passage of the falling body through the atmosphere. In the midst of this "hurling in the air," a large stone was seen to fall in a field of wheat; and, on examination, it was found to have sunk between five and six feet into the ground; its weight was about 260 lbs. In the true spirit of the times, this event was considered an indubitable miracle, and the meteorolite was ac-

cordingly, by order of the king, suspended in the church of Ensisheim, all persons being prohibited from touching it. At all events, this was a wise prohibition, and was probably the cause of its preservation. It is now in the library at Colmar, but has been reduced in weight to 150 lbs.

The celebrated Gassendi informs us, that, on the 29th November 1637, about 10 o'clock A.M., while the sky was perfectly serene and transparent, he saw a flaming stone, apparently about four feet diameter, fall on Mount Vaison, an eminence situated between the small towns of Perne and Guillaumes, in Provence. This stone was encircled with a zone of various colours, like a rainbow, and accompanied in its fall with a noise resembling the discharge of artillery. It was of a dark metallic colour, extremely hard, and 59 lbs. in weight.

In June 1668, two stones, one of which weighed 300, and the other 200 lbs., fell near Verona. The event took place during the night, and when the weather was perfectly serene and mild. They appeared to be all on fire, descending in a sloping direction, and with a tremendous noise. The phenomenon was witnessed by a great number of people, who, when the sounds had ceased, and their courage sufficiently re-established, ventured to approach these celestial deposits, and found that they had formed a ditch, with such a velocity and force had they descended from the heavens.

In July 1790, another case occurred at Barbotan, a place in the vicinity of Bourdeaux, which is thus described by Lomet, a respectable citizen who witnessed the phenomenon:—"It was a very bright fire-ball, luminous as the sun, of the size of an ordinary balloon, and, after inspiring the inhabitants with consternation, burst, and disappeared. A few days after, some peasants brought stones, which they said fell from the meteor; but the philosophers to whom they offered them laughed at their assertions as fabulous. The peasants would have now more reasons to laugh at the philosophers." So they would, Monsieur Lomet. One of these stones, fifteen inches in diameter, broke through the roof of a cottage, and killed a herdsman and a bullock. After reading the above statement, we cannot refrain from wondering at the slow belief of philosophers as to the heavenly origin of these stones. Where was the body to come from, a body of the dimensions described, which was capable of breaking through the roof of a cottage, and committing such deadly havoc, if it did not come from the atmosphere, ay, and from an immense height too?

The following shower of meteorolites is not only remarkable in itself, but because, though slighted by many eminent philosophers at the time, it ultimately led to the conversion of most of them. This phenomenon occurred in August 1790, near Juillac, a small town of France. It is described, amongst others, by two credible witnesses nearly as follows:—"About nine o'clock in the evening, while the air was calm and the sky cloudless, they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a pale clear light, which obscured that of the moon, though then nearly full. On looking up, they observed, almost in the zenith, a fire-ball, in size exceeding the diameter of the moon, with a tail five or six times longer than itself, which gradually tapered to a point, the latter approaching to blood-red, though the rest of the meteor was of a pale white. It proceeded with amazing velocity from south to north, and in two seconds split into portions of considerable size, like the fragments of a bursting bomb. Two or three minutes after, a dreadful explosion was heard, like the simultaneous firing of several pieces of ordnance. The concussion of the atmosphere shook the windows in their frames, and threw down household utensils from their shelves; but there was no sensible motion felt under foot. The sound continued for some time, and was prolonged in echoes for fifty miles along the mountain chain of the Pyrenees. At the same time a strong sulphurous smell was diffused in the atmosphere. The fragments of the exploded meteor were found scattered in a circular space of about two miles in diameter. Some of them weighed eighteen or twenty, and a few, it is said, even fifty pounds.

We pass over several interesting details of these phenomena, and proceed to notice the great shower of stones which fell at Aigle, in Normandy, in April 1803. The best account is that given by Biot, the celebrated French philosopher, who was appointed by the Institute of France to proceed to Aigle, and collect all the information possible upon the subject. He says—"On Tuesday, 6th Floréal, year 11 (April 26, 1803), about one o'clock P.M., the weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont d'Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe, of a very brilliant splendour, and which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some moments after, there was heard at l'Aigle, and in the environs of that town, in the extent of more than 30 leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports, like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling, like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed. This noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the largest side being in a direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon

lasted; but the vapours of which it was composed were projected momentarily from different sides, by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the north-north-west of the town of l'Aigle. It was at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud was suspended, there was heard a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, and a great many mineral masses exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of meteor-stones were seen to fall. The district in which these masses were projected forms an elliptical extent of about two leagues and a half in length, and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimension being in a direction from south-east to north-west, forming a declination of about 22 degrees. This direction, which the meteor must have followed, is exactly that of the magnetic meridian, which is a remarkable result. The greatest of these stones fell at the south-eastern extremity of the large axis of the ellipse, the middle-sized in the centre, and the smaller at the other extremity. Hence it appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed. The largest of all those that fell weighs seventeen pounds and a half. The smallest which I have seen weighs about two gros (a thousandth part of the last). The number of all those which fell is certainly above two or three thousand."

In the same month and year as the preceding fall, a fire-ball struck the White Bull Inn, at East Norton, in England, and left behind it several meteoric fragments. Exactly twelve months after the above, a stone fell with a loud hissing noise at Possil, near Glasgow. In 1810, a great stone fell at Shahabad, in India. It burned five villages, and killed several people.

Such are a few instances of the descent of meteoric stones. In a late number of a French periodical, above two hundred falls are enumerated. That they occur frequently is evident. How many relations of the phenomena may have passed into oblivion from the contempt with which they were treated by the learned! How many showers may have fallen in desert and unexplored tracts of country, on the tops of inaccessible mountains, and in the pathless expanse of the sea!

With respect to the ultimate origin of these stones, no perfectly satisfactory theory has yet been propounded. Some have supposed them to be merely projected from volcanoes. This doctrine, however, appears to us untenable; first, because the phenomena have sometimes taken place at such immense distances from any volcano, that the possibility of their being transmitted so far can scarcely be entertained; secondly, nothing ever thrown out by these safety-valves of the globe, has, in its composition, borne any resemblance to meteoric stones. Indeed, the latter have nothing similar to them on the surface of the earth, as far as man has yet been able to investigate. This is a very extraordinary circumstance, and, when taken in connection with the fact already noticed, that the whole of them consist of the same substances, or nearly so, it seems to favour the hypothesis that they were thrown from our satellite, the moon. The profound La Place demonstrated the possibility of this, and Dr Hutton, with great ingenuity, has reasoned upon the probability of it. Others have followed in the same wake, but the subject is still involved in great obscurity. Some have maintained that their origin is to be ascribed to the combinations of gases in the higher regions of the atmosphere. In chemistry, many cases might be enumerated where two gases combine, and form a solid substance. This theory, therefore, involves no impossibility; but there are almost insuperable difficulties opposed to its probability. It would hence be an unfruitful task for us to speculate upon a subject which so few scientific men have formed any definite opinions upon; indeed, they have been singularly cautious in offering any—a clear proof that they were not themselves perfectly satisfied with any solution of the problem hitherto given. The fact, however, that stones have fallen from the atmosphere, is now an established philosophical truth.

GOING TO THE RACES.—A TALE.

A MEMORABLE day was the third of last June to Mary and Henrietta Coxe, the young daughters of Simon Coxe, the carpenter of Aberleigh, for it was the first day of Ascot races, and the first time of their going to that celebrated union of sport and fashion. There is no pleasure so great in the eyes of our country damsels as a jaunt to Ascot. In the first place, it is, when you get there, a genuine English amusement, open alike to rich and poor, elegant as an opera, and merry as a fair; in the second, this village of Aberleigh is situate about fourteen miles from the course, just within distance, almost out of distance, so that there is commonly enough of suspense and difficulty—the slight difficulty, the short suspense, which add such zest to pleasure.

All people love Ascot races; but our country lasses love them above all. It is their favourite wedding jaunt, for half our young couples are married in the race week, and one or two matches have seemed to me got up purposely for the occasion; and of all the attentions that can be offered by a lover, a drive to the races is the most irresistible. In short, so congenial

is that gay scene to love, that it is a moot point which are most numerous, the courtships that conclude there in the shape of bridal excursions, or those which begin on that favoured spot in the shape of parties of pleasure; and the delicate experiment called "popping the question" is so often put in practice on the very course itself, that when Robert Hewitt, the young farmer at the Holt, asked Master Cox's permission to escort his daughters, not only the good carpenter, but his neighbours the blacksmith and the shoemaker, looked on this mark of rustic gallantry as the precursor of a declaration in form; and all the village cried out on Hetta Cox's extreme good luck, Hetta being supposed, and with some reason, to be the chief object of this attention.

Robert Hewitt was a young farmer of the old school, honest, frugal, and industrious; thrifty, thriving, and likely to thrive; one of a fine yeomanly spirit, not ashamed of his station, and fond of following the habits of his forefathers, sowing his own corn, driving his own team, and occasionally ploughing his own land. As proud, perhaps, of his blunt speech and homely ways as some of his brother farmers of their superior refinement and gentility, nothing could exceed the scorn with which Robert Hewitt, in his market cart, drawn by his good horse Dobbin, would look down on one neighbour on his hunter, and another in his gig. To the full as proud as any of them was Robert, but in a different way, and perhaps a safer. He piqued himself, like a good Englishman, on wearing a smock frock, smoking his pipe, and hating foreigners, to our intercourse with whom he was wont to ascribe all the airs and graces, the new fashions, and the effeminacy, which annoyed him in his own countrymen. He hated the French, he detested dandies, and he abhorred fine ladies, fine ways, and finery of any sort.

Henrietta Cox was a pretty girl of seventeen, and had passed the greater part of her life with an aunt in the next town, who had been a lady's maid in her youth, and had retired thither on a small annuity. To this aunt, who had been dead about a twelvemonth, she was indebted for a name, rather too fine for common wear—I believe she wrote herself Henrietta-Matilda; a large wardrobe, pretty much in the same predicament; an abundant stock of superfine notions, some skill in mantua-making and millinery, and a legacy of a hundred pounds, to be paid on her wedding-day. Her beauty was quite in the style of a wax doll; blue eyes, flaxen hair, delicate features, and a pink and white complexion, much resembling that sweet pea which is known by the name of the painted lady. Very pretty she was certainly, with all her airs and graces; and very pretty, in spite of her airs and graces, did Robert Hewitt think her; and love, who delights in contrasts, and has an especial pleasure in oversetting wise resolutions, and bending the haughty self-will of the lords of the creation, was beginning to make strange havoc in the stout yeoman's heart. His operations, too, found a very unintentional coadjutrix in old Mrs Hewitt, who, taking alarm at her son's frequent visits to the carpenter's shop, unwarily expressed a hope, that if her son did intend to marry one of the Coxes, he would have nothing to do with the fine lady, but would choose Mary, the elder sister, a dark haired, pleasant looking young woman of two-and-twenty, who kept the house as clean as a palace, and was the boast of the village for industry and good humour. Now, this unlucky caution gave Robert, who loved his mother, but did not choose to be managed by her, an additional motive for his lurking preference, by piquing his self-will; add to which, the little damsel herself, in the absence of other admirers, took visible pleasure in his admiration; so that affairs seemed drawing to a crisis, and the party to Ascot appeared likely to end like other jaunts to the same place, in a wedding. It is true that the invitation, which had been readily and gratefully accepted by her sister, had been received by Miss Hetta with some little demur. "Going to the races was delightful; but to ride in a cart behind Dobbin was odious. Could not Mr Hewitt hire a phaeton, or borrow a gig? However, as her sister seemed to wish it, she might perhaps go, if she could find no better conveyance." And with this concession the lover was contented; the more especially as the destined finery was in active preparation. Flounces, furbelows, and frippery of all descriptions, enough to stock a milliner's shop, did Hetta produce for the adornment of her fair person; and Robert looked on in silence, sometimes thinking how pretty she would look; sometimes, how soon he would put an end to such nonsense when once they were married; and sometimes, how odd a figure he and Dobbin should cut by the side of so much beauty and fashion.

Neither Dobbin nor his master were fated to be so honoured. The evening before the races there happened to be a revel at Whitley Wood: thither Hetta repaired; and there she had the ill fortune to be introduced to Monsieur Auguste, a young Frenchman, who had lately hired a room at B., where he vended eau de Cologne, and French toys, and essences, and did himself the honour, as his bills expressed, to cut the hair and the curls of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Monsieur was a dark, sallow, foreign looking personage, with tremendous whiskers, who looked at once fierce and foppish, was curled, and perfumed in a manner that did honour to his double profession, and wore gold rings in his ears and on his fingers, a huge bunch of seals at

his side, and a gaudy brooch at his bosom. Small chance had Robert Hewitt against such a rival, especially when, smitten with her beauty or her hundred pounds, he devoted himself to Hetta's service, made fine speeches in most bewitching broken English, braved for her sake the barbarities of a country dance, and promised to initiate her into the mysteries of the waltz and the quadrille; and, finally, requested the honour to conduct her in a cabriolet, the next day, to Ascot races. Small chance had our poor farmer against such a Monsieur.

The morning arrived, gloomy, showery, and cold, and at the appointed hour up drove the punctual Robert, in a new market cart, painted blue with red wheels, and his heavy but handsome horse Dobbin (who was indeed upon occasion the fore horse of the team), as sleek and shining as good feed and good dressing could make him. Up drove Robert with his little sister (a child of eleven years old, who was to form one of the party) sitting at his side; whilst equally punctual, at Master Cox's door, stood the sisters ready dressed, Mary in a new dark gown, a handsome shawl, and a pretty straw bonnet, with a cloth cloak hanging on her arm; Hetta in a flutter of gauze and ribbons, pink and green, and yellow and blue, looking like a parrot tulip, or a milliner's doll, or like anything under the sun but an English country girl. Robert looked at her and then at Mary, who was vainly endeavouring to persuade her to put on, or at least to take, a cloak, and thought for once without indignation of his mother's advice; he got out, however, and was preparing to assist them into the cart, when suddenly, to the astonishment of every body but Hetta, for she had said nothing at home of her encounter at the revel, Monsieur Auguste made his appearance in a hired gig of the most wretched description, drawn by an equally miserable jade, alighted at the house, and claimed Mademoiselle's promise to do him the honour to accompany him in his cabriolet. The consternation was general. Mary remonstrated with her sister mildly but earnestly; Master Cox swore she should not go; but Hetta was resolute; and farmer Hewitt, whose first impulse had been to drub the Frenchman, changed his purpose when he saw how willing she was to be carried off. "Let her go," said he; "Monsieur is welcome to her company; for my part, I think they are well matched. It would be a pity to part them." And, lifting Mary rapidly into the cart, he drove off at a pace of which Dobbin, to judge from his weight, appeared incapable, and to which that illustrious steed was very little accustomed.

In the meanwhile, Hetta was endeavouring to introduce her new beau to her father, and to reconcile him to her change of escort; and the standers by, consisting of half the men and boys in the village, were criticising the Frenchman's equipage. "I could shake the old chaise to pieces with one jerk, it's so ramshackle," cried Ned Jones, Master Cox's foreman. "The wheel will come to pieces long before they get to Ascot," added Sam, the apprentice. "The old horse has a spavin in the off fore leg, that's what makes him so lame," said Will Ford, the blacksmith. "And he has been down within the month. Look at his knees!" rejoined Jem, the carter. "He's blind of an eye," exclaimed one urchin. "He shies," cried another. "The reins are rotten," observed Dick, the collarmaker. "The Frenchman can't drive," remarked Jack, the drover, coming up to join the crew; "he'd as nearly as possible run foul of my pigs." "He'll certainly overturn her, poor thing," cried one kind friend, as, overcome by her importunities, her father at length consented to her departure. "The chaise will break down," said another. "Break! he'll break her neck," added a third. "They'll be drenched to the skin in this shower," exclaimed a fourth; and amidst these consoling predictions the happy couple departed.

Robert and Mary, on their side, proceeded for some time in almost total silence.—Robert too angry for speech, and Mary feeling herself, however innocent, involved in the consequences of her sister's delinquency; so that little passed beyond Anne Hewitt's delighted remarks on the beauty of the country, and the hedge-rows, bright with the young leaves of the oak, and gay with the pearly thorn blossoms and the delicate briar rose.

Anne and Mary enjoyed the races much. They saw the line of carriages, nine deep—more carriages than they thought ever were built; and the people—more people than they thought the whole world could hold; had a confused view of the horses, and a distinct one of the riders' jackets; and Anne, whose notions on the subject of racing had been rather puzzled, so far enlarged her knowledge and improved her mind as to comprehend that yellow, crimson, green, and blue, in short, all the colours of the rainbow, were trying which should come first to the winning post; they saw Punch, a puppet-show, several peep-shows, and the dancing dogs; admired the matchless display of beauty and elegance when the weather allowed the ladies to walk up and down the course; were amused at the bustle and hurry-scurry, when a sudden shower drove them to the shelter of their carriages. In short, they had seen every thing and every body, except Hetta and her beau; and nothing had been wanting to Mary's gratification, but the assurance of her sister's safety; for Mary had that prime qualification for a sight-seer, the habit of thinking much of what she came to see, and little of herself. She made light of

all inconveniences, covered little Anne (a delicate child) with her own cloak during the showers, and contrived, in spite of Robert's gallant attention to his guest, that Anne should have the best place under the umbrella, and the most tempting portion of the provisions; so that our farmer, by no means wanting in moral taste, was charmed with her cheerfulness, her good humour, and the total absence of vanity and selfishness; and when, on her ascending the cart to return, he caught a glimpse of a pretty foot and ankle, and saw how much exercise and pleasure had heightened her complexion, and brightened her hazel eyes, he could not help thinking to himself, "My mother was right. She's ten times handsomer than her sister, and has twenty times more sense; and, besides, she does not like Frenchmen."

But where could Hetta be?—what had become of poor Hetta? This question, which had pressed so frequently on Mary's mind during the races, became still more painful as they proceeded on their road home, which, leading through cross country lanes, far away from the general throng of the visitors, left more leisure for her affectionate fears. They had driven about two miles, and Robert was endeavouring to comfort her with hopes that their horse's lameness had forced them back again, and that her sister would be found safe at Aberleigh, when a sudden turn in the lane discovered a disabled gig, without a horse or driver, in the middle of the road, and a woman seated on a bank by the side of a ditch—a miserable object, tattered, dirty, shivering, drenched, and crying as if her heart would break. Was it—could it be Hetta? Yes—Hetta it was. All the misfortunes that had been severally predicted at their outset had befallen the unfortunate pair. Before they had travelled three miles, their wretched horse had fallen lame in his near fore leg, and had cast the off hind shoe, which, as the blacksmith of the place was gone to the races, and nobody seemed willing to put himself out of the way to oblige a Frenchman, had nearly stopped them at the beginning of their expedition. At last, however, they met with a man who undertook to shoe their steed, and whose want of skill added a prick to their other calamities; then Monsieur Auguste broke a shaft of the cabriolet by driving against a post, the setting and bandaging of which broken limb made another long delay; then came a pelting shower, during which they were forced to stand under a tree; then they lost their way, and owing to the people of whom Monsieur inquired not understanding his English, and Monsieur not understanding theirs, went full five miles round about; then they arrived at the Chequers public house, which no effort could induce their horse to pass, so there they stopped perforce to bait and feed; then, when they were getting on as well as could be expected of a horse with three lame legs and a French driver, a waggon came against them, carried away their wheel, threw Monsieur Auguste into the hedge, and lodged Miss Henrietta in the ditch; so now the beau was gone to the next village for assistance, and the belle was waiting his return on the bank; and poor Hetta was evidently tired of her fine lover and the manifold mis-adventures which his unlucky gallantry had brought upon her, and accepted very thankfully the offer which Anne and Mary made, and Robert did not oppose, of taking her into the cart, and leaving a line written in pencil on a leaf of Mary's pocket-book, to inform Monsieur of her safety. Heartily glad was poor Hetta to find herself behind the good steed Dobbin, under cover of her sister's warm cloak, pitied and comforted, and in a fair way to get home. Heartily glad would she have been, too, to have found herself reinstated in the good graces of her old admirer. But of that she saw no sign. Indeed, the good yeoman took some pains to show that, although he bore no malice, his courtship was over. He goes, however, oftener than ever to the carpenter's house; and the gossips of Aberleigh say that this jaunt to Ascot will have its proper and usual catastrophe—a merry wedding; that Robert Hewitt will be the happy bridegroom, but that Hetta Cox will not be the bride.—*Abridged from OUR VILLAGE, by Miss Mitford.*

HIGHLAND LAKES.

IN our various excursions through the romantic regions in the northern district of Scotland, we do not recollect of having seen a prettier or more interesting lake, of the class to which it belongs, than one lying in the bosom of the mountainous country of Badenoch, entitled Loch Laggan. This beautiful expanse of water, which, after Lochness, is the only lake of any great extent in Inverness-shire, was made known to the amateur tourist only within the last twenty years, by the opening of the branch of the great Highland road which pursues its way westward to Fort William.

Loch Laggan lies nearly east and west, and is fed by numberless mountain torrents, the most considerable of which, the Pattaig, usually distinguished by the designation of a river, brings down with it the drainage of a great tract of country extending as far as the borders of Rannoch in Perthshire. The surplus of this large assemblage of water is carried off by the Spean, which, leaving the lake at the west end, passes through the extensive vale of Glen Spean, and finally loses itself in the Lochy, to which it contributes a great portion of the waters which the latter discharges into the Western Sea. Loch Laggan is embos-

somed in hills of vast elevation, particularly those on the south side, two of which are known by the name of Easter and Wester Binnean, a term in the Celtic tongue denoting a *peak*. These mountains are covered with verdure to their very summits, and afford summering to numerous flocks of sheep, which have now in a great degree supplanted the aboriginal natives of these wilds, the red-deer. A few straggling parties and individuals, however, of this magnificent species, are occasionally to be found venturing, like their brother vagrant of the American forest, the Red Indian, upon a stolen visit to their early haunts, and, like him too, experiencing the common result of the progress of civilization, in the baying of the hound, or the salutation of a bullet. Not many months ago the remains of no less than six of these fugacious creatures were discovered at the foot of an almost inaccessible precipice near the top of Wester Binnean, while, a little way above them, lay bleaching the bones of their ruthless pursuer. Gruim, the son of Oscar—both sire and son the finest specimens of their kind—chancing to fall on the scent of the deer, had given his conductor the slip, and his fate continued a matter of mystery and wonderment till the accidental discovery of his remains and those of his luckless intended prey. The lake is nearly nine miles in length, by about one in breadth, having its banks densely clothed with wood, chiefly the fragrant birch, one of the few remnants now to be met with of the forests with which the whole face of the country is understood to have been covered of old; a conjecture countenanced by the name of the district, Badenoch in Gaelic implying *woody*. The attractions of this beautiful sheet of water appear not to have been unacknowledged in pristine times. King Fergus, the venerable founder of the Scottish monarchy—probably long before the period when the Castle of Inverlochy was the seat of royalty, or when the Fingalean engineers were employed, according to the theory of a late worthy Lochaber parson, in contributing to the diversion of their chiefs, by framing, with pick and shovel, the triple parallels of Glenroy—made this lake and the surrounding hills the scenes of royal pastime. A favourite spot on the south bank is yet known by the name of Ardmerrigie, or *the Height of Fergus*. Of several islets in the lake, two are consecrated to the memory of the same prince; one by the name of *Ilan na Righ*, or *the King's Island*, which still exhibits traces of rude masonry; the other by that of *Ilan na Conn*, or *Island of the Dogs*, where Fergus is understood to have kept those indispensable accompaniments of Highland sport. On the adjoining hills the unfortunates of 1746 found security, if not shelter; and there is a well-authenticated tradition that the royal fugitive himself, while roving with some ill-fated companions in arms, condescended to honour Macdonald, the tacksman of the farm of Tullochchrombie, by accepting a portion of dress to replace some exhausted habiliment. Loch Laggan abounds in excellent trout, and it would be unfair to conclude this sketch without apprising the angling sportsman that he will find a boat at his service at the little inn lately built by Cluny Macpherson, the proprietor, near the head or east end of the lake. Here, too, besides sundry other comforts, the adventurous Southron may be accommodated with abundance of good English, a commodity not always attainable in a Highland inn, as well as with a profusion of civility from the learned professor, who performs the part of master of the ceremonies to all who honour his *hospitium* with a visit.

The other lakes of this district of Inverness-shire are so insignificant in point of size, and so entirely destitute of interest otherwise, that they may be disposed of summarily with little more than a mere enumeration. Loch Spey, the parent of the "rapid Spey," is a miserable reedy marsh on the borders of Glenroy. Lochnalarig and Dearg Loch, amidst the Monieá hills, between Badenoch and Stratherrick, are known only for their trout—a distinction common to every collection of water in that country. Loch Pat-taig, on the high ground near the borders of Rannoch, has an air of wild grandeur, which can find admirers only in a class of people who have seldom leisure or taste to turn aside in quest of the picturesque, the sportsman and the shepherd. Loch Inch and Loch Alvie, on the line of the great Highland road between Pitmain and Aviemore, are indebted for what attractions they present rather to the operations of man than to the hand of nature.

From this enumeration is intentionally excluded Loch Erich, famed in song, which, though situated in the midst of that gigantic range of mountains which separates Badenoch from Rannoch, may claim to be reckoned a Perthshire lake—a pretension the more readily allowed when it is known that it discharges its waters into the German Ocean by the Tay, the common receptacle of all the streams of Perthshire.

EFFECTS OF CERTAIN EMPLOYMENTS ON HEALTH.

An interesting little work, entitled "The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, on Health and Longevity," written by C. Turner Thackrah, has just fallen under our notice, and as it abounds in curious matter, suitable for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we take the liberty of inserting the following details relative to that description of operatives who approach nearest to the perfection of the physical state, or whose employments are chiefly in the open air:—

BUTCHERS stand at the head of this division. They are much in the open air, and take strong exercise. Most of the masters ride on horseback to the neighbouring markets, and often traverse the surrounding country to buy cattle. They are well known to ride fast, and to take often long journeys. Drovers of cattle for the butchers, though their action is generally less violent, have great distances to travel. They walk twenty, thirty, or forty miles a-day. Butchers, and the slaughter-men, their wives, and their errand-boys, almost all eat fresh cooked meat at least twice a-day. They are plump and rosy. They are generally also cheerful and good-natured. Neither does their bloody occupation, nor their beef-eating, render them savage, as some theorists pretend, and even as the English law presumes. They are not subject to such anxieties as the fluctuations of other trades produce; for meat is always in request; and butchers live comfortably in times as well of general distress as of general prosperity. They are subject to few ailments, and these the result of plethora (overfulness of blood).

The atmosphere of the slaughter-house, though sufficiently disgusting to the nose, does not appear to be at all injurious to health. The mere odours of animal substances, whether fresh or putrid, are not apparently hurtful; indeed, they seem to be often decidedly useful. Consumption is remarkably rare among the men employed in the slaughter-house.

CATTLE AND HORSE DEALERS, leading an active life in the open air, are generally healthy, and would be almost exempt from ordinary maladies, were it not for their habit of drinking. Wet and cold would rarely produce even temporary ailment to temperate men in an employment so conducive to vigour. Horse-dealers' grooms or riders are a sickly set of men. Their appearance indicates those diseases of the stomach and liver which result from a debauched and irregular life.

FISHMONGERS, who bring fish from the coast, are of course greatly exposed to the weather. They are not, however, subject to rheumatism or other inflammatory disease. Generally hardy and temperate, they enjoy health, and attain considerable age. Different is the state of the retailers of fish in towns. These are often addicted to dram-drinking, and are consequently sickly and short-lived.

CART-DRIVERS, though exposed to atmospheric vicissitudes, are healthy in proportion to their temperance and the nourishment they take. Their wages, however, are low; they are often indifferently fed; and many, particularly among the coal-leaders, congregate and spend at the alehouse that money which would be better employed in buying solid food. The attention of masters might do much to correct the evil.

LABOURERS IN HUSBANDRY, SAND LEADERS, AND MEN EMPLOYED ON THE ROADS, would be healthy, were their means of subsistence adequate to their wants. A man who has himself, his wife, and family, to support on twelve or sixteen shillings a-week, cannot be well fed. Hence this body of men are far less robust in figure than we should expect from the nature of their employ. They are subject to disorders of the digestive organs, and generally suffer also greatly from epidemics.

BRICKMAKERS, with the advantage of full muscular exercise in the open air, are subject to the annoyance of cold and wet. These, however, appear little, or not at all injurious. Brickmakers, half naked, and with their bare feet in the puddle all day, are not more liable to catarrh, pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), and rheumatism, than men whose work is under cover and dry. Of twenty-two brickmakers of whom we made personal inquiry, only one had been affected with rheumatism, or could state himself subject to any disease. All declare that neither rheumatism, nor any inflammatory complaint, is frequent among them. Individuals of great age are found at the employ.

CHAISE-DRIVERS, POSTILIONS, STAGE-COACHMEN, AND GUARDS OF COACHES, with an equal advantage of fresh air, are differently situated in reference to exercise. Postilions, of course, have great and continued exertion; but the kind is objectionable. Their position on the saddle is bad, and they use the arms unequally; hence curvature of the spine. They are moreover said by Morgagni to be particularly subject to aneurism of the aorta (a diseased condition of the principal artery of the body). The drivers of chaise and hackney-coaches have more moderate and equal exercise; but their position subjects them to popliteal aneurism (a swelling of the artery in the ham). They, as well as postilions, suffer from irregular living, and the habit of frequent potation. They are subject to disorders of the head and the stomach. Still worse is the state of stage-coachmen and guards. With an equal or greater degree of intemperance, they have less muscular exercise to counteract its effects. In addition to morning sickness, and other affections, indicating gastric disease (disease of the juices of the stomach), they have venous congestion of the abdomen; then of the head; finally, apoplexy and palsy.

Gentlemen's coachmen often suffer from excess of nourishment; they eat more than they work. Having often to wait for their masters—to use Dr Good's phrase—"they fill up their time, by filling up their stomach." They also take ale too frequently.

COACH-BUILDERS may be divided into three classes—carpenters, smiths, and painters. In the first, the

only injurious circumstance is the common atmospheric impurity of a town. The men work in open sheds, have full and varied muscular exertion, and are temperate in their habits. They are consequently healthy, and frequently attain advanced age. The smiths are often drunken, and neglect their work for days at once. They labour, consequently, under disorder of the digestive organs, and die comparatively young. The painters, steady in their habits, suffer, though in a less degree, from the disorders which we shall have to notice when we speak of house-painters.

CARPENTERS, JOINERS, WHEELWRIGHTS, and MILLWRIGHTS, appear to receive no injury from their respective employments. I must state, however, that although temperate millwrights are healthy, and continue their employ to a great age, often even to that of 60, there is another class, who fit up the shafts and wheels to convey the power from the steam-engine to the machinery, and who suffer from their debauched habit of life. These men earn high wages, take much of that pernicious compound called ale, and sometimes even drams in addition, and are, moreover, off work at the pouthouse two or three days in the week. Such men, of course, are unhealthy and short-lived.

COOPERS have good muscular exercise. When lads enter the employ, the stooping posture affects the head; and the noise, the hearing. This, indeed, is often permanently, though not greatly impaired. The men are annoyed also by pain in the loins, the result of posture. On the whole, the employment is healthy.

ROPEMAKERS, though they have exercise in the open air, suffer inconvenience from their stooping posture. A similar observation applies to **GARDENERS**.

PAVIERS are well known to have strong muscular exercise in the open air of the town. Though exposed to the weather, they are not subject to acute diseases. Their chief complaint is pain in the loins, which increases with their age. It is probably the effect of long standing and labour. Though addicted to dram-drinking, they often live to an advanced period.

A GLANCE AT GLASGOW.

It has been remarked in some of our papers of statistical information, that no country on this side of the Atlantic has exhibited so speedy a rise from poverty and idleness, to opulence and habits of industry, as Scotland. Within the last sixty or seventy years this naturally poor, and by no means fortunately situated country, has undergone a perfect revolution in its appearance and character. So striking and gratifying an instance of what can be accomplished by perseverance under difficulties and peaceful pursuits, is particularly exemplified in the history and present condition of the city of Glasgow. This large and populous town, which enjoys a pleasant situation on the north bank of the Clyde, at the head of the navigation of that beautiful river, originated in the sixth century as the seat of a pious ecclesiastic, named Mungo, and continued for many ages little else than an episcopal village. So long did it continue to be a place of small consideration, that it was not till the year 1630 that it possessed a printing press, and it was only at the revolution of 1688 that a regular quay was erected for the reception of the vessels which navigated the Clyde. Until the year 1707, when the highly advantageous measure of the Union took place, the traffic carried on by export was confined to transactions with the Continent of Europe, but, even at the best, on a small scale. It was not till the Union took effect, that any thing like a real and advantageous system of commerce was instituted. At this auspicious epoch, Glasgow rose on the ruins of many small towns on the east coast of Scotland, particularly those of Fife, whose trade it acquired. As *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* was pleased to express himself—"name were keener against the Union than the Glasgow folk, wi' their rabblings, and their risings, and their mobs," and none have profited to such an extent by this judicious measure. In short, the Union opened up a trade with the American and other colonies, induced the manufacture of lawns, cambrics, muslins, and other articles of similar fabric, and created that energy of mind in the people that has placed them in the highest rank of commercial enterprise and intelligence.

Though this great emporium of the commerce and manufactures of Scotland possesses not either the picturesque or the elegance of the legal and aristocratic capital, it is nevertheless an impressive and fine city. The number of its spires, and the judicious arrangement of its public buildings—the more general prevalence of a moderate degree of elegance in the private structures, and the grace given to the whole by the Clyde, are points in which it surpasses the more ambitious city of the east. It possesses various other advantages in point of outward appearance. Its cathedral gives a solemn dignity to the more ancient district. The college buildings, the finest in Scotland before the erection of those of Edinburgh, and still possessing the superior merit of more nearly resembling the splendid models of Oxford, have also a highly dignifying effect. The Tron-gate, which, with its continuations, intersects the whole city from east to west, is a noble piece of street scenery, indeed one of the finest things of the kind in Europe. Few of the streets are irregular or mean, while many of them may be called fine; and what must add greatly to the pleasure experienced by a stranger contemplating them, is, that all are filled during the whole day by

crowds of prosperous and happy-looking people, who walk at a lively pace, and in whose eyes some animating piece of business or of pleasure may constantly be read.

The men of Glasgow—for by this appellation are they distinguished, in popular phraseology, from the *folk* of Greenock and the *bodies* of Paisley—shine peculiarly in the walk of social hospitality. There is an openness of heart about them, that at once wins the affection and admiration of strangers. They are prosperous, and prosperity disposes them to take the world well, and view aliens with a kindly aspect. They often hold wealth by an uncertain tenure, and therefore lay the less stress upon its possession. There is also an ease in the fitness of all the individual parts of Glasgow society, which enables a stranger to join its ranks without in aught disarranging them. There is plenty of wealth for all, and no one need be jealous lest another pull the morsel from his mouth. And as there is little distinction of ranks in the commercial republic, no occasion exists for jealousy on the score of pretension. All this has a beauty in it which we look for in vain among such towns as Edinburgh, where society consists of two distinct classes, both of which are kept in a state of continual irritation and fret, by the reserve on the one hand of the upper ranks, and on the other by the forward ambition of the lower. While in Edinburgh there prevails a perpetual straining to appear members of the higher ranks of society, often at a ruinous expense, and where the glare of outward show frequently covers much secret poverty and want of substantial comfort, in Glasgow there is comparatively none of these peculiarities. There the internal abundance and comfort of the domicile ordinarily supersedes the reliance on outward architectural splendour, and the satisfaction of being in good circumstances leaves little to be desired as to the vanities of an ideal superiority of rank. The social interchange of friendly communication, which is produced by the simplicity of character in the people of Glasgow, has been highly advantageous to the general interests of the citizens. The remarkable hauteur of manner which is so observable among the mass of the population of Edinburgh, and which amounts to a species of horror of coming in contact with fellow-citizens supposed to be in the slightest degree inferior as to worldly circumstances or family connection, has been unfortunately the cause of leading the town into the most ridiculous projects, and the most grievous debts, as, by the total want of concert, in almost all cases, the inhabitants have been imposed upon by small factions of designing individuals. The opposite freedom of intercourse, which, as we say, is pursued in Glasgow, gives at all times room for a very thorough investigation of all public matters, which generally stand or fall by the prevalent opinion. The voice of all, moreover, is concentrated by a species of representation in two large reading-rooms or Exchanges—a mode of collecting general sentiment unknown in Edinburgh, where institutions of this kind have never succeeded, principally from the existing dread of a collision of ranks.

Although such are the characteristics of society in Glasgow in comparison with that of Edinburgh, it has to be stated, that before this mercantile capital arrived at its present pitch of prosperity, and ere wealth had been so universally diffused throughout all parts of its community, there seems to have existed in it as marked a division of ranks as may be observed in all less commercial cities at the present day. Many of the earlier merchants of Glasgow were younger sons of the neighbouring gentry, and traded at a time when ideas of birth were still fondly clung to by even lowlanders. When the Virginia and other foreign trades, therefore, prospered in their hands, and enabled them to hold up their heads perhaps a little higher than even the cousins, or brothers, or nephews, who represented their own families, they did not fail to comport themselves as became men who had not only a little blood, but, moreover, a good deal of money. Assuming the complete air proper to Scottish gentlemen of what is now called the old school, they wore, it is said, fine scarlet cloaks deeply trimmed with gold or silver lace, cocked hats, and canes, not forgetting under-clothes of costly velvet, and silver buckles at knee and instep. In the pride of their wealth and birth, they could be compared, we believe, to no race of men but to the merchant princes and nobles of Venice. In fact, they formed among themselves a class distinct from all their fellow-townsmen—a sort of mercantile aristocracy. Such were the Walkinshaws, the Crosses, the Stirlings, and the Glassfords, of whom it is recorded by the tradition of Glasgow, that they usually walked upon a particular side of the Tron-gate, and took it ill if any inferior persons presumed to approach or jostle them. They considered it a vast condescension to a shopkeeper or retailer if they acknowledged him in passing upon the street; and if they were graciously pleased to walk a little way with him along the pavement, they thought they had put him in a fair way of making his fortune. Though this superciliousness of manner be long since gone, and though there prevails throughout the present community of Glasgow that system of equality already noticed, society is not altogether deficient now, any more than formerly, in what may be considered an aristocracy. Among the active manufacturers of Glasgow are to be found men of prodigious wealth, and, at the same time, highly elevated and enlightened minds, who form a sort of nobility. These men, though in general raised from

a very humble rank in life, display a munificence of disposition, and a proud feeling of honour in their dealings, which might add lustre to coronets and garters. It is perhaps their noblest characteristic, that whatever may be their superiority over the rest of the citizens in point of capital, they exhibit no disposition to withdraw themselves from, or, to use other language, lord it over their less eminent brethren. They, on the contrary, disdain not to attend daily to the minutest details of their business, and, on the agitation of any public measure, are usually the first to take any interest in it, and the most active in carrying it into effect. Altogether, their public spirit and their talent, their well-won and well-used wealth, their greatness and their humility, entitle them to the admiration of even those who may be least disposed to applaud greatness in the first generation.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“THE following lines were written by Walter Scott when he was between ten and eleven years of age, and while he was attending the High School, Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with grief acknowledged that they spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder storm standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upwards without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him: ‘Mother,’ he said, ‘I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil.’ She gave him one, and, in less than five minutes, he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these words written on it:—

‘Loud o’er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let harden’d sinners thy just judgments fear!’

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes: for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son’s genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides.”
—*Extract from an Original Letter.*

About the year 1820 or 21, when in the very zenith of his supposed prosperity, and engaged in building Abbotsford House, he one day discovered the sense he entertained of his extraordinary fortunes (a thing generally hid in the simplicity of his manners), by saying to a very familiar friend, “Lo, I passed the river Tweed with my staff and scrip, and now I am become a great nation.” He probably intended to adapt to his own case the expression of Jacob, Genesis xxxii. 10, “for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.”

Mr Tegg, the London publisher, was taken by a Galashiels manufacturer to Abbotsford, and the latter, having been informed, jestingly, by Mr Tegg, that he was the author of Jokeby, introduced him to Sir Walter with that designation attached to his name. “The more jokes the better,” said Sir Walter, as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but, after his usual manner, or it may be called policy, conversed generally upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

It is on all hands confessed that nothing ever spoilt this great man. Through all his exaltations, both of fortune and reputation, he never lost the original good, easy, kind, and benignant man—never for a moment ceased to be what he naturally was. Mr Dugald Stewart, in his life of Dr Robertson, relates that that eminent writer “used frequently to say, that in Mr Hume’s gaiety there was something approaching to *infantine*; and that he had found the same thing so often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almost disposed to consider it as characteristic of genius.” This remark derives great additional force from the example of Sir Walter Scott, who seemed to prefer natural affections and natural feelings above all things, and could sympathize in all the levities and simple ideas of childhood. The individual who relates these anecdotes recollects well with what true *grandfatherly* feeling he spoke, in the end of the year 1824, of the precocious talent of his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, then a child of hardly four years of age. John, he said, had composed a verse in imitation of a certain nursery riddle, to the following effect:—

“The waters of Tweed have broken the law,
And they’ve come roaring down the haugh;
Grandpapa and all his men
Cannot turn them back again.”

Whether we are to believe that the child really performed this feat of versification without assistance, may be matter of debate; but certainly Sir Walter spoke of the thing quite seriously, and with no little pride, as a composition of his grandson.

As another illustration of the extreme familiarity and simplicity of his manners, the following may be related:—He was sitting one evening after dinner, with a friend who has been oftener than once alluded to in these anecdotes. They were no longer drinking, neither were they talking; both were in that state of partial somnolence which sometimes occurs after

the second tumbler or first bottle has been emptied, and while as yet the candles have not been introduced to stir the company afresh with the excitement of light. All at once, amidst the twilight stillness of the hour, a hen got up a most vivacious cackle in the courtyard, so as to rouse them both effectually; and Sir Walter, to the great amusement of his friend, burst out with a musical, or rather most unmusical, imitation of the cheerful sound, which he perhaps recollected for the first time since his childhood, being a human interpretation of what the hen is supposed to say to the old woman, her mistress, when she cackles:—

“Buy tobacco—buy tobacco—I’ll pay a’!”

the “I’ll pay a’” terminating in a *scraugh* in alt, exactly after the manner of the hen. Perhaps some of our old readers will remember the time when boys used thus to give verbal expression to the parturient exultations of Dame Partlet.

In the *Album* at the Bell Rock Light-house are the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O’er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeable light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And seems to strike his tim’rous sail.

July 30, 1814.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the Continent of America the works of nature are on a great and extensive scale; and in estimating their magnitude, the mind is actually lost in wonder. When we think of the valley of any river in this country, we have only in view a district of ground measuring at most a hundred miles in length by less than the third of that extent in breadth; but in speaking of the valleys in America, we are called on to remember that they sometimes include a territory far more extensive than the whole island of Britain. The chief wonder of this description in North America is the valley of the Mississippi, which is the natural drain of the central part of that vast continent, and embraces all that tract of country of which the waters are discharged into the Gulf of Mexico. It is bounded on the north by an elevated country, which divides it from the waters that flow into Hudson’s Bay, and the northern lakes and St Lawrence; on the east by the table land from whence descend the waters that fall into the Atlantic; and on the west by the Rocky, or Chippewau Mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific.

This great central vale of America is considered the largest division of the globe, of which the waters pass into one estuary. It extends from the 29th to the 49th degree of north latitude, or about 1400 miles from south to north, while the breadth across is about the same dimensions. To suppose the United States and its territory to be divided into three portions, the arrangement would be—the Atlantic slope, the Mississippi basin or valley, and the Pacific slope. A glance on any map of North America will show that this valley includes about two-thirds of the territory of the United States. The Atlantic slope contains 390,000, the Pacific slope about 300,000, which, combined, are 690,000 square miles; while the valley of the Mississippi contains at least 1,300,000 square miles, or four times as much land as the whole of England. This great vale is divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower Valley, distinguished by particular features, and separated by an imaginary intersecting line at the place where the Ohio pours its waters into the Mississippi. This large river has many tributaries of first rate proportions besides the Ohio. The chief is the Missouri, which indeed is the main stream, for it is not only longer and larger, but drains a greater extent of country. Its length is computed at 1870 miles, and upon a particular course 3000 miles. In its appearance it is turbid, violent, and rapid, while the Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri, is clear, with a gentle current. At St Charles, 20 miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, the Missouri measures from five to six hundred yards across, though its depth is only a few fathoms.

The Mississippi Proper takes its rise in Cedar Lake, in the 47th degree of north latitude. From this to the Falls of St Anthony, a distance of five hundred miles, it runs in a devious course, first south-east, then south-west, and, finally, south-east again; which last it continues, without much deviation, till it reaches the Missouri, the waters of which strike it at right angles, and throw the current of the Mississippi entirely upon the eastern side. The prominent branch of the Upper Mississippi is the St Peter’s, which rises in the great prairies in the north-west, and enters the parent stream a little below the Falls of St Anthony. The Kaskaskia next joins it, after a course of 200 miles. In the 36th degree of north latitude, the Ohio (formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela) pours in its tribute, after pursuing a course of 750 miles, and draining about 200,000 square miles of country. A little below the 34th degree the White River enters, after a course of more than 1000 miles. Thirty miles below that, the Arkansas, bringing in its tribute from the confines of Mexico, pours in its waters. Its last great tributary is Red River, a stream taking its rise in the Mexican dominions, and flowing a course of more than 2000 miles.

Hitherto the waters in the wide regions of the west have been congregating to one point. The “Father

of Waters" is now upwards of a mile in width, and several fathoms deep. During its annual floods it overflows its banks below the mouth of the Ohio, and sometimes extends thirty and forty miles into the interior, laying the prairies, bottoms, swamps, and other low grounds under water for a season. After receiving Red River, this vast stream is unable to continue in one channel; it parts into separate courses, and, like the Nile, finds its way to the ocean at different and distant points.

The capabilities of the Mississippi for purposes of trade are almost beyond calculation, and are hardly yet developed. For thousands of years this magnificent American river rolled its placid and undisturbed waters amidst widely-spreading forests, rich green prairies, and swelling mountain scenery, ornamented with the ever-varying tints of nature in its wildest mood, unnoticed save by the wandering savage of the west, or the animals which browse upon its banks. At length it came under the observation of civilized men, and now has begun to contribute to their wants and wishes. Every part of the vast region irrigated by the main stream and its tributaries can be penetrated by steam-boats and other water craft; nor is there a spot in all this wide territory, excepting a small district in the plains of Upper Missouri, that is more than one hundred miles from some navigable water. A boat may take in its lading on the banks of the Chatague Lake, in the state of New York—another may receive its cargo in the interior of Virginia—a third may start from the Rice Lakes at the head of the Mississippi—and a fourth may come laden with furs from the Chippewau Mountains, 2800 miles up the Missouri—and all meet at the mouth of the Ohio, and proceed in company to the ocean.

Reader, you probably inhabit the island of Great Britain, where the traffic of every sea-port, every branch of inland navigation, has been pushed to its utmost limits—where every art is overdone, and where the heart of the ingenious almost sinks within them for want of scope for their enterprise. But, reader, here, on this wide-spread ramification of navigable streams, there is an endless, a boundless field for mercantile adventure. Within the last twenty-four years, the Mississippi, with the Ohio, and its other large tributaries, have been covered with steam-boats and barges of every kind, and populous cities have sprung up on their banks. There are now sea-ports at the centre of the American continent—trading towns, each already doing more business than some half dozen celebrated ports in the Old World, with all the protection which restrictive enactments and traditional importance can confer upon them.

The valley of the Mississippi, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, will one day possess and comfortably sustain a population nearly as great as that of all Europe. Let its inhabitants become equally dense with England, including Wales, which contains 207 to the square mile, and its numbers will amount to 179,400,000. But let it become equal to the Netherlands—which its fertility would warrant—and its surface will sustain a population of two hundred millions. What reflections ought this view to present to the philanthropist and the Christian!*

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BATHS.

It is well known, that, amongst the Romans, bathing formed a part of every day's occupation. It was a luxury universally indulged in by both sexes; and the buildings erected for the accommodation of the public were generally remarkable for their costliness and splendour. In the year 1824 the baths of Pompeii were excavated. They are admirably arranged, spacious, highly decorated, and superior to any thing of the kind in modern cities. They are, fortunately, in good preservation, and throw considerable light on what the ancients have written upon the subject.

It was customary with the Romans to solemnize the completion of a public work by dedicating it, which consisted simply in opening the building to the people in a solemn manner, and gratifying them with largesses and the exhibition of spectacles, to which that extraordinary people were exceedingly partial. Various circumstances prove that the completion of the baths only a short while preceded the destruction of the city. They occupy a considerable space, and are divided into three separate compartments. One of these was set apart for the fire-places and the accommodation of the servants; and the other two were each occupied by a set of baths, one of which was appropriated to the men, and the other to the women. The apartments and passages are paved with white marble in mosaic, or alternate white and black squares. The chambers are ornamented with various devices, and highly finished. Above one thousand lamps were discovered during the excavations.

There were three kinds of baths; the frigidarium, or cold baths; the tepidarium, or tepid baths; and the caldarium, or warm baths. The frigidarium is a round chamber, encrusted with yellow stucco, with indications here and there of green. The walls are ornamented with figures modelled in stucco. The ba-

sin is twelve feet ten inches in diameter, and two feet nine inches deep, and is entirely lined with white marble. The plan for emptying and filling it was similar to that adopted amongst ourselves. This frigidarium is remarkable for its preservation and beauty.

The tepidarium was so called, because its temperature was of a mild warmth, and which prepared the bodies of the bathers for the more intense heat which they were to undergo in the vapour and hot baths, and also softened the transition from the hot bath to the external air. It is divided into a number of compartments by Telamones,* two feet high, carved in high relief, placed against the walls, and supporting a rich cornice. They are composed of baked clay, encrusted with the finest marble stucco. They have been originally painted of a flesh colour, with black hair and beards. The basket on their heads, and the moulding of the pedestal, were in imitation of gold. The pedestal itself, the wall behind, and the niches for the reception of the bathers' clothes, were an imitation of red porphyry. The ceiling is worked in stucco, and ornamented with figures, and carvings. The window of this room is two feet six inches high, by three feet wide, in the bronze frame of which were four beautiful panes of glass, fastened by small nuts and screws, so that they could be removed at pleasure. From this, it is evident that windows of glass were in use amongst the ancients. Glass-blowing seems to have been better understood by them than the learned seem inclined to admit of. This is proved from the quantities of bottles, vases, glasses, and other utensils which have been discovered at Pompeii. Amongst other articles found in this bath was a large and handsome bronze brasier.

The caldarium had on one side the laconicum, where was placed a vase, called labrum, for washing the hands and face. On the opposite side was the hot bath, called lavacrum. The labrum was a great round basin of white marble, into which the hot water bubbled up through a pipe in its centre, and served for the partial ablutions of those who took the vapour bath. This apartment like the others is well stuccoed, and painted yellow. These details, although necessarily circumscribed, afford us some idea of the value which the Romans attached to bathing.

In a street which conducts to the Forum, called the street of Fortune, an immense number of utensils have been found. Amongst other articles were vases, basins with handles, bells, elastic springs, hinges, buckles for harness, a lock, an inkstand, gold earrings, a silver spoon, an oval cauldron, a saucepan, a mould for pastry, and a weight of alabaster, used in spinning, with its ivory axis remaining; a number of lamps, three boxes, with a slit to keep money in, in one of which were found several coins of Titus, Vespasian, and Domitian, &c. &c. Among the most curious things discovered were seven glazed plates packed in straw. A pair of scales and steelyard were likewise found.

Gell informs us that the skeleton of a Pompeian was here found, "who, apparently, for the sake of sixty coins, a small plate, and a saucepan of silver, had remained in the house till the street was already half filled with volcanic matter." From the situation in which he was found, he had apparently been arrested while in the act of escaping from the window. Two others were also found in the same street.

THEATRES.

There have been two theatres excavated, a large and a small one; both display the remains of considerable magnificence. They are constructed after the usual plan of a Roman theatre. The seats for the audience were semicircular, and sloped downwards like those in the galleries of our own theatres. At the bottom was the orchestra, and in front the stage. Within the orchestra were circular ranges of seats set apart for the senate, and other distinguished individuals. The theatre is formed upon the side of a hill, the corridor being the highest part, so that the audience on entering descended at once to their seats. There is space to contain about five thousand persons. This theatre appears to have been entirely covered with marble, although only a few fragments remain—another proof that the ancients had visited Pompeii after the eruption, and despoiled it of what was most valuable.

The small theatre nearly resembles the large one in plan and disposition of parts, but there is this remarkable difference: it appears from an inscription to have been permanently roofed. It has been computed that it accommodated fifteen hundred persons.

Adjoining to the theatres, a building has been excavated, called, from the style of its architecture, the Greek Temple, otherwise, the Temple of Hercules. The date of its erection some have supposed to be as far back as eight hundred years before the Christian era. It is in a very dilapidated state. Before the steps in front there is an enclosure supposed to have been a pen to contain victims for the sacrifice, and by its side two altars. Near to the small theatre, a large angular enclosure has been excavated, which has been called the Provision Market by some, by others the Soldiers' Quarters. It contains a number of small chambers, supposed to have been occupied by butchers, and vendors of meats, liquors, &c. In one of these, utensils for the manufacture of soap were discovered;

in another, an oil mill; in a third, supposed to have been a prison, stocks were found; and in a fourth were pieces of armour, whence it has been called the Guard Room. In this quarter of the city a bronze helmet was found, enriched with bas-reliefs relating to the principal events of the capture of Troy. Another helmet found represents the triumphs of Rome; greaves of bronze, highly ornamented, were also found. Contiguous to the little theatre the house of a sculptor has been cleared. Here were found statues, some half finished, others just begun, with blocks of marble, and all the tools required by the artist.

The Temple of Isis is here situated. It is one of the most perfect examples now existing of the parts and disposition of an ancient temple. The skeleton of a priest was found in one of the rooms. Near his remains lay an axe, from which it would appear that he had delayed his departure till the door was closed up, and so attempted to break through the walls with his axe. He had already forced his way through two, but, before he could pass the third, was suffocated by the vapour. Within the sacred precincts lay a number of skeletons, probably those of priests, who, reposing a vain confidence in their deity, would not desert her temple, until escape was hopeless. Several paintings of the priests of Isis, and the ceremonies of their worship, together with a statue of the deity herself, were found.

AMPHITHEATRE.

A Roman amphitheatre was a building of an oval form, having its area encompassed with rows of seats, one above another, where spectators might witness gladiatorial and other exhibitions. In the Street of Tombs, which is situated without the principal gate of the city, there is a bas-relief on one of the tombs, which represents the amusements of the amphitheatre. These, it would appear, consisted of combats of various kinds between men and wild beasts—as bears, lions, panthers, &c.; and also between two gladiators, some of which were equestrian.

The Amphitheatre of Pompeii does not differ in any particular from other Roman buildings of the same kind. Its form, as usual, is oval. The extreme length, from outside to outside of the exterior arcade, is 430 feet; its greatest breadth is 335 feet. The spectators were admitted by tickets, which had marks and numbers on them corresponding with similar signs on the arches through which they entered. The seats are elevated above the arena upon a high podium or parapet, upon which, when the building was first opened, there were several inscriptions, containing the names of duumvirs who had presided upon different occasions. There were also paintings in fresco—one representing a tigress fighting with a wild boar; another, a stag chased by a lioness; another, a battle between a bull and a bear. There were other representations besides these; but the whole disappeared upon exposure to the atmosphere. The Amphitheatre comprises twenty-four rows of seats, and is calculated to have accommodated ten thousand people, exclusive of those who were obliged to take up with standing room.—To be continued.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

"He would find it another guess story, Would bring his bare back to the cat."

"I SAY he was a Tartar," said an old pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building, and advancing upon the terrace, near the spot where I was standing, contemplating the beauties of a summer evening—"I say he was a Tartar." "Then you are mistaken, Harry," replied his companion; "he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs. I allow that he was strict, but always a sailor's friend." "Ay, ay, for tarring a rope's end, or rope's ending a tar, 'twas all the same to him. His cats were often fed, Tom." "That's poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him captain and admiral some years, and ought to know a little about him." "Well, well, messmate, mayhap you did so; let's hear, for I love to talk about past times and old commanders. There's old Jarvis has dowed his coach-whip, and gone out of commission, and Lord Keith has resigned his command to harbour in a better world. I've sailed with 'em both, but I'll not say more till you've told me of Seymour." "Why then, d'ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers then when we arrived at Spithead during the mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the *Triumph*—but howsoever I won't blow you up. You must know Lieutenant Q—was commanding-officer when the delegates came on board. 'Well, my men,' says he, 'what do you want here?' 'We want to speak to the ship's company, sir,' said the foremost. 'Oh, certainly, certainly,' replied the lieutenant. 'Here, boatswain's mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.' Well, Harry, you old rogue, didn't we all muster on the fore-castle, and listen to their lingo? Ay, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, 'Mayhap, gemmen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with your officers?' 'Yes, yes,' said the leader, 'you're right.' 'Then all we have to say is,' said our spokesman, 'that we are not. We like our ship, like our captain, like our officers, and like one another—and so, gemmen, good day.' There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in *twice* for a mutineer; and, now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see, every order was exposed publicly for

* The facts in this article have chiefly been gleaned from a small American publication, entitled "Peck's Guide to Emigrants, containing Sketches of Illinois, Missouri, and the adjacent Parts. Boston, 1831."

* Figures of men, usually in a slightly stooping position, and supporting cornices in buildings.

the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: "Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish." Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope, or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, "Hurrah, my boys! heave!" The captain heard it—"Send that man on deck directly." The officer immediately pick'd him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and there stood the captain with the Articles of War in his hand—by-the-by I don't think he was a lord then. However, there he stood, and the officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were washed to the break of the poop, the quarter-masters ready with their foxes, and the boatswain's mates with the cats. "Come here, my man," said the captain.

"Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?" "Yes, sir." "And why did you disobey?" "It warn't me, sir; I never opened my lips." "Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?" said the captain, turning to the officer. "Yes, sir, confident: I removed him instantly from the bar." "Indeed, sir, Mr — is mistaken—I never spoke." "Are you certain, Mr —?" "Yes, sir, quite certain." "Strip, then." It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and 'boatswain's mate, give him two dozen,' was heard. The tails of the cat were clear'd, the arms was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rush'd from amongst us, and call'd out, "Avast! it was I that sung out at the capstan!" and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. "Stop," said the captain to the boatswain's mate; and then, turning to the seaman, "Why didn't you come forward before?" "Because, sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I saw him likely to suffer for me, no, no, I couldn't stand that." "And did he know it was you?" "Yes, your honour, he knew it well; I was alongside of him at the bar—but he scorn'd to flinch." "Cast him off, and pipe down," said the captain. But oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute without moving, and then, grasping each other's hands, after a hearty shake, walk off together—but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then."

"And what became of the officer?"

"Why, the captain slued round to him, and —" Here they again turned the quadrangle; all was hush'd, and I sought my pillow.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

DOES THE SOUL ALWAYS THINK?

A FAVOURITE argument with the advocates for faith in dreams is, that, though the body be liable to exhaustion, and to a temporary suspension of its powers, while the repair of its wasted energies is going on, the soul, which is of an imperishable, and, therefore, indefectible essence, never relaxes its activity, but, while the limbs are sunk in repose, gladly seizes the opportunity of escaping from its mortal coil, and, roaming in the world of spirits, holds communion with kindred angels, and from them receives instruction in such knowledge as is suitable to its nature. A portion of the knowledge acquired in these excursions, penetrating the dull vapours which wrap our mortal being, is represented to reach us in dreams, the greater part, however, never being perceived at all; "for," says an old writer, "the thoughts of worldly affairs, and the intemperances most men commit in meats, drinks, labours, exercises, and passions, enfeeble and destroy the brisk, lively apprehensions, and stupify all the faculties of nature: and particularly the memory and retaining power are so dulled and rendered fluid and oblivious, as not to conserve any impressions made thereon—as we see in drunken men, who the next day remember none of those loud vociferations and mad pranks they played over night. And you may as well argue," continues he, "that such lewd people did not commit any such extravagancies, because very often they are not sensible of them after they come to be sober, as to think you do not dream, because sometimes you cannot remember it when you wake."

Addison, in the 487th paper of the *Spectator*, pursues the same fanciful train of thought. "Our dreams," says he, "are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and reparations, and the

body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in the action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company."

Absolute proof that the soul does not always think, cannot perhaps be given; but, as far as the subject admits of investigation, we find every fact obtained to be arrayed against the supposition that it does. In the first place, if the soul be so resolute upon perpetual thought, and so well fitted for it that it never breaks off from the exercise, one would expect it not to flag or be overcome with fatigue, but to be at all times equally vigilant and able to perform whatever task of contemplation comes in its way. How does the experience of every man who has been accustomed to think at all contradict this! How worn out by long application to study, and, after an interval of relaxation, how invigorated to resume it is he whom the pursuit of knowledge has captivated! The soul must be very capricious indeed, if it be fit for continual motion, and yet get on at this halting pace; when, too, the goal in view is one which itself fervently desires to reach. In the second place, if the soul were occupied in thinking as well when we sleep as when we are awake, it would surely be a matter of indifference to it in which of these states the body is; and drowsiness, stealing heavily on the eyelids, should never be able to deaden the liveliness of our ideas. Now, in sinking to rest, we perceive the powers of thought gradually weakened till they approach the point of complete suspension. We should be still more sensible of this declension of their energies, if it were not that the effort necessary for observation counteracts the pleasing encroachments of oblivion, and banishes those symptoms which it is our object to examine. But, though we cannot, upon any single occasion, minutely scrutinize the steps by which sleep advances, their repeated occurrence makes us in time sufficiently aware of their nature, and teaches us how to invite them. Accordingly, many persons who, at the hour of rest, find their minds employed with mistimed activity on any subject which excites the attention strongly, have recourse to numbering, in order that, excluding those ideas we have from reflection and association, and confining themselves to a single exertion of memory, the current of thought may at last become so attenuated as to be easily got rid of altogether. The mind thus throws off its thoughts just as a man gives the slip to a crowd of troublesome companions, and, released from their pressure, delivers itself up to the enjoyment of the wished-for repose.

At some times, also, when we are not desirous to invite sleep, we find it induced by whatever tends to limit the range of our ideas; pleasing and monotonous sounds—the hum of bees, the murmur of a fountain, the chanting of music to which the ear is accustomed, the reading of an uninteresting discourse—withdraw the mind from other contemplations, and do not present it with any new theme of meditation. The consequence is, that, in this insidious manner, many an honest gentleman is stolen from his thoughts at very inconvenient seasons. "It is also matter of common observation," says Stewart, "that children, and persons of little reflection, who are chiefly occupied about sensible objects, and whose mental activity is in a great measure suspended as soon as their perceptive powers are unemployed, find it extremely difficult to continue awake when they are deprived of their usual engagements. The same thing has been remarked of savages, whose time, like that of the lower animals, is almost completely divided between sleep and their bodily exertions."

While we thus see that the absence of thought brings on sleep, it is no less true that the active exercise of the thinking powers keeps drowsiness aloof. Anxiety, in its various shapes, banishes long the desire of repose; the philosopher, intent on his favourite study, pursues it deep in the night; and even those who have no good will to watch, are often compelled to be awake, because they have become involved in a train of musing, from which they cannot escape till the whole current of thick-coming fancies be run out. If the soul can think as well without the assistance of the corporeal functions, is it not strange, that, when it has matters of contemplation on hand, it should detain them so long from yielding to the soft enticements of slumber? Its conduct in this respect would appear no less unreasonable than that of a mathematician who should insist upon his whole household sitting up until he solve his problem, although their doing so cannot help him a jot.

But the advocates for perpetual thought deny, that, in long application to business or study, it is the soul which fails. This principle of life and action, they say, would never relax its exertions, unless some de-

fect in the body forced it to desist, and abandon the material organ till the waste be repaired—just as a breach in the roof of his workshop obliges the artificer to desert it until the tiles be renewed. There is, however, we may remark, this difference between the two cases—that, while the artificer may pursue his trade elsewhere with little diminution of his profits, the soul, let it think ever so assiduously when absent from the body, derives no benefit from any of the stores of knowledge it may then accumulate. It might, therefore, as well avoid all this fruitless trouble. "To think often," says Locke, "and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking; and the soul, in such a state of thinking, does very little, if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives varieties of images or ideas, but retains none; they disappear and vanish, and there remain no footsteps of them; the looking-glass is never the better for such ideas, nor the soul for such thoughts." And not only does the soul never bring back from its nocturnal flights any new discoveries, by which its own condition, or that of its companion, the body, might be elevated or improved, but it is wholly unconscious of having been engaged in them; inasmuch that, if a man were roused, and, with a sword pointed to his breast, commanded to tell what he was thinking of the moment before, he could not save his life by giving any manner of account of his sleeping contemplations—they have escaped him utterly, and without the smallest hope of recall. This is a degree of forgetfulness which we can find nothing to parallel. That produced by intoxication is, indeed, said to resemble it; but it can by no means be made to appear that it is the same, or even makes an approach to it: for, though the reveller may recollect but hazily in the morning that he broke a watchman's lantern overnight, he is conscious of it while the act is doing, and for some time after; so that, if it were possible for his drunkenness to be shaken off as instantaneously as sleep is dispelled, there seems no reason to suppose he would be at a loss to remember his riotous behaviour the moment before. The same thing may be said of persons, who, on recovering from delirium, brought on by fevers or otherwise, remember nothing of what they said or did, and yet were active and perceptive all the while.

Nor is it an argument to the purpose to say, that one may as well maintain a drunken man was guilty of no extravagancies, because he does not remember them when the fumes of the liquor have evaporated, as to think the soul is not employed during sleep, though all its transactions cannot be traced after waking. Watchmen with their shattered lanterns afford sufficient extraneous evidence of the midnight riot. But no testimony whatever can be brought to the fact of the soul's thinking; we are not conscious of it ourselves, and no man's soul ever perceived his neighbour's soul so engaged.

It is indeed said, that glimpses of the occupations of the soul during sleep are afforded by dreams; and that, since there are some dreams which we recollect imperfectly, and others, of which, though we are certain we had them, no particulars are retained, it is reasonable to conclude it is owing to defect of memory that the whole of the soul's midnight musings are not retained. But this is to offer conjecture for argument: as well might the judge hold it to be established against a reveller, that he continued breaking lamps the whole night without intermission, whenever it is established against him that he broke one or a couple.

Moreover, if we were to grant that dreams are the offspring of the soul at a time when it is independent of the body, and has an opportunity of exerting its native energies uncontrolled, what would be the consequence to the argument of those who maintain such a doctrine? The body is represented as being a clog upon its spiritual companion, restraining all its nobler aspirations, and keeping it to the drudgery of ordinary thinking; and dreaming, we are told, is a state in which the soul, released from this ignoble subserviency, rushes amid scenes worthy of itself, and engages in conceptions upon a magnificent scale, which prove the vastness of its powers, and the perfection of its original constitution. One would therefore naturally expect dreams to be the most rational things in the world—models which wise men should never for a moment lose sight of in training themselves to correct habits of thinking. Is it so? The case is entirely different; nor is there any thing which so readily suggests the idea of disorder and extravagance as the mention of a dream. To what a poor pass, then, would they reduce the soul, who would persuade us, that in dreams we have a glimpse of the excellent thoughts it might be expected to hit upon, if it were not for its unfortunate connection with the body! They appreciate dreaming better, who hold it to be a deteriorated kind of thinking—"an emunctory of the brain," as Fordyce expresses it, "by which the whole refuse of fancy is drained off."

Thus we see there is no proof nor tenable argument for the opinion that the soul spontaneously engages and continues engrossed in dreams or trains of thought during the whole time that the body is asleep. The only other conclusion is, that the soul, as well as the body, requires rest, and that, though they are so distinct in their nature, their union is arranged upon principles of mutual dependence so perfect, that they both need repose at the same intervals, and are equally refreshed by the same portion of it.

* A Treatise of Dreams and Visions, by Philotheus Physiologus.

Gardening.—DECEMBER.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue to prune and train wall trees and espaliers, and to prune all standard and dwarf trees and bushes in the orchard and garden. In looking over the espaliers, where any of the stakes are decayed they must be replaced with new ones, and the whole put into a thorough state of repair, previously to the commencement of training. Where the trees and bushes have been pruned in the quarters or on the borders, these places should be dug over, leaving the ground rough to be acted upon by the winter frosts; and, where the ground is hard, it ought to have been dug in, which will benefit the trees much more than it would if left till the spring.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for spring crops. Force asparagus, Elford rhubarb, and sea kale. In the early part of the month lay in purple and white broccoli, unless it has been done already. Earth up peas and beans, where the tops are advanced from early sowing; also cardoons and celery, for the last time. The finest ridges of celery should now be covered with litter or soft meadow hay, to keep off severe frost, or the tops will rot, and this will in time extend down to the root. Cover the mushroom beds thickly with clean dry straw, and do not let the mushroom-house descend to a lower temperature than 50 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. Look over the cauliflower plants in frames, and pick off all decayed leaves. Every day the weather is mild and dry, let the glasses be taken off, that the plants may have free air; but let the lights be put on every night. When the weather is very wet, keep the lights over them; but, at the same time, if mild, let them be raised at the back of the frames, to let in a large portion of air to the plants. In severe frosty weather, keep the plants constantly covered with the glasses, and other covering of mats, straw, fern, and other long litter; and apply long litter also round the outsides of the frames, when the frost is very rigorous. Cauliflower plants under hand-glasses must be treated in the same manner. Lettuces in frames and under hand-glasses require similar treatment.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

JEANIE MORRISON.*

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through morn'g a weary way;
But never, never, can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's bly'n on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows eulie.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and siek I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit lik'er weel,
'Twas then wee did part;
Sweet time—sae time! Iwa baiths at schule,
'Twa baiths, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir lik'er leir;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, afen yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof loof'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung ower heads,
How cheeks bren'd red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd t'gether hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule ween saill at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June!

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luv!
Oh, lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luv, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon;
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whussit sweet.

The throssil whussit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours the birds sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness gat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me!
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows girt
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

* This poem—the most beautifully natural, the most elegantly expressed, the most replete with tender and mournful association, that we have read for a long time—is the composition of William Motherwell. Esq. a gentleman who promises to become a distinguished ornament of Scottish literature. It is borrowed from *Tail's Edinburgh Magazine*.

MARCH OF SCIENCE OVER IMPROVED ROADS.

Nearly all the plans for proposed new rail-roads set forth with proposals to carry goods and passengers at the rate of twenty miles an hour, including stoppages. It is the opinion of the most distinguished men of science, that this rate is only the first step in improvement, and that it is not extravagant to expect that this rate will in time be doubled with safety, and the cost of the conveyance at the same time cheapened. Compare this with the state of the roads until within fifty or sixty years ago. "It is not easy," says Mr M'Culloch, in his new and able Commercial Dictionary, "for those accustomed to travel along the smooth and level roads by which every part of this country is now intersected, to form any accurate idea of the difficulties the traveller had to encounter a century ago. Roads were then hardly formed, and in summer not unfrequently consisted of the bottoms of rivulets. Down to the middle of the last century, most of the goods conveyed from place to place in Scotland, at least where the distances were not very great, were carried, not by carts or waggons, but on horseback. Oatmeal, coal, turf, and even straw and hay, were conveyed in this way. At this period, and for long previous, there was a set of single-horse traffickers (cadgers), that regularly plied between different places, supplying the inhabitants with such articles as were then most in demand, as salt, fish, poultry, eggs, earthenware, &c.; these were usually conveyed in sacks or baskets, suspended one on each side of the horse. But in carrying goods between distant places it was necessary to employ a cart, as all that a horse could carry on his back was not sufficient to defray the cost of a long journey. The time that the carriers (for such was the name given to those who used carts) usually required to perform their journeys, seems now almost incredible. The common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, thirty-eight miles distant, required a fortnight for his journey between the two places, going and returning! The road originally was among the most perilous in the whole country; a considerable extent of it lay in the bottom of that district called Gala-water, from the name of the principal stream, the channel of the water being, when not flooded, the tract chosen as the most level, and easiest to travel in. Even between the largest cities, the means of travelling were but little superior. In 1678, an agreement was made to run a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, which was to be drawn by six horses, and to perform the journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh and back again in six days. Even so late as the middle of last century, it took a day and a half for the stage-coach to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow, a journey which is now accomplished in four and a half or five hours. So late as 1763, there was but one stage-coach from Edinburgh to London, and it set out only once a month, taking from twelve to fourteen days to perform the journey! At present, notwithstanding the immense intercourse between the two cities by means of steam-packets, smacks, &c., six or seven coaches set out each day from the one for the other, performing the journey in from forty-five to forty-eight hours."—*Edinburgh paper.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

One afternoon, when Garrick expected Dr Monsey to call on him, he desired the servant to conduct the Doctor into his bed-room. Garrick was announced for King Lear on that night, and when Monsey saw him in bed, he expressed his surprise, and asked him if the play was to be changed. Garrick was dressed, but had his nightcap on, and the quilt was drawn over him, to give him the appearance of being too ill to rise. Monsey expressed his surprise, as it was time for Garrick to be at the theatre to dress for King Lear. Garrick, in a languid and whining tone, told him that he was too much indisposed to perform himself, but that there was an actor named Marr, so like him in figure, face, and voice, and so admirable a mimic, that he had ventured to trust the part to him, and was sure that the audience would not perceive the difference. Pretending to be worse, he requested Monsey to leave the room, that he might get a little sleep, but desired him to attend the Theatre, and let him know the result. As soon as the Doctor quitted the room, Garrick jumped out of bed, and hastened to the Theatre. Monsey attended the performance. Having left Garrick in bed, he was bewildered by the scene before him, sometimes doubting, and sometimes being astonished at the resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At length, finding that the audience were convinced of Garrick's identity, Monsey began to suspect that a trick had been practised upon him, and hurried to Garrick's house at the end of the play; but Garrick had been too quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same apparent state of illness. Some friends of Garrick who had been let into the secret, and were present at the performance, witnessed and enjoyed Monsey's perplexity, who, when he discovered the deception, shared in the laugh at his own expense, determining, however, to retaliate on the first opportunity.—*Records of My Life, by the late John Taylor.*

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN SWEDEN.

It is an almost universal custom in Sweden, at Christmas time, to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn on a pole in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds which at this inclement period of the year must be in a state of starvation.

EUROPEAN SHEEP.

Nearly every country in Europe has its own race of sheep. These, again, are subdivided into peculiar varieties, arising from difference of climate, food, treatment, and intermixture. European sheep vary considerably in size and form; but the most important difference is in the quantity and quality of the wool, it being thin in some, dense in others, coarse or fine, more or less elastic, &c. &c. Of the German sheep there are the following varieties:—The Friesland, about three feet high and four in length, producing a coarse wool about four or five inches long. It yields two lambs in the year, is strong, and endures winter even in the open air. It is found in the marshes of Schleswick, near Husum, in Friesland, in the environs of Bremen, in Holland, &c., and if put upon inferior pasture, soon degenerates, and becomes smaller. The Eyderstaedt, which is somewhat smaller, having long wool on the back, and very short hairs on the belly and thighs. The Suabian, also termed Zaubelschaff, found in different parts of Suabia and Franconia. It is small, lambs twice yearly, and produces about two pounds of fine wool, like flock silk. It is soon affected by the wet. The Heather sheep, also called Heidschnucke, one of the smallest kinds, found on the heath of Lunebourg, in the environs of Bremen, and the Mark. It is commonly horned, with black face and legs, and has a lively, wild disposition. It is clipped twice a-year, yielding each time about a pound and a half of long, coarse wool. This method of twice clipping has been generally adopted in large flocks, amongst sheep bearing a secondary quality of wool. The Spiegelschafe, found in Mecklinburg, Franconia, &c., with a blue woolly ring round the eyes, may be considered a species of German sheep, produced by intermixture. The Polish sheep resembles the German sheep in size and wool. The Danish is distinguished by a smooth head, erect ears, and wild disposition. The wool is coarse, mingled with stiff hairs. The Norwegian is said to be a description of it, but improved by a cross with the English and Spanish. The Swedish, a cross breed of the Spanish, has lately been much improved. It had originally but little wool, and that of a coarse quality. The Belgian, Flemish, and Flanders sheep, are nearly five feet in length, and weigh about two cwt. They originally came from the East Indies, and are remarkable for fecundity, producing several lambs in the year. The wool is middling. The Dutch sheep are a species of them. The Hungarian sheep, like the Moldavian, have a very long, coarse, and inferior wool, and the flesh is very fat and unpalatable.—*Newspaper.*

A NEGRO'S ANSWER.

A planter in St Domingo was one day disposing of a horse to a neighbour, and being questioned by the purchaser regarding its qualities, among the rest, whether it kicked, the disposer replied it was the quietest beast imaginable. He had however, hardly used the expression when it flung up its heels to the danger of the bystanders. The purchaser being irritated at the duplicity of the other, reproached him with his intended deception, when, to substantiate the peaceful character of the animal, he called one of his slaves, and demanded of him if he ever saw this fine animal kick before. "O, no me massa," smartly answered the negro, "never saw him kick before—always saw him kick behind."

ADVANTAGE OF SNUFFING CANDLES.

Count Rumford made various experiments to ascertain the relative expense of different inflammable substances for the production of light, and the results were, that a good wax candle, properly snuffed, and burning with a clear bright flame, consumed 100 parts in weight; a good tallow candle, burning under the same circumstances, consumed 101; but a similar tallow candle, burning very dim from the want of snuffing, consumed 220; so that the consumption of more than double the quantity of combustible matter yielded less light. This latter circumstance proves the advantage of snuffing candles frequently, both as regards the quantity of light, and the economy of the practice.

Along with the present number of the Journal, may be purchased the second number of a monthly record of events, under the title of CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, price three halfpence. This work regularly appears at the beginning of every month, and bears exactly the same appearance with a number of the Journal, to which it is designed to form a kind of supplement, though in every respect an independent work.

For the satisfaction of some individuals, who have expressed a doubt upon the subject, the Editors have to state, that every article in the Journal, to which no quotation is attached, is original, and composed expressly for the work.

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WHERE IS MY TRUNK?

It is well known in Scotland that the road from Edinburgh to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, is rendered tedious and troublesome by the interposition of two arms of the sea, namely, the Firths of Forth and Tay, one of which is seven, and the other three miles across. Several rapid and well-conducted stage-coaches travel upon this road; but, from their frequent loading and unloading at the ferries, there is not only considerable delay to the travellers, but also rather more than the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. On one occasion it happened that the common chances against the safety of a traveller's integuments were multiplied in a mysterious, but most amusing manner—as the following little narrative will show.

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet bags, belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at Newhaven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach, and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steam-boat which was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the guard; "you may be sure it's there."

"Not so sure of that," quoth the gentleman; "whereabouts is it?"

The guard poked into the barrow, and looked in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. At length, after he had nozzled about for two or three minutes through all the holes and corners of the mass of integuments, he drew out his head, like a terrier tired of earthing a badger, and seemed a little nonplussed.

"Why, here it is in the boot!" exclaimed the passenger, "snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh."

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steam-boat.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on the principal terraqueous part of our journey through Fife.

Every thing seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out—

"Guard, where is my trunk?"

"In the boot, sir," answered the guard; "you may depend upon that."

"I have not seen it put in," said the passenger, "and I don't believe it is there."

"Oh, sir," said the guard, quite distressed, "there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now."

"There! I declare—there!" cried the owner of the missing property; "my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I never was so treated on any journey before."

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and, all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and

there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters, after the gentlemen to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

"The trunk, sir," said the guard, rather pettishly, "is in the boot."

"Not a bit of it," said its owner, who in the mean time had been peering about. "There it lies in the lobby of the inn!"

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind, according to its own good pleasure.

"The Lord have a care o' us!" cried the astonished custodian of baggage, who, to do him justice, seemed an exceedingly sober and attentive person. "The Lord have a care o' us, sir! That trunk's no canny."

"It's canny enough, you fool," said the gentleman sharply; "but only you don't pay proper attention to it."

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent member of the community of trunks. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St Michael's, where a side road turns off to St Andrew's, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman, hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

"Hollo, fellow!" cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St Andrew's road; "is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it."

"The trunk, sir," interposed the guard, in a sententious manner, "is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot."

"We'll make sure of that, Mr Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you."

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property, as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk, both inside and outside, and every body said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and, therefore, it became a fair subject of debate whether the chances *against*, or the chances *for*, were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steam-boat for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about his own concerns, no one thought any more about the trunk, till just as the barrow was

descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Oh, yes," cried the guard very promptly, "I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all."

"It's no such thing," cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar; "that's *my* trunk."

Every body then looked about for the enchanted trunk; the guard ran back, and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before; and the tall gentleman gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his precious encumbrance.

"Well, guard," cried he at length, "what a pretty fellow you are! There, don't you see?—there's my trunk thrust into the shed, like a piece of lumber!"

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport, there is a shed with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from Merchant's Inn; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach, which was about to proceed from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn door, and some of my late fellow travellers were getting into the one coach, and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and, just as the guard cried "all's right," the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Your trunk, sir!" cried the man; "what like is your trunk?—we have nothing here but bags and baskets."

"Heaven preserve me!" exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth, instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous mis-adventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and, about a week after, I received the following letter:—

"DEAR —,"

"All went well with myself, my fellow travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but, after every thing had again been put to rights, the tall man put some

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to any thing which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.

"Oh, Lord, sir!" cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind, "the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about any where?"

"If it be a trunk ye're looking after," cried a rustic, very coolly, "I saw it sink into that well-ee" a quarter of an hour syne."

"Good God!" exclaimed the distracted owner, "my trunk is gone for ever. Oh my poor dear trunk!—where is the place—show me where it disappeared."

"The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were perfectly bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

"What was in the trunk, I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents: perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood, the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE GREEKS.

THE north-eastern part of the Mediterranean is divided into two large bays or gulfs, which run far up into the European continent; that towards the west being called the Adriatic, and the other the Egean Sea. The peninsula, or tongue of land which lies between the two, is the original country of the Greeks: colonies of the same nation have, from times beyond the reach of history, occupied the whole coasts and islands of both these gulfs, from Sicily almost to Cyprus; but the parent states of the middle peninsula are those to which the Grecian name is indebted for all its splendour; and it is this country only which is properly called Greece.

From the situation of the Greeks in a region whose bays, headlands, and islands present a great extent of sea-coast, habits of adventure and mutual intercourse were produced among them in the earliest times, which had the greatest influence in cherishing a national activity of character, and making each community eager to rival the prosperity of the others. The people were early accustomed to make voyages, sometimes for traffic, sometimes for war, betwixt the opposite coast of their gulfs, guiding themselves by the stars from island to island; and a curious proof both of their adventurous spirit, and of the difficulties they encountered in their attempts at navigation, is afforded by the tradition which exists in some old poems concerning one of these isles called Delos, a huge pile of limestone rock, which was frequently used as a sea mark in the Egean: this island is said once to have floated about on the waves, and only to have been fixed in its place at last by Jupiter driving a stake through its centre. In the present age we can understand by this poetical flight that the Greek canoe-men sometimes lost their reckoning, and fell in with the island where they did not expect it, or, as happened once to a more scientific mariner with regard to St Helena, sailed over the ground where they reckoned on finding it, and declared that it had shifted from its place.

The early period of Grecian history has been made famous by Homer, a celebrated poet of that nation, whose works are still read and admired. The picture there given of the manners of the people at this time, affords but little promise of the elegance or philosophy of the ages that followed. The country was divided among a number of petty chieftains, whose incessant raids upon one another distracted the people, and maintained among them habits of idleness and mutual plunder, instead of the regular pursuits which afterwards made them powerful and celebrated. The names of some of these tyrants have been handed down for execration by the poets; while others of a better kind, who stood forward to oppose them, are enshrined, on the same authority, as heroes and demi-gods; among the latter are Theseus, Castor and Pollux, and Hercules. The religion of the Greeks consisted at this time in the worship of a set of imaginary beings dignified with the name of gods, but who fought, squabbled, made love, and cheated each other like the Greeks themselves; and who, indeed, seem to have differed from them in no respect, except that they were not subject to death, or to work for subsistence. The same legends were circulated concerning them in later periods, but were then chiefly taken up, like our fairy tales, as good subjects for poetry, and were believed only by the common people, who, in all countries, even while partaking of the comforts of civilization, have unhappily too little share in its knowledge. With regard to the progress of the Greeks at this time in other matters, we see, from the same poems, that any acquaintance which they had with the mechanical

arts was like the skill of the savage in making his boat or his hatchet, chiefly valued for its usefulness in war. Strength, swiftness, or dexterity in the use of weapons, were reckoned the only manly qualities among the young; and the leading of an expedition, or arranging an ambuscade, gave the chief title to wisdom in advanced life: like the savages of our own times, they only copied such of the arts of civilized life from the strangers who came among them, as were useful for carrying into effect their own projects. They had early learned, from Cadmus and Danaus, adventurers of Phenicia and Egypt, the art of working the metals, which was made instantly available for war. The same persons had also brought with them a knowledge of the alphabet; but this piece of information seems to have lain dormant, or known only to a few for many centuries; it is not doubtful that Homer himself was unacquainted with it. Some idea of the motions of the stars, and other elements of science, they seem to have gradually learned from persons of the same countries, as they became useful to them: and the fertility of many parts of Greece led them also to an early acquaintance with agriculture, on which Hesiod, an author to whom, like Homer, writing was perhaps unknown, has left a poem. From this work, it appears that the Greek farmers of his day paid nearly as much attention to lucky and unlucky days as to the state of the weather; a circumstance which says more for the steadiness of the climate than the industry of the people. The simpler labours of agriculture seem to have been understood; but it is not to be supposed that many improvements could originate in a country where, as we are told by one of these historians, the most barren district (Attica) became at last the most thriving, because the others were continually plundered on account of their fertility.

Such is a picture of the state of Greece in its early ages, a period which the poems of Homer have made as interesting as those in which the knowledge and real superiority of the country gave it an actual title to fame. A long period intervenes from the war of Troy (which was the subject of his work), 1184 years before Christ, till the Persian war, 700 years later, during all which time the Greeks continued to improve, and to acquire habits of civilization; so that, in the next writer who describes them (Herodotus), we find them a very different people indeed from that depicted by the poets. Their governments had now been changed from turbulent chieftainships to orderly magistracies; most of the states had begun to see the advantage of protecting those of the people who were making profit by the ordinary occupations of peace; much riches had been acquired by trade; and some of the states had foreign colonies subject to them. Those districts which were most celebrated in the heroic times (as Thessaly), and which still retained the same habits, had fallen into the rear; while others, such as Athens, that were hardly known in the early period, had now, by their industry and better form of government, begun to take the lead in every national affair. As a proof both of the wealth of the country, and of its increasing taste for the arts, it is mentioned that there were in the different temples a hundred ivory statues of the gods, all larger than life, and many of them covered with gold. The treasures of one temple alone, that of Delphi, were reckoned equal to a year's revenue of the Persian empire. Public games were celebrated yearly in different parts of the country, which were also attended as great annual fairs, and drew together vast numbers of people. The games were contests in wrestling, leaping, running, horse-racing, and chariot-racing, and trials of merit in literature and the fine arts. They afforded thus equal interest to all classes of the community, and were the means both of keeping up among the young a useful bodily training, and of diffusing a thirst for knowledge. The first and most interesting history of Greece that ever was written, was read (after this period, however) at the games called Olympian, by its author Herodotus, and the venerable historian was listened to there by thousands of his countrymen, who learned, by this means, both to emulate the deeds of their ancestors, and to feel the value of the learning which preserved their memory.

Such was the state in which we find Greece at the time of the Persian invasion, about 500 years before Christ. The Persian king sent three successive armies against it, and came himself in command of the last, which consisted of more than a million of men. All his efforts were discomfited by the bravery of a handful of patriots, fighting in defence of their national independence; and the vain tyrant was obliged to make his escape in shame and confusion, leaving the bones of his army strewn over the countries through which he had led them.

Greece was now left secure from foreign enemies (before Christ 470 years), and a splendid period followed, which is adorned by some of the greatest names in history. The different Grecian communities arrived at a pitch of wealth and influence which, in such small states—for none of them was larger than a middling county—appears extraordinary. Athens, which had a territory only about 40 miles long by 30 broad, brought under her dominion great part of the coasts and islands of the Egean Sea, and added to her wealth daily by the trade and revenue of many opulent cities. A new harbour was made for the protection of her shipping, and the road to it from the city was formed by walls five miles long, on which

two chariots could pass abreast, and which were built of the largest stones fixed together with bars of iron. Many public edifices were erected, whose ruins continue to be the admiration of ages for their grandeur and architectural beauty; while the sculptures of Phidias, and of the artists who wrought under his direction in their decoration, are dug out of the falling edifices with almost religious care, and preserved as models of elegance and skill in the most splendid museums of Europe. The philosophers and poets who flourished in Athens during the same century, still attract the admiration and reverence of the world; and the high qualities of their writings are even now—at the distance of twenty-two centuries—reckoned a reward sufficient for learning the language of Greece, though it has long ceased to be spoken, except by a barbarous people. Of the philosophers who taught morals, Socrates, though he left no writings of his own, deserves the highest place, for the practical benevolence and good sense of his doctrines, and his patient forbearance under persecution in both of which respects he acted as if he had already been guided by the example of our Saviour. He was also the first, and almost the only heathen philosopher who taught, without reference to poetical fables, the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Different schools of philosophy were established in Athens, all of which attained high celebrity from the talents of their founders, and the curiosity of an opulent and acquisitive people. It deserves to be mentioned, as a remarkable trait of Athenian manners, that a public theatre, in which the plays of their great dramatists were performed, was maintained in the city; to which the whole people had access free of expense—the establishment being maintained out of the revenues of the dependent towns.

Sparta, the next considerable state in Greece, was, in every thing, the reverse of Athens. There is not a single Spartan writer or philosopher; not a stone remains of her public buildings; and her people cultivated no amusements but those which tended to fit them for war. The state of society here was highly artificial, the people properly named Spartans being comparatively few, and the rest consisting of slaves called Helots, who did all kinds of labour and drudgery. The Spartans were excellent soldiers, having performed prodigies of valour in the Persian war, and long contested the supremacy of Greece with Athens, which at one time they completely humbled. But their country only retained its consideration while it could do so by force; whereas the learning and arts of Athens rendered her respected even when she could not defend her own walls.

Of the other cities of Greece, Delphi was celebrated for its mysterious oracle of Apollo, and for being the seat of all that kind of learning which related to the worship and history of the gods. Elis was famous as the site of the Olympian games, and possessed a temple whose magnificence, in days when less money is expended on temples, almost surpasses belief. Its statue of Jupiter is said to have been 60 feet high, of gold and ivory, the later material being then almost as precious as gold. Many of its decorations were also of gold; and the sculpture in all was of the highest character. The front of the temple presented a splendid marble colonnade, 68 feet high and 230 long, all points of which were adorned with the most elaborate sculpture, or with statues of the divinities.

After the Persian war, though the country was not disturbed by foreign enemies, the several states harassed one another with continual hostility. First, Athens (before Christ 405 years), and then Sparta (before Christ 371 years), were brought to the very brink of destruction, by quarrels which spread the misery of war through all the states and colonies of Greece. The jealousies of the several states, though they promoted a kind of useful emulation among their citizens, had the effect of retarding the general prosperity, by keeping up a continual civil war. Some of the greatest of the Grecian generals, such as Epaminondas, are only famous for victories gained over a different clan of their own countrymen.

The next great epoch in the history of Greece (before Christ 360 years) begins with the reign of Philip of Macedon, the most northern of the Grecian countries. This prince, by artifice, bribery, and by his talents as a general, thwarted all the councils of the independent states, took advantage of their divisions, defeated their armies, and, finally, reduced them to a state of dependence on his own power. After his time, the boasted liberties of Greece existed only in name, or by the toleration of his successors. But the country seems to have lost little happiness by the loss of its ill-regulated independence. His son, Alexander the Great (before Christ 330 years), carried a conquering army to the centre of India; and under his command the valour and discipline of the Greeks, which had long been wasted in quarrels among themselves, were employed in rendering the name of their country respected over the whole eastern world. Their arms and regular order seem to have made an impression on the ignorant orientals, like that which the gunpowder of the Spaniards produced on the natives of America. And out of the fragments of his empire, his generals were able to form for themselves three great kingdoms, which endured for several centuries. His conquests, which were the conquests of Greeks, had a more beneficial effect than those which had yet been made by any other power; for, as Greece was far advanced in civilization, and had both cultivated lite-

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

ature and the elegant arts, the influence of the conquerors rendered the pursuit of these both creditable and easy, where otherwise they were despised, and, perhaps, unattainable. European knowledge was thus naturalized, both in Asia and Africa; and those arts, which had during many centuries been growing slowly to maturity in the little peninsula of Greece, were diffused, with sudden splendour, over a great part of the east. It is to the conquests of Alexander, and the thirst for knowledge which they diffused, that we owe the first translation of the Bible; and the splendid ruins of Palmyra, Petra, and other deserted cities, which were raised in those eastern countries to which Grecian knowledge had penetrated, still show the powerful effects which the influence of that people produced through the means of Alexander's conquests.

After this period the Greeks continued for a time subject to the kings of Macedon, sometimes struggling bravely against their dominion, but never able altogether to throw it off. About 200 years before Christ, the Romans took occasion to interfere in their national affairs; and after a gallant but ineffectual struggle, the country became a province of that empire, and thenceforth took no part in the affairs of the world, except under its guidance.

But though her independence was destroyed, the influence of the superior knowledge and civilization of Greece became now more powerful than ever. The Romans, though they were rude and ignorant in comparison with the people whom they had conquered, had still a kind of blind respect for the knowledge in which they excelled; and as a proof both of the fame of Greece and the ignorance of Rome, it is mentioned that the Roman general who took Corinth seized several pictures, which were prized as the highest works of Grecian art, and in order to secure their safe transport to Italy, told the persons who were sent in charge of them, that if they damaged one, they should be obliged to produce another as good. As Greece had formerly sent her knowledge and arts over the east by the arms of one of her own kings, she now diffused them through the western world under the protection of Rome. Athens, which was the emporium of Grecian learning and elegance, became the resort of all who were ambitious of excelling either in knowledge or the arts; statesmen went thither to improve themselves in eloquence; philosophers to learn the tenets of the sages of Greece; and artists to study models of excellence in building, statuary, or painting: natives of Greece were also found in all parts of the world, gaining an honourable subsistence by the superior knowledge of their country. That country, in the meantime, was less disturbed by intestine feuds than formerly, but was not exempt from the usual fate of conquests, being subject to the continual extortions of governors and lieutenants, who made the conquered provinces the means of repairing fortunes which had been broken by flattering the caprices of the populace at home.

Greece has passed through many stages of fortune since the days of her celebrity. It has been the singular fortune of the country to give rulers to many powerful kingdoms, and to impose her language and manners upon one of the largest empires of the world—the Greek empire of Constantinople—while the native region of all this influence remained an unnoticed and dependent province. Greece herself has in later times been repeatedly the theatre of action for contending armies, and, amid the quarrels of the great powers by whom she has been surrounded, has seldom had her fate at her own disposal. The period of her independence, during which all those great deeds were performed which have attracted the attention of the world, may be reckoned from the era of the first Persian war to the conquest of Macedon, the last independent Greek state, by the Romans. This period reached from 490 to 190 years before Christ, and thus includes only 300 years. It is not therefore from the duration or the extent of her political power, that her fame arises. Even the patriotism of her soldiers, and the heroism of Thermopylae and Marathon, have been emulated elsewhere, without attracting much regard; and we must therefore conclude that it is chiefly from the superiority of her poets, philosophers, historians, and artists, that she has gained such an empire over the minds of men. It was not from the warlike qualities of the Greeks, but from the manner in which they improved their intervals of peace, that their fame arose. Even in their late wars, the modern people of the country could emulate all the martial virtues of their ancestors, and performed many actions which were worthy of the best days of Sparta; but they knew not how to unite for any of the useful purposes of peace. The fiercest savages may be easily trained to the blind discipline of war, and if they have indeed only a few well-informed men to command them, they make the best soldiers; but it requires higher qualities in a people to turn a time of peace to advantage. It was this in which the ancient Greeks excelled, and it is the want of this which now marks out their descendants as a semi-barbarous people.

Greece has been long under the power of the Turks, a people themselves careless of improvement, and, therefore, bent on crushing it in all who are subject to them. All the natural capabilities of the country remain; its sunny hills and rich valleys, its magnificent bays and long fertile line of sea-coast, are still the same; but the spirit which animated the whole has been dormant for many centuries. A small

part of the Grecian country, consisting of the southern angle of the peninsula, has been lately declared independent, and is to have a king from one of the royal families of Europe; but it will take many years to restore proper feeling and national union to tribes who have been either slaves or rebels for many centuries.

HIGHWAYMEN AND HOUSEBREAKERS.

ONE of the most remarkable exemplifications of the changes in society within these few years, is found in the character of the crimes which are now committed in comparison with those prevalent half a century ago. There was a time, and it is not long since, when no man might securely travel, singly or in company, without fire-arms. Every horseman who appeared on the horizon was suspected to be a *Golden Farmer* or a *Sixteen-stringed Jack*; and every pedestrian you met, especially if the unfortunate wight carried a stick, which was, of course, considered to be a bludgeon, was looked upon as a footpad, and you prepared either to resist, or "stand and deliver," as suited your taste. Now all this is changed; paper money, stage coaches, and the police officer, have outwitted these heroes of the road, and you may travel any thoroughfare in Britain without having your journey signalized with an adventure of the least moment. An excellent paper, on the subject of crimes and criminals, has just appeared in that successful periodical, *Fraser's Magazine*, the writer of which appears fully aware of the alteration in the nature of crime we here allude to. "Highway robbery (says he), according to the usual acceptance of the term, is now an unknown crime, Haynes, of Hounslow Heath memory, being the last of those termed highwaymen. It is now only committed by occasional desperate men, and generally in the suburbs of the metropolis, or in a crowd, where a gang of persons sometimes surround the person, robbing the party in the face of all the standers-by. Nothing but the vigilance of the police can cope with those characters, as the recklessness and desperate state of the thief at the time, arising from want of money, places the offence out of the pale of all precautionary measures; and it may be relied on, that the generality of thieves have even an abhorrence of any violence committed on the person. They have a very unfavourable opinion of any of the fraternity who cannot carry on the business without it.

"I had an opportunity of seeing a remarkable instance of this last year. An Irish itinerant tinker knocked a captain of a vessel down in the neighbourhood of the London Docks, in a most brutal manner, in the dark, and robbed him of his money. When the fellow was committed to Newgate, he applied to me to make out his brief. From the desperate nature of his offence, I at first declined doing it, knowing he must suffer; but the man urged me so much that at last I consented, he saying, 'if I am found guilty, I know I am as dead as Henry the Eighth, and shall not blame you.' There were in the same yard where he was before his trial, nearly a hundred prisoners, one half of whom were transports, but not one of them would associate with him, in consequence of the nature of his offence; and when I went to take his instructions for making out his brief, they all called out for me not to do it, and I got some insults for having undertaken it. They afterwards led the man such a life, that he appeared to be relieved when he was condemned and sent to the cell. From this it may be seen that, as Lord Byron writes, 'none are all evil.'

On the morning of this man's execution, not a word of commiseration for him, or reproach on the practice of hanging, was uttered, by one hundred and twenty men who followed crime as a trade. On the contrary, they all, *nemine contradicente*, said he deserved his fate.

The explanation of this is, that the character and feelings of the public thief, as of all other classes of society, have undergone a visible and marked change within the last thirty years. Whether it has been for the better is another question. Formerly the heroes of their party were fellows conspicuous and famed for open and daring acts of plunder, in whom the whole body had a pride, and whom they all felt ambitious to imitate, failing only to do so from lack of the same quantum of courage. The more desperate and numerous the instances of robbery, the more were the parties lauded and admired. It was then the fashion among these men to boast of their conduct under punishment. In those times there must be no snivelling, no 'peaching, no contrition; and the malefactor must die bravely to entitle himself to fame. The Turpins and Jerry Abershaws of the day were the objects of their admiration; such men as, on the road to execution, would stop and drink gin, offering libations to the success of all highwaymen, and, when on the gallows, kick off their shoes, swearing with an oath they "always said they would never die with them on;" or, like Despard, who, when brought out for execution, remarked to the executioner that it was a fine morning, and wondered what sort of weather in the other country, adding, "but never mind, I shall soon know all about it." All this kind of heroism has subsided, and their leaders now are men rendered famous for scheming, subtlety, and astuteness. Formerly, the passport to enrolment under their banners was a name for boldness and mon-

strous acts of outrage; now a certificate must be brought of the man never having committed an indiscreet act in his calling, and that the party "is up to all the moves on the board, and knows something."

"Although not the largest body of offenders (continues this clever writer), the housebreakers are yet a numerous and a formidable party, and a greater proportion of them have eluded the vigilance of the law than any other species of criminal. None of the gangs under the heads of crime as stated above, confine their operations wholly to the metropolis. London is the head-quarters of the regular and practised delinquent—it is the centre to which they all gravitate, and whence they again diverge into the country to commit crime; many of them taking journeys as regularly as any mercantile house of business in the city of London. There is a gang of pickpockets who start regularly every spring to make the circuit of all the race-courses, cattle fairs, and other places of public resort, returning as the season closes to winter business in town. The housebreaker travels at all seasons, but his journeys are direct, for the accomplishment of some one specific object of robbery. Sometimes it is a *put-up affair*; that is, notice has been given them by some one on the premises intended to be robbed, or by an agent residing near the spot, of an opportunity to commit a robbery. When an intimation of this kind is given, hands are forthwith sent down with a vehicle, to accomplish the speedy removal of the property to town. Some of the parties are always in the country on the adventure and look-out for business. When the burglary is accomplished, one of the party drives with all possible speed to town, where the goods are either carried direct to a buyer, or deposited in a house kept for the purpose by one of their confederates, who takes no part in the business otherwise than keeping the premises for the reception of property, and making a respectable show of carrying on some kind of trade. As he is never seen in any transaction of actual robbery, they conceive no suspicion can ever be attached to him. Their wariness on this head is carried to an extreme. None of the operative burglars are ever allowed to go to the house, save for the purpose of depositing the goods when first stolen; and some of them are even deceived in this, as the property is sometimes, on its arrival in town, left at one place, and subsequently removed by the master-men to the depot. Some of them are so wealthy as to be enabled to keep their goods for years, and thus avoid any risk of immediate sale.

Many of these house robberies are through servant girls, who very simply give admittance to men of loose character, under the idea of courtship; and thus the localities of the premises and the habits of the family become known to the gang. Hundreds of burglaries are through sweeps, who, as they go occasionally into every room in the house, can give the necessary information. I can name several boys, now in custody, who have been actors in some of the most complicated schemes of burglary—one in particular, who began his career by robbing a gentleman in Mark Lane of plate to a considerable amount; and as it shows one method of committing a robbery, I will relate how it was accomplished. The boy was under sentence of death when I got the history of his life from him, he having been nine years in the successful commission of crime. Whilst in custody, his constant theme of regret was, that he had left the parties in whose services he had been so long and so securely employed, to join some of his own age, embarking in business for themselves, by which he was taken up. He was an orphan, and had been brought up in the poor-house, where he was apprenticed to a sweep in the city. He was a remarkably sharp boy, which no doubt was noticed by those who are always on the look-out for agents to aid them in their schemes. He was met one morning early, with the soot-bag on his back, by a man who pretended to be his uncle, and who gave him a half-crown piece, making another appointment for a meeting; the result of which was, that before he had served sixteen months of his time, he had given information by which fifteen robberies had been committed. He of course had been paid for his services, which soon made him disgusted with the sooty business; and he made an arrangement with the man who drew him into crime, to leave his master's service, and to commit with him a robbery on their own private account before he left. The house fixed on was the one above alluded to in Mark Lane. The premises had before been surveyed, and deemed impregnable; that is to say, they were considered too well guarded to be robbed without detection. They, however, got possession of the plate in the following manner:—The boy was a favourite with the cook of the house, and she would have no other to sweep her kitchen chimney, a matter of business which was performed the last Saturday in the month. It was concerted between the man and the boy that the former should dress himself in the character of a sweep, and accompany the latter as his overlooker or assistant. The real sweep overtook, of course, must be kept out of the way; and here lay all the difficulty. It cost the boy (to use his own expression) six months' longer punishment as a sweep, and the man six appearances, at an early hour of the morning, in the same character, before the object could be carried, namely, to get rid of the real sweep. At length, one Saturday, by pretending to forget the job until all the men were gone out upon other work, the boy, affecting suddenly to recollect it, persuaded the master to

let him go alone, saying he himself could perform the duty. It was five o'clock in the morning when he and the disguised robber reached the house; the cook opened the door, having nothing on save a blanket thrown over her shoulders. The arch young rogue said, 'it's only me and Harry; it's a very cold morning; if you like to go to bed again, cookey, we will do it well, and leave all clean, and shut the door fast after us.' She went to bed, and they went to the plate depository, which had been well noted oftentimes before. They put the whole of its contents into the soot-bag, and fearlessly walked through the streets with it on their backs. The boy, a few hours afterwards, was so metamorphosed, being dressed in the smartest manner, with cane in hand and fifty pounds in his pocket, that he walked the streets in full confidence that not even his master or his fellow apprentices would know him."

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

Sound health of body, which, next to an unburdened conscience, forms the greatest of earthly blessings, is defined to be that condition of the living body, when all its various functions are performed without either pain or any physical impediment. If we view the animal machine, we find it to be composed of a bony skeleton, upon which the whole of the locomotive organs are sustained; and in the cavities, formed by the bones, the vital softer parts are preserved, and protected from external injury; so also are the organs of sense, together with a variety of others, which are destined to perform certain important offices or functions. Now, these functions are absolutely necessary to animal existence, and, consequently, physiologists have given them the name of *vital functions*. If, therefore, any circumstance occurs which tends to their interruption or cessation, the life of the individual becomes endangered, and death is necessarily the result. The vital functions are, the circulation of the blood, the office of respiration or breathing, together with that irritability connected with the brain and the nervous system. If the human body only possessed these powers, this machine, the *chef d'œuvre* of the Almighty's works, would soon perish, inasmuch as the solid parts of the system would be materially injured by the constant exercise of these functions; they would be worn down, and its fluids dispelled from the incessant motion, or they would be corrupted spontaneously. But the Omnipotent Creator has constructed organs possessed with the power of repairing its various losses, and of counteracting its tendency to immediate death or destruction. These organs and their powers are denominated the *natural functions*, in contradistinction to the former which we have mentioned; they are the functions of digestion, nutrition, and secretion, and to which may be added that of discharge or excretion. These organs are constituted for the reception of food and drink, together with a series of vessels which extract the nutritious portions of the aliment, and convey it into the system through the medium of the blood-vessels (*i. e.* the subclavian vein, which lies under the left clavicle or collar-bone); by this means the waste occasioned by the performance of the vital functions, as well as the loss caused by the secretion of the fluids, is made up, and no injury to the constitution thereby sustained. Thus constructed, the vital engine would be devoid of all connection with the objects in the external world, if it had not what are denominated the *animal functions*—as the organs of sense, the powers of volition and of locomotion, and the mental faculties superadded; by means of the latter, we are enabled to acquire a knowledge of the physical circumstances of the globe, and to modify them in due accordance with our pleasures, desires, and necessities. The human body is said to be in a state of perfect health when all the functions we have enumerated are duly performed with freedom, ease, and regularity. This state of the system is compatible with a very considerable variety in the condition of the various functions, both mentally as well as bodily; whence we perceive the various temperaments and constitutions of different individuals. These are very frequently hereditary, inasmuch as we see them often descending from one generation to another; as also with different degrees of disposition and abilities, of magnitude, symmetry, and muscular strength in the corporeal structure. There are also great varieties of the particular functions, such as digestion, respiration, &c.

The most excellent health, however, is generally found to be connected with a peculiar conformation of the various organs of which the body is composed, and is marked by certain characteristic signs and qualities of the system. Thus the most powerful constitution, which possesses all the usual functions performed in the most healthy manner, is generally to be found in a well-formed and proportioned body, neither very tall nor yet very short; it must neither be lean nor loaded with fat—an accumulation of the latter is universally allowed (even by the least informed) as prejudicial to health. The frame must not be slender, but rather stout, and should be particularly endowed with a fine expanded and open chest, and a moderate breadth of shoulders. The bones forming the skeleton in such an individual are somewhat large; the muscles are fine and fleshy, as also firm, strong, and well marked; the skin on the surface of the body is soft, rather inclined to moisture, but never dry; the colour of the body, especially on

the face, is steady, and not inclined to vary, whether it verges to the fair or brown, if it does not exhibit an approximation, on the one hand, to a paleness, or to a yellowness, on the other. There is an open and cheerful countenance, the eyes are bright and quick, with sound and strong teeth. The step of the foot is firm, the limbs affording a strong support to the superincumbent weight of the body; a steady and erect walk; the various exercises of the body are performed with ease and freedom; and even severe and long-continued labour causes no exhaustion, or derangement of the constitution. The organs of sensation are capable of performing all their wondrous, though mysterious, functions; as there is neither a dullness on the one hand, nor a too great sensibility on the other; the nocturnal rest is calm and continued, inasmuch as it is not easily disturbed, and affords refreshment to the system, particularly after long fatigue; and if the sleep is not devoid of all dreams, at least they are not of that frightful nature to create disturbance or inquietude. In fact, the sleep of a person enjoying a sound state of health lays to repose all the cares of life in a calm and grateful oblivion, and soothes, with the agreeable phantoms of imagination, the mental faculties.

We may also enumerate among the symptoms of a healthy constitution, a steady, calm, and regular circulation of the blood; the pulse arising from the contractions of the arterial system being strong, full, soft, and equal, it is neither too frequent nor too slow, neither is it too easily excited to unusual quickness; the respiration is full, free, slow, and almost imperceptible, which is not much accelerated by exercise or bodily motion; the voice is powerful and sonorous, and in men it is grave in tone, not being easily rendered hoarse; the vapour, or breath, from the lungs, is not disagreeable, being destitute of any unpleasant smell; the mouth is moist, there being not too much saliva secreted, but only a sufficient quantity for the various offices of mastication, articulation, &c.; the tongue should not be too red, but, at the same time, destitute of fur; the appetite should be good, but not so as to require the aid of stimulants; the thirst moderate; the digestion of the various species of food easy and good, without flatulence, or any uneasiness in the stomach.

The health of both sexes principally consists not alone in the due performance of the mental and bodily functions, but likewise in a tenuity, if we may use the expression, of this regularity, and in an accommodation of the habit of body to many of the variations in the climate, weather, and seasons, species of diet, and method of life. Thus, although the human constitution may bear with impunity many causes of disease, which would altogether annihilate the weaker or less healthy system, or at least endanger its falling into a severe, and perhaps a malignant disease, yet, the health of the same individual, although it may continue good, is not always the same, inasmuch as very many important changes occur in the animal economy during life; so that one man can hardly be said to differ so much from others of the same age and stature as himself, as he differs from himself at various periods of his own existence, whether we consider his conformation, the muscular strength of his body, the faculties of his mind, or the internal composing parts and functions depending upon them.

Having described the body in the state of health, we shall now make a few observations on the best mode of preserving it. It is an old but trite saying, that *health is more valuable than wealth*, and one in which the general voice of mankind coincides. To obtain, then, this blessing, we must avoid all injuries to the various organs of the body, as also derangements of the important, and, in particular, the vital functions in the system, as far as possibly lies in our power, when consistent with the exertions and the various forms in which the human frame is exposed, either in the exercise of our various daily employments and avocations, or in the performance of the different acts of humanity which circumstances, or the misfortunes of others, thrust upon our attention, and demand our services; or, in common language, to avoid the exciting causes of disease in a constitution formed similar to the one which we have described, having all the qualities which are conducive to the healthy performance of its various functions. And at first sight such precaution may appear almost superfluous; but it must be borne in mind that mankind have not so often the happiness of enjoying such an inestimable blessing, inasmuch as the majority of the human race, in consequence of either hereditary weakness, or constitutional predisposition to certain diseases, or some acquired tendency to particular maladies, arising from intemperance, dissipation, or imprudence, and, in many instances, from the injurious effects of education, profession, or habits of life. It is to these individuals, in particular, that the preservation of health becomes an object of great care and interest, and by whom the precepts of the theologian, moralist, and the physician, are not to be scorned with impunity. In persons of this nature, there is in general some one function or other more easily impeded or deranged; and such is the concurrent sympathy or connection that exists between the functions and organs in the constitution, that, upon the least cause, the whole system is thus very easily and readily disordered.

In the habits of human existence, there are two circumstances by which the regularity of the functions is in particular well maintained; that is to say, tem-

perance in the due gratification of the appetites and passions, especially the appetite for food and exercise. For, as the poet justly remarks—

Think not, ye candidates for health,
That aught can gain the wished-for prize,
With pill or potion, power or wealth,
But temperance and exercise.

Great moderation in the employment of food is necessary, especially while it does not overload the stomach and organs of digestion, nor disturb the digestive powers; neither must the alimentary canal be stimulated to inordinate action, because, when properly taken, it affords a supply of excellent nutriment to the system, without annoying any of the nutritive and vital organs with a deposition of fat. Similar moderation in the use of drink is also of some importance, inasmuch as, while it contributes to the furthering of the digestive process, it does not exhaust the necessary excitability, and the system at large, by its stimulus; neither does it produce the morbid derangements of the biliary and other viscera, with which those dreadful maladies incidental to the frame of man frequently date their origin, as sickness, apoplexy, gout, dropsy, insanity, and numerous other affections. Temperance is in itself the art of avoiding the causes of one half, or nearly two-thirds of the diseases to which the human body is subjected, and the abuse of ardent spirits is unfortunately the cause of more diseases than the majority of mankind suppose; and, without entering into all the principles promulgated by the Temperance Societies, yet we are happy to say, that, though our knowledge of these institutions is but limited, yet there is not the least doubt but they will be the means of ultimately preserving numbers of the community from suffering one fiftieth part of the agony they now labour under from disease. We cannot but justly coincide with the remark made by Professor Dr Elliotson, in one of his able lectures in the University of London, who, after stating the effects of dropsy from an indulgence in spirituous liquors, observed, that "one of the best sermons for drunkards and regular tipplers would be to exhibit to them the heart, lungs, and liver of an inebriate, by the side of the same organs in a sound state." This he considers would do more in convincing mankind of their impropriety than by any other means.

Another method of preserving health is the due employment of exercise, and this should be gentle, not laborious, but merely sufficient to induce gentle fatigue, to excite a free circulation of the blood in the most minute ramification of the vascular system, and this to the extremest part and in every organ of the body. This it is that contributes to the more perfect performance of all their respective functions, or, in more familiar language, immediately conduces to the healthful condition of the human constitution. To these precautionary measures we must add, that the influence of heat and cold must be carefully guarded against, inasmuch as the transition from heat to cold is the more frequent cause of disturbance of the healthy functions than any other of the common vicissitudes of circumstances. We must also guard against this inconvenience by the employment of proper clothing, and the recruiting of the exhausted powers effected by proper intervals of sleep; all excessive play and mental emotions, and particularly those of the passions of the mind, must be shunned, by carefully avoiding the exciting causes; and here we must bear in mind the trite proverb, *remove the cause, and the effects will cease*; in short, we must prevent any stimulus that can exhaust the vital powers, or to avoid their recruit; the most delicate female frame can be supported, even through a long and unhealthful life, and, at the same time, with less chance of the pain and suffering arising from a great and almost fatal malady, than the strong and robust individual possessing, *à priori*, an excellent constitution, who is either negligent, or avoids these precautionary measures.

It is almost self-evident that it is next to an impossibility to prescribe rules for the preservation of health in every individual, inasmuch as these depend upon the peculiarities existing in the constitutions of different persons; their various and different methods of existence; the effects and differences in their respective climates, &c.; and much must, as a matter of course, be left to the judgment of the party to acquire a knowledge of those substances which are injurious to the habit and constitution under different circumstances. Most individuals, at least those who are advanced to an adult age, must have been instructed on this head by experience. Generally speaking, we seldom find that mankind err in this respect solely through ignorance, but in consequence of their being unable or unwilling to avoid the constant habits of intemperance, want of prudence, &c.; by this means they find it utterly impossible to assume a proper control over their habits; thereby they are unfortunately in the daily custom of destroying, or, to say the least, deranging the digestive and natural functions of the body. It is not the quality or pernicious nature of any of the substances employed as food that alone create disease, but, on the contrary, it is the quantity that is too often the bane; it is often from the excess in the proportion they are taken, that health becomes injured, and the constitution disturbed. We may apply the same remark to the great neglect in the other exciting causes of disease; for, unfortunately, mankind are too prone to prefer the present gratification of something that affords them immediate pleasure or interest, than to avoiding what may prove the source of future disease and consequent suffering.

NEW ORLEANS.

WHEN a traveller from Europe sails down any of the large western rivers of North America, he often finds reason to express his surprise at the manner in which the water flows. In Great Britain, and most other countries, the rivers seem to have worn a natural channel in the soil, so as frequently to leave high romantic banks on their margins; but in many places in the western and southern part of the United States, where the district is flat, the waters flow as it were in a canal on the top of a ridge, so that when floods are poured down, the river breaks over its banks, and spreads over the adjacent country, greatly to the distress of the unhappy agriculturist. This is particularly the case with the Mississippi in its lower division, and should carefully be borne in mind by intending emigrants.

As you descend the Mississippi from Natchez, or some other trading town in the interior, in one of the numerous water craft now incessantly sailing to and fro on that magnificent stream, you begin to remark the devastations which the river has from time to time committed, particularly as you approach New Orleans. For a hundred and fifty miles above this city the planters on the banks of the stream have raised a regular embankment or mound called a *levée*, which is elevated from six to ten feet above the natural surface of the banks. It is raised on both sides of the river, and continues below New Orleans, as far as plantations have been made. Casting your eye beyond this earthy barrier, you perceive a broad strip of land near the banks brought under cultivation, divided into beautiful plantations, producing sugar cane and rice in abundance. The extensive plantation houses, and the immense groups of negro huts, succeed each other, and form a singular and striking appearance. The dwelling houses of the planters are neat, some are splendid, and are all seated amidst groves of oranges and jessamine, and surrounded with the multiflora rose and other shrubs. This is probably the richest district in the United States, and presents a beautiful and delicious scenery, beyond almost any thing which can be conceived. Behind these cultivated grounds there appear dense dark green forests, or level swamps, stretching out as far as the eye can travel over the waste, and relieved only by the live oak and cypress which grow on their surface.

At the distance of a hundred and five miles above the chief mouth of the Mississippi, and something more than one thousand below that of the Ohio, stands the city of New Orleans, the great maritime capital of the valley of the Mississippi. New Orleans, which enjoys a commodious situation on the north bank of the river, was founded so late as the year 1719, and now possesses a fixed population of about 50,000, and in the winter, or trading season, perhaps 25,000 more. "This is one of the most wonderful places in the world. Take a little turn with me on the *levée* (says a native writer*), and first survey the river. As far as you can see, almost up and down, the margin is lined with flat-bottomed boats come from above, from every point almost in the valley of the Mississippi. Some are laden with flour, others with corn, others with meat of various kinds, others with live stock, cattle, hogs, horses, or mules. Some have travelling stores; occasionally some are to be found which are full of negroes; and some full of what is infinitely worse, 'Old Monongahela' whisky. Along the lower part, you will see a forest of masts; higher up, you may see twenty or thirty steam-boats, with their bows up against the *levée*, or else projecting over an 'up country' flat-bottomed boat. Every day some come from above and others depart, on short excursions of trade of a thousand or two miles, to St Louis, or Louisville, or Nashville, or Pittsburg, or hundreds of other places; for distance is no longer thought of in this region—it is almost annihilated by steam! And if you cast your eye down the river, you may see a whole fleet, sometimes, coming up without a sail stretched, or an oar manned, all carried along, and not at a slow rate, by a steam tow-boat, of tremendous power. I was perfectly amazed the first time I saw this spectacle. It was the *Grampus*, or *Porpoise*, or *Shark* tow-boat, marching up, having two large ships grappled to her sides, two or three brigs at a cable's length behind, and, still further in the rear, one or two schooners, and two or three sloops! all moving steadily along. And if you turn your back to the river, you will see wonderful 'sights,' as the Pennsylvanians say. In one place you will see the busy and anxious-looking merchant, receiving from the steam-boat, or putting on board his ship, his cotton, his sugar, his molasses, tobacco, coffee, boxes of goods, &c., which cover the *levée* far and wide. Along the whole line are the owners of the flat-bottomed boats trading with the citizen shop-keeper. Whole rows of English and Americans are to be seen peddling those valuable little stores which one can move about in a hand-barrow, or carry about in a basket. And then such crowds (especially along that part of the *levée* which is opposite the market-house) of negroes and quadroons [four removes from blacks], carrying on their bandanaed heads, and with solemn pace, a whole table, or platform, covered with goodies, such as cakes, and apples, and oranges, and figs, and bananas or plantains, and pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts, &c., which it would be tedious to enumerate. And then, if you go through the city, which is fast improving in its appearance, you may look at the steam saw-

mills, steam cotton compressing machines, the market house, the state-house of ancient appearance, the hotels, the theatres if you like, the cathedral, the jail, the charitable hospital, and last, as the terminating point to us all, the place where repose, in the stillness of the tomb, those who once inhabited this city, now so full of life, activity, and mirth. There is nothing more interesting to a reflecting man than the Catholic and Protestant burying grounds, which seem to be covered with beautiful white mausoleums, some of several feet in height, some standing solitary, and others crowded together."

The population of New Orleans is exceedingly various. A large portion speak the French language—this part of the Union having once been a French colony—some the Spanish, and the remainder the English. Those that speak the French are generally Catholics, and are, through all their conditions and complexions, a polite, agreeable, and interesting people—honest, frugal, and inoffensive. As for the Americans who reside here, they are devoted to the exclusive business of acquiring wealth. The place has its wickedness, as has every large city. Of the permanent population much might be said of an interesting character: there is much intelligence among them. Five daily papers are published, three of which are partly in French and partly in English, and all are conducted with tolerable ability. Much has been said of the intemperate habits of the inhabitants generally; but such a charge has chiefly to be brought against the "half-horse half-alligator" characters that come down the river, and lead a roving hard-working life. Yet even these have been partially reformed in recent times; and what is worthy of remark, they have been reformed by *steam*, which now relieves them of a great part of their labours, and gives them less reason to indulge in intoxicating liquids. Such is a sketch of New Orleans, now a place of great business and commerce, and which, from its fortunate situation at the outlet of the extensive valley of the Mississippi, or central division of North America, will assuredly increase in magnitude, and maintain its rank as the metropolis of the southern portion of the United States.

THE LANARKSHIRE SCULPTOR.

THE object of our present sketch is MR ROBERT FORREST, a native of the parish of Carluke, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. He was bred a stone mason; that is to say, bred in the way that country masons generally are—to prepare mortar, cut a rybat, and level a lintel, little more being deemed necessary to entitle him to assume the distinguished appellation of a mason. About the year 1810, however, he had occasion to visit a number of noblemen and gentlemen's seats, where some specimens of art were to be seen, grown over with moss—such as Maunsie Castle (then the property of the Hyndford family), Craig Nathan Castle, and Douglas Castle, all of them within his native county. Having again and again examined those specimens of art, his self-esteem was roused; he thought he could fashion something as good; at all events he determined to make an attempt; but, as if ashamed of what he had resolved on, he selected as his *studio* a remote spot in a wood on the banks of the Clyde, and which was almost inaccessible to every creature save the winged inhabitants of the firmament above, and now and then a stray fox or a hare. In this sequestered spot he spent every hour not employed in his usual avocations—rising early and sitting up late—in cutting figures of the lower animals by which he was surrounded. He next essayed some miniature figures of the human species; but though he soon became possessed of a considerable variety of specimens, he almost wished, like Frankenstein, to undo what he had formed, not being satisfied with the "labour of his hands."

For some years he followed the bent of his fancy, exciting only the curiosity that might have been expected among his immediate neighbours and compeers, till, in the autumn of 1817, Colonel Gordon, of the Lanarkshire militia, when on a shooting excursion, in traversing the wood, to his infinite surprise stumbled on the *studio*—the roof of which was formed by the canopy of heaven—and discovered the embryo sculptor at work. The mutual exclamations of astonishment having subsided into sober conversation, the Colonel closed the interview by making a purchase of a small figure of Bacchus—this being the first sale the artist had made of his labour as a sculptor; and shortly after, a second figure, of a similar description, was cut for a gentleman in accordance to an order from Mr Gordon.

The productions of Mr Forrest now began to form a subject of general conversation in Lanarkshire; and Mr Robertson of Hallcraig wished Mr Forrest to make for him a figure of a Highland chief. This was the first full-sized human figure the artist had attempted; and, suffice it to say, Mr Robertson was highly pleased with it, and placed it in front of his mansion-house. The figure was six feet in height, in the full Highland costume, bonnet, plaid, and kilt, with a sword in the right hand, in the attitude of attack, and a targe in the left.

It is not our purpose, in this brief sketch, minutely to detail the early figures cut by Mr Forrest. It is sufficient to say, that he was drawn from the wood, and fixed his workshop at a quarry near Orchard, a few miles below Lanark. Here he attempted several historical

figures, such as Old Norval, Sir John Falstaff, and Rob Roy. About this time he cut, for the town of Lanark, a statue of Sir William Wallace, whose brief but eventful history commenced at that burgh. This was the first public work of art in which our sculptor was engaged, and the manner his efforts were received was to him highly flattering and encouraging. The figure, which is seven feet six inches in height, in Roman costume, with sword and buckler, is placed in a niche in the steeple of the church, fronting the principal street. The elevation of the statue of the patriotic knight to the place destined for its reception, was celebrated in Lanark as a day of public rejoicing; all classes seemed imbued with a spirit of general enthusiasm; and a proud day it was to the young sculptor, who was, whether he would or not, carried in triumph throughout the streets, preceded by music, and the banners of the different trades.

From the flattering manner in which his works had been received, Mr Forrest was induced, in 1823, to attempt depicting the passions, unfavourable as sandstone is for the development of the minute workings of the human mind; and the subjects he chose were Simon and Bauldy, from Allan Ramsay, and Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, from Burns; intending to represent surprise and terror, convivial mirth and quaint humour. Tam O'Shanter was the only one of the four that Mr Forrest found time to finish, as he was now engaged by the Committee of Subscribers to the Naval Monument in St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, to cut, according to a design by Chantrey, a colossal figure of Viscount Melville, to be placed on the top of that conspicuous structure.

Tam O'Shanter and other rustic figures were now set aside in a quarry, neglected by all save the curious, and strangers, who made this spot a favourite resort. To give an idea of the importance certain individuals attached to this exhibition, although Mr Forrest himself seemed to consider it as next to nothing, the coach betwixt Lanark and Glasgow was advertised as being permitted to stop at this place for some time, for the gratification of those who had a desire to examine the *studio* of a native artist, and we believe the figure of "Tam" formed the subject of general commendation. To the statue of Lord Melville, which is about fifteen feet in height, and composed of nine blocks of stone, Mr Forrest devoted much time and great attention, adopting every suggestion which he thought would give due effect to the figure. He was now frequently visited by the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, and others of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood; but from the manner this statue was finished, and other circumstances connected with it, Admiral Sir David Milne, Michael Linning, Esq. of Colzium, Mr Stevenson, civil engineer, and the other members of the Committee, became his warm patrons, and have since continued to be so.

The cutting of the figure of Lord Melville led to Mr Forrest being employed to model and cut a colossal figure of the great Scottish Reformer, John Knox, which is erected in the Merchant's Park, near Glasgow. This figure is 12 feet high, composed of seven blocks of stone; and John Knox is represented in a Geneva gown, with the Bible in his right hand. Of this statue it were idle to say more than refer to the subjoined certificate:—

Glasgow, Feb. 7, 1826.

The undersigned, being members of the Superintending Committee for the Erection of a Monument to John Knox, the great Reformer of Scotland, do hereby certify, that Mr Robert Forrest modelled and completely finished the colossal statue of that monument, in a manner which has given to them the highest satisfaction; that they consider it to do great honour to Mr Forrest as a statuary in that species of sculpture, and trust that it may prove the means of increasing his reputation and professional success. They have much pleasure in adding, that in all their intercourse with him in this business, he manifested the most obliging disposition, and honourable desire to fulfil to the utmost the obligations he had contracted.

(Signed by) Stevenson Macgill; Jas. Ewing; James Cleland; Wm. Rodger; Thomas Hopkirk; John Herbertson, Superintending Architect.

While Mr Forrest was engaged in these figures for public monuments, other artists in the same line appeared, whose works, being honoured by public patronage in a manner they highly merited, induced Mr Forrest to enter on a new field of speculation, and to finish for exhibition a portion of what he had commenced for other purposes. But as following exactly in the track of his new contemporaries would have evinced a want of originality in himself, Mr Forrest attempted what he was certain was decidedly new, viz. equestrian groups. Four of these, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough, Queen Mary and Lord Herries, Robert the Bruce and the Monk Baston, form the leading subjects of an exhibition on the Calton Hill, which has been honoured with the patronage and approbation of the chief nobility and gentry, as well as the most distinguished connoisseurs in art resident in Edinburgh.*

* The Duke of Wellington is represented leaning against the shoulder of his charger, supposed to be addressing his officers after the battle of Waterloo. His Grace is dressed in the costume of a field-marshal, and the mode in which the detail is finished is well worthy of minute examination. The charger is in the attitude of pawing.

The group in which the Duke of Marlborough is the leading figure is after the Elgin Marbles. His Grace is dressed in a Grecian costume.

The third group represents Queen Mary mounted on a Scots Galloway, and Lord Herries urging the unfortunate Queen to fly, after the defeat of her troops at the battle of Langside. When the late Sir Walter Scott visited Mr Forrest, he expressed himself not merely pleased with the *tout ensemble* of this group, but highly commended the manner in which he had succeeded in represent-

* The author of a letter in the New York Observer.

Such is a plain unvarnished outline of the history of one of Scotia's humble sons, who, by the efforts of his genius and strength of mind, has raised himself from the obscurity of his native glen to be an honour to himself and to the country which gave him birth; and one who, to those that have known him from his youth, still appears the simple, unassuming, unpretending country mason, apparently as much astonished at his own efforts as those who look on them are gratified.*

THE FIRE-FANCYING DOG.

We have all heard strange stories told of the sagacity and peculiar habits of dogs, but among these none are so remarkable as that related of an *eccentric* dog now living in London, which makes a point of being at every fire that happens in the metropolis. The following interesting account is given of this animal:—

About three years ago, a gentleman residing a few miles from the metropolis was called up to town in the middle of the night, by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. The removal of his furniture and papers, of course, immediately claimed his attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which is ever incident to a fire, his eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the devouring element, he could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of every body's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir.

When the fire was got under, and the gentleman had leisure to look about him, he again observed the dog, who, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to a fireman. "No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog." "The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?" "No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a penny-worth of meat; but he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London, and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past, which he has not been at."

The communication was so extraordinary, that the gentleman found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity. A minute of the facts was made at the time by the inquirer, with a view to their transmission to some of the journals or periodicals which publish anecdotes of the natural history of animals, but other things interfered, and the intention was lost sight of.

In the month of June, last year, the same gentleman was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which he resided, Camberwell, in Surrey, and to his surprise here he again met with "the firemen's dog," still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in *The Standard*, and several other papers. A short time after, some firemen being in attendance at Union Hall police-office, were asked whether some curious circumstances relative to a dog, which was known by the name of "the firemen's dog," an account of which appeared in some of the newspapers, were founded in truth. A fireman replied, that he had not heard of nor seen the account, but the dog "Tyke" was an old acquaintance of his, and he supposed that he was the animal to which the paragraph alluded. The magistrate asked whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The fireman said, that during their acquaintance he never knew Tyke to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he (the fire-

man) attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied, that he knew Tyke for the last nine years, and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running 'off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied, that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen, and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather fancied than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal. The fireman: "We have an annual dinner at the outskirts of the town, which takes place during the summer: if Tyke happened to be absent from the firemen of our company for a week previously, he is always sure to be at the house where we meet to go in procession to the dinner, to which he accompanies us, as he well knows he fares right well upon those occasions. He gets a regular blow-out of whatever we have ourselves, and eats so ravenously of the good things that he can scarcely wag. The magistrate asked whether a fire ever happened to break out when Tyke was indulging with them at their annual festival. The fireman did not recollect an instance of the kind, but he was convinced, knowing Tyke's love to be present at a fire, that he would leave the entertainment, and scamper off to the scene of action.

The magistrate having expressed a wish to see this dog, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related.

There is nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he is a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seems to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he does not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance is of no consequence. There was stratagem obliged to be used. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but, this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and he was obliged to be carried to the office.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.—A TALE.

In the course of a late tour in the south of Europe, I remained for a short time in Florence, before proceeding to Naples. It was in autumn, the most delightful season of the year in the Tuscan capital. The beauty of its situation, its splendid edifices, and brilliant streets, are then seen to the best advantage; while the peculiarly lively animated appearance of the inhabitants awakens emotions of the most pleasant description. The country, not less than the city, is fitted in a high degree to excite interest. The whole vale presents the aspect of a continued grove and garden, enhanced in beauty by the graceful windings of the river Arno, which intersects it from east to west. Numerous white villas, situated along its banks, strike the eye through the extensive orchards; and romantic residences, equally beautiful, stud the surrounding hills, rising in every variety of form, till the prospect is bounded by the lofty Apennines.

With such inducements to perambulate, I was daily abroad. One of my favourite routes was the line of road leading to the Abbey of Vallambrosa, a place the name of which must be familiar to every reader of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this direction I frequently met an elderly gentleman and a lady, apparently his daughter, generally riding in an open vehicle. There was something in her appearance that affected me deeply. She seemed about twenty years of age. Her features were of nature's finest mould, and her whole form was elegance and grace. I could easily perceive, however, that a settled melancholy rested on her countenance—the sure indication that grief, deep and poignant, preyed upon her heart. The rose's bloom, indeed, had not left her cheek, but consumption seemed, prematurely, to have begun its work, and I could not help exclaiming as she passed, "My dear young lady, the destroyer has already marked you as his victim, and you are destined, ere long, to enter the gates of the city of the dead."

Having met her father, shortly afterwards, at the house of a friend, I availed myself of the opportunity of inquiring after her health. This was evidently touching a tender chord. After answering my inquiry, and informing me he expected her that day to join the party at dinner, he thus proceeded:—

"I perceive, sir, that you are, like myself, comparatively a stranger in Florence. It is little more than three months since I left Scotland with my daughter, to try what a change of air, and a variety of scenery, might effect in the restoration of her health. Hitherto, our tour has been productive of no benefit to her,

and I am beginning to fear that the results may be fatal. The anticipation of such an event is to me the more dreadful, for I have myself to blame as the sole cause of her present affliction. Amelia is my only child. She had the advantage of being trained under one of the best of mothers, till she was twelve years of age, when she was sent to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of London. She remained there for nearly four years, when the illness of her mother rendered it necessary to recall her home. This was a trying season to Amelia. She neglected all attention to her own personal comfort, watching night and day by her mother's bedside, and administering to her wants with the most endearing tenderness. Never did a daughter display greater intensity of filial affection, and never was there a parent who better deserved it. But every effort that affection or medical aid could devise, was ineffectual. Disease continued to extend its ravages, till Amelia was rendered motherless, and I was deprived of one of the most valuable of woman-kind. Among those who visited her during her illness, none was more unwearied in his attentions than Mr R——, the respected tutor at Rosehall. With her, even when in health, as well as with myself, he had always been in high esteem, and it gave us great pleasure when he occasionally spent an afternoon or evening with us at Bentley House. He was a young gentleman of unaffected piety and engaging manners. He had distinguished himself at the University by the extent and variety of his classical and literary acquirements. Unsuspicious of danger, I encouraged his visits after the death of my wife, and his interesting conversation tended much to relieve our minds of the grief consequent on such a bereavement. Amelia herself did every thing she could to comfort me, and I was thankful to Heaven that I had been blessed with such a daughter. Every month she became more endeared to me by her affectionate attentions. With rapture I viewed her rising to womanhood, acquiring those accomplishments which were fitted to adorn the situation in society which she appeared destined to occupy. At home or abroad, there was no one in my estimation superior, or even equal to Amelia; and the flattering attention every where shown her was but too much calculated to confirm a father's partiality. By the time she had reached her eighteenth year, her admirers were numerous; many of them exceedingly wealthy, and of high respectability. Her own fortune, left her by her mother, was handsome; while the addition likely to be given by me, rendered her not an unfit match for any gentleman of distinction in our neighbourhood. I early perceived, however, that external equipage and splendour presented few attractions to Amelia, unless accompanied by personal worth. With just discrimination, she admitted into her confidence only those whose correctness of principle and consistency of conduct were a sufficient guarantee for the stability of their friendship. Of those who aspired to the favour of her hand, there was one Mr Tarnley, for whom I felt some partiality. He was the son of my former partner in business; he had lately returned from the West Indies, and was sole heir to his father's fortune, which was immense. But she had discovered, on a very short acquaintance, that his morals had been corrupted during his residence abroad. Any civility she subsequently showed him was very distant, and seemed rather in deference to my feelings, than from her own choice. Mr Tarnley was much piqued at her indifference; and, in conversation with me, attributed it to an unworthy attachment she had been cherishing for the tutor at Rosehall, and with whom, it was suspected, she intended to make an early elopement. I had, indeed, observed that Amelia always treated that gentleman with the most marked respect; but this I attributed not to any attachment she could have formed for one so much her inferior in rank, but to regard for his worth, and gratitude for his attention to her mother. When I spoke with her on the subject that evening, she solemnly assured me, that if Mr R—— really entertained an affection for her, he had never avowed it, and that any communications she had ever received from him were merely translations of select passages, chiefly from German and Italian authors, whose works he had been reading—all of which papers she laid before me. On examining them, I found many pieces of exquisite beauty, while every one of them seemed designed either to refine the taste or purify the heart. From the ambiguous manner in which she expressed her own feelings on the occasion, as well as from what I witnessed shortly afterwards, not a doubt remained on my mind that this intercourse, begun in friendship, had, on her part, gradually ripened into love. Strong as was my affection for Amelia, and much as I respected Mr R——, the knowledge of this attachment gave me great pain; and I resolved at once to break up a correspondence which threatened to bring disgrace on my family and friends. Without communicating my design to Amelia, I wrote to him that very evening, forbidding further visits at Bentley House; but, in consideration of his kind services during the illness of my wife, enclosed him a small present, which I begged him to accept as a proof of my gratitude, and as a memorial of her name. Little did I then know that, by that act, I was inflicting additional pain on a heart already overcome with sorrow; and as little did I anticipate the serious consequences which should ensue from it, to the only one whom I held dearest on earth.

"Next morning Amelia, taking a walk before break-

ing ancient armour; and so minute was the worthy Baronet in his examination of the details, that the very saddle-girth did not escape his scrutinizing eye, and he was pleased to say that it was one of the best representations of the ancient girth he had ever seen. Queen Mary's steed is rampant.

Robert the Bruce, and the Monk Baston presenting him with verses after the battle of Bannockburn, are the leading figures in the fourth group. The monk came to curse, but remained to bless. The King's charger is represented as restive.

These statues are all cut from a greyish sandstone, of that kind known to masons by the name of liver rock. It is very hard and durable, and free from spots and streaks. It is found in a quarry, the property of Lord Douglas, in the parish of Lesmahagow. Each block, before being begun to be dressed, was estimated to weigh fully 20 tons; when finished, the groups weigh 4 to 7 tons each.

Mr Forrest has in preparation the statues of three eminent public characters, lately deceased, and which he expects to be able to produce to the public in the course of the spring.

* We consider it proper to state, that the Committee of Contributors to the National Monument, when it was known that Mr Forrest intended to exhibit the efforts of his chisel in Edinburgh, generously gave him the use of the enclosed area at the National Monument.

fast, had a packet put into her hand by the footman from Rosehall, which she instantly opened, without perceiving that it was addressed to me, and read as follows—

"DEAR SIR—What the circumstances are to which you refer I know not, nor is it likely I ever shall, as I leave this part of the country early to-morrow morning, never to return. I had just finished perusing the mournful and unexpected intelligence of the death of my beloved mother, when I received your card; and shortly after, one of a most reproachful kind from Miss Amelia. The contents of both astonish me; but it is almost needless to add, that, had I remained here, your commands would have been most sacredly obeyed. I am willing, however, to believe that you have been made the dupe of some designing villain; and with this impression I leave you, on parting, my cordial forgiveness. For the purity of the motives by which I have been actuated, in all my intercourse with you, I appeal to the Omniscient Searcher of hearts, before whom we must shortly appear.

"For obvious reasons, I decline accepting the very elegant gift which you have now done me the honour to enclose. I could never look on it, without associating with it the letter with which it was accompanied. In so far as it might be a token of remembrance of the late Mrs B—, I have only to say, that no such extraneous symbol is necessary to remind me of her many virtues and excellencies. They have made a deep impression on my heart, and they will ever be held by me in affectionate remembrance.

"Wishing you, and your amiable and accomplished daughter, every temporal and spiritual blessing, I bid you farewell."

"In the perusal of this letter, and the one addressed to herself, which was designed as an answer to hers of the preceding day, feelings of a most painful kind agitated the bosom of Amelia. She stood for some time struck with astonishment. She had written him no letter. The villany of Tarnley at once flashed upon her mind. The letter she had sent to him, two days before, was of the character described. With some acid he had discharged the superscription, and addressed it to Mr R—. Scarcely knowing what she did, she returned to the house, threw both letters on my table, and rushed up stairs to give vent to the bitterness of her sorrows. My heart smote me the moment I read them, and I instantly rang for Amelia. After waiting for some time with great impatience, I ran to her apartment. She had sunk into a swoon in the arms of her servant. On her recovering a little, I attempted to console her, and to justify the part I had taken, assuring her that it originated solely in a desire for her welfare, and respectable settlement in life. She was too well convinced of the sincerity of my affection to blame my motives—still the measure, designed though it was to promote her worldly interests, was evidently one which met not the approbation of her heart. I then called over at Rosehall, designing to apologize for what I had done, but found that he had gone off several hours before. It appeared that he had been greatly beloved, for the whole family were sunk in grief. The lady herself had entreated him even with tears to return as soon as he conveniently could, after the mournful occasion was over; but he continued inexorable. His feelings had been much tried in parting with the young people, to whom he was devotedly attached. On my return home, I wrote to Mr Tarnley, upbraiding him for the baseness of his conduct, in reference to Mr R—, and received a reply filled only with the most horrible imprecations. Shortly after, he left the place, but not before mournful traces of his villany had become visible. Meanwhile, Amelia remained inconsolable. Hers was not a violent paroxysm of affection, which speedily wastes itself in the violence of symptoms, and then disappears. It had taken entire possession of her heart, and it continued its power till reason had utterly departed from her throne. All was now sadness and desolation in the once happy residence of Bentley House. The sun arose, day after day, shedding down his benignant rays on the surrounding landscape. All was 'beauty to the eye and music to the ear,' but our dwelling contained one tenant that heeded them not—one, did I say?—all seemed insensible to what was passing around. During this, my agony was intense. Conscience never ceased to utter its reproaches—even the silent looks of my domestics spoke 'unutterable things;' and I viewed myself as one of the greatest monsters under heaven. In this state Amelia continued for three months, when reason again dawned; but it brought along with it no diminution of her sorrows. Her physicians, one and all, ascribed her illness to some painful circumstance pressing upon her mind, and declared, that, till this was removed, they had no hope of her recovery. I immediately wrote to Mr R—, urgently desiring him to meet me at —, but received no answer. A tour to the Continent was then recommended as the last resource, with a view to her recovery. We have proceeded thus far; but her mental suffering still continues. Nearly two years have now elapsed since she was first taken ill, and to all appearance nature cannot long sustain the struggle. Oh, sir, had I the wealth of empires, it would instantly be sacrificed to procure happiness to my daughter, and to do justice to the merits of Mr George Robinson!"

"George Robinson!" I exclaimed, with emotion, as the old gentleman had finished his narration, and

was bathed in tears. "Did he belong to — near —?" "The very same," replied Mr Bennett, looking on me with an eye of inquiring interest. "Well, then," said I, "George is my old class-fellow and intimate friend. I have not heard from him, indeed, since his mother's death, which took place at the very time when I was preparing to leave the country; but his sister's address is in my possession. The last letter I received from her was dated from her aunt's; and as she understood I was then about to proceed to the Continent, it contained a handsome memento of her gratitude, for a service once rendered to her brother." Here I took from my breast an elegant silver medal, which I showed him. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented by Harriet Robinson to Mr R—, as a memorial of her lasting gratitude for saving her brother's life, at the imminent danger of his own, May 1826."

Mr Bennett was just returning me the medal, when we observed Amelia coming into the garden, accompanied by the lady of the house. We soon joined them, when I was introduced to Amelia as an intimate friend of Mr R—'s. A ray of hope instantaneously lighted up her finely-expressive and intellectual countenance, and she received me with uncommon warmth and cordiality. At the father's request, I accompanied them home that evening. Their residence was a few miles from Florence, on the very line of road where I had so frequently met them. After this, I visited them almost daily; and though, when Mr R— was spoken of, hope and fear seemed alternately to prevail in the bosom of Amelia, yet it was very evident that her mind had been considerably relieved. In the meantime, I wrote to Miss Robinson, making inquiry after her brother, but, week after week, was disappointed of an answer. I was much puzzled to account for this, and, on my return from visiting Mr Bennett one evening, having carelessly thrown the reins on my horse's mane, was musing as to the measures I should next adopt for discovering Mr R—, when, on a sudden, from some cause which I never knew, my horse reared, and, in a few seconds, horse and rider were thrown over a dangerous precipice of considerable depth. That moment my recollection left me. On recovering, I found myself in bed, but not in my own apartment, and an elderly matron sitting near me reading. On attempting to move, I discovered that my head and left arm were bandaged. She had observed my motion, and rising up, to my surprise, addressed me in the language of my country, putting several kindly inquiries. "Thank Heaven," said she, "young gentleman, that you have escaped. My mistress had been accompanying her brother to the nearest post-town on his way to Naples, when on her return you were found lying insensible, your head streaming with blood, and your horse dead by your side. You were immediately put into the carriage, and conveyed thither. My young mistress has been in deep concern ever since you were found. O the dear angel! how anxious she is for your recovery. I hope God will reward her. She has just gone out with a lady who was paying her a visit, but will be here presently." That instant she entered the room, and appeared astonished to see me engaged in conversation. Throwing aside her veil, and approaching me, she discovered two of the finest light blue eyes I had ever seen, which, heightened in effect by contrast with her lovely yellow hair, in golden ringlets, adorning a countenance of exquisite beauty, gave her an appearance almost angelic. She expressed her sympathy for me on the unfortunate accident which had occurred, and desired me to make their house my home till I should be completely recovered. Her manner had in it so much sweetness and feeling that I could not help being struck with it; and I thanked her for her disinterested kindness to one who was a stranger in their country. "Sir," said she, "if I mistake not, neither your name nor your history is unknown to me. Are not you Mr — of —?" On my answering, with surprise, in the affirmative, she instantly asked, "Do you remember George Robinson?" "I do, Ma'am," said I, "and will to the latest hour of my life. Do you know any thing of him?" I immediately rejoined, with some impatience. "Yes, sir," said she, blushing; "George is my brother, and you are now in his house. The medal on your person led me to suspect who you were, the moment we found you. George was appointed, shortly after my mother's death, to an office of considerable emolument and literary distinction in Florence. He is at present on a visit to Naples, but will be home in two or three weeks. Oh, how overjoyed he will be to see you! he speaks frequently of you, and wonders why you have never written an answer to his letters. But I forget—longer conversation, in your present exhausted state, may expose you to a relapse; I must, therefore, leave you to repose." Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had left the room. Her sylph-like form seemed still to move before me; every look, and word, and action, was impressed upon my mind; and emotions, such as I had never before experienced, swelled my bosom. Every day she appeared to me more interesting. I was never happy unless when she was with me. I seemed to live—to breathe—only for Harriet. In a short time I was out of danger, and able to move about, when I wrote Mr Bennett, informing him of what had occurred, and of my intention of remaining in Mr R—'s till his return from Naples, after which he might expect an early visit from us. That very

evening George returned, and our joy at meeting was unbounded. Among other topics of conversation, my interviews with Mr and Miss Bennett held a chief place, and at my request he consented to visit them the following day. We were nearly ready for our departure when a carriage stopped at the door, and Mr and Miss Bennett were immediately announced. George's bosom heaved with indescribable emotion, and he stood for a little in breathless suspense. Mr Bennett then entered the room, accompanied by Amelia. In a moment the two lovers were locked in each other's arms. The father was deeply affected, and burst into tears. Harriet and I instantly left the room, and were speedily followed by Mr Bennett. The feelings of the lovers in the interval I shall not attempt to describe. They were of too pure and ethereal a kind for my feeble pen. Suffice it to say, the interview was a most endearing one. That was to George the happiest hour of his life—to Amelia it was as life to the dead. By the time of dinner, both had regained composure, when Mr Bennett, addressing himself to Mr Robinson, and cordially taking him by the hand, said, "My dear sir, I humbly crave your forgiveness for the injury I formerly did you. I have seen enough to convince me of the sincerity of the affection that exists betwixt you and my daughter, and I am now persuaded you richly deserve her. Rest assured, that henceforth I shall be no barrier in the way of your happiness." From that hour a load was removed from Amelia's spirits, and she soon regained her health and beauty. George was in transports at having an honour conferred on him which he had never hoped to realize. Harriet was overjoyed at her brother's good fortune; and my gratification was none of the least, that, while I had thus been the mean of bringing together two so well worthy of each other, I had received such an important accession to my own happiness in securing the affection of the amiable Harriet. We were waited on, shortly afterwards, by a presbyterian clergyman from Scotland, then in the neighbourhood; and the same hour that united George to Amelia, made Harriet mine.*

THE BETTER LAND.

(From Mrs Hemans' Songs of the Affections.)

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some remote old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

SPEAKING JACKDAWS.

In modern times, parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech, though connoisseurs are not ignorant that starlings and jackdaws have good abilities in that way, when properly educated. The ancients could at times make them speak to some purpose: Macrobius tells us that when Augustus Cæsar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Antony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him, a bird borne on a man's hand, which flapped its wings, and cried out, "God save the Emperor, the victorious Cæsar!" Augustus, delighted to see himself saluted by this winged spokesman, gave its owner a handsome sum for the bird. The owner pocketed the money, refusing to share any of it with an associate who had aided him in training his jackdaw. This man, in order to be revenged, and to shew the loyalty which had animated his friend, brought to the Emperor another bird which they had in training, and which called out, "God save the victorious Mark Antony." Augustus, whose good nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After his liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach a bird which he had got for the purpose, hoping to make his fortune by it. The bird, who had no such prospects, was but a slow scholar; and his master, in the midst of his lessons, often ejaculated in despair, "Well, I have lost my labour!" Having at last, however, and with much pains, completed his education, the daw was brought out one day to salute Augustus, and repeated his "God save the Emperor!" with great distinctness. "Tut!" said Augustus, "I have too many courtiers of your kind." "Well," cried the daw, who at that moment remembered his master's ejaculation—"well, I have lost my labour." The Emperor was so much amused with its answer, that he bought the feathered wit for double the expected sum.

* From "The Literary Museum and Critical Review," a Glasgow monthly publication.

THE MILLER AND THE FREEBOOTER.

In Glenquoich, in Aberdeenshire, in the early part of last century, there was a corn-mill erected for the use of the neighbourhood, and as the construction and management of such machines were ill understood in that part of Scotland at the time, a miller was brought from the low country to superintend it. In this neighbourhood there lived at that time a certain Donald Mackenzie, a hero remarkable for his haughty and imperious manner, and known by the appellation of *Donald Unasach*, or Donald the Proud. Being a native of Glenquoich, he knew as little of the English language as the miller did of Gaelic. He was an outlaw, addicted to freebooting, and of so fierce and unruly a temper, that the whole country stood in awe of him. One circumstance regarding him struck every one with superstitious awe, and created much conjecture and speculation among those around him: he was never known to be without abundance of meal, and yet he was never known to carry any corn to the mill.

But the sagacious miller of Glenquoich soon discovered, that, in order to bilk him of his proper mill-dues, the caitiff was in the habit of bringing his grain to the mill in the night, and grinding it, and carrying it off before morning. To charge him directly with this fraud, was too dangerous an attempt. But the miller ventured to ask him now and then, quietly, how he did for meal, as he never brought any corn to the mill; to which the freebooter never returned any other answer than one in Gaelic, signifying that "strong is the hand of God!"

Provoked at last, the miller determined to take his own way of curing the evil; and, having some previous notion of the next nocturnal visit of his unwelcome customer, he took care, before leaving the mill in the evening, to remove the bush, or that piece of wood which is driven into the eye of the nether millstone, for the purpose of keeping the spindle steady in passing through the upper stone. He also stopped up the spout through which the meal discharged itself; and as the mill was one of those old-fashioned machines, where the water-wheel moved horizontally, and directly under the stones, it follows, that, by this arrangement of things, the corn would fall into the stream. Having made these preparations, the miller locked his house door, and went to bed. About midnight, Donald arrived with his people, and some sacks of dry corn; and finding every thing, as he thought, in good order in the mill, he filled the hopper, and let on the water. The machinery revolved with more than ordinary rapidity; the grain sank fast in the hopper; but not a particle of it came out at the place where he was wont to receive it into his bag as meal. Donald the Proud, and his *gillies*, were all agast. Frantic with rage, he and they ran up and down; and, in their hurry to do every thing, they succeeded in doing nothing. At length Donald perceived, what even the obscurity of the night could not hide, a long white line of fair provender flowing down the middle of the stream, that left not a doubt as to where his corn was discharging itself. But he could neither guess how this strange phenomenon was produced, nor how the evil was to be cured. After much perplexity, he thought of turning off the water. But here the wily miller had also been prepared for him, having so contrived matters, that the pole, or handle connecting the sluice with the inside of the mill, had fallen off as soon as the water was let on the wheel. Baffled at all points, Donald was compelled at last to run to the miller's house. Finding the door locked, he knocked and bawled loudly at the window; and, on the miller demanding to know who was there, he did his best to explain, in broken English, the whole circumstances of the case. The miller heard him to an end; and, turning himself in his bed, he coolly replied, "strong is the hand of God!" Donald Unasach gnashed his teeth, tried the door again, returned to the window, and, humbled by the circumstances, repeated his explanation and entreaties for help. "*Te meal toun te purn to te tell! hoigh, hoigh!*" "I thought ye had been over weel practised in the business to let on sic mischanter come ower ye, Donald," replied the imperturbable lowlander, "but, you know, 'strong is the hand of God!'" The mountaineer now lost all patience. Drawing his dirk, and driving it through the window, he began to strike it so violently against the stones on the outside of the wall, that he illuminated the house with a shower of fire, and showed the terrified inmates the ferocious countenance of him who wielded the weapon. "*Te meal to te mill, te mitter to te mailer,*" sputtered out Donald, in the midst of his wrath, meaning to imply, that, if the miller would only come and help him, he should have all his dues in future. Partly moved by this promise, but still more by his well-grounded fears, the miller arose at last, put the mill to rights, and ground the rest of the corn. And tradition tells us that after this the mill-dues were regularly paid, and the greatest harmony subsisted between Donald Unasach and the miller of Glenquoich.—*From Sir T. Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

SWEDISH METHOD OF PRESERVING APPLES.

They are skinned and quartered, and then half baked, which produces a disagreeable shrivelled appearance; but they retain their flavour, and in that state can be kept any length of time.

THE BHATTEE ROBBER.

The country of the Bhattees is situated in the north-eastern quarter of the province of Ameer, in the East Indies. Until the progress of events brought the British arms within the limits of their country, this class of the natives of Hindostan was scarcely known even by name. The Bhattees were originally shepherds. Of late years they have abandoned that honest occupation, as servile, and unworthy of their talents, and have adopted a predatory system of life, which is considered by them more noble than tending sheep. The following is a portion of the system of education:—When the young Bhattee is about three or four years of age, his education, or training, is commenced, by being compelled to walk and run a given distance daily. As he advances in years, the exercise required of him is increased in proportion, until he may at last be said to have gone through a regular course of gymnastics, in the etymological sense of that word—for all his exercises are performed in a state of nudity. The object and natural effect of this kind of schooling is to increase the physical powers of the body in all situations, and to enable the individual to endure with comparative ease the greatest fatigue or labour. Among other essential accomplishments in which the young Bhattee is expected to perfect himself by unremitting practice, the following may be mentioned as absolutely indispensable. He must acquire the art of bleating like a sheep, barking like a dog, crowing like a cock, braying like the ass, and in like manner of imitating all kinds of animals. He must also be able to throw himself, as occasion may require, into every kind of attitude, to crawl along or lie as flat as possible on the ground, to run like a goat or a dog, to stand on his head with his legs extended widely, so as to appear in the dusk like the stump of a tree. With reference to the last-mentioned acquirement, I recollect to have heard a sentinel of the 4th Bengal cavalry tell his officer, that when he was on duty, on a certain occasion, he heard something move about the head-ropes of his horse. On looking round, he saw what he supposed to be a large dog, which ran between his legs and nearly upset him. The sentinel, however, had heard of the ability with which many of the natives could imitate different animals, and was not satisfied with this explanation of the noise that had first excited his attention. He still suspected that some rogues were on foot, and, the better to detect it, he placed himself behind what appeared to be the stump of a tree, at a short distance from the spot on which he had been previously standing. On the supposed stump he hung his helmet, and, bent on the most attentive scrutiny, he placed his head between the two limbs of the stump, so as, unperceived, to command a direct view of the quarter from which the noise had originally proceeded. This, however, was too much for the thief (for such, in reality, was this pseudo tree-stump), who, unable to restrain his laughter, and finding his situation somewhat critical, suddenly executed a somerset, upset the astonished soldier, and made clear off with his helmet.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

MOURNING.

Mourning, among the ancients, was expressed by very different signs, as by tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside crowns and other ensigns of honour: thus Plutarch, in his *Life of Cato*, relates, that from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, he neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. A public grief was sometimes testified by a general fast. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained, by law, for women who had lost their husbands. In public mourning, the shops of Rome were shut up; the senators laid aside their legislative robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments. The colours of the dress, or habit, worn to signify grief, are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown, and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning: black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple or violet is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings, is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet.

GREAT NEWS FOR GARDENERS—HOW TO KILL SLUGS.

Take a quantity of cabbage-leaves, and either put them into a warm oven, or hold them before a fire, till they get quite soft; then rub them with unsalted butter, or any kind of fresh dripping, and lay them in the places infested with slugs. In a few hours the leaves will be found covered with snails and slugs, which may then be destroyed in any way the gardener may think fit.—[We have tried this at Bayswater, and found it attended with complete success.]—*London's Gardener's Magazine.*

THE COTTON MANUFACTURES OF FRANCE.

The French cotton manufacture has increased with great rapidity since the peace, as appears from the fact that the quantity of cotton wool imported was 25,000,000lbs. in 1810, and is between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000lbs. at present. The French, however, can never rival the English in this manufacture, and though they have nurtured up great manufacturing communities, who have rapidly gained wealth, this is at the expense of all the rest of France. The cost of fitting up a cotton mill with machinery at Rouen is at least one-third more than at Manchester; fuel is four times as dear; and the working and repairing of the machinery must therefore be far more expensive and difficult. Many of the machines are brought from England. The fact that cotton goods are now three or four times as dear in France as in England, is a decisive proof that this government has judged ill in compelling so much capital and labour to take so unprofitable a direction. It is true the French manufacturer may gain a profit on his dear goods whilst the cheap goods of England are rigorously excluded; but it is an advantage to the French nation generally to foster such a branch of industry at the expense of buying the products of that industry at three or four times the price for which similar goods might have been brought across the Channel? But the mischief is now done. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been invested in machinery, buildings, and materials, and many thousand hands have been trained up to the manufacture here, and at St Quentin, Cambray, Lisle, Paris, and in the department of the Haut Rhin. It is obvious that the French cotton manufacturers can never supply other nations with their goods; France must have all the benefit, or rather all the cost, of supporting the system herself. This being the case, the manufacturing prosperity of Rouen rests on a precarious foundation, seeing that it can only be upheld at the expense of the agriculture, the wine trade, and the foreign commerce of France.

HAYDN AND HIS PUPIL PLEYEL.

It was a custom of Haydn, as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he again looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartets, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed from his mind, and forgot entirely, the subjects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards, Haydn felt inclined to revise these quartets, of which he thought favourably; but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, were no where to be found, and all attempts to recover them ended only in disappointment. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartets; and, notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, he continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartets never saw the light.—*Memoir of Pleyel, in Harmonicon.*

HILL OF IRON.

This hill is situated in Brazil, on the left of the road from Queloz to Villa Rica, rather more than a league from the former place. It is described by Mr Luccock as "one entire mass of iron, so perfectly free from any mixture of common soil as to produce no vegetable whatever, being covered with a coating of rust, or oxide of iron. The hill is so lofty and steep, that its top was not discernible, but, from its more elevated part, nodules of corroded metal had rolled down and greatly embarrassed the road. At the foot of the mountain the soil is red clay, mixed with ponderous brown dust. As we advanced, the metal seemed to become less pure, until, after an extent of two leagues and a half, it altogether vanished, and was succeeded by common clayey land. I had often heard of this immense mass of metal, but none of the reports had presented an adequate picture of it to the imagination. The very core of the hill, as far as we could judge, appeared to consist of vast blocks of iron, in tables, and it is so singularly free from alloy as to produce, when melted, twenty-five per cent. of pure metal."

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EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF MR THOMAS JENKINS.

THE facts we are about to relate respecting this person are of so extraordinary a nature, that, if they had happened at a place distant from our scene of publication, or at a time remote from the present, we would have despaired of procuring credence for them, and, perhaps, on that account, abandoned the idea of giving them publicity. It happens, however, that, both in respect of time and place, they are so readily liable to be denied, if found incorrect, that we can bring them forward with the greatest confidence.

Mr Thomas Jenkins was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including *Little Cape Mount*, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilization and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold dust, &c., that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was, accordingly, conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.*

Swanstone brought his protegee to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of every thing that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where, alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest

surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and, accordingly, he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L—'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cowherd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. "Black Tom," as he was called, became, at Falnash, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cowherd at one time, and stable-boy at another: in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servant lasses to give him what knowledge they could. In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange appetency for candle-ends. Not a *doup* about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country—for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar. By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek*. A boy friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom pos-

sessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the grey cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number XCVI. still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. "What, what do you mean?" said the poor negro, in great agitation; "you know we cannot pay both that and the duty." His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and every body was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the Presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat with the staring "XCVI." upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this—his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the

* The mind of the reader will here at once revert to the well-known story of Lee Boo, who, about fifty years ago, was entrusted by his father, a king in the Pelew Islands, to Captain Wilson of the Antelope, for the same purpose. Lee Boo, it will be recollected, belonged to an order of uncivilized people who are not considered so hopeless as the negroes of Africa. Yet, while the dispositions of Thomas Jenkins were equally amiable with those of Lee Boo, it will be found that he more than realised all the expectations which were formed regarding the intellect of that promising boy, unfortunately cut off before his education had been well commenced.

field, enjoying the delightful reflection that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time, this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the Presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a Negro and born Pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But, fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the Presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* [blacksmith's shop] was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed as a matter of course that the other school was completely deserted, and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants. To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the Presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and, as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles going and as much returning) in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It farther shows his untiring zeal, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course, an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter; and, this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was, nevertheless, truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do: the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands a *carte blanche* order upon a merchant in Edinburgh, for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity [Latin] for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimentary knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two Professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilizing and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about ten years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions, recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There, for any thing known to the contrary by his Scottish friends, he is still living.

Feeling that this tale requires only its own facts to render it both instructive and agreeable, we are little disposed to draw inferences from it. It is true: that is enough. Most of the individuals connected with the fate of Jenkins are still alive, and, while we accord them the praise due to their disinterested services in his behalf, we earnestly hope that no one will feel aggrieved by being noticed publicly in this man-

ner, a liberty which we have been induced to take by the best of motives—an anxiety to put the facts of the story beyond a doubt.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEYS, APES, AND ORANG-OUTANGS.

HAVING presented an outline of those physical and moral properties which distinguish MAN above all other animated beings, we may now appropriately point out the natural characteristics of the monkey tribes, forming the order of *Quadrumana*, that is, creatures with four hands. The animals of this interesting order have three kinds of teeth, namely, incisors or cutting teeth, canine teeth, and grinders; their four extremities are terminated by hands, with the thumb separate from the other fingers, and more or less opposable to them; they have long and flexible fingers; they have from two to four teats, situated on the breast; the clavicles or collar bones are complete; the bones of the legs and arms are distinct, and susceptible of motions of pronation and supination; they have a simple membranous stomach; and their intestines are of medium length.

In internal and external conformation, apes and monkeys approach nearest to man of any other animal. In their grimace and actions, also, they bear a striking similitude to the lords of creation; yet how far inferior are they in point of intellect to several other animals, such as the dog, the elephant, and the horse! They, however, possess the power of imitation in an eminent degree, and seldom miss an opportunity of putting it in practice. In countries where apes and monkeys abound, the natives take advantage of this propensity, and thereby entrap them. These ape-catchers wash their hands and faces in a pitcher of water in situations where apes inhabit, after which they pour out the water, and replace it by a solution of glue; then leave the spot, when the apes descend from the trees, and wash themselves as they had observed the men do; their eyelashes are, consequently, glued together, and they are rendered unable to escape from their enemies, and are thus easily taken. It was from this that the ancient generic name of the tribe was established, that of *Simia*, from the Latin word *simulare*, to imitate.

The strong impression of the human likeness which is borne by apes, has induced many to suppose that man is only an animal of the same kind, but more perfect in his form, and other qualities. It has been argued that the *os occipitis*, or the prolonged portion of the spine in man, which is analogous to the tail of animals, is strongly confirmatory of this, and that they have, like monkeys, originally had tails. We have already stated that comparative anatomists can trace all the bones corresponding to those of man, developed, in a greater or lesser degree, through the whole class of animals which naturalists term vertebrated, or those which have a backbone. This is a wonderful manifestation of the uniformity of the plan of the Framer of the universe, or what may be termed the harmony of creation; and this very harmony is deeply imprinted in the mind of man, and from which we enjoy many of our pleasurable sensations. As familiar examples of this, we may notice the harmony of colours, and the harmony of the notes of music.

Although, in the general distribution of the parts of animals, there is usually an admirable adaptation of their structure to the uses to which they are to be employed, yet in many cases we are unable to trace the reason why parts are of a particular formation, or why animals should be furnished with those parts at all, which appear to be of no use to them. This we can only attribute to the general harmony of design. We shall give as an example the *Proteus anguinus*, a reptile which inhabits the waters of certain subterranean caverns in Carniola. Some of these subterranean lakes are of vast size and depth, and perfectly secluded from all light. It is, therefore, quite evident that eyes to animals which inhabit such situations would be quite useless. The *Proteus* is totally blind, and yet it has an indication of eyeballs, but which are covered with skin.

But what distinguishes all the ape tribe from man is their horizontal position in walking, for it has been now satisfactorily ascertained, that, although they may occasionally assume the upright position in progressive movement, it is by no means natural to them. Another evident distinction is their lower extremities being in the form of hands, with long fingers fitted for grasping; from which it is quite evident that the whole tribe are essentially formed for climbing trees, and they are, consequently, principally found in the confines of forests. When they walk on the ground, their motions on all-fours are awkward, and their progress is rather by leaping than walking. The head of apes, besides, is not placed in equilibrium on the spine as in man, their pelvis is very small, and the muscles of their thighs being attached very low on the legs, prevent their assuming with ease the upright posture. Their very long arms, with hands on their lower as well as higher arms, admirably adapt them for their mode of life. They, however, can sit erect with the greatest ease, and, indeed, it is the posture natural to nearly the whole tribe.

The time of gestation in apes varies, according to the species, from five to seven months, and they seldom produce more than one or two at a birth. The females carry their young in their arms like the hu-

man species, or upon their backs. They generally are nursed in the same way as human infants.

Apes live in large communities, and generally on peaceable terms; their social instinct, however, seems limited to the tendency which all frugiferous animals have in general to live in wandering troops, for the purposes of mutual protection. They frequent large and fertile solitudes, and not unfrequently in great herds of different kinds, and without one species commingling with another. But should any intruders present themselves upon a district possessed by these troops, they all combine to assert what they think their natural rights. De Maisoupre, and six other Europeans, witnessed a combat betwixt two opposite herds, that took place within the wall which surrounds the pagoda of Cheringham. A large and powerful ape had got into the place, but was soon recognised as an interloper by the resident tribe, and upon the alarm being given, a number of males united in an attack; and although the intruder was much more powerful than his assailants, he soon perceived that he was to be overcome by their united strengths, and fled for refuge to the top of the pagoda, which was eleven stories in height; but this did not screen him, for he was closely pursued thither by his enemies. Having reached the top of the dome, which was small and narrow, he availed himself of the security of the position. In this advantageous situation, and by his superior strength, he seized four of the most forward of his pursuers, pitched them headlong to the bottom, and they were consequently killed by the fall from such a great height. This proof of his strength somewhat damped the ardour of the rest, who, after setting up a loud and threatening chattering, judged it prudent to make good their retreat. The intruder kept his situation till the evening, when he descended and escaped.

When MM. de la Condamine and Bouquer were making their observations in South America on the figure of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by domesticated apes, which are very numerous, looking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to the pendulum, taking their pens and trying to write, and, in short, imitating every action which they saw performed by these gentlemen.

In many districts of India, apes and monkeys are objects of religious veneration, and various temples have been erected in honour of them. In these countries it is considered as sinful to molest them, and they consequently become bold and troublesome. They enter cities in large troops, and venture into the domiciles of the natives. In Amadabad, the capital of Guzerat, there are three hospitals erected for monkeys, where the sick and lame are fed and relieved by medical attendants, kept there for the express purpose, at the public expense.

At the head of this extensive tribe of animals stands the Chimpanseé, who, in face, form, and internal organization, approaches most nearly to that of man. We are, however, yet unacquainted with the height to which this animal grows, as all the specimens which have hitherto reached Europe have been young. There is every reason to believe that the Chimpanseé is the wild man of the woods so frequently mentioned by travellers.

The angle of the face of the Chimpanseé is 50 degrees; he is destitute of cheek pouches or tail, nor has he any callous skin on his hinder parts; his arms are short, and the superciliary ridges are distinct; his canine teeth are a little projecting, and are close to the cutting teeth and grinders, like those of the human species; the head is rounded, and the muzzle very slightly projecting.

This animal seems entirely confined to Central Africa, and probably some of the islands in the same latitude.

We are informed by M. de Grandpré, that he saw a female Chimpanseé on board of a vessel, which manifested great intelligence. She had been instructed to heat the oven, and took care that no coals should fall out. She had a perfect knowledge of the proper temperature of the oven, and, when it was in a condition for baking, immediately apprised the baker that it was so, who placed implicit confidence in her information, and never failed to fetch him in due time. This animal performed many useful occupations; she assisted at unfurling the sails, and spliced ropes, and could pull a rope along with the sailors. The vessel in which this animal was seen, was bound for America, but which country she did not live to see, the mate on one occasion having inflicted a very cruel punishment on her, which she did not deserve, and which she bore with the utmost fortitude, only holding out her hands to break the force of the blows, and at the same time supplicating for mercy. From that time she refused all sustenance, and died on the fifth day from grief and hunger, lamented by all on board but the cruel and unfeeling mate.

Next in order is the Orang-outang, who is probably much superior in size to the Chimpanseé. The canine teeth of the Orang-outang are somewhat longer than the others; the grinders are more equal than those of man, the tubercles of which are more acute; the head is round, and he is destitute of a superciliary ridge; his facial angle is 60 degrees, and he has no cheek pouches; his ears are rounded, as in man; his thumbs are rather short, and he has no tail.

The Orang-outang inhabits Cochinchina, and several of the larger islands of the Indian Ocean. This animal is next to the Chimpanseé in perfection of form, and grows to a gigantic size, being, when full grown, from seven and a half to eight feet in height.

Until Dr Clarke Abel published an account of this animal, we had no certain information of its great size, which is now established without a shadow of doubt.

Dr Abel says, "My attention was directed to this Orang-outang, by the following notice of the animal in the Hukara newspaper, which was sent to it, as I have ascertained, from one of the persons actually concerned in his capture:—A party having landed on the south coast of Sumatra, from the Mary Anne Sophia, Captain Cornfoot, for the purpose of watering, fell in with an animal of the monkey species, of most gigantic size. It was upwards of seven feet in height, and, after receiving seven shots, was killed. After the fifth shot, it climbed a tree, and reclined against its boughs, to all appearance in great pain, and vomited a considerable quantity of blood. Some of the teeth are about three inches long. The lower jaw is immense; and the skin of its arms, although cut off from the wrists, was considerably longer than the length of a man's arm about six feet high. The back is remarkably broad, and covered with long coarse brown hair. Its gait was slovenly, and as it went, it waddled from side to side."

Captain Cornfoot dwells much upon the human-like expression of its countenance, and especially on the beautiful arrangement of its beard.

It appears that on the spot where this animal was killed were five or six trees, which occasioned great trouble to the hunters in procuring their prey; for in consequence of the extreme agility and power of the animal in springing from branch to branch, and bounding from one tree to another, his pursuers could not fix their aim, until they had cut down all the trees but one. When thus limited in his range, the Orang-outang was shot, but did not die till he had received five balls and the thrust of a spear. One of the five balls probably penetrated his lungs, as he, immediately after receiving the wound, slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and his pursuers felt distressed at the human-like agony of his expressions. When on the ground, after being exhausted by his many wounds, he lay as if dead, with his head resting on his folded arms. It was at this moment that an officer attempted to give the *coup de grâce*, by pushing a spear through his body; but he immediately jumped on his feet, wrested the weapon from his antagonist, and shivered it to pieces. This was his last wound, and last great exertion; yet he lived some time afterwards, and drank, it is stated, great quantities of water.

CATHERINE AND LOUISA.—A TALE.

"It just wants one week to-day," said Catherine to her sister Louisa, "and then, O happiness! we make our first appearance at the county ball. We must really do as papa tell us, practise our quadrilles every evening before that time; for it would be sad, indeed, if we were to make fools of ourselves. Lady Elizabeth would never patronize us again." "O, Catherine," said her sister, "you are always talking that way; I am sure, for the last month, you have spoken of nothing else but that county ball. Now, I really feel a good deal afraid about it, and should not wonder if I were, as you say, to make a fool of myself." "Really," replied Catherine, "you astonish me; you were not afraid when it was first talked of. You know papa has promised for the last two seasons to *bring us out*, but we have been always disappointed. Now I feel quite delighted, and I am sure I shall enjoy myself exceedingly. I know you are disappointed that Mr Marston has been called away to town, and cannot go; but never mind, dear Louisa; there will be plenty of nice beaux there, I dare say; and Lady Elizabeth tells me that Colonel Danby, and all the officers of the 12th, are to be there with their charming band. Oh! how delightful it will be to dance to military music, you know how much I enjoy a band! And I am sure Colonel Danby will pay us great attention, for we are such favourites of his." Thus chatted the two beautiful daughters of Sir Robert Gordon of Belston, as they were walking in the shrubbery one day before dinner. It had been the intention of their father for the last two years to bring out his daughters, but circumstances had prevented him fulfilling this design. Either he was obliged to go to London at the time appointed, or Lady Elizabeth M., who was to patronize them, was from home. But now there was no hindrance; every thing was in preparation for that important event; their dresses had arrived from Madame Devys, and they had been permitted for the first time to see the ornaments that were to be appropriated to each from their dear departed mother's jewel-box. When Louisa was presented with hers, she wept, and could not be consoled; lamented her sad bereavement afresh, and went out alone into the garden, to hide the tears and the anguish she could not control. It was just three years since she had lost a much beloved mother, and she had a lively and tender recollection of her. When Catherine received hers, she felt sad;

still they were so beautiful, she could not help admiring them. When she looked up, she saw the tears glistening in her father's eyes. This recalled all her tenderness, and all her sorrow; she flew to his arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. "My own Catherine," said he, "my darling Catherine, take these jewels, and wear them for the sake of your dear mother; they were presented to her by her own father on her presentation at court, which was her first appearance in public. They have been kept for you; she always said they should be yours, as you are her name-daughter; they are the most expensive trinkets she ever possessed, and I need hardly tell Catherine to be careful, and to value them." She dried her tears, promised every thing he could wish, asked a great many questions about the ball, and left the room in high spirits. Just as she was taking another look at her superb necklace, before depositing it in its red morocco case, Louisa returned: she was calm and composed, but in low spirits. She had not mourned solely for the dead; thoughts and regrets for the living intruded, and made her spiritless and sad. "If Arthur had been here," thought she, "and going with us, I should have been gay and happy as Catherine, but I need not, dare not think of it now. I know he will not return at this time." Louisa mourned, and mourned alone; for she dared not trust her volatile sister with her sorrows and her secret. She had met with a disappointment in her first love. When young Marston applied to Sir Robert for permission to address his daughter, he was refused. Two days after, he was on the road to his estate, to look after the cultivation of his farm and his trees, and to forget, as he at present thought, but rather to brood, as time afterwards showed, over his disappointment. It was understood by every one after this, that Sir Robert looked for *titles* to his daughters. At last the important day arrived, the day that Catherine thought would never come. And such a tiresome week as it had been to her! But now all was joy and bustle; the day would soon pass, and Lady Elizabeth would come in her own carriage to fetch them, and the ten miles of distance they had to go would seem nothing. The two sisters were soon dressed, for their hair, naturally beautiful, and always well kept, did not require the aid of roses or ribands to make it look well. They both wore a simple band round the head, with a small ornament clasping it at the side. It was with no small degree of pleasure and pride that Sir Robert beheld his two lovely girls, in all the bloom of youth and gaiety, dressed in the most becoming manner, and looking as he had never seen them look before. Lady Elizabeth arrived, and the *parti quarrée* set off for the county town. When the full blaze of light, beauty, and dress met the delighted eyes of Catherine, she felt fluttered and bewildered. The dazzling splendour of the officers with their dresses of scarlet and gold, ladies with feathers waving in the dance, and, above all, the delightful music, which Catherine loved to enthusiasm, all conspired to give a new feeling, a sensation perfectly different from any thing she had ever felt before. After the ceremony of introduction was over, Catherine had time to *think*. She looked to her sister, who was leaning on the arm of her father, and wondered what her feelings could be. Louisa was perfectly composed; she looked as if she had never felt, never wondered. Catherine was amazed at her stoicism. Just then, Colonel Danby came bowing up, paid his compliments to each, and begged permission of Sir Robert to introduce a young friend. He soon again appeared, and presented to Catherine a young officer, tall and handsome as she could have wished, who immediately led her to the dance. Colonel Danby himself requested Louisa to honour him with her hand. In the same quadrille, *vis-à-vis*, stood the two lovely girls. All eyes beheld them with admiration, and "who is she?" and "what are they?" resounded from every quarter. "That dark girl, how majestically she moves! and the laughing blue-eyed fair one, how light and how graceful!" Many and clamorous were the requests made to Colonel Danby by the young officers to introduce them to Sir Robert, that they might have the pleasure of talking to his charming daughters, and, perhaps, have the chance of being asked to Belston during the shooting season with the Colonel, who was a frequent guest there, and devotedly fond of dogs and game. Captain Harvie, the young officer to whom Catherine had been introduced at the commencement of the evening, was the only one who succeeded in the wish of procuring an invitation to Belston; and as he handed Catherine to the carriage, and saw her sweet smile when she heard Sir Robert request the pleasure of his company along with the Colonel to shoot, he fervently wished the dreary three weeks past, and would have given the world that it had been to-morrow. Sir Robert acted well. Captain Harvie was the eldest son of an old baronial family, and not only would he inherit, at the death of his father, a title and estate, but he had the prospect of an earldom at the death of an uncle who had no family. Moreover, Sir Robert saw that he had been captivated with Catherine, and, from the warm expressions of admiration he had used to the Colonel about her, he at once thought it advisable to ask him. September came, and with it the two gentlemen. Louisa was not able to receive them. She had been for some time a drooping flower; her father and Catherine were not aware of the great change that a few weeks had produced upon her; but those who had not seen her for some

time felt shocked and alarmed at her appearance. The roses had fled from her cheeks, and instead of the lively and good-natured girl that used to sing, and dance, and laugh, she was now the cold and distant Miss Gordon, who repelled all kindness and attention by her air of *hauteur* and *sang froid*. She had given up all her hopes of happiness to *family pride*: She had passed a vow to her father never to marry without his consent, and he had tried every means to make her believe that to be connected with Mr Marston would be a degradation to herself and family: She had hinted to her father that the only terms on which she would give up all idea of her marriage was, that the subject (of matrimony) might never be spoken of, or proposed to her again: She had, therefore, made up her mind as to her future conduct, and determined to repel all advances, and conduct herself as the high and honourable daughter of Sir Robert Gordon of Belston, one of the oldest families in Scotland. Alas! in thus making up her mind to change her very nature, she knew not that her health would sink under the trial; she thought the task easy, but found it difficult and bitter. When the gentlemen returned from their walk before dinner, and saw Louisa reclining on a sofa, pale and emaciated, they could hardly believe it possible that she was the same blooming girl that they had seen so shortly before. The old Colonel started; he had been a frequent visitor for many years, and had seen the sisters as they had gradually made an advance into womanhood, and improved in beauty; in fact, he was just as much interested about the girls as Sir Robert could possibly be, and the shock he received when he then saw her was great. She perceived his look, and knew his feelings, and the painful consciousness of her altered appearance caused the blood to rush to her face and neck, and in an anguish of agitation she burst into tears. Her father had never seen her act thus before, and he felt both sorry and angry; it showed him that she had not yet completely conquered her feelings. As soon as she had left the room with her sister, he explained to the Colonel the whole affair, and begged that, when he could find a fitting opportunity, he would talk to her on the subject, and endeavour to reconcile her to the paternal decree.

Poor Marston was little better than Louisa; his mind was in a most unsettled, unhappy condition; he could apply himself to nothing. Life, in short, was a burden, and he determined (as soon as he could arrange affairs at home) to do what most young men do in cases like his—go to the Continent for a few years, and forget, in the excitement of a tour, his disappointed hopes.

Weeks rolled on, and still Louisa drooped, and her father was relentless. In the meantime, the young and gallant Captain Harvie lost no time in gaining the consent of Sir Robert and his own friends to an alliance with Catherine. He had gained his own consent at the very first, and now nothing remained but to procure hers. That he felt quite sure of, as he had seen that Catherine was in every way disposed to favour him. What was his astonishment, then, to learn, from her own lips, that it was *not* her intention to marry, and nothing but *one* circumstance could alter her determination! She knew that her father was favourable, nay, anxious that she should accept of Captain Harvie's offer, for it must prove a very advantageous and honourable settlement for her; but her father had disappointed Louisa, and she had formed the heroic resolution of refusing the man of her choice, and her father's wishes, till he should first consent to make her sister happy. Sir Robert had mentioned to Catherine the affair of Marston with Louisa, and explained his reasons for declining him; and she knew from his firm manner of speaking that there was little or no hope of his changing his mind. She thought there was but *one* way of doing it, and that was by refusing all offers herself, till he should give his consent to Louisa's marriage; and she was firm, and determined. Not all the persuasions of her lover, who foresaw the case to be hopeless, nor the anxious entreaties and remonstrances of her father, could change her. Colonel Danby was the only cool person in the house. Louisa was wretched; Catherine was heroic; Captain Harvie was in despair; and Sir Robert was furious. The Colonel only waited till things calmed down a little to talk with Sir Robert on the subject, and try to argue him out of his resolutions.

Just at this crisis the agreeable and delightful Lady Elizabeth came to pay a visit at Belston. The girls hoped every thing from her influence with their father, and he in like manner hoped every thing from her influence with them; so, with one consent, affairs were turned over to her, and her decision was to be definite. Sir Robert felt quite secure in thus leaving matters to her, for he knew her to have *high family notions*, and was assured that she would try to instil what he called *right principles* in the breast of Louisa, and turn Catherine any way she chose. He was right so far. Lady Elizabeth said the connection with Marston was degrading, and not to be thought of. "He was, to be sure, an only son, and wealthy; but he had no rank, no title, nor the least prospect of one; and was," as a matter of course, "*nobody*." Captain Harvie was much to be wished for; but Catherine was not to be shaken in her fixed purpose of refusal: not even Lady Elizabeth could sway her. And now a year had passed over since these incidents occurred. Our sisters were living quietly at home. Captain Harvie had been in London, but was every day expected at Belston; he had not yet given up all hopes of

Catherine changing her mind. Poor Marston was most unhappy; he had not yet had enough of resolution to go abroad; he still lingered at home in hopes of hearing something that might give him some hope. His friends wished him to stand for the county; but, whether it was from want of energy to *push* the business, or that he heard that Sir Robert himself was proposing to canvass, we know not, but he declined, which was much wondered at, as he had many friends and great influence among the freeholders. Their estates lay in the same county, but thirty miles distant from each other. It was true that Sir Robert intended proposing for the county; and when one of his friends called upon Mr Marston to request his vote, he gave it cheerfully, and felt happy at being able to serve the father of Louisa. It gave a new impulse to his feelings, a sort of hope that he might yet, through some means, be enabled to overcome Sir Robert's reluctance to the match. This hope roused all his dormant energies, and he determined to use all his influence, and exert himself to the utmost in his favour. Had Sir Robert's principles been of a different nature from his own, he could not have done so; but, fortunately, they were both liberals. He succeeded in procuring three votes, and received a letter of thanks from Sir Robert. The day of election arrived, a day of much anxiety and trouble to many. Sir Robert was likely to lose, for the opposition candidate had one vote more. Just as all were collected in the Town-house, and the Sheriff about to pass the decision against Sir Robert, a carriage was heard to drive up, and Mr Marston entered, along with two freeholders who had been out of the way at the time of the canvass, and whom he had taken the trouble to collect from distant parts of the county, and bring off post haste. They arrived at the critical moment. Sir Robert was duly elected; and, in gratitude for such eminent service, he requested Marston to accompany him with his friends to dinner. This was an important day for Arthur Marston; he saw his beloved Louisa, and trembled at the change he saw in her appearance. He determined once more to solicit Sir Robert, as a sort of desperate and final effort to gain her. He did so, and Sir Robert could hardly refuse the man who had done him such distinguished service. At the earnest solicitations of Catherine and Captain Harvie, he complied; at least Mr Marston had the satisfaction of receiving an invitation that night to spend a few weeks at Belston; and it need hardly be told that he considered it as a tacit encouragement to pay his addresses to Louisa. At this moment all is bustle and preparation at Belston House. The gay and lively Catherine is happy in accepting the offered hand of the handsome Captain, and the two sisters are to be married on the same day, which is not far off.

RAILWAYS.

THE following is an abstract of the evidence on the advantage of railroads, given on the London and Birmingham railway bill, which was thrown out by the House of Lords:—Before the establishment of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, there were twenty-two regular, and about seven occasional extra coaches, between those places, which, in full, could only carry, per day, 688 persons. The railway, from its commencement, carried 700,000 persons in eighteen months, being an average of 1070 per day. It has not been stopped for a single day. There has occurred but one fatal accident on it in eighteen months. The fare by coach was 10s. inside, and 5s. outside; by railway it is 5s. inside, and 3s. 6d. outside. The time occupied in making the journey by coach was four hours; by railway it is one hour and three quarters. All the coaches but one have ceased running, and that chiefly for the conveyance of parcels. The mails all travel by the railway, at a saving to government of two-thirds of the expense. The railway coaches are more commodious than others; the travelling is cheaper, safer, and easier. A great deal of traffic which used to go by other roads comes now by railway: both time and money are saved, though the length of the journey may be often increased. The proportion of passengers carried by railway over those carried by coach has been 22 to 10 in winter, and 17 or 18 to 10 in summer. A regiment of soldiers has been carried by the railway from Manchester to Liverpool in two hours. Gentlemen's carriages are conveyed on tracks by the railway. The locomotive travel in safety after dark. The rate of carriage of goods is 10s. per ton; by canal it used to be 15s. per ton. The time occupied in the journey by railway is two hours; by canal it is twenty hours. The canals have reduced their rates 30 per cent. Goods are delivered in Manchester the same day they are received in Liverpool; by canal they were never delivered before the third day. By railway, goods, such as wines and spirits, are not subject to the pilferage which existed on the canals. The saving to manufacturers in the neighbourhood of Manchester in the carriage of cotton alone has been £20,000 per annum; some houses of business save £500 a-year in carriage. Persons now go from Manchester to Liverpool and back in the same day with the greatest ease; formerly they were generally obliged to be absent the greater part of two days. More persons now travel on their own business. The railway is assessed to the parochial rates in all the parishes through which it passes: though only thirty-one miles, it pays between £3000 and

£4000 per annum in parochial rates. Coal-pits have been sunk and manufactories established in the line, giving great employment to the poor; manufactories are also erected on the line, giving increased employment, and thus reducing the number of claimants for parochial relief. The railway pays one-fifth of the poor-rates in the parishes through which it passes. Fresh coal-mines have been sunk, owing to facilities of carriage and reduced price. It is found advantageous for the carriage of milk and garden produce: arrangements are about to be made for milk to be carried 15 miles at 1s. per 10-gallons (*i. e.*, less than one farthing per quart). A great deal of land on the line has been let for garden ground at increased rents. Residents on the line find the railway a great convenience, by enabling them to attend to their business in Manchester and Liverpool with ease, at little expense. No inconvenience is felt by residents from smoke or noise, but, on the contrary, great advantages are experienced by means of travelling, to and fro, distances of ten miles in half an hour for 1s., and without any fatigue. The engines only burn coke. The value of land on the line has been considerably enhanced by the operation of the railway: land cannot be purchased but at a large increase in price; it is much sought after for building, &c. The Railway Company, in their late purchases, have been obliged to pay frequently double the price they originally paid for their land. A great deal of land has been sold for building at three times its former value. Much waste land on the line has been taken into cultivation, and yields a good rent. Land-owners, originally opposed to the railway, are now its warm advocates: having found their fears wholly groundless, they have now been solicitous that the line should pass through their land. Mr Babbage observes, in his book on the "Economy of Manufactures," "One point of view in which rapid modes of conveyance increase the power of a country deserves attention. On the Manchester railroad, for example, above half a million of persons travel annually; and supposing each person to save only one hour in the time of transit between Manchester and Liverpool, a saving of five hundred thousand hours, or of fifty thousand working days of ten hours each, is effected. Now, this is equivalent to an addition to the actual power of the country of one hundred and sixty-seven men, without increasing the quantity of food consumed; and it should be also remarked, that the time of the class of men thus supplied is far more valuable than that of mere labourers."

The great utility of railways, and their productive-ness in a pecuniary point of view, have just been exemplified at Edinburgh, where a railroad, formed for the purpose of introducing coal to the city from pits a few miles distant, has been covered with vehicles for the conveyance of passengers to all parts of the adjacent country. A similar degree of success has attended a railway in the west of Scotland; and it may safely be presumed that no species of commercial enterprise would be so certain of prospering, and yielding so large a return for capital, as a railway betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, the intercourse betwixt which towns resembling that between Liverpool and Manchester, and the level nature of the country rendering the plan comparatively easy of accomplishment.

BOUNDARY BETWIXT SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

THE present boundary on the east, betwixt Scotland and England, is the Tweed; but this line of division is of comparatively modern date. For several ages prior to the eleventh century, the borders of England extended as far north as some part of Stirlingshire, and therefore included all that portion of country now known by the name of Lothian, as well as Berwickshire, and part of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. This fair district of Scotland was seized from the natives by Anglo-Saxon invaders, who poured in from the north of England at the middle of the fifth century, and who, fixing themselves in the country by the erection of forts and other strongholds, the chief of which was the Castle of Edinburgh, retained possession of it for about six hundred years. During this period the Anglo-Saxons completely dispossessed the original inhabitants, and introduced their own language, laws, and customs. Their country received the title of *Loth-ling*, or *Lod-ling*, Saxon or Teutonic words, signifying a special jurisdiction on the marches of two kingdoms, and not derived, as Buchanan has mentioned, from a supposed king of the name of *Loth*. In the year 1018, Malcolm II., King of Scots, in prosecution of a quarrel with the Earl of Northumberland, and possessor of the territory of Lothian, conducted his Scottish warriors from their western and northern domain, and met his foe between Carham and Wark, on the south bank of the Tweed. This battle, so important in its results, was long contested with desperate valour, and the palm of victory was claimed by the English leader; but this prince being soon after assassinated, his earldom descended to his brother, who, dreading the arms of the Scots, was induced, for the sake of peace, to cede Lothian for ever to Malcolm. This event occurred in the year 1020, and ever since, the Tweed, in its lower part, has been the acknowledged boundary betwixt Scotland and England.

LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

A LETTER from a person who lately emigrated from Bristol to the United States of America, recently appeared in a Leeds newspaper, and from which the following extract is given, in the expectation of its being useful to many of our readers.

"Though greatly reduced by my long voyage, it has been of great service to my health. I am now perfectly well, and have nothing of that cough I have been subject to. My beloved wife and dear children are all very well, and look more healthy than before we left England. This is the case, likewise, with all our friends and their children (three families from Bristol, who removed about the same time). We are all very comfortable, and often meet together, and discuss, contrast, and compare things in America with those in England; on some points we agree in our likes and dislikes, and on some points differ very widely. On all material points, however, we fully agree—that this is the best *poor man's country*; the best to bring up and launch out a family; the best for persons of small incomes (if they can accommodate themselves to circumstances, and depend upon their own resources); servants ('helps') may be had here, board and wages both considered, at an expense but little more than in England; but then the maid is as good as her mistress, the man as his master.

"Though to parents coming out here, if they have the common feelings of our nature, it must be a sacrifice of the pleasures of friendship, and at first an endurance of many inconveniences, yet their children will bless them for their self-denial; and I believe, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, parents will feel thankful they had sufficient nerve to come to this country. Parents have no difficulty in bringing up their children, and placing them out in business; nor need they fear their future prosperity. Here, also, there is far less temptation to vice of every kind—sobriety and good order prevail in a way unknown in England. The direct and indirect effects of temperance societies are truly astonishing. This true happiness may be found in England; but I believe the sum of happiness in America is infinitely greater than in England. The chief cause of sorrow and distress in England is *unknown here*! Here there is not the garb of poverty, nor the look of distress.

"It was a fine morning; I walked five miles before breakfast on a very good tow-path, with the canal on my right, and the Mohawk River on my left, with a pretty fertile country and varied scenery. It reminded me strongly of Hay, my native place. We met a very agreeable English gentleman on the aqueduct over the Mohawk. He had travelled extensively through the States, and was then on his return to England, with a view of bringing his family over. He was highly pleased with the country and the people, and said, 'the English will never believe America to be so happy and prosperous a country, unless they see for themselves.' This reminded me of what an English gentleman at New York said to me. He inquired if I intended to send a full account home of what I saw. 'Certainly,' was my reply. 'And do you,' he said, 'expect they will believe you?' 'Surely they will.' 'Take my word for it,' he said, 'they will not believe the one-half of what even you say.'

"We arrived at Schenectady about two o'clock; it is a pretty good town. There is a rail-road from Albany to this place, for steam-coaches, which go 14 miles an hour. Wednesday, at daylight, came in sight of Utica. This is a very handsome town, abounding with well-built churches, of the various denominations, with spires. I do not know in England so regular and good a town—not the semblance of poverty or poor-houses. I will give you present prices of provisions:—Fowls, 12½c. (a cent is a halfpenny) per couple; turkeys and geese, 25c. each; venison, very fine, 1½c. per lb.; beef, veal, and pork, 3c.; potatoes, 25c. per bushel, very good, but not so mealy as the English; butter, always good, 12½c., now considered very dear; apples, 25c. per bushel; cider, 1½ dollar per barrel of 32 gallons; flour, now high, 4½ dollars per barrel; corn, 20c. per bushel. The horses are generally good, and the oxen are fine large beasts for labour. Self supporting, or manual labour schools, are already established in many parts of the Union, and promise to be the means of diffusing more good than any other society established in modern times. These schools are promoted by the Baptists, who are a very numerous sect in America. I would just observe that young men desirous of being educated for the ministry, as well as others entering these schools, obtain a good classical and religious education. By their labouring at some trade on the premises four hours a-day, they pay for their board, and one hour more for their education. Mechanics in this State get well paid. A working jeweller in the town of Newark gets 9½ dollars per week, besides board and lodging; and common carpenters and coopers get 20 dollars a-month, besides board and lodging. When at New York, my friend Mr Jennings told me, if 500 young women were to come over, they would immediately get into situations there: were many thousands to come over, they would find sufficient employment in the States, and get well paid for their services."

BRITISH AND IRISH LINEN
MANUFACTURE.

THE superiority of British manufactures is not more manifest in any branch of trade than in that of linen. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom, whatever may be their poverty in particular circumstances, pride themselves in possessing good linen shirts, and, if possible, a proper assortment of household drapery of the same substantial stuff. The cultivation of flax, and the weaving of that produce into linen, is therefore one of the staple employments in the country. But a vast proportion of the cloth which is prepared is exported to other nations, and this yields a large return of capital to the manufacturer. Some of the chief manufacturing districts for this article are found in Scotland and Ireland. In Scotland the trade is confined almost entirely to Fife and Forfar shires, and in Ireland it is limited to the northern portion of that kingdom. The introduction of the linen manufacture into Scotland is comparatively recent, great efforts having been made, both by government and associations of individuals, about a century ago, to turn the attention of the people towards this branch of trade, which was appropriate both to the climate and the condition of the country. Linen was much earlier made in Ireland. The trade, we are informed, flourished here during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; but from the particular fashion of the Irish shirts, great part of the linen manufactured was used within the country. The settlement of many industrious families from Britain, in the province of Ulster, most likely led to the prosperity of the linen trade, and brought it, through various vicissitudes, to its present flourishing state. The linen which is now made in Ireland is reckoned remarkably fine for shirting, &c., but has generally the reputation of being overdone on the surface, and of being somewhat unequal in the proportion of weft to the warp. The Scottish linen has not, in most cases, so attractive an appearance as that of Ireland, but is esteemed superior in point of wearing qualities, and brings a higher price in the English market. It appears from official returns that the annual average of the linen trade of Ireland, for ten years, from 1770 to 1780, was 25,000,000 yards. In 1782, and the ten succeeding years, the average rose to 40,000,000, being an exact annual increase of 15,000,000. The exports of linen from Ireland in 1814 amounted to £2,645,912, and of linen yarn, £62,928. They have since greatly increased.

Scotland does not export linen to such an extent as Ireland, the amount of exports of this article, in the year ending 5th January 1828, being 14,945,299 yards, the official value of which was £803,267; but this, it is presumed, is exclusive of coarse linen and hempen goods. The finer fabrics of the Scottish linen manufacture are made in Fife, principally at Dundfermline and the adjacent villages; while the coarser articles, in which steam power is employed, are produced at Dundee, and other towns in Forfarshire. The trade in flax and hemp goods at present carried on in these thriving seats of population is immense, considering their recent rise. "The precise period at which the trade was established (says the writer of an article on the subject in *The Dundee Chronicle*) we have not been able to ascertain, but there are various reasons for believing that it was about the beginning of the last century. It made little progress for some time, as appears from a statement of imports and exports in the year 1745, which is to be found in Dr Small's Statistical Account of Dundee. In that year, 74 tons of flax were imported, but no hemp. The quantity of linen exported is estimated at one million of yards, but there is no mention of sailcloth or bagging. In Dr Small's book there is also a statement of imports and exports in the year 1791, which shews that a considerable increase had by that time taken place. The import of flax then amounted to 2444 tons, and of hemp to 299 tons. The quantity of linen exported that year had increased to 7,842,000 yards, besides 280,000 yards of sailcloth, and 65,000 yards of bagging. From this period the trade began gradually, but not very rapidly, to extend itself; and the foundation was laid for that extraordinary increase in it which has taken place during the last fifteen years. Before the peace of 1814, the quantity of machinery employed in spinning was not great. About this time, however, and in consequence chiefly of improvements in the machinery, the trade altogether became more safe than during the war, when the supply of raw material from the Baltic was apt to be cut off by the operations of the belligerent powers. The consequence has been, that, since the date just mentioned, the importation of flax at Dundee has increased from 3000 tons to 15,000 tons per annum, and the exportation of linen in an equal proportion. Nor is it easy to predict any probable limit to its further increase.

"The following abstract of imports and exports of the articles above referred to, for the year ending 31st May 1831, shews an increase of the trade almost wonderful. Flax imported, 15,010 tons; hemp, 3082; linen shipped off, 356,817 pieces, measuring about 50 millions of yards; sailcloth, 85,522 pieces, measuring about 3½ millions of yards; bagging, 62,199 pieces, measuring about 4 millions of yards. Total, 57½ millions of yards."—A great proportion of this large quantity is exported to the United States of America and the West Indies.

A HIGHLAND LAIRD.

THE last of the Chiefs was Glengary, Macnab was the last of the Laids—but MacNichol of Fishwig was well entitled to be considered a well-marked specimen of that species of the squire genus. Where or when he was born, is of little consequence. Most probably it was on his hereditary property in Caithness, and about seventy or seventy-five years ago. It is certain he must have been born, and also grown and prospered, for his stature exceeded six feet, and he was stout in proportion; and when you fancy an Herculean person of these dimensions, with regular features, and sandy hair, an eye that, like the eye of Highlanders in general, is easily kindled, with somewhat of a stoop, a habit of folding his arms, and walking slouchingly, and a taker of snuff, you have an idea of Fishwig in his latter days.

In his early days he must have been handsome in spite of himself, but he was probably always indifferent to it. He was bred to the profession of medicine, but it had never been bread to him. He was a laird, however, in expectancy from the beginning, and at last, in fact; and therefore, and from his ancient family, felt doubtless no difficulty in getting married; and he happened to find the circumstance of some consequence, for he required to be married three times. In his younger days he probably drank and snuffed moderately; rode to the town on market days, when his father was unable; drew the corks after dinner, when there was company, and even went to the cellar—in short, was a young laird. He was also able very probably, upon compulsion, to tell a tenant, or a tenant's wife, what was the matter with them, when they ailed, and came to the place in quest of advice; but without taking the trouble of drawing his hands from his pockets to write a prescription, or even go through the farce of feeling their pulse—except under the threat of having his head broken if he did not. In due time, the old laird died, and the son was a doctor no more; and farther history sayeth not, upon that occasion. He only emerges into notice and notoriety in his first widowhood; and then he is full grown, perhaps in his fortieth year; very frequent in his visits among his tenants, and continuing them till not only the tenants' patience, but his pantry, and even his shirts and stockings, were completely worn out. What first led him into this habit is not known; it is only certain, that for days, weeks, and months, he would remain sometimes in the poorest houses; not occupying the best apartment, or the best bed, but lying along by the fire, in his plaid; sometimes with not only the cats and dogs of the family lying down beside him, or sitting by him demure and listless as he; but, in a wet day, with even the fowls roosting on him. Some people may be apt to fancy this utter abandonment of himself, the effect of his domestic privation; and exclaim with the poet—

"Ah! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

The mind is much obliged to them, but it had no claim to nobility; nor was it overthrown; it was only if any thing in particular, laid to rust like an old razor, that in time it might shave again. Others may fancy, that having now no game at home, a barn-door fowl or a pullet might be in favour, and that the laird, like a lazy malkin, was merely desirous of being near his prey; but even that is not alleged. He was not yet in want of money, for he had not yet gone to law, nor consequently thought of keeping an agent. He seemed, from causes nearly inexplicable, to have only got into a snuffing, drinking, loitering sort of state, and to have preferred indulging in those, in the company of a tenant, or a tenant's wife, to doing either in solitude, and at home.

Meantime the house, now seldom conscious of the presence of the master, would become more and more unfit for it. When the laird returned, a blowsy, or perhaps grim and scraggy cow-milker, would remove the milk dishes from the dining-room table, if there was one unbroken; scrub and flap off with her apron the uppermost of the dust from the chairs. She would sweep in, with all haste, the ashes that had lain in the fire-place since the last fire, and perhaps contrive to create as much smoke in the cold chimney as to make the apartment thoroughly disagreeable or uninhabitable. Perhaps the can would be off the chimney top, the tongs straying, and the poker bent, not from age, but ill usage, till it disdained to be any longer assisting in stirring the coals for any one. There would be no meat in the house, of course; there was nobody to eat it; no bread for the same reason; no sugar, no tea; not even warm water. There would only be some cakes, some cheese, and perhaps some whisky, if the laird had left any, but that seems unlikely. There would not even be a bed, for the sheets and blankets, like the ship-boy's cheese, would be at washing. The laird would naturally and necessarily look dismay; he would swear—for who could endure this? He would turn his steps from his own house, as a matter of absolute necessity; and woe to the tenant that received him, under the full impression of all these impediments to his return.

History states, that after due time there was a necessity for his being again married; and though we are aware that in proper circumstances little courtship is necessary on the part of a laird, the forms must be gone through; society requires it. Before a man can go to court, he must dress himself; and here the annals of the period have done posterity some justice: The dress of the Laird of Fishwig, upon this occasion,

is minutely described. According to the most authentic accounts, he wore his usual old hat, a little turned up behind; not, like a parson's beaver, from the propriety and dignity of the thing, but from use; he wore a coat, whether black, blue, or grey, is not said; he found a pair of buckskin breeches wandering about the house, and apprehended them as proper to ride in; white silk stockings would be proper, as he was going among ladies; and so perceiving something of that description hanging over a drawer, he took them; there was only one hole too many in each, and that had been made by his own heel, but it was only a few inches above the shoe, and so was of little consequence. That shoe was strong, and well ironed for the country, and as clean as was necessary to go riding through dirty roads. He had a spur for one side of the horse, and a stick was soon cut for the other. He had only to catch a plough-horse, and have the old saddle cast on him, which to be sure had wanted a stirrup since the mistress's death, but a rope one soon supplied it; and, with a cart bridle, as the riding one was not to be found, MacNichol of Fishwig was mounted, and went upon his way. No old shoe was thrown at him; they had been all used; and, besides, there was nobody cared whether he was married or not. The woman servant was glad that he had done railing at her, because she had taken no care to have a clean shirt for him; the man, for that the cart-horse was as furry as if there was not a wisp of straw to curry him with in the kingdom; and they went away, each admiring the unreasonableness of masters, to assist one another in conjecturing the probable result of this outfit.

It is of no use to describe a laird's courtship; we know the end of it before it is begun. Before Fishwig alighted, the roads had coated his legs so completely over, especially behind, that the holes in his silk stockings, though ample, were undistinguishable. He was received by the young lady's father (if, as we suppose, ladies are always called young till they are married) with his hands in his breeches pockets, at the stable door. Seeing our friend's feet and ankles rather muddy, he observed, that he had been taking samples of the roads, and recommended that, in order to make decent, he should walk through the water of Strathy, a rivulet that run hard by. Our friend declined this, being of opinion, perhaps, that when things are better hid than shown, they ought not to be shown. His host could only insist, therefore, that his river was useful notwithstanding; for, said he, now that I am not able to go out to get my feet wet in the moors, as I used to do, I every morning, as soon as I am dressed, walk through that water, and then I am comfortable for the day.

The lady was one of those stayed respectable-looking persons that may often be seen in the parlours of old families, too proud to marry beneath themselves, and formerly supposed pretty, and too poor to secure a husband whenever they may choose to give in. She was what is called not far from forty, although she had for some time been going farther from it every day. As soon as she had received, and coldly shook hands with, our friend, she sat down, and crossed her arms. The old laird was merry, because he thought his daughter was going to get married; not that he had any wish to part with her, and particularly with the cattle and money which he foresaw must change owners at the same time, but because she had not allowed her mother, or indeed any of the family, to remain ignorant that she wished it—as many a broken plate could testify, were it considered of consequence to preserve such witnesses. It is certain she had wished to be married—not for any thing that she need be ashamed of, but because it is discreditable, and an evidence of the most abominable luck in the world, to be unmarried, or at least without an offer; and this lady declared, and was joined in it by more than one old woman in the parish who understood these matters, that her mother must have omitted to have her wrapped in a man's linen when she was born, or it was impossible she could have remained without an offer so long.

The supposition was now about to be proved false. As soon as the ladies had retired after dinner, the laird and the old gentleman talked freely of the business in hand. They both of them agreed that marriage was often a great bore, and every snuff and tumbler gave strength to their assertions. They talked of fifty people who had been made miserable in fifty ways, in, by, and through their wives. "There is one good thing," said Fishwig; "they may be unchangeable, but they are not immortal." "You, at least, have been fortunate," said the other; "but I have been married these fifty years, and, for any thing I see, may be so many more." "If my luck should be the same," said the laird, "I defy me to be much unhappier than I am;" and he set down his tumbler as on a conclusive argument. "Then, 'take me!'" said the other, "if you can put up with the woman, if I would not give the cattle and the money to you, sooner than to any other man I know!" Our friend thanked him, and acknowledged his obligations; and in evidence of all together they shook hands, and replenished their tumblers in the most affectionate manner.

With tea the ladies returned, and the subject was introduced in full conclave with our friend's consent. We believe no woman makes such a contract without some emotions, both of affection and gratitude, and we are sure we have no wish to insist upon the con-

trary. This lady, though dark, and not comely, looked moved. It is even said—

"Some natural tears she shed!"

Fishwig saw it, and was not insensible. On the contrary, being now warm with excellent brandy, or, as he himself would have expressed it in his latter years, "well stricken in drink," he started up, and, to the discomfort of his friend, striking the laird's shin with his heel, and tearing his intended bride's gown with his toe, he not only squeezed her hand in his shoulder of mutton fist, but absolutely inflicted a kiss! and, smiting her again on the hand between his two, declared it a bargain! a done thing! a bargain that he would not renounce for twice the money; "unless," said he mentally, "it were to be paid down, and I had a better prospect!" and, having made this honest acknowledgment to himself, he resumed his seat without much farther damage, and the exercise of his tumbler without the least delay. The maiden of WETANSTOUR retired a trembling bride, our friend accompanying her to the door, and assuring her the thing was not worth being moved about; and as soon as by the dispatch of a bowl of cold punch, in which the laird and he, by special contract, went equal partners; we say, as soon as by the dispatch of this he could regain his single vision, and saw, by repeated observations carefully taken, that the different articles on the table appeared tolerably steady, he again got carefully upon his horse—collecting his legs into the stirrups, for fear that a vagrant dyke, or some such matter abroad in that dark season, might effect a separation between horse and foot, and reached home, as far as we have learned, not much more the worse of liquor than he expected to be.

For several days after, there was a vigorous ejection, from the house of Fishwig, of old shoes and all the other stationery of a neglected bachelor's residence. Certain habiliments of various ages and denominations were obliged to vacate their seats on the chairs. In ten or fifteen days, by a great expenditure of swearing and whisky, the house was painted by an old man, one of the first painters in the neighbourhood; the bell-wires were all repaired, as far as the blacksmith could judge; the furniture was all reviewed by a cartwright of the first eminence; and wherever a leg was wanting to a mahogany table, or an arm to a chair, a substitute of the finest birch, stained to match, was introduced; and the article thereby, as every one that saw it declared, made stronger than ever. Floors were planed, roofs pointed, windows patched, and courts cleaned, so that, with the help of a wet dish-clout judiciously applied, the house looked more glorious than ever; and the laird, having taken a *curiosity* view of the subject (that is to say, sworn at every one thing that had been done, that he was badly done as possible, and even beyond what he had ever conceived possible), gave orders for renewing the crockery, which, it is asserted, proved absent without leave, even to the cat's dish, and left not a single article bearing the name of stone, except a few Delft dishes for milk; and, finally, let on the whisky, and prepared for the great occasion.

We will not attempt to describe a Highland wedding. It is not in our line. We only know this, that the bridegroom, having sent suitable presents, and the bride presented the gentleman with a shirt, as use is, intended, we suppose, to provide, that if a lady takes her husband in his shirt, it shall be a good one, she herself came home, amid the clamour of pipes, the shooting off of guns, the snorting of horses, and the hallooing of men and boys; that a cake was broken on her head; that there was a long table in the barn, with plenty of beef, bread, and beer, and sitters to match; that in the house the same order of battle was observed; that there was a cask of sugar on the stair-head, with a spade in it, and brandy and whisky not far distant; and that next morning when they sought for them, "behold they were not." Fancy the couple married then; fancy the honey-week over; fancy Fishwig not so unhappy as he thought he would be, nay, "comparatively happy"—for he now was no longer out either at elbows or heels, had part of a clean shirt to his back, and a shoulder of mutton on his table; fancy the lady matronising in style, and Fishwig himself less snuffy and shaved, happy when, with an old companion, to see a cheerful fire, a clean house, and to have broad-cloth without and whisky within. He was what Scrub calls, "clean another sort of man." The lady kept the key, both of the cellar and cash-box, but neither in extremes; he had always a glass for a friend, and some shillings to rattle in his pockets. He dressed, he shaved, talked wisely, and went to church. But man is not born to be happy; and how could our friend hope to be allowed to continue so? He was not allowed. He became in the last degree unhappy, and acquainted with sorrow. And how? Hear it, ye hardened bachelors, and, like some others that we could mention, "believe, and tremble." He lost his wife! We are sorry to be accessory to her death, even after the fact; but the course of our history requires it. She died, and was buried. Instead of falling into his former habits, of deserting home, or seeking unsuitable company, or going to the devil in any of the many hundred ways,

"For which the door is open night and day,"

He did what in the estimation of many is equal to, and synonymous with, them all—he went to law.

How our hero got into debt and repented, and how he again married and became a gentleman, we shall embrace another opportunity of recording.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

ATHENS AND SPARTA.

THE two principal states of ancient Greece were Athens and Sparta; they were both republics, but there were several curious peculiarities in their form of government which may be interesting to our readers.

The government of Athens has been said to be democratic; but it was so in a much more limited sense than is frequently supposed. Only a small part of the inhabitants had privileges, which entitled them to vote either in the election of candidates to public offices, or in the management of the business of the state. This right belonged only to a class who claimed to be descended from the original citizens of Athens, and who, in a population of perhaps 120,000, did not, with their families, amount to more than 21,000; the males who at any time actually exercised the right of citizens of Athens (or freemen of the town, as it would be called in our times) did not, therefore, much exceed six thousand. The exclusive privileges of this small body were guarded by them and their descendants with the utmost jealousy; and no one, except by special permission of the whole assembly, was allowed to be added to their number. The hereditary nature of this right, and the small number of those who held it, led to the worst consequences; no citizen, however poor, lost his privileges, and no mere resident, however wealthy, could acquire them: hence the right of voting in the public meetings, and of electing candidates to offices, fell gradually into the hands of a set of people, who, as a body, were far from wealthy; and who were, therefore, accessible to bribes, and to all those other temptations with which intriguing statesmen seek to influence the poor. The fact that the citizens, properly so called, depended for a great part of their subsistence on the entertainments made at public sacrifices, or on the pittance allowed to them for attending the courts and assemblies, sufficiently shows both their small number and their poverty. Hence they were continually the tool of every man of rank or influence who chose to flatter or to feed them. One rich person held the ascendancy in Athens a long time, by throwing open his gardens, and making public feasts for them; another, who had not the same wealth, got a decree passed that all citizens should have freedom to attend the theatre gratis; and as the same dependent class were employed as a kind of jurors both on civil and criminal trials, some public men flattered them by increasing the pay they received in that capacity, from three half-pence a-day, its original amount, to five-pence, which was the highest sum ever given. Statesmen who had the art of managing them, made every effort to get their influence increased; and as this could be done by their own act, the power of the popular assemblies gradually encroached on all the powers of the government. The habits of the people who possessed these privileges, and abused them in this manner, could not be otherwise than vicious; and we accordingly find them the object of contempt in most of the ancient writers who venture to describe them truly: the comedian Aristophanes treats the five-penny judges (*triboi*) with unsparing ridicule. And the absurd situations into which they threw the republic, at the suggestion of some of their favourites of the moment, justifies all that can be said of them as an ignorant, unsteady, and mercenary rabble. At one time they gave their patron Alcibiades the command of the most important and expensive armament ever fitted out in Athens; and almost as soon as he was gone, and had it no longer in his power to bribe and flatter them, they listened to some of his enemies, and ordered their commander home on trial for his life—a step which ruined their army and fleet, and led to the downfall of their power soon after. One day a decree was obtained from them for executing thirty generals, who, after a victory at sea, had neglected, on account of a storm, to bury the dead; and in a few weeks, the man who had brought about this consummation, was himself sentenced to be poisoned. Some enemies of Socrates got the miserable citizens to pass sentence of death against him; and, shortly after, his friends, by a little management, made them issue a decree for erecting a temple to his memory. The men who managed public affairs through the instrumentality of this body, being under the necessity of attending to their wishes, often levied large sums from the conquered cities, in order to provide public entertainments, where they might be amused or feasted. And, singular as it may appear, we find, at the time the Athenian power was at the highest, grave calculations of the amount which would be required from each of the tributary towns, to support all the citizens in idleness and comfort.

It is obvious that the caprices, corruption, and meanness of this body of people, arose from the smallness of their number, and the hereditary nature of their privileges, which kept political influence in the hands of men who were not above being influenced by considerations of petty gains, and even daily subsistence. The rest of the inhabitants, who consisted of residents (*non-freemen*), servants, and slaves, formed a very large population. The numbers are uncertain, for ancient writers are woefully deficient in statistical information; but, from the great commerce of Athens after the subjection of Egina, they could not amount to less than 100,000. The slaves, who were treated much in the same way as our servants, formed what would now be called the populace of the town. There were generally four slaves to every freeman in the

Greek cities, and these not marked out as bondsmen by their speech or complexion, but of the same blood as their masters, and sometimes attaining their freedom, though seldom, if ever, the right of citizenship. There were some foreign slaves in Athens, but these at all times must have been an inconsiderable number; the vast majority were only Greeks of inferior condition.

The character and circumstances of the persons who thus formed the basis of political power in Athens, gave a tinge to the whole proceedings of the government, making it unsteady and fluctuating, according as one or other of the favourites of the people had the ascendancy. This evil became greater as the power of the citizens increased, and, from the time of Pericles, who was the first that endeavoured to render himself popular in this way, there was little consistency or system in the proceedings of Athens. That statesman established his own influence over his tools, by giving them privileges which rendered them too vain of their power to submit long to any of his successors; and, accordingly, the weak citizens vacillated between the bribes of one demagogue and the promises of another, till the power of Athens sunk into contempt. It was in the latter part of its history that the influence of oratory became conspicuous; and it is to the idleness and caprice of the citizens of Athens (a very different class from the Athenian people) that we owe the cultivation of eloquence, an art peculiarly necessary for amusing public assemblies.

We do not mean to say that the government of Athens, as thus constituted, was entirely without useful qualities. The most upright statesmen are not without ambition, and some of these descended to seek influence among the citizens by the usual means, which they afterwards employed for admirable purposes. Sometimes the sense of imminent danger, or great public advantage, led the people to act right, in spite of their flatterers; and the public assemblies often formed a drag on the bad purposes of the worst demagogues, who sometimes found it easier, even here, to do right than to defend the wrong, which they would have preferred. But with all this, the limited and hereditary tenure of the right of citizenship (or franchise) was the cause of ultimate ruin to this celebrated government. Had the privilege of citizenship not been hereditary, but given to those who had acquired property in the city, the system of Athenian government would have been very different, and its prosperity would have been chequered by fewer of those reverses which at last destroyed its power as a free state.

Sparta presents a still more singular spectacle than Athens. In this state the ruling class was a body still smaller than in the latter, but they had no deliberative powers; there was little electing of candidates, no canvassing of public measures: the whole class were soldiers, forming a body of military nobility not unlike that of Poland in more modern times. They had different ranks among themselves, each of which was excessively jealous of its own precedence. There were, in the first place, the Spartans properly so called, who, like the "Hebrew of the Hebrews," could boast of pure Spartan descent, untainted by any other alliance; of these, in the authentic periods of Grecian history, there were not more than a hundred families, chiefly of senatorial rank. The next class was the Lacedemonians, who were more numerous, consisting of the freemen or rather gentry of mixed descent, in the capital, and other districts; though those of the latter were held to be inferior in degree. It is with regard to these three classes that the strange romance passes current, of their conforming to certain laws established by Lycurgus in the poetical times of Greek history. It is said that he enjoined an exact equality of property; the use of iron money, to prevent trade; common tables where the rich and poor ate together without distinction; and a number of other laws equally absurd and impracticable—and which, moreover, we know never were practised; for the distinctions of rank were maintained with more invidious severity in this state than in any other of Greece, and there were rich men and poor in every authentic period of its history, the state of equality here, as in other nations, having existed in the golden and poetical ages only. The secret of their having little money or iron money was not because their laws prevented it, but because, like other half savage nations, priding themselves on being great warriors, they were ignorant of any art of trade which could induce strangers to bring money among them. What appears certain is, that the education of the young freemen (or *gentry*, shall we still call them?) of Sparta, was exclusively military, and that they lived, perhaps, in a kind of barracks, along with the grown-up persons who had them in training. This is all that is credible of their system of equality, because every other part of it is contradicted whenever we are brought into actual contact with any part of Spartan history. The training of these young men as soldiers was very severe and complete; they formed always a steady and trustworthy force, both in action and for enduring fatigue. But they acquired no other accomplishment except their military exercises, and no search after knowledge was encouraged among them. Lycurgus—or whoever framed their laws—by branding all handicrafts with disgrace, by banishing trade, and excluding strangers, took the most effectual means to form a nation of ignorant soldiers; and the gloomy military virtues of the Spartans accordingly

remind a reader in the present day of nothing so much as the fame of the Troquois or Cherokees. Their regulations concerning lending wives, and the destruction of weakly infants—if ever such regulations were put in practice—were more absurdly savage than any thing among the wildest tribes of North America. It is impossible to read the commendations of *Spartan virtue*, which has passed into a proverb among ancient and modern writers, without a smile; for there never was a people of more grossness of manners, or a set of laws more fitted to perpetuate barbarism, than those of Sparta. Among none of the Greeks do we find more duplicity, or less disinterestedness, than in the transactions of the Spartan generals and statesmen.

The classes already mentioned formed, as we have said, a distinct and superior order in Sparta; the great bulk of the population was reckoned as their slaves, and was held by them in the most rigorous and degrading subjection. These slaves were called *helots*, and they were the only working people in the community. They farmed the land as small tenants, and paid a certain rent in kind to the public funds of the superior class; they were employed as artisans in all the coarse manufactures which the rudeness of Spartan manners admitted; and they were also the domestic servants and slaves of their masters. In the wars they formed by far the greater part of the armies, but were always slightly armed, and never employed in any situation of trust; for the Spartans (that is, the ruling class) made it a maxim that almost every one of themselves should have some command, however inconsiderable. It appears, therefore, that the *helots* were by far the most useful and industrious class in the state; yet, by their masters, they were treated with every mark of scorn and cruelty. They were allowed only to appear in a dress betokening slavery; a bonnet of dog-skin (worn in the rudest times of Greece), and sheep-skin vests, were the only apparel they dared to use: they were prohibited from teaching their children any accomplishments which might make them like their lords: and a Spartan might flog them once every day, merely to remind them that they were slaves. It is hardly to be supposed that such laws, any more than those of Lycurgus, were actually in practice; for we find that, in spite of them, many of the *helots* rose to a certain degree of wealth, and that they sometimes fought for their masters with zeal; but we know also that as soon as any of them gained by these means a little consideration, the spirit of jealousy was awakened among their barbarous superiors, who, in order to get rid of those who were likely to become leaders among them, had recourse to assassination. The murder of a *serf* (or *helot*) was not punishable by law; nay, it was even allowable, if we can believe this horrible part of the story, for the young Spartans to lie in wait, as a kind of sport, for any good-looking or saucy-looking slave, and stab him to the heart in the highway. It is certain that at one time, when the *helots* had stood their masters in good stead in battle, they were desired, by way of reward, to choose out 2000 of their best men, that they might receive their freedom, and be enrolled as Spartans, and that these 2000 men were all silently murdered soon after. At another time, when danger was apprehended from the growing numbers and petty wealth of the boors, the senate enacted the farce of declaring war against them, and coolly murdered many thousands, in order to thin their numbers and break their spirit. Had there been any redeeming trait in the Spartan character to compensate for such barbarity, one would have wondered less at the respect which is sometimes paid them; but their military fame only adds another instance to the many already on record, that the most ignorant and savage tribes make the most dogged soldiers.

Such were the Spartans and Athenians, the most celebrated of the Greek states, and whose transactions have made the greatest figure in history.

COAL.

A FEW minutes' reflection upon the subject will convince every one, that to this inflammable mineral Britain is indebted for the rank which she holds amongst the nations of Europe. Coal is the most valuable substance that ever was dug from the bowels of the earth, and hence the most inestimable terrestrial gift of the Great Creator. Suppose that our island had, instead of her coal-mines, those of the precious metals, such as gold and silver, would she have been a profitter by the exchange? Far otherwise. There might, indeed, have been as many human beings directly engaged in extracting the treasure from the earth, and fabricating it in various ways, and also in exporting it to other countries. But we do not consider coal as principally valuable because a number of individuals are employed in raising it from its subterranean bed, no, nor even in its usefulness for domestic purposes. Its great value consists in its application in the arts. We look to it in its relation to the steam-engine, that stupendous power which may be said to have changed the history of the world. What would we be as a nation without our manufactures? what would our ma-

nufactures be without the steam-engine? and what, again, would it be without coal? It may be replied that we might have had recourse to wood. But this combustible is a great deal more expensive, and does not answer the purpose half so well. Besides, had wood been used, long ere this time there would not have been left a standing tree on the whole island, and a foreign supply could scarcely be relied upon. It was liable to be cut off by the casualties of war, or the caprice of governments.

Coal to manufactures and commerce is just what food is to the human body. The combustible mineral is not a steam-engine, or the gold of the mint, it is true, but it is the vital life of the one, and the creator of the other. Food is not the blood, or the bones, muscles, sinews, &c.; but is it not them all in embryo? If our coal-mines were to become exhausted, the nation would sink like a foundered ship, and several centuries of civilization would go down with the wreck. It hence becomes matter of deep interest to every one in whose bosom there is a kindling of patriotism, to know how our country stands with respect to this invaluable treasure. But we shall first say a few words on the nature and history of coal.

Mineralogists have divided coal into three great families, namely, black, unflammable, and brown, each of these being again subdivided into a vast number of different species. Into the metropolis of England no less than seventy different kinds of coal are imported, and forty-five of these come from Newcastle alone. All the common coals, such as cannel coal, slate coal, foliated coal, &c., belong to the black family. Unflammable coals are those known in Scotland by the names of *blind* or *deaf* coals, and in England by those of Welsh, culm, or stone coals. The Kilkenny coals of Ireland belong also to this species. At Bovey, near Exeter, the brown coal is principally found. It is more commonly known by the name of the place where it is found.

The Scotch coals are familiarly called *open burning* coals, from their not running into a cake during combustion, like those of Newcastle. The best fires for household purposes are made by a mixture of Scotch and Newcastle coals.

Coal and wood, although very different in their appearance, are in their composition very nearly alike. Carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, are the chief constituents of both. It is well known that the gas employed for lighting the streets is obtained by heating coal in close vessels. The hydrogen gas, or inflammable air combined with the coal, is driven off by the heat, and collected in vessels for the purpose. The substance which remains is called *coke*; and when wood is treated in the same manner, the residuum is called *charcoal*. They are both nearly pure carbon.

The fact is, that much of our coal is transformed wood, a great number of the mines being evidently the remains of forests; for the species of plants and trees which formed the coal-beds can still be distinguished; they are also often found mixed up with the remnants of animals. The peat-mosses now existing on the surface of the earth consist principally of vegetable remains in an early stage of transformation into the state of coal.

Beds or strata of coal occur amongst those of gravel, sand, clay, &c., of which the present surface of the earth is composed, and their accumulation must be ascribed to the agency of water. These strata, by long contact and pressure, became solidified into a rocky crust; and this crust, by repeated convulsions of the earth, of which there are abundant evidences, has been broken, and heaved up above the level of the sea, so as to form the dry land, diversified into mountain and plain. Coal, as well as other precious minerals, was first discovered by man at the fractures of the strata, which may often be seen lying one above another like piled books. It was at last discovered that the mineral strata occur among themselves in regular succession, so that the discovery of one stratum is a sure indication that the other is lying near; and thus the operations of the miner have been rendered of much surer result than if no such order were observed in nature. Indeed, expensive boring through superior strata can now be undertaken with a certainty of finding the desired treasure, provided the proper indications are given at the commencement.

HISTORY OF COAL.

Coal appears to have been known to the ancient Britons, although history, as far as we can recollect, is silent upon the subject. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible that they could have remained ignorant of its properties. Certain it is that they knew of its existence, for its present appellation is a British, and not a Saxon word, and still subsists among the Cornish in their *kolan* to this day. But, for many centuries after its discovery, wood was the prevailing fuel of the nation. In the year 852, we find the abbey of Peterborough granting some lands under the reservation of certain payments to the monastery, and amongst these there are mentioned sixty cart-loads of wood, and twelve of pit coal. Thus at this period the consumption of coal, in comparison with wood, was as one to five. The fact is, that as long as the immense forests remained, it was matter of policy to clear the soil of them.

The first public notice of coal occurs in the reign of Henry III., who granted a charter to Newcastle, conferring on the inhabitants the privilege of digging for coals. The first statute regarding this article was the ninth of Henry V. c. 10, ordaining all keels in the port of Newcastle to be measured by commissioners before carriage of coals, under the penalty of forfeiture. It was not, however, until the reign of Charles I. that they came into anything like common use; they were sold at that time for about 17s. per chaldron. At the Restoration, the quantity imported was supposed to amount to about 200,000 chaldrons. At the Revolution they amounted to about 300,000 chaldrons, and the importation has, of course, gone on to increase with the growing magnitude of the city: it at present amounts to 1,600,000 chaldrons. A London chaldron is 26½ cwt.

For a long period, and until very lately, the most grievous taxes were laid upon the importation of coals into London. The government duty of six shillings per chaldron has been recently abolished, but several burdens, in no ordinary degree oppressive, still remain. Perhaps the heaviest is the price paid for conveying the coal from a little below London Bridge to the consumers in the city. It amounts to more than the entire cost of the coal in the north, which is about 14s., and the sum paid by the consumer in London is £2. 4s. 7½d., above 14s. of which goes to defray the expense of the carriage above noticed. The principal cause of the exorbitant charge for conveying coal is to be traced to the monopoly enjoyed by those who are employed in the operation, they being paid in almost every instance four or five times more than they should be.

Another abomination existed until lately, that of selling coal by measure, instead of weight. A cubic yard of coal is nearly equal to five bolls; if broken into pieces of moderate size, it measures seven and a half bolls; and if broken small, nine bolls. Here the dealer had an opportunity of defrauding his customers, by pulverizing his coals. Indeed, the profit of many of the retailers arose from the increase of measure by the breakage of the article. Parliament, however, has recently enacted that it must be sold by weight. But we must hasten to the most important branch of the subject, namely,

THE PROBABLE QUANTITY OF COAL WHICH OUR ISLAND CONTAINS.

The investigations hitherto made as to the magnitude of the coal-mines, and the extent to which they can be wrought, are vague and unsatisfactory, and hence a near approximation to the truth cannot be looked for. But there has been one consoling fact elicited by the inquiries of those who have studied the subject: all are agreed that many centuries must elapse before any difficulties can be felt from a diminished supply of coal. Mr Taylor, an experienced coal-owner, has given it as his opinion that the coal-fields of Durham and Newcastle alone will furnish the present annual supply for 1700 years. Dr Buckland, the celebrated geologist, thinks this estimate greatly exaggerated; but in his examination before the House of Commons, he approves of a passage in Bakewell's Geology, which states that the coal-beds in South Wales are themselves sufficient to meet the present demand for a period of 2000 years. The passage is as follows:—"Fortunately we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone, which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated that this coal-field extends over about 1200 square miles, and that there are 23 beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is 95 feet; and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 64,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste, and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now, if we admit that 5,000,000 tons from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coal in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for 100 years' consumption; and as there are from 1000 to 1200 square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for 2000 years after all our English coal-mines are worked out!"

After reading the above statement, we do not think there can be any exaggeration in saying that the coal-mines of Britain are inexhaustible; for if we add to the Welsh mines those of England and Scotland, they will be found collectively to contain fuel for more than 4000 years. Indeed, this we think a very low estimate. Again, coal is continually forming in the bowels of the earth, and it is very probable that long ere 2000 years have run the circle of the world, vast mines of the mineral will have reached a state of perfection. How absurd then is it to restrict the exportation of the article by heavy duties! We are aware that recently these have been reduced, but not so much as they might be without any danger of exhausting the mines, and with a certain prospect of benefiting the country. But this is not the place for political argumentation.

Many other nations of Europe possess considerable coal-mines, as France, Germany, Sweden, &c. It also abounds in several parts of America. But in all other countries the article is much inferior to our own.

• This is evidently a mistake; it should be 600 years. But we give the passage as it has appeared in various works, in order thus to point out the error to the notice of those concerned.

JAMAICA.

It is a curious fact, that Jamaica, at this time, produces a greater revenue to the mother country than the whole amount of the national revenue in the Protector's time. Jamaica was no doubt generally considered, at the period of its conquest, and for several years after, as far inferior in importance to either Cuba or Hispaniola; as in truth it would be at the present day, were those islands equally improved by cultivation. It was reserved for the enterprising industry and commercial spirit of the British to render Jamaica what it now is, the most highly cultivated and most productive colony in the American archipelago.

The following particulars will show the progressive improvement of the cultivation, population, and commerce of Jamaica, for the last century and a half:—

In 1673, there were in the island 7768 whites, and 9504 slaves. The chief products were cocoa, indigo, and hides. Sugar had just then been begun to be cultivated.

In 1722, the island produced 11,000 hogsheads of sugar.

In 1734, there were 7644 whites, 86,546 slaves, and 76,011 head of cattle in the island.

In 1744, there were 9640 whites, 112,428 slaves, and 88,036 head of cattle; and the island produced 35,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 10,000 puncheons of rum.

In 1768, there were 17,000 whites, 166,914 slaves, and 135,773 head of cattle; and 55,761 hogsheads of sugar, and 15,551 puncheons of rum were produced.

In 1774, the island produced only 654,700 lbs. of coffee; and in 1790, 1,783,740 lbs.

At present there are in Jamaica about 350,000 slaves, 300,000 head of stock; and the annual average produce may be about 130,000 hogsheads of sugar, 60,000 puncheons of rum, and 13,000,000 lbs. of coffee, &c.

In return for its commodities, Jamaica receives from Great Britain an annual supply of almost all her manufactures. The exclusive right which she claims of supplying this and the other islands with her products is one important source of her commercial and manufacturing prosperity. The annual amount of British manufactures imported into this island alone is upwards of two millions. The imports from other parts (of lumber, provisions, cattle, &c.) amount to nearly a million currency.

The annual exports to Great Britain and Ireland may amount, one year with another, to about five millions; and those to other parts to about £4,400,000.

PECULIAR METHOD OF TURNING WOOL INTO FUR.

The wool-growers of Podolia and the Ukraine, and particularly in the Asiatic province of Astrachan, have a peculiar method of turning wool into fur. The lamb, after a fortnight's growth, is taken from the ewe, nourished with milk and the best herbage, and wrapped up as tight as possible in a linen covering, which is daily moistened with warm water, and is occasionally enlarged as the animal increases in size. In this manner the wool becomes soft and curly, and is by degrees changed into shining beautiful locks. This is the kind of fur which passes under the name of Astrachan, and is considered on the Continent as the most genteel lining for winter cloaks. Similar trials with German sheep have been attended with the same success. The Saxon breed of sheep have, within the last ten years, superseded the merinos, and their wool is of superior quality.

GRATITUDE AMONG THIEVES

That the thieves of Paris are not without sentiments of probity and gratitude, the following fact may serve to prove:—M. Jacquemin, physician to the prison of La Force, had his pocket picked of his opera-glass, a few evenings since, on his return from the theatre of the Palais Royal. Next morning, on visiting the prison, he complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the thieves, who had thus so badly requited the care which he had bestowed upon them. "Yes, it is too bad," cried a skilful practitioner among the light-fingered tribe. "He must have been a novice, an ignorant fellow, who could so far forget himself as to exercise his vocation upon you. I am sorry I cannot get out, or in two hours I would give you some account of your glass. But stop—let me see—yesterday evening—at the Palais Royal. Give me a description of the glass; if it is still in the hands of the *fourgangs* (purchasers of stolen goods), we shall have it." Our honest thief contrives to transmit a hint upon the subject to his *collaborateurs* outside, and next day the glass is forwarded to the Director of La Force, in order to be restored to the doctor. A similar adventure happened some time ago to M. Lebon, the barrister, whose chief practice is at the assizes. His wife had been robbed at the theatre of a Cashmere shawl, of which he complained at the prison. "The shawl was taken at the theatre—it is abominable," said one of M. Lebon's clients, who was confined within the walls; "but I know who was on duty at the theatre that evening;" and, like the opera-glass of M. Jacquemin, the shawl was restored next day.—*Gazette des Tribunaux*.

THE BEST LEATHER FOR SHOES

Matthew Lansberg used to say, "if you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

TOADS.

The common toad, which is generally esteemed the most loathsome of British reptiles, and which boys too often heedlessly pelt with stones, as if it were a creature injurious to mankind, is an animal of considerable use in the economy of nature, being evidently created for the purpose of destroying and clearing away worms and other small vermin which would injure vegetation. The character of this inoffensive creature has recently been well described by Mr Fothergill, a naturalist. "The common food of the toad (says he) is small worms, and insects of every description; but its favourite food consists of bees and wasps. When a toad strikes any of these insects, however, deglutition does not immediately take place, as in other cases, but the mandibles remain closely compressed for a few seconds, in which time the bee or wasp is killed, and all danger of being stung avoided. The mandibles are provided with two protuberances, which appear to be destined for this office. Although capable of sustaining long abstinence, the toad is a voracious feeder when opportunity offers. To a middle-sized one the writer has given nine wasps, one immediately after another; the tenth it refused, but in the afternoon of the same day it took eight more. To see the toad display its full energy of character, it is necessary to discover it in its place of retirement for the day, and, if possible, unperceived, to drop an insect within its sight: it immediately arouses from its apparent torpor, its beautiful eyes sparkle, it moves with alacrity to its prey, and assumes a degree of animation incompatible with its general sluggish appearance. When arrived at a proper distance, it makes a full stop, and, in the attitude of a pointer, motionless eyes its destined victim for a few seconds, when it darts out its tongue upon it, and lodges it in its throat with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. It sometimes happens to make an effectual stroke, and stuns the insect without gorging it, but never makes a second stroke until the insect resumes motion. It uniformly refuses to feed on dead insects, however recent. For several years a toad took up its abode, during the summer season, under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it, from strangers, as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. To try the indiscriminating appetite of these animals, the writer has dropped before a full-grown toad, a young one of its own species, about three-fourths of an inch long, and the instant it began to move off, it was eagerly struck at and swallowed; but the writer, in repeating this experiment, found that more will refuse than devour the young of their own species. When living minnows were dropped before a toad, they were struck at and swallowed in the same manner. These experiments were made on toads at full liberty, and met with accidentally. Toads generally return to their winter quarters about the time that swallows disappear. The writer, on such occasions, has seen them burrowing in the ground backwards, by the alternate motion of their hind legs."

UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob highly disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffeehouse for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower, but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the customhouse, who in fear of rain borrowed the umbrella from Wilks's coffeehouse, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not with any comfort to himself use it, the people calling out, 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was, that the hackney coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the *true esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. The footman, in 1778, gives us further information. "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and their carriages." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, that "he persisted for three months, till they took no farther notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now in some degree be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE SMOKING DOCTOR.

In a pleasant little work, just published, under the title of "*Nicotiana*," is the following anecdote of Dr Aldrich:—The doctor's excessive love of smoking was well known to his associates; but a young student of his college, finding some difficulty to bring a fellow-collegian to the belief of it, laid him a wager that the dean, Aldrich, was smoking at that time (about ten o'clock in the morning). Away went the latter to the deanery. After being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. The dean, instead of being disconcerted, replied in perfect good humour, "you see your friend has lost his wager, for I am not smoking, but only filling my pipe." The story, however, is not quite correctly told: the wager was, that the dean was either smoking, stopping, or filling his pipe. The parties called on him, and he who made the bet immediately exclaimed, "I have lost my wager, I perceive;" for the doctor was not smoking, but had his hand in his waistcoat pocket. "You have won it," said the dean, to whom the matter had been explained; "for," said he, withdrawing his hand from its place of concealment, "I am filling my pipe at this very moment," his pocket being his tobacco-box.—*Harmonicon*.

THE BRITISH OAK.

Among the traditions of this wonderful tree, the following will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers. The large Golenos oak, which was felled in the year 1810 for the use of his Majesty's navy, grew about four miles from the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire; the main trunk, at ten feet long, produced 450 cubic feet; one limb, 355; one ditto, 472; one ditto, 235; one ditto, 156; one ditto, 106; one ditto, 113; and six other limbs of inferior size averaged 93 feet each; making the whole number 2426 cubic feet of sound and convertible timber. The bark was estimated at six tons; but as some of the heavy body bark was stolen out of the barge at Newport, the exact weight is not known. Five men were twenty days stripping and cutting down this tree; and a pair of sawyers were five months converting it, without losing a day (Sunday excepted). The money paid for converting only, independent of the expense of carriage, was £32; and the whole produce of the tree, when brought to market, was within a trifle of £600. It was bought standing for £405. The main trunk was nine feet and a half in diameter, and in sawing it through a stone was discovered six feet from the ground above a yard in the body of the tree through which the saw cut; the stone was about six inches in diameter, and completely shut in, but round which there was not the least symptom of decay. The rings in its butt were carefully reckoned, and amounted to above four hundred in number, a convincing proof that this tree was in an improving state for upwards of 400 years; and as the ends of some of its branches were decayed, and had dropped off, it is presumed it had stood many years after it had attained maturity.

RATS IN JAMAICA.

In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat is in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of £200,000 currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island, from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts, and root them out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminished, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat, especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racoons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.

BURNING MUMMIES.

The Arabs who inhabit the neighbourhood of the great cemeteries of Upper Egypt have a strange way of cooking their victuals. Whenever fuel is wanting, they descend into their tombs, and, dislodging a mummy, and throwing it on their shoulders, return to their tent. Then taking a hatchet, and seizing the mummy by one leg, they hew the body into two at a blow, and afterwards cutting it into smaller pieces, make use of a leg or an arm, or part of the trunk, as it may happen, to boil their kettle. As the ancient Egyptians always enclosed their dead in resinous substances, the mummies are easily combustible, and make excellent fuel.—*London Weekly Review*.

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SETTING UP.

THE taking of a shop, whether to set up a new business or translate an old one, is always a matter of deep and anxious concernment. On such an occasion, one generally gets into a state of fidgettiness and perplexity, which is felt to be far from disagreeable. A sentiment of unwonted enterprise rises in his mind. He is going, he thinks, to do a great thing—at least something beyond the usual range of commercial existence. In the first place, he pays a few sly and solitary visits to the place—not that he goes in to look about him—no, no; he is not for some time up to that point. He tries first how the premises look when simply walked past as if by an unconcerned passenger. As he passes, he casts an affectedly careless glance at the door and windows, taking care, however, to receive as deep an impression as possible of the whole bearing and deportment of the place. After walking to a sufficient distance, he turns and walks back, and sees how it looks when approached from a different point of the compass. Then he takes a turn along the other side of the street, or perhaps, if afraid to excite observation (and if the place be in Edinburgh), goes up a common stair, and takes a deliberate and secure observation from a window. His feeling is almost exactly the same as that of a lover making observations of a mistress, whose figure he wishes to ascertain before getting too deeply in love with her to put correct judgment out of the question. As, in the one case, stature is perhaps considered, complexion and outline of face duly weighed, and possibly some very modest inquiries instituted as to what Master Slender calls "possibilities," so, in the other, does the shop-inspector consider all the particulars of the aspect and likelihood of the contemplated premises. Shops, it must be understood, have characters, exactly like human beings. Some have an open, generous, promising countenance, while others have a contracted, sinister, lowering expression of phiz, according to the quantity of mason-work there may be in front. Some are of a far more accessible character than others, with a kind of *facilis descensus* in the entry that is in the highest degree favourable to custom. People can hardly avoid falling into such shops as they pass along the streets, for positively they gape like so many Scyllas for your reception, and goodwives, who, like Roderigo, have put money in their purses, are caught like so many rats without thinking of it. There are others, I grieve to say, with such a difficulty of entrance, either from a narrow door, a shut door, an elevation off the pavement, or a certain distance from the thoroughfare, that it requires an absolute determination to purchase such and such articles in such and such shops—a full *animus emendi*, as lawyers would say—to overcome the obstacle. Perhaps it does not matter for some businesses, which are not much overrun with competition, that they should be carried on in shops of this kind. If there be only one music-seller in the town, he might have his boutique in a twelfth story, and yet he would be sure to get all the natural custom of the place; but in the case of one out of some five hundred haberdashers, or some two thousand grocers, it is absolutely imperative that he should be established in some place with a fatal facility of access. In all cases, there is a combination of qualities in shops as well as in men and women. There is something indescribable about it; but an experienced eye, pretty well acquainted with the characters of the streets [this is another subject] and parts of streets, could almost in a moment decide upon the probabilities of any given shop in a large city. He would combine in an instant in his own mind the various qualities, and, counting them

into each other after the manner of Lieutenant Drummond, but by a figureless kind of arithmetic, assign at once the exact value of the shop to any class of traders. And shops have characters, too, in another sense of the word—that is, they have reputations. Let a shop have all the apparent advantages in the world, yet, if it be a shop in which several persons have committed *faux pas* in business, it is naught. We often see an excellent shop thus lose caste, as it were, and become of hardly any value to its proprietor. Suppose some one has failed in it between terms, and deserted it: then do all the bill-stickers come in the first place, and paste it over with huge placards from top to bottom, exactly as a man drowned in the sea, however fine a fellow he may have been, gets encased in a few days in barnacles and shell-fish, the chonchological part of the world taking that opportunity to show their contempt for the human. Though the character of the shop is not yet, perhaps, at its worst, yet, as it happens to remain unleased over the next term, the despairing landlord, some time in September or October, begins to let it "by the month or week" to all kinds of nameless people, who die and make no *sign*, such as men that show orreries, or auctioneers selling off bankrupt stocks, till at last it is as hopeless to think of getting a good tenant into it, as for a man with a bad character to expect a good place in the Excise. The shop is marked for ever, and unless, like the man in the Vicar of Wakefield, it can get a thoroughly new face and form, it has no chance whatsoever of resuming its place in the first rank of shops.

After having completely made up his mind to take a particular shop, he goes and asks advice. His confessor* readily consents to take a walk with him in that direction, and give his candid opinion upon the subject. The two walk arm in arm past the premises, the confessor alone looking, lest, in endeavouring to observe, they should themselves be observed. "I'll tell you what," says the confessor, "I like that shop very much. If the rent be at all suitable, I think you might do very well in it." It is then proposed that the confessor should step in to inquire the rent; for though there be equal reasons why each should not expose himself as being on the outlook for a shop, the person not actually concerned has always least reluctance to submit to that disadvantage, being borne up, it would appear, by a conscious absence of design, while the guilt of the other would be betrayed by his first question. If the confessor reports favourably, then the individual who wants the premises ventures in himself, inspects the accommodations, and makes further inquiries. The two afterwards retire together, and have a deep and serious consultation upon the subject.

In the deliberations of a person about to enter life in this way, there is always much that is extravagant, and much that is vague. I never yet knew it fail, that, if there was success at all, it arose from different sources from those which had been most securely calculated upon as likely to produce it. Suppose it is a business for the supply of some ordinary necessary of life: the novice reckons up almost all the people he knows in different parts of the town as sure to become his customers: he expects, indeed, hardly any other kind of support. It is found, however, when he commences, that one friend is engaged in one way, and another in another, so that, with the exception, perhaps, of some benevolent old lady, who

sends occasionally to buy a few trifles from him upon principle, all is waste and barren where he expected to reap a plentiful harvest. He finds, however, on the other hand, that he gets customers where he did not expect them. People seem to rise out of the earth, like the men of Cadmus, to buy from him. The truth is, he is resorted to by those who are disengaged at the time, and to whom his shop is convenient; and all the good will of all the friends in the world will not get over, for his sake, the difficulty of some engagement elsewhere, or the inconvenience of distance.

It is also a very remarkable thing of people about to enter upon such an enterprise as we are now describing, that they often overlook the most important considerations of all, and pay a very minute attention to trifles and things by the bye. They perhaps fail to observe that there is not nearly enough of population around them to justify their setting up a particular business; but they fully appreciate and lay great stress upon the circumstance of having a water-pipe in the back room, by which they may be enabled to wash their hands at any time of the day. They may neither have capital nor range of intellect for the business; but they are top-sure that the woman who sells small wares in the area will supply them with a light for the fire every morning. The shop may be unsuitable in many important respects; but nothing could be better in its way than the place for a sign above the door. Even where every matter of real consequence is well weighed and found answerable, there is generally a fussy and festering anxiety about details, accompanied, in the sensations of the principal party, by a peculiar dryness of mouth and excoaration of thought-chewed lip. Matters may be such that a confessor, with all the evil-foreboding qualities of a stormy petrel, could not see a single flaw in the prospect; yet it is amusing in such cases to hear the intending trader laying as much stress upon the peculiar situation of a fire-place in the back room, or the willingness of the landlord to supply a padlock to the door, as if in these things, and in nothing else, lay all his hopes of profit and eventual respectability in life.

Suppose, however, that, after all kinds of fond and dreamy calculations, the shop has been taken and opened: I think there can hardly, for some time, be a more interesting sight to a benevolent onlooker, than the young and anxious trader. The shop almost throws itself out at the windows to attract the observation of the passer by. The youth himself stands prompt and alert behind his counter, never idling for a moment, nor permitting his shop-boy to idle, but both busy, cutting, and brushing, and bustling about, whether there be any thing to do or not. If but an old lady be seen looking up at the window, or glancing in through the avenue of cheap prints that forms the doorway, what an angler-like eagerness in the mind of the trader that she would but *walk in!*—nothing more required—were she once within the shop, no fear but she is well done for. And when any body does go in to buy any thing, what a readiness to fly upon the article wanted—with what serviceable rapidity of finger is the parcel unbound—how polite and *impressé* the manner in which the object is presented and laid out for inspection—what intense gratitude for the money wherewith it is paid! With what a solicitous air is a card finally put into your hand as a memorandum of the place!—a proceeding only the more eloquent when not accompanied by an actual request for your further custom.

In a large city, advertising is necessarily resorted

* Bosom friend.—See a particular account of the fraternity in the Journal, No. 15.

to as one of the modes, if not almost the only mode, of forming a business. Here it is obvious that a mere modest statement of the case will not do. Something must be said, to make the setting up of the new shop appear in the character of an *event*. The public attention must be arrested to the circumstance, as if it were a matter of public concernment. It must appear, as if the interest of the community, and the interest of the shopman, were identified. No good bargains, no certainty of good articles, no safety of any kind, any where else. Such is the strain of his advertisements, which, though they make the judicious grieve, make a vast number of other people, and even some of the judicious, buy. The secret is this: A warm and highly coloured style is necessary with a new shopkeeper, to meet and counteract the indifference of the public towards his concerns. If he put forth a cool schedule of his goods and chattels, it does nothing for him, because it does not single him out from the great herd. But if he uses a striking and emphatic phraseology, and even mixes a little extravagance in the composition, it is apt to fix attention to him and his shop; and the people, being so warmly solicited, go to try. Again (and here, perhaps, lies the better part of the thing), the frequency and fervour of his advertisements at least convey the impression that he is anxious for business, and ready and willing to execute it, and, as people like to deal with such persons, he is apt to be resorted to on that account, if upon no other. Frequent advertising is, upon the whole, a mark rather of a want of business, than of that kind of respectability which consists in the enjoyment of a concern already in full operation and productiveness; but with beginners, it is quite indispensable.

The difficulty of establishing a new business is fortunately got over in a small degree by a certain benevolent principle in human nature—a disposition to encourage the efforts of the young. Some people act so much under this sentiment, or have such an appetite for the sincere thanks of the needy, that they go to hardly any shops but those of new beginners. The sight of a haberdasher's shop, in its first and many-coloured dawn, with prints, and ribbons, and shop-bills, flying in all directions—or of a provision shop, where hams project their noses into the very teeth, almost, of the passer by, and cheeses lie gaping with a quarter cut out, as if ready to eat rather than to be eaten—or of a bookseller's shop, where every fresh and trig volume upon the counter seems as if it would take the slightest hint of your will, and starting up, pack itself off, without any human intervention whatsoever, to your lodgings—is irresistible to these people. They must go in, whether they want any thing or not, and, after buying some trifle as an earnest of future custom, get themselves delighted with a full recital of all the young trader's feelings, and prospects, and capabilities, which he is ready to disclose to any one that will lay out sixpence, and appear to take an interest in his undertaking. If the customer be an old lady, she is interested in his youth, and inquires whether he be married or not. If not, then she wants him to get on well, so that he may soon be able to have a wife: if he be, and have children, then she sympathises but the more keenly; she thinks how much human happiness depends upon the success or failure of his undertaking—how one fond soul will watch with intense anxiety the daily progress of the business, taking an interest in almost every penny that comes in, and how many little mouths ungenerously depend upon what is done *here*, for the fare which childhood so much requires and so truly enjoys. She goes away, resolved to speak of the shop to all she knows, and perhaps in two or three days she is able to bring in a flock of young ladies who want various articles, and who, recommending the new beginner to others, aid materially in making up the steady business, which, with economy, perseverance, and suitable personal qualities, he at length acquires.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FIRST ARTICLE.*

THE Bible of the Christians is, without exception, the most remarkable work now in existence. In the libraries of the learned, there are frequently seen books of an extraordinary antiquity, and curious and interesting from the nature of their contents; but none approach the Bible, taken in its complete sense, in point of age, while certainly no production whatever has any pretension to rival it in the dignity of composition, or the important nature of the subjects treated of in its pages. The word *Bible* is of Greek origin, and, in signifying simply *The Book*, is expressive of its superiority over all other literary productions. The origin and nature of this every way singular work, how it was preserved during the most remote ages, and how it became known to the modern world in its present shape, form a highly interesting chapter of literary history.

* No work has been so thoroughly investigated as the Bible, and none is so much the subject of disquisition among all classes of Christians; but it is humbly conceived that the people generally, as yet, know exceedingly little regarding its literary history, such a species of information apparently not being considered of any use by the clergy, or being confined to very expensive publications. The Editors of the Journal being of opinion that the more that is known regarding this invaluable work the better will it be for the community at large, now bring forward the first of a series of short articles on this interesting subject, written, they would fain hope, in a style which cannot possibly offend any sect in religion, and suitable to the edification of the young, and families in the humbler classes of society.

The Bible comprehends the entire foundation of the religious belief of the Jews and Christians, and is divided into two distinct portions, entitled the Old and New Testament, the former being that which is esteemed by the Jewish nation, but both being essential in forming the faith of the Christian. The Old Testament is the largest department of the work, and appears a collection of detached histories, moral essays, and pious poetical effusions, all placed together in the order of time, or, as they may serve, for the purpose of mutual illustration. On taking a glance at the contents, the principal subject of narration seems the history of the Jews, commencing with an account of the creation of the world, and tracing their history, genealogically, through a series of striking vicissitudes and changes of situation. But when we examine the narratives minutely, it is found that there is another meaning than that of mere historical elucidation. It is perceived that the whole train of events recorded, the whole of those lofty impassioned strains of poetry which distinguish the volume, are precursory and prophetic of a great change which, at a future period, was to be wrought on the moral properties and fate of mankind, by the coming to the earth of a Messiah.

The authorship of the Old Testament has been universally ascribed by both Jews and Christians to God himself, though not by direct composition, but by spiritually influencing the minds of certain sages to accomplish the work, or, in ordinary phraseology, by *inspiring* or endowing them with a perfect knowledge of the transactions to be recorded and predicted, in a way suitable to the great end in view. The Bible is hence usually termed the *Sacred Scriptures*. The periods when the act of writing all or most part of the Scriptures took place, as well as most of the names of those who were instrumental in forming the work, have been ascertained with surprising accuracy, both from written evidence in the narratives themselves, and from the well preserved traditions of the Jews. At whatever time the different books were written, they were not collected and put into a connected form till long after their immediate authors were deceased; and their present arrangement, as we shall afterwards fully explain, is of comparatively modern date.

According to the order in which the books of the Old Testament now stand, those of a historical nature are appropriately placed at the beginning. The first five books, having a chain of connection throughout, are Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. These are styled the *Pentateuch*, such being the Greek compound for *five books*. They are likewise entitled the Books of Moses, from the belief that that enlightened Jewish leader composed them.

The Jews, or Hebrews, take the name of the sacred books from the first word with which each begins; but the Greeks, whom our translators generally follow, take the names from the subject-matter of them. Thus, the first book is called by the Hebrews *Bereshith*, which signifies *In the beginning*, these being the first words; but the Greeks call it *Genesis*, which signifies *Production*, because the creation of the world is the first thing of which it gives an account. It likewise contains an account of the increase of mankind; of their corruption of manners, and its cause; of their punishment by the deluge (an event which, by scientific investigation and historical research, is placed beyond a doubt); of the origin of the Jewish people from Abraham; of the manner in which God was pleased to have them governed; and, particularly, of the nature of the special superintendence vouchsafed to the Jewish nation by the Creator. This comprehensive narrative reaches from the creation of the world till the death of Joseph, or a period of 2369 years. In another part of the Scriptures, reference is made to the *Book of Jasher*, and it is believed that Genesis is there meant; for *Jasher* signifies the *Just*, and, according to St Jerome, a learned Christian writer, the name of the Book of the Just, or the Authentic Book, was applied to it, from its containing the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Exodus, the title of the second book of Moses, signifies, in Greek, *The going out*, and was applied from the account which it gives of the Israelites going out of Egypt. In it are related the cruel Egyptian slavery under which the Jews groaned; their delivery by flight and a passage through the Red Sea; the history of the establishment of their very peculiar law, and many remarkable transactions; concluding with the building of the Tabernacle, or place appropriated to the service of the Divinity. This book comprises the history of 145 years, from the death of Joseph till the building of the Tabernacle. The Hebrews call it *Veelle Shemoth*, that is, in English, *These are the names*, which are the words with which it begins.

The third book of Moses is called *Leviticus*, because it contains the laws which God commanded should be observed by those of the tribe of *Levi*, who ministered at the altar. It treats at large of all the functions of the Levites; of the ceremonial of religion; of the different sorts of sacrifices; of the distinction of clean and unclean beasts; of the different festivals; and of the year of Jubilee, or continued holiday. It likewise presents us with an account of what happened to the Jews during the space of one month and a half; that is, from the time the Tabernacle was erected, which was the first day of the first month of the second year after the Israelites came out of Egypt, till the second month of the same year, when God commanded the people to

be numbered. The Hebrews call this book *Vayicre*, that is, *And he called*, these being the first words; they call it also *The Law of the Priests*.

In the fourth book, which we call *Numbers*, Moses numbers the Israelites, and that, too, in the beginning of the book, which shows whence it had its name. The Hebrews call it *Vayedaber*, that is, *And he spake*. This book contains the history of all that passed from the second month of the second year after the Israelites came out of Egypt, till the beginning of the eleventh month of the fortieth year; that is, it contains the history of thirty-nine years, or thereabouts. In it we have also the history of the prophet Balaam, whom the King of the Midianites brought to curse the people of God, and who, on the contrary, heaped blessings upon the Israelites, and foretold the coming of the Messiah. It particularly mentions, also, the two-and-fourty encampments of the Israelites in the wilderness.

The fifth book is called *Deuteronomy*, a Greek term, which signifies *The second law*, or rather, *The repetition of the law*, because it does not contain a law different from that which was given on Mount Sinai; but it repeats the same law, for the sake of the children of those who had received it there, and were since dead in the wilderness. The Hebrews call it *Elle-haddebarim*, that is, *These are the words*. Deuteronomy begins with a short account of what had passed in the wilderness, and then Moses repeats what he had before commanded, in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and admonishes the people to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God. After this, he relates what had happened from the beginning of the eleventh month, to the seventh day of the twelfth month of the same year, which was the fortieth after their leaving Egypt. The discourse which is at the beginning of this book was made to the people by Moses, on the first day of the eleventh month. According to Josephus, he died on the first day of the twelfth; and the Israelites, as the Scripture says, mourned for him in the plains of Moab thirty days, and, consequently, during the whole of the twelfth month.

The Jews call the Pentateuch *The Law*, without doubt because the law of God, which Moses received on Mount Sinai, is the principal part of it; and it is as little to be doubted whether that great man was the writer of the Pentateuch. This is expressly declared both in Exodus and Deuteronomy. But as an account of the death of Moses is given in the last eight verses of this book, it is therefore thought that these verses were added either by Joshua or Ezra. The opinion of Josephus concerning them is very singular; he pretends that Moses, finding his death approaching, and being willing to prevent an error into which the veneration the people had for him might cause the Jews to fall, wrote this account himself; without which the Jews would probably have supposed that God had taken him away, like Enoch.

After the death of Moses, Joshua, by the order of the Divine Being, took upon himself the conducting of the Hebrew people, and succeeded Moses, to whom he had been a faithful servant, and by whom he had been instructed in what he ought to do. It is uncertain whether the book which contains the history of this successor of Moses be called *Joshua*, from the subject of it, or from his having been the writer of it. But it is certain that it contains an account of what passed from the death of Moses to that of Joshua. Nevertheless, there are several things in it which did not come to pass till after the death of this great man, and which, consequently, could not have been written by him. The common opinion as to the length of time it contains is, that Joshua discharged his office only for seventeen years, and that, therefore, this book contains no more than the history of that number of years.

After the death of Joshua, the Israelites were governed by magistrates, who ruled under the general designation of *Judges*; and the book which contains the history of these rulers is called *The Book of Judges*. This history begins with the death of Joshua, and reaches to that of Samson. We here see the people of God often enslaved in punishment of their crimes, and often wonderfully delivered from slavery. Towards the end of it, we have some instances of this people's inclination to idolatry, and of the corruption of their manners, even before they had been brought into slavery. Such are the histories of Micah, and of the Benjaminites who abused the Levite's wife. This book contains the history of three hundred and seventy years.

During the time of the government of Judges, there was a great famine in the land of Israel, which forced Elimelech, a native of Bethlehem, to retire into the land of Moab, with his wife Naomi and two children. Elimelech died there, as also his two sons, who had married two Moabitish women, one of whom was named Ruth. Naomi, after the death of her husband and her children, returned to Bethlehem, accompanied by Ruth, her daughter-in-law, who was there married to Boaz, Elimelech's near relation, and the heir to his estate. The book which contains this history is called *The Book of Ruth*. The beginning of it shows that it happened in the time of the *Judges*, but under which of them is not certainly known; some place it in the time of Shamgar, or of Deborah. As to the writer of this book, some think that the books of Judges and Ruth were both written by Samuel; others attribute them to Hezekiah, and others to Ezra. The Jews place the book of Ruth among the five books, which they usually read on all the festivals in the year.

These five books are, *The Song of Songs*, *Ruth*, *The Lamentations of Jeremiah*, *Ecclesiastes*, and the book of *Esther*. In the Hebrew bibles they are printed or written apart by themselves, and are bound up together.

The four books following *Ruth* are called by the Greeks, and also in some Latin bibles, *The History of the Reigns*. Others call them all *The Books of Kings*, because they give an account of the establishment of the monarchy, and of the succession of the Kings, who reigned over the whole kingdom at first, and over the kingdoms of Judah and Israel after its division. At the beginning of these books is given the history of the prophet Samuel, which gives light to that of *The Kings*. The Jews call the two first of these books, *The Books of Samuel*: perhaps because they contain the history of the two Kings, who were both anointed by Samuel; and because what is said of Saul in the first, and of David in the second, proves the truth of Samuel's prophecies. They give the name of *The Books of Kings* only to the other two, which, in the Latin and French bibles, are called the *Third* and *Fourth Books of Kings*.

The *First Book of Kings*, or the *First of Samuel*, contains the history of the high-priest Eli, of Samuel, and of Saul. As the first year of Eli's high-priesthood falls on the year of the world 2848, and the death of Saul in 2949; the history of this book must comprehend the space of one hundred and one years.

The *Second* contains the reign of David, which is the history of about forty years. It is commonly believed that Samuel, Nathan, and Gad, were the writers of these two books; and, indeed, they are called, in the end of the first book of *Chronicles*, *David's Historians*.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

[This story is extracted from a volume which has just made its appearance under the title of the *ELGIN ANNUAL* for 1833. The most of our readers will probably be surprised to learn that the small, though respectable town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, should have produced such a work. Their surprise would be heightened by ourselves, if we did not know that the mystery is solved by a single fact, the accidental location (to use an American phrase) of an ingenious and enterprising individual in that burgh—namely, Mr James Grant, editor of the *Elgin Courier*. Literature is everywhere honourable; but it seems to us honourable and praiseworthy in a particular degree, when prosecuted with some share of success in a remote and provincial situation. This Mr Grant has now done for some years, and in such a manner as to attract the regard of some very considerable persons in the republic of letters. In the present case, he appears in the complex capacity of author, draughtsman, printer, and publisher; and, though the volume is not so fine as those issued in London, nor the writing in all cases so polished as might be wished, both are certainly such as might do honour to a more accustomed scene of publication than the ancient cathedral city of Moray. The following extract forms the third of a series of stories under the title which we have affixed to it, and it is only necessary to premise further, that Mr Grant appears to be the hero of his own tale.]

I WAS very fortunate as regarded pecuniary matters, on my arrival in Carlisle. One of my old and most intimate schoolfellows had been settled there in a respectable way for several years. He at once procured a situation for me. I lived a little distance out of town, and, in returning in the evening from the day's duties, had to pass by some beautiful gardens. Sooth to say, I used very much to delight in dressing gardens with my own hand, and, if the reports of friends may be credited, displayed much more than the average taste that way. One of the gardens I had to pass by in returning home of an evening, seemed to me the very *beau idéal* of good taste in the science of "laying out." I generally stood eight or ten minutes in the evening looking over its wall—which, fortunately, was of no inconvenient altitude—admiring its beautiful contents. One evening, as I popped my head over the garden wall, I saw a new flower—an exquisitely beautiful young lady; one of whom Milton would have written—"herself the fairest flower." A deep blush tinged her supremely beautiful cheeks while her lustrous eyes met mine. I felt a momentary enrapturement—I was glued to the spot on which I stood; but a recollection of Louisa, and the adventures connected with her, flashing across my mind, I succeeded, after a desperate struggle between prudence and love, in getting my legs to perform their duty in removing me home.

As will be readily credited, this charming damsel (name at this time unknown) had a liberal share of my thoughts that night. I weighed in my own mind whether, in the event of ascertaining, that, in addition to her personal attractions, she united respectability of character and station in society, I ought not after all to make an attempt on her heart, as she had already, without any seeming effort, conquered mine. The hearing of arguments *pro* and *con* robbed me of two or three hours' sleep. The opinion of Sir John Falstaff, that there is divinity in odd numbers, occurred to me, and, I believe, would have made me decide on seeking an interview, had not the awkward issue of Jack's third visit to Mrs Ford shot athwart my mind, followed by a painful remembrance of what had happened to myself in my two previous adventures. All this, it is right to add, was succeeded by a recurrence of the afore-mentioned conviction that Fate had ordained I was never to be married. The interlocutor of my judgment therefore was, that I would suffer unknown to, and unpitied by, the world, a universe of ardent unrevealed love, rather than run the hazard of making myself anew a laughing-stock to the public, and the butt of my acquaintances.

This, then, was a settled point. And so strictly had I resolved to act up to the letter of my resolution,

that, rather than be in temptation's way, I would submit to the ineffably great sacrifice of passing by the beautiful garden, without casting a glance at it, lest that glance should encounter the exquisitely handsome form of the living flower I had before seen in it. For three days, evenings rather, I religiously adhered to my determination: she might, each time I passed, have been again eclipsing, by her presence, all the other beauties in the garden; but I saw her not. On the third day after, returning home, I learned by the merest accident the young lady's name, who were her connections, and what her character and station in society was. On the fourth, while I was as usual passing by the garden on my way home, I observed her—Lavinia was her name—walking slowly, not in the garden, but on the road outside, as if coming directly up to me. She seemed contemplative: there was a touching pensiveness in her look: there was a book in her hand. We met, and were in the act of passing each other, when Lavinia, as if suddenly seized with sickness, quivered a little, and was in the act of falling. I caught hold of her before she swooned altogether: the book she held in her hand fell fall.

"Pray, madam, are you indisposed?" inquired I, with much tenderness and concern.

"A little, Sir," she softly answered, at the same time glancing a look at me which it is impossible to characterise, but which I must have been steel-hearted, indeed, not to have felt.

I lifted the book from the ground: I looked at it: it was a novel. The passage she had evidently been reading was indicated by the leaf being folded down. That passage told—told eloquently, though briefly, of the loves of a young lady and gentleman; how they eloped together, got married at Gretna Green, and lived a long life of the utmost possible happiness. I could not—who could?—be blockhead enough to misunderstand this. I could not in any circumstances, far less in the circumstances of that moment, resist it.

"My dearest girl," said I, "will you meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, at the S—?"

"I will, with all my heart," was the brief answer she returned; and that answer was accompanied by a look more expressive a thousand-fold than a whole world of books could have been, had such been written, to describe the young lady's feelings.

We parted that evening; we met next morning at the appointed time and place. We set off in a coach and four for Gretna Green. Jehu was well paid; he did his duty admirably. We halted no longer than was necessary to change horses, until we reached a small town within ten miles of the destined place. On our way Lavinia disclosed to me how she had been struck by my appearance the very first time she had seen me looking over her father's garden wall; but a sense of the delicacy and reservedness becoming her sex prevented her from revealing her affection for me, until the evening I met her on the road, when she found that keeping it any longer concealed in her breast was likely to endanger her life.

On reaching the small town just mentioned, Lavinia complained—and no wonder—of exhaustion, in consequence of the fatigues of that day, as well as of a sleepless previous night spent in concerting measures for making the elopement successful. She begged a little time might be allowed her to recruit her strength. I ordered a snatch of supper. We both ate heartily, having been well appetised by the length of the journey.

We had been in the inn about half an hour, when Lavinia—addressing me of course—said, "My dear, I think we may go now." These words were delivered in a tone, they were accompanied by a look of affection, which I valued at the time as infinitely above all the riches of either India.

"Well, then, my darling, we shall set out instantly," was my reply.

I rang the bell violently. In about twenty seconds, in rushed a stout well-made man. "Waiter!" said I, in a tone which indicated that I thought myself a personage of some consequence; "waiter! I say, bring me the bill. Order the horses and carriage to be got ready this moment; and be sure, too, you don't—"

A shriek from Lavinia interrupted me. She swooned away in the easy chair on which she sat at the time. I of course forgot the waiter and every earthly thing else in the plenitude of my concern for Lavinia.

"Lavinia! Lavinia! my dear! my angel! what can be the matter?"

While in the act of addressing her in these terms of affectionate concern, and simultaneously taking her by her snow-white hand, I felt some powerful fist take hold of, and drag me back by the neck of my coat.

"What insolence, Sir!" exclaimed I, thinking it was the waiter who thus intruded on us. So saying, I turned about my face towards the vulgar ill-bred lackey of the public, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld three fellows beside me.

"Come," said the intruder who first entered the room, and whom I took to be Jehu, "come, let us carry her out!"

"The man who presumes to lay a hand on her will be as dead as a herring that instant," said I, indignantly.

"Never mind the empty threats of the blockhead," said the fellow who had spoken already.

He had no sooner uttered the words than the vile paws of the villanous trio seized hold of Lavinia. I

felt a kind of madness coming over my soul. I know I resisted with all my might; but what else occurred I cannot tell.

Next morning I awoke as from a dream. I looked around in utter amazement. I fancied myself in a new world. While thus bewildered, while like a person out of his senses, Boots entered my bed-room. I inquired where I was, and was answered, "the Duke of York hotel, in the town of D—."

"The same," I ejaculated with myself; "the same as that in which Lavinia and I supped last night."

"And where," I asked with an emphasis of which print can give no idea, "where is Lavinia?"

"Lavinia!" exclaimed Boots, evidently ignorant of who I meant.

"The young lady I brought here with me last night," said I, hurriedly.

"Adz, Sur, she was carried off by the three gentlemen who coomed in such haste in a carriage," said Boots, with an archness of look which denoted that nature had intended the young rascal for the stage.

"The three gentlemen!" A recollection of the triumvirate of scoundrels who so abruptly and unceremoniously thrust their hated presence on us the previous night, darted across my mind. But what they were, whither they had come, where they were gone, what they had done with Lavinia, whether they had "Burked" her, or compelled her to marry one of their ruffian selves, were all matters as to which I was in a state of as total ignorance as the child unborn; nor could any person in the inn furnish me with the important and so anxiously desired information.

Boots withdrew. I rose, huddled on part of my clothes, and prepared for shaving. Has the reader a superior imagination? If he have, let him conceive, as he best can, of my horror, mingled with astonishment, when, on looking in the glass, I saw my frontispiece so shockingly mangled and furrowed with deep scratches, that there was scarcely a square inch of whole skin on it.

"In the name of wonder, what can be the meaning of this? How have I come by such a face?" were questions I asked myself. They were unanswerable by me; the matter was involved in as much mystery as the identity of the trio of scamps who wrested Lavinia from my arms.

What was to be done concerning my innamorato? what with my face? were two queries which now occupied my thoughts. A little sober reflection advised me that time alone could remedy the latter evil. As for my dulcinea, I had at intervals a faint hope that she might possibly make her escape from the ragamuffins who had abstracted her; in which case I had no doubt of her return. But this delusion, indifferently pleasing as it only was at best, was of short continuance. The horrible hypothesis would every now and then suggest itself, that of one of the three—most probably the first who entered the room—was some unknown rival; in which case there was no room for even the slightest hope.

However, as the state of my phiz disqualified me from being seen in public, I thought it the most advisable course to stay that day in the inn, to see what would turn up in the chapter of accidents.

The day passed; but not a syllable about Lavinia. Dante speaks of the ineffable miseries of those who have entered a certain place, on whose portals are written the words, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." Their misery! It must be happiness compared with my then situation. I went to bed as night approached. How I spent the night I will not say—for this good reason, I cannot. Morning came. I arose. While pacing to and fro in my apartment, half apparelled, and wholly unshaved, resembling more, in my conduct, a bedlamite than a rational person, Boots, who seemed to be an animal newly imported from some uncultivated district of the country, entered. "Sur," said he, "would on like a read of our paper, just printed?" at the same time holding towards me a damp unopened broad-sheet.

"Lay it down there," said I unconcernedly; "lay it down there; I'll possibly look at it."

I took up and opened the broad-sheet. I found it was the county paper, newly issued from the press. I carelessly glanced over the inside surface. The head, "Elopement Extraordinary," being in large caps, was the first thing that attracted my attention. I read as follows:—

"On Wednesday"—the paper was dated Friday—"On Wednesday, an elopement extraordinary took place from Carlisle. The young lady had only returned the other day from a fashionable boarding-school, where she had been Frenched, danced, taught music, the use of the globes, and, in fine, every thing that is deemed necessary to make a perfectly educated female. Of late she had been wondrously given to the reading of novels. The gay Lothario was one of the most sheepish looking bipeds under the sun. The folks in the neighbourhood very emphatically characterised him as the 'chap as used to be seen popping a long nose over the garden wall, at the good people's daunter.' The fugitives took the high road to Gretna, of which place they were within one short stage when the young lady's brother, accompanied by two police officers, overtook the matrimony-aspiring couple at the head inn. When the brother and assistants entered, they found the loving Miss and her clumsy-looking swain sitting quite comfortably at a table, on

which, in beautiful confusion, were displayed the fragments of an excellent supper. When the young lady recognised her brother, she enunciated a very unique sort of shriek, and swooned away with wonderful good grace, in the easy chair she occupied at the time. Her clownish Lothario, who evidently mistook Miss's brother, when he entered, for the waiter, gallantly flew to the assistance of his dulcinea; and on the intruding parties taking the fainted beauty by her taper waist, as if to carry her lovely person away, he swore that the first man who dared to touch her—they had touched her already, though—should, in a moment, be stretched at full length on the floor. As if determined to suit the action to the word, the love-sick swain, in the phrenzy of the moment, seizing hold of a huge tom-cat that was lying purring on an easy chair, and evidently unconscious of the nature of his weapon, brandished the animal about his own head, previous to inflicting a supposed mortal blow on that of his adversary. At this moment his innamorato's brother presented a pistol to the booby-lover's breast, exclaiming, 'Villain! presume to offer further resistance, and I'll blow your brains out!' The poor unfortunate wight stood stupefied, resembling a man whose wits had all of a sudden taken to themselves wings and flown away. The cat, smarting from the harsh gripe of the noodle, turned about by a sudden jerk of his body, and inserted his talons in sundry parts of the lover's frontispiece. The claret flowed profusely from divers fountains; and the poor fellow, like his heart's best treasure, also swooned away. He was afterwards carried to bed in an insensible state. Miss was taken away, put into a carriage, and carried back to pa' and ma', who, it is hoped, will cure the young lady of her foolish passion."

Here, in this vile print, was too clear a solution of the several enigmas touching the three intruders—the absence and destiny of Lavinia—and the horribly disfigured state of my face. My eyes turned in their sockets before I got to the end of the odious paragraph. My whole frame trembled. All things reeled about me. The house appeared to be falling: I felt as if the world had come to an end.

It was long before my consciousness returned. When it did, my first intention was to cover my disgrace from myself, and to end my earthly woes, by putting a period to my existence. What were the best means of accomplishing my purpose, was the first query which demanded an answer. A razor? I had lost too much blood already, my face was too much mangled by feline talons, to think of mangling my throat with a razor. To speak a truth, after what I had seen of gore in the case of my face, I had no wish to see more of that claret-looking commodity, whether drawn by a razor or any other instrument. Drown myself? That could not be accomplished without an ample supply of water; and where this was to be had, I knew not, being a complete stranger in the place. "I might have inquired," the reader will say. Had the reader seen my face at that time, he would neither say nor think any such thing. It made it impossible for me to think of going out of doors in open day, on any errand. Besides, had I asked any body the way to a river, my face would infallibly have generated instant suspicion of what my intentions were, and consequently prevented their being carried into effect. Hang myself? The only objection—but it was an insuperable one—which I had to that mode of making my exit, was, that all the offscourings of society, every lackey and chimney-sweep who get tired of life, end it by means of a rope, a handkerchief, or some other suspender. At any rate, it is indubitably certain that no gentleman swings by his own hand. Pistols? Well, I concluded, blowing out one's brains is certainly the preferable mode of doing the business, of any yet mentioned. But the evil of it was, I had no pistol: that had already proved my misfortune. It was the most grievous error I ever committed, that I omitted to take a pair of pistols with me when Lavinia and I quitted Carlisle for Gretna. Had I taken these implements with me, she and I had been, by this time, man and wife. I should in that case have instantaneously scattered, in a thousand directions, the brains of a couple of the trio of insolent intruders, when they presumed to lay hands on Lavinia, and the third would, coward-like, have taken to his heels. But regrets were unavailing now; the question was, how to procure a pair of pistols for my present purpose? I could not, for the reason already mentioned, venture out myself in day light to any shop to purchase the articles; and to have sent any other person would have awakened suspicions, and consequently defeated my purpose. I thought, in all the circumstances, the best way would be to wait until dark, when I might go out myself and procure the implements I wanted, taking care, while in the ironmonger's shop, to keep my face shrouded, by means of my pocket handkerchief, from the unhalloved gaze of the shopmen. Evening came. I had left money to pay my bill, and was in the act of going down stairs to procure the instruments wherewith to execute my rash purpose, when I heard the sound of a coach horn. "Holla! holla! here's the London coach!" vociferated Boots to some hostler-looking figure at the door. The London coach! thought I. It is dark; no one will see or know me in the coach: I will go to London, where I am all but utterly unknown: perhaps I may, after all, by observing a prudent conduct for the future, be a happy man. I ran up stairs for the money I had left, inquired how far on the way

to London the coach would be by day light; was answered; took my seat for that place, and set off. By confining myself in a room in one of the inns of the respective towns all day, and travelling all night, I reached the metropolis after four days' stoppages by the way.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

ABSTINENCE.

WE remember having once read a dreadful story of the shipwreck of a large East India vessel off the coast of Africa. The greater part of the crew were happily saved from the raging ocean, but it was only to encounter unheard-of privations, toils, and dangers in making the best of their way across the deserts towards a civilized settlement. Having saved some provisions and arms from the wreck, they set out in tolerably good spirits, expecting to reach Mogadore in a certain space of time before their store of food was exhausted. They were, however, as the event proved, completely mistaken in their calculations. Besides the miseries arising from toiling across sandy plains, so hot that their feet could not touch the ground without pain, they were continually harassed by parties of hostile savages, who hung like a cloud sometimes on their rear, and sometimes on their advance, and at nights they laid themselves down in a narrow circle, not to enjoy repose, but to keep watch lest they should be destroyed one and all by wild beasts. Their stock of provisions was also approaching a close. Flesh and blood could not endure such bodily fatigue and mental horrors. The party gradually decreased in numbers. Every day, one or more of the little band dropped off, and their survivors were called on by a sense of humanity to put their corpses beneath the withering sands, although well aware that they would next night, in all likelihood, be torn up to be devoured by beasts of prey. At last, all the party died but two; and these, sympathising deeply in each other's fate, became doubly attached as friends. With hardly a rag to cover them, not a shoe upon their lacerated feet, and depending chiefly on the herbs which they could pick up for their subsistence, did these two miserable beings, for some weeks, pursue their weary way. At night they had still to protect themselves from the tigers and lions, and in executing this necessary duty, they were obliged to light a fire of dried leaves or grass, beside which one lay down to sleep while the other watched. At length, one declined so much in strength that he could proceed no further. He endeavoured to walk, but his power was utterly gone, and he laid himself down to die, with all the resignation and manliness of feeling which characterizes our British seamen. The case of the hapless survivor was perhaps not more enviable than that of his exhausted companion. To remain beside his apparently dying friend, would have served no good purpose, and to pursue his way alone was a task of imminent danger. He waited beside the person of his prostrate shipmate for some hours, endeavouring to soothe his fate by any little attention he could bestow, conversing with him till his power of utterance had ceased; and it was only when he was beckoned by the feeble waving of the hand to leave him to his certain fate, that he slowly departed from the spot, and pursued his path through the wilderness. This day's march of the last remnant of the wreck was one of peculiar sorrow, but the intrepid tar pushed on with what activity he could muster, in the hope of reaching the settlements of the Europeans, which he believed could not now be far distant. As the sun slowly descended in the west, and admonished by his slanting beams the solitary wayfarer to seek out a place where he might securely pass the approaching night, a terrific thought darted through his mind. Had he the flint and steel necessary to produce a light to kindle his midnight fire? No. He recollected with anguish that these implements were carried in the pocket of his companion, and that he had altogether forgot to bring them with him. Without a moment's delay, he turned back on his route, fully resolving, if possible, to reach the body of his deceased friend before he stopped. The exertions put forth on this occasion, it seems, were more than could have been expected from a human being; but what will the instinctive love of life not overcome? The deep shades of evening had fallen over the scene before this determined man found himself beside the recumbent body of his late fellow traveller. The story becomes now painfully interesting. The precious flint and steel were secured; but in searching for them, the limbs moved slightly, still showing that animation had not left the frame. A light was struck, and a fire was kindled, which yielded a protection to the weary mariner till he procured a few hours' slumber. When the morn again dawned, the wayworn traveller once more bade adieu to the body of his friend, which now lay stiff on the soil, and, as he supposed, dead, and for the second time directed his steps towards the settlements. To bring this distressing recital to a conclusion: the surviving sailor, in a few days after, reached Mogadore, where he was kindly received by a European consul, who relieved his distresses, and interested himself in his case. On hearing the story of the shipwreck, and the travels of the party through the desert, it occurred to him, that, after all, the man might not be yet dead, who had been left, as we have just stated, by his companion; and impressed with this notion, he dispatched a small band to examine the body, with directions, if

it were still alive, to bring it along with them. It was about the eighth day after the body had been given up as dead, that it was reached by the consul's party; yet, incredible as it may appear, it was discovered, on careful investigation, that the principle of life was still in the unfortunate man. His person, nevertheless, exhibited a shocking spectacle. He lay with his face immersed in the sand, while his almost naked back was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had literally roasted his flesh. Every thing was done which humanity could point out under the circumstances to preserve the life of the luckless individual. He was carefully borne on a litter to the house of the friendly consul, who, by due attention, restored him to health and to his companion; and in a short time an opportunity occurring, both were sent in a vessel to England.

This remarkable instance of the possibility of life being preserved under the most severe difficulties, and an abstinence from food of many days' duration, is not more interesting than another, which appeared in the newspapers for August 1822, and was entitled the SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower-mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow men might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mast, and, while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee-shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boathook they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of 14 years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; he tried to move, and next moment muttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, "there is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and, on looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin-pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! They had lived on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed just to have life enough to breathe the remembrance, that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Capt. Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stript of almost every energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes, and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin-boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

It seems that death from hunger occurs soonest in the young and robust, their vital organs being accustomed to greater action than those of persons past the adult age. In the foregoing cases, the lives of the sufferers may be said to have been in a dormant state, the natural functions being in a great measure suspended, and the exhausted condition of the frame, as in a state of disease, not permitting the action of the stomachic juices. When death from hunger occurs in persons of good health of body, the pangs they endure are truly dreadful. Hunger and intense thirst are felt at an early period; the nervous system becomes disordered; the conservative power of the constitution, distressed by the want of nourishment, urges the absorbents to prey upon the intestine; and delirium and madness often conclude the scene.

In the Lectures of Charles Turner Thackrah, on Diet, &c., we are presented with some interesting cases of persons dying from extreme abstinence, one of which was that of a German merchant, which has

been well authenticated. This unfortunate individual, at the age of thirty-two years, being depressed by severe reverses of fortune, and the consequent slights of his relations, formed the unhallowed resolution of destroying himself by abstinence. With this view he repaired, on the 15th of September 1818, to an unfrequented wood, where he constructed a hut of boughs, and remained, without food, till the 3d of October following. At this period he was found by the landlord of a neighbouring pot-house, still alive, but very feeble, speechless, and insensible. Broth, with the yolk of an egg, was given him. He swallowed it with difficulty, and died immediately. In the pocket of this miserable man was found a journal, written in pencil, singular in its kind, and remarkable as a narrative of his feelings and sentiments. It begins thus:

"The generous philanthropist, who shall one day find me here after my death, is requested to inter me, and, in consideration of this service, to keep my clothes, purse, knife, and letter-case. I moreover observe, that I am no suicide, but have died of hunger, because, through wicked men, I have lost the whole of my very considerable property, and am unwilling to become a burthen to my friends." The ensuing remark is dated September 17, the second day of abstinence: "I yet live; but how have I been soaked during the night, and how cold has it been! O God! when will my sufferings terminate!! No human being has for three days been seen here; only some birds." The next extract continues: "And again, three days, and I have been so soaked during the night, that my clothes to-day are not yet dry. How hard is this, no one knows; and my last hour must soon arrive. Doubtless, during the heavy rain, a little water has got into my throat; but the thirst is not to be slaked with water; moreover, I have had none even of this for six days, since I am no longer able to move from the place. Yesterday, for the first time during the eternity, which, alas! I have already passed here, a man approached me within the distance of eight or ten paces. He was certainly a shepherd. I saluted him in silence, and he returned it in the same manner. Probably he will find me after my death!"

"Finally, I here protest, before the all-wise God, that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes which I have suffered from my youth, I yet die very unwillingly, although necessity has imperiously driven me to it. Nevertheless I pray for it. Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does! More can I not write; for faintness and spasms; and this will be the last.—Dated near Forest, by the side of the Goat public-house, Sept. 29, 1818.—J. F. N."

"It is hence evident (says Mr Thackrah) that consciousness and the power of writing remained till the fourteenth day of abstinence. The operation of famine was aggravated by mental distress, and still more by exposure to the weather. This indeed seems to have produced his most urgent sufferings. Subsequent to the common cravings and debility of hunger, his first physical distress seems to have been the sensation of cold; then cold and thirst; lastly, faintness and spasms. In this case we find no symptoms of inflammation. A want of nervous energy, arising from the reduction in the quantity or quality of the blood, appears to have been the principal disease. The effort of swallowing, and the oppression of food on the exhausted stomach, completed the catastrophe. Perhaps the unhappy man might have recovered, had he been more judiciously treated—had some nutritious fluid been injected into the intestines, a gentle heat applied to the body, ammonia cautiously administered, and, lastly, on the rise of the pulse, and not till then, soup or broth given by the mouth; but these several means employed with the least possible annoyance to the exhausted sufferer."

THE COALERIES OF CULROSS.

THESE were at one period the most extensive coal-mines in Scotland, and, what is remarkable, they extended a considerable way beneath the Firth of Forth. It is recorded by tradition, that when James the Sixth revisited Scotland after his accession to the throne of England, he made an excursion into Fife, for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of hunting in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline. After recreating himself with the sport, he invited the company in attendance to dine along with him at "a collier's house;" meaning the Abbey of Culross, then belonging to Sir George Bruce, one of the most ingenious and enterprising coal-masters in Scotland. Being conducted at his own desire to see the works below ground, of which he had heard a good deal, he was led by a passage to the mouth of a pit, opening within sea-mark, and only protected from inundation by a wall or moat. Having ascended to the brink of the opening, he was astonished and dismayed to find himself, without previous intimation, surrounded by water; on which he was seized with an immediate apprehension of some plot against his liberty or life, and called out "Treason! treason!" But Sir George assured him there was none, and that he had nothing to fear. Pointing to an elegant pinnace that was made fast to the moat, he desired to know whether his Majesty would feel it most agreeable to be carried ashore in it, or to return by the subterraneous route. The king preferred the shortest way back, and was consequently borne ashore in the vessel, all the time expressing his admiration of what he had seen. After

this, the royal guest was sumptuously entertained at the abbey. Some of the glasses are still preserved in the family of his host, and the room in which he was feasted still receives the name of the *King's Room*. It is recorded that this curious pit was totally destroyed in March 1625, on the night of James's death, by a violent storm, which, washing away the raised part around the moat, deluged the workings with water so irreparably, that till this day they are choked. The stones of the rampart not carried away were afterwards sold for the purpose of repairing the old stone pier of Leith.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

WE feel much pleasure in attracting the notice of those who take an interest in picturesque scenery, to a work publishing in numbers, in a quarto form, at Perth, entitled "Scenery of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with descriptive letter-press." The drawings in this interesting publication are admirably executed in outline, by Lieut.-Colonel W. Murray, younger of Ochertyre, and are lithographed by Mr Leith, of Banff, in a way highly creditable to the fine arts in the north. The views selected for the purposes of the work are those most favourable for pictorial delineation, and convey an excellent idea of the sublimity and grandeur of the works of nature in the Highlands, and along some parts of the sea-coast of Scotland. In the second number we are presented with a faithful view of those stupendous cliffs on the coast of Angus, or Forfarshire, facing the German Ocean, too well known to mariners by the dangers of their precipitous shore, and named the Red Head. As a specimen of the descriptive part of the publication, we present our readers with the account annexed to this striking scene.

"Although the mountains of Scotland subside as their ranges approach the east coast, and the greater part of that shore presents only the broken edge of an undulating plain, yet, in several places, the swell of the land is so considerable as to produce scenes of a highly picturesque description. Among the promontories on the east coast which the sailor has many reasons, in an easterly gale, to avoid, there are none which possess more attractions for the landsman than the Red Head. The friable nature of the red sandstone of which the rocks are composed, which stretch north-east for about six miles between Arbroath and the Red Head, gradually increasing in altitude as they approach the headland, renders them pervious to the action of the water, which has scooped out many little bays and caves, and worn the rocks at the intervening promontories into forms so often similar—a likeness increased by their regular horizontal stratification—that it is difficult for an inexperienced eye to distinguish between these recesses. At the ebbing of the tide, they are all left dry, each with its pure silvery beach, rendered yet more beautiful by its contrast with the dark rocks and sombre caves, where the ripple of the receding waters or the gurgle of the hidden pool is gently echoed through their dim recesses. At the return of the tide, the communication between these bays along the beach is speedily cut off; the swelling waters rush in rapidly, and those grottoes, which the hour before had been the pictures of solitude and peace, now become the prison-houses of the raging element, which boils and roars through every chasm, and, when aggravated by the lashing of the storm from without, present a succession of scenes of the wildest and most magnificent character.

The number of caverns along this part of the coast, and the noises which the winds and waves occasion amongst them, has naturally given rise to many popular superstitions and legends. Some of these stories, if not fabricated, have, it is supposed, been given additional circulation to by smugglers, for the purpose of carrying on their illicit trade with greater security. One of the most easterly of these cavities, of difficult access, excepting by sea, has long been known by the name of the 'Forbidden Cave,' and, in early ages, was supposed to be frequented by all the evil spirits of the country, and in more modern times known to be the receptacle of the best spirits from abroad. No mortal could venture within its precincts with impunity: endless captivity was the least punishment which awaited the individual who would have the hardihood to encounter the beings of another mould in their own proper habitation. An unfortunate piper, in the olden time, thought to frighten its unearthly inmates with the sound of his bagpipe, but they had been too long accustomed to noises of all descriptions to be alarmed at this addition to the concert, and poor 'Tam Tyrie' never returned to tell the secrets of his prison-house. He is still held in thrall by the Wierd Sisters, who seem to be fond of his music, for he is occasionally heard under the hearthstone of a farm-house three miles inland, 'skirlin' a favourite pibroch, the chorus of which seems to be ever and anon—

'I doubt, I doubt, I'll never win out!'

One fact has certainly been elicited by the piper's hardihood, and that is, that some of these caverns extend inland as far as the farm of Dickmontlaw, which is three miles from the coast.

Near the entrance of the Forbidden Cave, and about thirty feet above the tide mark, is a small apartment, beautifully hollowed by nature out of the solid rock, which some of the neighbouring proprietors

were suspected of using occasionally as a 'Rosamond's Bower.' A dismal story is told of a young woman who perished from hunger there, during the continuance of a storm which ravaged the coast for many days, and interrupted the visits of her lover. The eeriness of the spot is increased by two cairns or heaps of stones on the beach, to which every passenger is expected to add his contribution, in order to avert ill luck, and to appease the manes of two poor old women who were there stoned to death, after being duly convicted of witchcraft.

There is an opening called the 'Gyler Pot,' about three miles from Arbroath. It is a ravine communicating with the sea, but only accessible from the north or land end, by groping down a steep path to a depth of 250 feet. The effect produced in this grim cavern by the light struggling to find access from above, or faintly glimmering through the sea-ward opening, as through the narrow window of a huge cloister, is awfully sublime; and, during any convulsion of the waters, when they are driven furiously through the opening, and bellow amongst the shapeless rocks, partakes, in no small degree, of the terrific.

We must not leave this spot without warning the reader that between the Red Head and Red Castle he will discern a little fishing station, 'Torrence's Haen,' which is pointed out as the locality of 'Muckle-backet's' cottage; and not far distant from it stands the farm-house of Newbarns, where Sir Walter Scott, not many years past, visited in person the grandson of Mr Jonathan Oldbuck. So our friends the antiquaries of Arbroath say, and they add, that any admirer of Monkbarns will find a hospitable reception at the house of his descendant, and a 'routh o' auld nick-nackets' which will warm the heart of any genuine professor of his antiquated but wholesome doctrines."

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Furnished by a friend.]

BEING in London at the time when Sir Walter Scott made researches among the papers of some of the government offices concerning some points in his life of Bonaparte, I happened to be at the Colonial Office one day waiting in an anteroom, when Sir Walter came in, and sat down close by the door; another gentleman entered shortly after, and, giving a slight, and, as it appeared to me, somewhat supercilious glance at the persons already in the apartment, took up his station by the chimney-piece, and occupied himself in examining something that hung upon the wall, as if he did not think his companions worthy of any further attention. I sat in a window looking down Downing Street, immediately opposite Sir Walter, and having been previously slightly known to him, it was not long till he recognised and addressed me. He asked how I liked to live in London, to which I made some reply professing my contentment with it; on this, Sir Walter said, "Oh, I dare say you would like to see the hills and waters of the North again, and to get a breath of pure mountain air." The words were simple in themselves, but they marked his own attachment to home, and they were pronounced in such a tone of kindness as made a deep impression on me, for Sir Walter spoke to every man as if he had been his blood relation. I have sometimes amused myself with conjecturing what the gentleman who had turned his back upon us thought of the conversation. Perhaps he despised us as two "fause Scots," who pretended to retain some traces of affection for our beggarly country, and some wish to return to it. If such were his thoughts, they must have been dispersed in an unexpected manner. An attendant opened the door, and pronounced the magic name, "Sir Walter Scott," by way of intimation that Mr Hay, I believe, would be happy to see the Baronet up stairs; upon which, as if he had received a shot, the stranger wheeled suddenly round; but, perhaps, the only opportunity he ever had of seeing that great man, who had made himself known to so many ears, and friends in so many hearts, was lost. Sir Walter sat very near the door, and was concealed by it without our companion obtaining a view of him. He gazed for a moment, then turning round about, honoured me with a stare more particular than he had deigned to bestow at his entrance, and perceiving that I was nothing but a poor Scotch clerk, resumed consideration of the table of official regulations which he had previously made the object of study, deeming me entirely beneath his notice.

So eager at all times was Sir Walter to return to the retirement of his beloved Abbotsford, that on the days when the Court of Session closed, having made all necessary preparations previously, his coach was usually in readiness at the doors of the Parliament House, and he drove off direct to the country, without waiting to take a new day for the journey.

Whilst the incognito about the authorship of the Waverley novels was still preserved, Miss Scott, now Mrs Lockhart, was particularly solicitous to persuade herself that the honour belonged to her father; and she took great pains to collect and enumerate to Mr Laidlaw every circumstance which came to her knowledge that helped to fortify her in that belief. Among these was the fact, that although her mother seemed to be as well acquainted as other people with the novels after they were published, and joined in conversation about them, yet the copy which was placed

on the table of her chamber was left uncut. From this she argued that Lady Scott must have previously perused them on the proof-sheets, and, consequently, that none but her father could be the author.

Near the beginning of the *Bride of Lammermuir*, the sign of the Wallace Head is described as "the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward." A person once took the liberty of inquiring of the author whether he meant here felon in the common acceptation of the English word, or if it was a mis-spelling of the printer for the old Scotch word *felloun*, which means *fierce, ruthless*. Sir Walter replied, "I leave the orthography entirely to you, only begging you will spell the felon as feloniously as possible." This circumstance, though trivial in itself, marks the strong and decided feeling of indignation with which Sir Walter regarded the conduct of Edward towards the preserver of Scottish independence.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

J. J. AUDUBON.

SKETCHES of American scenery and manners have from time to time been selected by us from the Ornithological Biography of J. J. Audubon, and presented to our readers in the hope of exciting an interest in their minds relative to the labours of this ingenious and most meritorious artist, whose published drawings of American birds form, without exception, one of the most extraordinary productions of the age. The world generally has no conception of the enthusiasm which has animated Mr Audubon in the pursuits to which he has successfully attached himself, or what he has accomplished; and as he is still, we believe, engaged in traversing the extensive woods of his native country, in the search of new objects in natural history, the scientific world has perhaps reason to anticipate a still greater increase to its stores from his hands. The memoir with which he has prefaced his ornithological work, besides being a pleasantly written piece of autobiography, gives an idea of the nature of his professional avocations, and will be perused with no small degree of interest. To our young readers it will point out the necessity for never relaxing in their exertions, or giving way to despondency, whatever may be the nature of the difficulties they have to encounter in their progress through life.

"I received life and light (says he) in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on phrenzy, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps, procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness, pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger, and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their great Creator.

A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds toward perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention, and

repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-day.

Patiently, and with industry, did I apply myself to study, for, although I felt the impossibility of giving life to my productions, I did not abandon the idea of representing nature. Many plans were successively adopted, many masters guided my hand. At the age of seventeen, when I returned from France, whither I had gone to receive the rudiments of my education, my drawings had assumed a form. David had guided my hand in tracing objects of large size. Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me. I returned to the woods of the New World with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I henceforth continued, and which is now publishing, under the title of "THE BIRDS OF AMERICA."

In Pennsylvania, a beautiful state, almost central on the line of our Atlantic shores, my father, in his desire of proving my friend through life, gave me what Americans call a beautiful 'plantation,' refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkill River, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects to my pencil. It was there that I commenced my simple and agreeable studies, with as little concern about the future as if the world had been made for me. My rambles invariably commenced at break of day; and to return wet with dew, and bearing a feathered prize, was, and ever will be, the highest enjoyment for which I have been fitted.

Yet think not, reader, that the enthusiasm which I felt for my favourite pursuits was a barrier opposed to the admission of gentler sentiments. Nature, which had turned my young mind toward the bird and the flower, soon proved her influence upon my heart. Be it enough to say, that the object of my passion has long since blessed me with the name of husband. And now let us return, for who cares to listen to the love-tale of a naturalist, whose feelings may be supposed to be as light as the feathers which he delineates!

For a period of nearly twenty years, my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling, and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the purest gratification. I had to struggle against the will of all who at that period called themselves my friends. I must here, however, except my wife and children. The remarks of my other friends irritated me beyond endurance, and, breaking through all bonds, I gave myself entirely up to my pursuits. Any one unacquainted with the extraordinary desire which I then felt of seeing and judging for myself, would doubtless have pronounced me callous to every sense of duty, and regardless of every interest. I undertook long and tedious journeys, ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family. Yet, reader, will you believe it, I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming in any degree useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano at Philadelphia, to which place I went, with the view of proceeding eastward along the coast.

I reached Philadelphia on the 5th April 1824, just as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon. Excepting the good Dr Mease, who had visited me in my younger days, I had scarcely a friend in the city. I called on him, and showed him some of my drawings. He presented me to the celebrated Charles Lucian Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced me to the Natural History Society of Philadelphia. But the patron-

age which I so much needed, I soon found myself compelled to seek elsewhere. I left Philadelphia, and visited New York, where I was received with a kindness well suited to elevate my depressed spirits; and afterwards, ascending that noble stream the Hudson, gliding over our broad lakes, to seek the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests.

It was in these forests that, for the first time, I communed with myself as to the possible event of my visiting Europe again; and I began to fancy my work under the multiplying efforts of the graver. Happy days, and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. Chance, and chance alone, had divided my drawings into three different classes, depending upon the magnitude of the objects which they represented; and although I did not at that time possess all the specimens necessary, I arranged them as well as I could into parcels of five plates, each of which now forms a Number of my *Illustrations*. I improved the whole as much as was in my power, and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of man, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse, could accomplish.

Eighteen months elapsed. I returned to my family, then in Louisiana, explored every portion of the vast woods around, and at last sailed towards the Old World. But before we visit the shores of hospitable England, I have the wish, good-natured reader, to give you some idea of my mode of executing the original drawings, from which the *Illustrations* have been taken; and I sincerely hope that the perusal of these lines may excite in you a desire minutely to examine them.

Merely to say that each object of my *Illustrations* is of the size of nature, were too vague—for to many it might only convey the idea that they are so, more or less, according as the eye of the delineator may have been more or less correct in measurement simply obtained through that medium; and of avoiding error in this respect, I am particularly desirous. Not only is every object, as a whole, of the natural size, but also every portion of each object. The compass aided me in its delineation, regulated and corrected each part, even to the very fore-shortening which now and then may be seen in the figures. The bill, the feet, the legs, the claws, the very feathers as they project one beyond another, have been accurately measured. The birds, almost all of them, were killed by myself, after I had examined their motions and habits, as much as the case admitted, and were regularly drawn on or near the spot where I procured them.

An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show you how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call the persevering zeal with which I laboured—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening obstacles. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the bank of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced, and opened; but, reader, feel for me; a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before, and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.

America being my country, and the principal pleasures of my life having been obtained there, I prepared to leave it with deep sorrow, after in vain trying to publish my *Illustrations* in the United States. In Philadelphia, Wilson's principal engraver, amongst others, gave it as his opinion to my friends, that my drawings could never be engraved. In New York, other difficulties presented themselves, which determined me to carry my collections to Europe.

As I approached the coast of England, and for the first time beheld her fertile shores, the despondency of my spirits became very great. I knew not an individual in the country; and although I was the bearer of letters from American friends, and statements of great eminence, my situation appeared precarious in the extreme. I imagined that every individual whom I was about to meet, might be possessed of talents superior to those of any on our side of the Atlantic! Indeed, as I for the first time walked on the streets of Liverpool, my heart nearly failed me, for not a glance of sympathy did I meet in my wander-

ings, for two days. To the woods I could not betake myself, for there were none near.

But how soon did all around me assume a different aspect! How fresh is the recollection of the change! The very first letter which I tendered procured me a world of friends. My drawings were publicly exhibited, and publicly praised. Joy swelled my heart. The first difficulty was surmounted. Honours, which, on application being made through my friends, Philadelphia had refused, Liverpool freely accorded.

I left that emporium of commerce, with many a passport, bent upon visiting fair Edina, for I longed to see the men and the scenes immortalized by the fervid strains of Burns, and the glowing eloquence of Scott and Wilson.

My journey to Scotland was performed along the north-western shores of England. I passed in view of Lancaster Castle, and through Carlisle. I had by this time much altered my ideas of this island and its inhabitants. I found her churches all hung with her glories, and her people all alive to the kindest hospitality. I saw Edinburgh, and was struck with the natural pictorial elegance of her site; and I soon found that her inhabitants were as urbane as those whom I had left behind me. The principal scientific and literary characters of the ancient metropolis of Scotland received me as a brother. It is impossible for me to mention all the individuals from whom I received the kindest attention.

In this capital commenced the publication of my Illustrations, and there it might have been accomplished, had not unexpected difficulties come in the way. My engraver, Mr W. H. Lizars, advised me to seek an artist in London. There, after many fruitless inquiries, I became acquainted with Mr Robert Havell, junior, who has ever since continued to be employed by me, and who, I am happy in saying, has given general satisfaction to my patrons.

Four years have passed. One volume of my Illustrations, containing one hundred plates, is before the public. You may easily see, good-natured reader, that to Britain I owe nearly all my success. She has furnished the artists through whom my labours were to be presented to the world; she has granted me the highest patronage and honours; in a word, she has thus far supported the prosecution of my Illustrations. To Britain, therefore, I shall ever be grateful."

THE UNKNOWN POETS OF SCOTLAND.

THE first number of a work under this title has just appeared. It is the production of Mr Alexander Campbell, of Leith—himself an unknown poet, and also a prose writer of considerable nerve and fancy.* The object of the work is to collect and preserve the best stray productions of men who have not regularly appeared as authors, living and dead, and who, but for this peculiar plan of publication, would have never, in all probability, been heard of beyond a small local circle.

As it is impossible for any man of ordinary feeling to be indifferent respecting the productions of obscure genius; as, on the contrary, all hearts feel a natural and sincere pleasure in seeing talent rescued from the pressure of unfavourable circumstances, and brought fully into that publicity which it merits; we should think that the idea of Mr Campbell's book must meet with general acceptance. All that remains to be considered is—Is the selection judicious? Are the pieces brought forward really such as to make it desirable that the writers should be introduced to the public? And, finally, are they presented in company with such biographical facts and critical observations as may aid in giving the necessary interest to the book?

We think that Mr Campbell has partly failed and partly succeeded in these objects. Of the specimens which he brings forward, some are truly admirable, some so-so, and a few, in our humble opinion, might have been as well spared. We would also suggest, that, though the editor's feelings are always of the right kind, and, in some cases, eloquently expressed, there is often an unnecessary obtrusiveness and plenitude of remark, and, what is much worse, there is a prevailing propensity to sarcasm and acerbity, that have an effect far from pleasant. Passing, however, over these objections, which bear but a small proportion to the merits of the design, and the better parts of its execution, we think Mr Campbell will probably add a very curious and valuable volume to our national literature.

In the present number, only three poets are introduced. The first is James Forrest, who spent the whole of his tuneful life in the capacity of a weaver, and died at Carlisle in 1818, aged forty-three. Forrest's poetry is generally of a melancholy cast, with a strain of delicate natural feeling running throughout. He has apparently lit his torch at the more pensive poems of Burns; and when the perusal of his verses is coupled with the recital of a life of humble and hopeless poverty, the effect is altogether truly touch-

ing. We think the following poem to a Redbreast a perfect gem in its way:—

ON A REDBREAST COMING INTO MY COTTAGE, DECEMBER, 1810.

Thou'rt welcome, Robin, to my dwelling,
Sae dinna keek behind the hallan,
Step briskly ben, my canty callan,
Thout fear or dread,
The noisy weans, sae loudly bawlin',
Ye needna heed.

Troth, lad, the day is e'en right gurl,
The snaw blaws thick wi' choakin' swurl,
The shapeless wreaths, high-tow'ring, curl,
While through the cluds
Bleak boreas, gowlin', starves the warl'
Wi' spitefu' thuds.

Right sair I mourn thy mates now roamin',
Wi' hungry wames, o'er nature's common,
Wha maun cou in some hole at gloamin'
Beneath the drift,
While loud the ruthless tempest's moanin'
The lang dark night.

I'm sorry, Bob, that reasonin' man
Should mar kind nature's social plan,
Wha boasts his powers her works to scan
And wondrous laws,
From the long chain's remotest span
To the First Cause.

Then dinna doubt me, tune fu' brither,
The feckless aye are fond o'ither;
Sae dinna hap, an' hitch, an' swither,
An' glow about,
Ye'll here be safe til better weather
Shall shine without.

Amongst the other poems by Forrest, several of which are very tame, there is one beginning, "That altered form thou shalt not see," which has hitherto been attributed to Mrs Brunton, because found among her papers, but which Mr Campbell asserts as more probably by the Carlops weaver, though he has only the same reason to adduce, namely, that it was found in a MS. volume left by that person. When read beside the other productions of Forrest, it is quite incredible that this poem is by him, and we cannot help expressing our wonder at the ingenious editor having imposed it upon himself as one of his productions.

Mr Campbell's second hero is James Home, an existing builder of dykes—i. e., dry-stone inclosures. He is the Anacreon of the fraternity, and really writes amatory poetry of much fervour.

But by far the most remarkable individual of the three is a young person named James Ballantyne (a painter residing in Hanover Street, Edinburgh), of whose genius we could hardly speak in high enough terms. The vein of this young poet is one of peculiar humour—resembling, if it resembles any thing, some of the droll effusions ascribed to James the Fifth of Scotland—but at the same time mixed and threaded up with a strain of feeling that elevates it far above any thing that the royal poet has to boast of. Of this most original and most promising genius, we shall give one specimen, that strikes us as containing a picture of extraordinary distinctness, in a style of singularly happy language:—

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

Wee stuffy, stumpy, dumpy laddie,
Thou urchin elfin, bare an' duddy,
Thy plumpit kite an' cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breakums on thy fuddy
Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,
Thy twa bare feet, sae stourie an' burly,
The biting frost, though snell an' surly
An' sair to bide,
Is scouted by thee, thou hardy wurly,
Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weat,
Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleat,
Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
Right bauld an' sieker,
An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,
But for thy bieker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlie gets
Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,
Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,
To keep them pale;
But airmel parritch straughts thy guts,
An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's palks, the maister's whippin',
Can never mend thy gait o' kippin';
I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
A' after thee,
An' thou art, like a young colt, skippin'
Far ower the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
Thou'rt foughten mony a weary battle;
Stridin' ower horse, an' yerkin' cattle
Wi' noisy glea,
Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle
Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
Ilk tree-legged man, ilk club-taed laddie
Ilk oily leary,

Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin' snab, ilk barkin' naler,
Ilk funky bauld, ilk comy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimlin', theevin', gambin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler diddler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindin' fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,
An' staggers hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', and scaur,
Thou coverest him up, a' movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie
In teapot, bottle, stoup, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldin' in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre the inspirin' whisky bouse
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits among them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now art wee an' barefoot,
Thou't be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
Or I'm mista'en,
Unless misfortune's gurl bark yet
Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,
Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,
We a' were callants ance, like thee,
An' happier then
Than, after clarnbin' up life's tree,
We think us men.

Feeling the warmest interest in the object of this book (a feeling which has induced us, busy as we are, to take some pains in circulating it over the country), we shall probably return to it when it has advanced a little farther.

THE SON OF COLKITTOCH.*

ALEXANDER MACDONELL, commonly known in the Highlands and in Ireland by the patronymic of Allister MacCollie, or the Son of Coll, was the eldest son of Colkittoch, a gentleman of whom we have already given an account. He was born in the island of Colonsay, and his close connexion with the family of Antrim induced him to engage in the troubles which occurred in Ireland in the reign of Charles the First. The Earl of Antrim appointed him to command the auxiliary force which he sent to assist the king's friends in Scotland. These troops consisted chiefly of his own tenants and followers.

Alexander first landed with his soldiers near the castle of Mingary, at the western extremity of the Sound of Mull, and then in possession of the Parliamentary party. A fellow who travelled to exhibit the enormity of his appetite, paid his respects to Macdonell, and treated him with a specimen of his powers, by devouring the whole dinner which had been prepared for the crew of his vessel. Having acquitted himself thus handsomely, he appealed to the commander for his reward; upon which Alexander ordered his men to hang him to the mast, as being a nuisance to the world.

Alexander had no artillery, but he ordered a vast quantity of combustible materials to be collected in the dry ditch at the foot of the castle wall, and to be set on fire, expecting to compel the garrison to surrender, from the violent heat. The fire was kept burning for several days, and the wall still bears the mark; but the attempt failed. Want of provisions, however, induced the besieged to surrender in the course of time, and they were made prisoners of war.

The Irish troops being much in want of shoes, Campbell, of Bragleen, who had commanded the castle, said that he knew where some Irish leather might be found, and offered to procure it if he obtained a party of soldiers. This was agreed to, and Campbell led them to the rocky bed of a river in the vicinity, where he selected a place well adapted to his purpose. He first descended by a narrow winding path, and ordered the men to follow him singly into a cavern below, where he said the leather was concealed. This was done, and Campbell stabbed every man as he entered the cavern, until he killed the whole party, and then made his escape. The situation of the place justifies the belief of the bloody deed. Campbell was afterwards taken prisoner, and he defended his conduct by asserting that he had performed his promise, by having so many Irish hides, meaning the skins of those whom he killed. Alexander was remarkable for his great strength of body and daring intrepidity. He appears to have understood the character of his troops well, for his popularity among them was very great. He was much distinguished for his conduct in all the actions which Montrose fought against the Covenanters, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, or general-major, as it was then termed. He also received the honour of knighthood.

After the unfortunate defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, Sir Alexander retired into Argyleshire. Passing by the side of Loch Ballimore, in the centre of which one Mackorquodale, the head of a neighbouring sept, had fortified a small islet, where he considered himself in perfect security, having the only boat on the lake in his possession. When he saw that Sir Alexander, with his troops, was marching past without taking any notice of him, he went to the top of his castle, and vauntingly fired off a musket, as a mark of defiance. Macdonell upon this turned round, levelled his rifle, and saying, "Oh, poor trifling Mackorquodale, I beg pardon for passing without taking notice of you!" he shot him dead as he stood on the roof of his castle. The very spot on which he stood when he fired the shot is still marked by a cairn, and the distance certainly appears to justify the little Baron's confidence in his own safety.

* We give this as a second extract from those "Legends of the Western Highlands" which appeared some years ago in the *London Literary Gazette*. Some further information of an authentic character, and also a few legendary anecdotes, respecting the son of Colkittoch, are given by one of the Editors of the present Journal, in his History of Montrose's Wars, Constable's Miscellany, volumes XXXI, XXXII.

* He is the author of a historical novel upon the subject of Perkin Warbeck, published about two years ago.

Sir Alexander remained for some days after this in the district of Argyll properly so called; and having observed a mill at some distance, he accidentally inquired the name of the place where it stood, and was informed it was called the Mill of Goghkum-Go. He started when he heard the name, struck his hand on his forehead, and retired into his tent. Next day he continued his retreat into Kintyre.

It seems that before he left Ireland, Sir Alexander had, according to the custom of that age and country, consulted a witch as to the fate of his expedition, and she foretold that he would be fortunate in all his undertakings until he should reach Goghkum-Go. He laughed at the oddness of the name, and thought no more of it. But when he found himself at a place of that name, his situation being at the time unfavourable, the circumstance made a strong impression on his mind.

He had with him twelve hundred foot, and certainly might have defended the very strong passes which command the entrance into the peninsula of Kintyre very effectually. But he neglected to do so. He was followed by Sir David Leslie. Sir Alexander chose to place a garrison of three hundred men in the castle of Dunaverty, near the Mull of Kintyre. This had been one of the ancient residences of the lords of the isles; and it was there that the valiant Bruce was so kindly entertained by that potent chief when he was on his way to the island of Rathlin, on the coast of Ireland, after he had been defeated by Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, at Dalry. Leslie laid siege to Dunaverty, and the unfortunate garrison was soon forced to surrender for want of water. They gave themselves up "on the mercy of the kingdom;" but, alas! they found no mercy. Three days after, they were put to death in cold blood by the execrable Leslie, to which there is evidence that he was strongly incited by the Rev. John Nave, commissioner from the Kirk, who acted as the general's chaplain, and who incessantly prompted him to this bloody act, threatening him with the curses that befel Saul for sparing the Amalekites, should he not put these men to death. They consisted chiefly of the clan Macdougall, and their young chief alone was saved, on condition that he should banish himself to France. The Marquis of Argyll was present on this occasion; and though he had no higher rank than colonel, the nation in general imputed much of the fault to him. Sir Alexander himself did not remain at Dunaverty, but after putting a few troops into Dunivaig, in Islay, embarked for Ireland with the rest of his men. These consisted entirely of Irish; and with them he found the royal party in that country, where he was soon after killed in battle against the republicans under Lord Taffe, afterwards Earl of Carlingford. Sir Alexander was taken prisoner by two private soldiers, who, having discovered his rank and importance, disputed the honour of capturing him, and to prevent either having a preference, they put him to death. This happened in the year 1647, at a place named Glenlussart.

Some strange fatality certainly appears to have seized Sir Alexander in the last part of his career; and it is by no means improbable that his mind became impressed with the inevitable destruction to which he was doomed, after the partial fulfilment of the oracle he had unhappily relied on. Sir Alexander and his father are confounded by all the historians of that period we have seen. They are often confounded under the names of Colkittoch, or Macdonald of Colkittoch.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

MANUSCRIPTS.

Of all the relics of antiquity which have been brought to light during the excavation of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the papyrus of the latter subterranean city must be allowed to stand pre-eminent in value and importance. It is, however, to be regretted that so little success has followed the labours of those who have attempted to unroll them. They seem to have been first enveloped by a paste, which consolidated around them, and then allowed them to become slowly carbonized. The vegetable substance is now a thin friable black matter, in appearance somewhat like the tinder which remains when strong paper has been burnt, in which the letters may still be sometimes traced. The leaves of the papyrus are so closely cemented together, that the roll appears as one mass, and the difficulty of separation has been found scarcely surmountable, without doing injury to the writing. Some portions, however, have been unrolled, and the titles of about four hundred of the least injured have been read. They are works of no importance, but all entirely new, and chiefly relating to music, rhetoric, and cookery. The obliterations and corrections are numerous, so that there is a probability of their having been original manuscripts. There are two volumes of Epicurus "On Nature," and the rest are for the most part productions of the same school of writers. Only a very few are written in Latin, almost the whole being in Greek. All were found in the library of one private individual, and in a quarter of the town where there was the least probability of manuscripts being found. From this circumstance, we may be allowed to indulge the hope that future excavations will discover some literary treasures of real value. But the enterprise of private individuals will not be able to accomplish this. The governments

of Europe ought to come forward with their support. The supineness manifested at the present moment by all of them—our own, of course, included—reflects something very like disgrace upon them.

SKELETONS, PAINTINGS, &c.

A very small number of skeletons, as was formerly observed, have been found in either city; hence it is clear that the greater mass of the inhabitants had found time to escape. Besides those already noticed, there were found in the vaults of a house in the suburbs of Pompeii, the skeletons of seventeen individuals, who appear to have sought refuge there from the tempest of ashes which poured from the sky. There was also preserved in the same place, a perfect cast of a woman, supposed to have been the mistress of the house, with an infant locked in her arms. Her form was imprinted upon the rock which formed her sepulchre, but only the bones remained. To these a chain of gold was suspended, and rings with jewels were upon the fingers of the skeleton. The remains of a soldier were found in a niche, where, in all probability, he was performing the office of sentinel. His hand still grasped a lance, and the usual military accoutrements of the time were also found there.

The walls in the interior of buildings are generally adorned with fresco paintings, the colours of which are in a state of perfect preservation, and have all the freshness of recent finishing. The shells also, which decorate some of the public fountains, have sustained no injury from the lapse of ages, or the volcanic products in which they were buried, but appear as entire as if they had been preserved in a museum.

Fishing nets, some of them quite entire, have been found, in great numbers, in both cities. Linen, also, with the texture well defined, was amongst the excavated products. In the shop of a baker, a loaf was found still retaining its form, with the baker's name stamped upon it, and which, to satisfy the curiosity of modern professors of the art, we shall give: it was "Eleris Q. Crani Riser." On the counter of an apothecary's shop, was a box of pills, and by the side of it a small cylindrical roll, evidently ready for cutting up: this method of administering to a body diseased is therefore of very ancient date.

It would be easy to extend our notice of the various relics of antiquity which have been found; but the details already given will probably satisfy the reader, as they are the most interesting and important which we have been able to collect, after examining a number of works upon the subject.

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

We have more than once pointed out the dangerous effects of smoking, now one of the most vulgar accomplishments among young men. The following observations in a Hamburg journal shew the extent to which this vicious and mean indulgence is carried in Germany:—"The propensity of smoking is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, 50,000 boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year, each box costing about L.3 sterling: L.150,000 puffed into the air! And it is to be remembered, that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschaum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt every where and in every thing. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dullness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman, and child, rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to awake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles. But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and thirty-five, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. The universal weakness of the eyes, which makes the Germans *par excellence* a spectacled nation, is probably attributed to the same cause of general nervous debility. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their mind into metaphysics."

SAYING OF MARGAROT.

When Maurice Margarot was tried at Edinburgh for sedition, Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, who always talked broad Scotch upon the bench, said, "Hae ye ony counsel, man?" "No." "Do you want to hae ony appoint?" "No." "I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your Lordship says."

A SOUND HORSE.

Sergeant Bond related the following anecdote of himself with great good humour:—"I once bought a horse from a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had any fault. I, therefore, when I paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault that he has.' 'Why, Sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears. 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, Sir,' says he, 'it is, that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh!' said I; 'if that's all, I am not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with or to lead me to Uxbridge.' It, however, so happened that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street, until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the Sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups (at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed), expecting a plunge from my horse; I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him! But I was not long left in doubt of what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you.' 'What do you mean, Mr Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information," said the Sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer to prevent me from going to a place where his theft would be discovered. I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord." What they were he kept to himself.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CHANGE OF COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

As the cold season advances, the coats of many animals change colour. This curious phenomenon is rarely observable in our temperate climate, except in the case of the Alpine hare, which inhabits Scotland, and which, from a brown colour, becomes, in winter, of a snowy white. It is in the arctic regions that this interesting change is most strongly manifested. Warmth is the object of the singular provision, and the principles upon which it is secured are simply these:—All persons have felt that black clothes heat the body in summer-time much sooner than white ones, and hence the prevalence of light-coloured garments in the hot season; but the contrary is the case during the winter; black clothes are the most comfortable garments we can wear. Black substances, when they are placed in a temperature superior to their own, absorb heat more readily than a white substance, but if, after heating a black and white body to an equal degree, they are removed to a temperature lower than their own, the black body will part with its heat and be cool much sooner than the white. White skins are, therefore, better fitted for preserving the body of an animal from cold than those of any other colour; they shut in the heat, while a darker skin would have let it out. Accordingly, we find this law brought to contribute to the comfort of the fowls and beasts of the arctic circle, at a time when, without them, they would perish.—*Guide to Knowledge.*

The Messrs Chambers have to announce, that in consequence of the continued demand for early numbers of the *Journal*, they have resolved, although at a great expense, to reprint the work from No. 1 to 36 in the new size, and that these numbers will be speedily republished both in Edinburgh and London. To suit a certain class of readers in the country, the *Journal* is now made up in Monthly Parts, with a neat printed cover, including the *Historical Newspaper*, a monthly publication resembling the *Journal* in size and appearance, at the same low price, and containing, besides Original Papers, a complete Digest of the Foreign and British News of the month. This newspaper is also published separately on the first or second day of every month, and may be obtained from all booksellers and dealers who supply the present publication.

It is again respectfully notified, that no communications in verse or prose are wanted. All unpaid anonymous letters whatsoever are returned to the Post Office.

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DANGLERS.

"By the bye, do you know who that genteel-looking young man is, that I see constantly hanging about the Wilsons? Go where I will, I am sure to see him along with one or other of the young ladies. Last Wednesday night, having occasion to call on Mrs Wilson about the character of a servant, whom did I see stuck up in a corner of the sofa but this same young gentleman, discussing with Miss Jessy, if I understood it rightly, the merits of a patent thread paper; I next night saw him with them in the pit of the Theatre, the third seat from the orchestra; and I am positive that he is ten times oftener in their seat at church than in his own, wherever that may be." Such is the sort of question that some well-meaning, but curious female controller-general of society puts on observing a dangler in high practice. The dangles are a class of young men belonging to some idle profession, who are never happy unless they be on terms of intimate acquaintance in families having one or two daughters come to a marriageable time of life. Having effected an introduction, it is impossible to tell how—most likely at a soiree, where he made quite a sensation by dancing the *Lancers* in a first-rate style, or through means of another dangler or friend of the family, or, what is more likely still, through an acquaintanceship with a brother of the young ladies, picked up at a fencing-school—the dangler falls into a habit of dropping in at all seasons, and, in a short time, from being a good-looking young man, and of tolerable address, becomes a privileged person in the household. If there be any dinner, tea, or supper party, Mr Brown is sure to be put down first on the list, or is there of his own accord; and, from his frequent appearances on such occasions, a certain kind of *understanding* as to his motives prevails among all descriptions of regular visitors. The dangler thus makes himself a species of necessary evil in the family. He brings all the floating small-talk of the town to the young ladies; speaks to them about concerts, play-actors, and charity sermons; helps the tea-kettle, and has a habit of saying "allow me," and making a movement as if to rise, when any thing is to be lifted; converses on the prevailing colour in the new winter dresses, and leads the laugh when any thing droll is mentioned. When Miss Jessy and Miss Sally go out for a walk, or on any necessary piece of duty, the dangler has a knack of hitting the exact time they are to leave the house, and, with an inclination, offers his arm, but always has a tendency to be on the side next Miss Jessy. At "kirk or at market," the dangler acts the obliging young man, being equally ready to carry a parasol, or look out the place in the Bible or Psalm-book. The dangler, in short, is ubiquitous in his services, and so, as a matter of course, all the world put him down as a favoured suitor of one or other of the young ladies. "Take my word for it," says Mrs Gavine, to her friend Mrs Brotherstone, "it is a set thing that young Tom Brown is after Jessy Wilson, and there's no doubt he'll get her too. I'm sure they've been long enough in making it up at any rate; for, to my certain knowledge, he used to call when they lived in George Street, and that is more than three years since." "Indeed," replies the party addressed, "I'm not so sure about it as all that. I have always had my own opinion that he is one of those flirting fellows that never know their own mind for three minutes at a time, and, whatever they do, take always good care never to come to the point. However, I dare say he gets enough of encouragement, and they may take their own way of it, for me. Had the father not been a poor silly man, he would have settled the matter long

ere this." There are strong grounds for belief that Mrs Brotherstone is not far from the truth in her opinion of our hero Mr Brown. Under the indistinct idea that he is in love with a young lady, when he is no such thing, the dangling genteel young man haunts her wherever she goes, gets recognised by her father or mother as a suitable enough match for their daughter, flirts about her for a year or two, without, be it remarked, ever having spoken a word to her of personal esteem or attachment, yet insinuated himself so far into her good graces by his actions and looks—his everlasting dangle—that he knows he could get her at any time for the asking; then, behold, when he sees he can secure another with a better fortune, or, in his eyes, some other great recommendation, he leaves the long assiduously-courted young lady to pine over her solitary fate. How often is this the case in the middle ranks of life! How many hundreds and thousands of amiable young women have had cause to rue that they ever gave any permanent encouragement to a dangler. Such a character acts like a blight on the fate of a young lady; for he not only consumes her valuable time, and distracts her feelings, but prevents real and modest admirers from making advances; wherefore, in the end, she has perhaps to marry a person of inferior respectability, or remain on the list of old maids. Such a result forms the worst feature in the case of the dangler. Heedless of the havoc he is committing in the fate of the young lady; not reflecting that what has been simple killing of time or amusement to him has been protracted-torture to a sensitive female, who, probably, all the while pardons him, from the impression that he is only waiting till he can conveniently make a declaration, he either starts off after a new object, or grows cool in his attentions, after the bloom of her youth is fled. Yet, we have known dangles deservedly caught in their own cunning devices. The eldest daughter of the family, to whom he has long been in his own opinion attached, is carried off, as it were, out of his very grasp, when he thought himself most secure; and he probably enters into a campaign of dangle with the younger; but she is also married before he has time to make up his resolution, and he is left in a queerish, desolate condition. In such cases, we have known the dangle of half-a-dozen years pretend to feel hurt, and actually "wonder" how Miss Wilson or Miss Any-body-else "was in such a hurry to get off, for it was well known to her that nobody felt so much attached to her as himself." Such is the drivel of a disconcerted dangle. He breaks his acquaintance with the family "which has used him so very ill," and looks about him for means of revenge in marrying some "extraordinary great match." He procures an acquaintance with the accomplished and elegant Miss Blackitt, who lives with her aunt in the Crescent, and who, it is currently reported, has three thousand pounds at her own disposal, besides expectations from her uncle the lieutenant-colonel in India. The aunt, who is a knowing hand in the science of dangle, encourages his addresses, but takes care not to be long in fixing him, by asking him with an air (some day about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, when he had called in a pair of washed gloves to escort the young lady to the Exhibition) "what his intentions are regarding her niece." Of course, Mr Brown protests—rather in a flutter, however—that his "intentions" are beyond all measure "honourable." The marriage in such a case soon ensues, and the dangle is beautifully noosed with a girl who, according to the report of the controllers-general of the neighbourhood, "can-

not put on her own clothes," "who has all kinds of bad habits," not a penny of fortune, no expectations from her uncle in India—he being a married man with five mulatto daughters—and, consequently, to sum up the story, makes the dangle miserable for all the rest of his life.

ISBEL LUCAS,

A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear, so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that

there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press, Mr Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day, namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sorer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet, knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a warning; yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and bye, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and, having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotch-

woman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Tron-gate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time? "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isbel. "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steam-boat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steam-boat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length, she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring you with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclashed pen-knife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some

place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plentiful repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isbel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bedchamber of Tralee, in Ireland.

The moral of this story (and it is a real one) is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts when they reach the peculiarly tender and susceptible age of *forty-two*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE TURKS.

THE country at present called Turkey, comprises, with some small exceptions, that tract of continent, sea, and island, which lies between the River Tigris to the eastward, and the Gulf of Venice on the west. Several of the districts towards the boundaries of this region pay but a nominal subjection to the Turkish sovereign; but he claims to rule over the whole, and, indeed, considers also all the states of Northern Africa, from Egypt to the Straits of Gibraltar, as his vassals or feudatories; these, however, hardly acknowledge him even by the payment of a nominal tribute, and in no respect adhere to his authority. The only countries which can be actually considered as his territories, are, in Europe, the districts between the Danube and Greece, with the Grecian islands; and, in Asia, those of Anatolia, or Asia Minor; and these regions are perhaps the most fertile, and best adapted for commerce, of any in the world, were they cultivated as they ought.

It must not be supposed, however, that even this region is wholly occupied by the people called Turks: it is subject to their government, but they do not constitute more than a fourth part of its inhabitants. The rest are the original occupiers of the soil, who possessed it before the Turks conquered them, and who yet continue as the subjects or tributaries of that people. The Turks themselves live chiefly in the garrisoned towns, in villages near these, or in some scattered districts where they have been induced more particularly to settle; but hardly ever in these last are they equal in numbers to their subjects, the ori-

ginal inhabitants who are intermingled with them. Their dominion over the races whom they keep in subjection is maintained with great severity and haughtiness; and, from feeling themselves always superior to them in power, they come to look on them with the greatest disdain. The Turks are all of the religion of Mahomet, and the races who are subject to them are Christians; hence the name of Christian is with these people an expression of scorn, and in their towns any one of that religion who should refuse to step off the foot-path to make way for a Turk, would be subjected to a severe beating; they would no more allow any of their females to marry a Christian, than a West India planter would permit his daughter to give her hand to a negro. It is death for a Christian even to marry or attach himself to a Turkish woman. This extreme contempt appears to arise solely from the Turks having long had the dominion in the country, and having been accustomed to treat its inhabitants on all occasions as a disarmed and conquered people.

The original Turks were a tribe of Tartar origin. It must not be imagined, however, that all the people who now claim that name are the descendants of the original Tartaric warriors: these invaders adopted into their body all the choice of the conquered nations who consented to assume their religion, and enter their armies; this, of course, was no small number, and the conquerors increased it, by forcing from their parents as many Christian children as they wished, in order to train them up in their national manners and discipline. The present Turks, therefore, are a people of mixed origin, and have little relation either in blood or character with the high-capped Tartars of the Desert, to whom they trace their lineage. The Turkish language affords the best evidence of this mixture of people; for though it has a thread of the original Tartaric here and there in its composition, it is chequered at every point with fragments of other tongues.

The original Turkish invaders were, as we have said, a tribe or tribes belonging to Central Tartary, that part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Europe and China, and is little known to either; it contains populous nations and large cities, of which we have scarcely heard the names. The old annals of Persia (which country lies on the south of the Tartaric regions) are filled with accounts of wars with that people, while they do not even allude to those contests with Greece which we are accustomed to consider as the leading points of Persian history in those ages (500 years before Christ). It is evident that the Tartars consisted of many populous and warlike tribes in periods beyond the date of our records. Their first appearance in the histories with which we are familiar, is about six hundred years after Christ, when they made several fierce and successful irruptions into Persia, and continued afterwards to spread forwards over all the civilized countries in their neighbourhood. In those days (from 650 to 1240 of the Christian era) little science was necessary for carrying on war; and mere animal courage, with the capability of bearing fatigue, being sufficient to ensure superiority, the unwearied and innumerable succession of Tartar soldiers which issued from their recesses, shook or overturned the principal monarchies of the time, from Constantinople to China and India. They were ignorant, barbarous, and cruel: the kings, conquerors, and heroes who governed their tribes, could neither read nor write, and considered success at the head of their armies as the only object worthy of their ambition: a chief was thought effeminate who sought other palace than his sheep-skin tent, or other throne than his saddle. No means, however cruel, were thought evil, if they insured victory; when Jenghis Khan (one of their greatest conquerors, 1210) invaded China, he took prisoner a great multitude of old men and women, and placed them in front of his troops, when he wished to avert an attack, because he had heard that the Chinese venerated age so highly, that they would not hurt it, even to defend themselves. The delicacy of their manners at home corresponded with their ferocity abroad. Tamerlane, another Tartar hero, in returning from his expeditions, used to assemble all the young females of the nation, and order a general marriage; in 1389, he gave a sumptuous feast in the plains near Samarcand, on the marriage of his nobles, his inferior officers, and soldiers, at which all the guests were arranged in their respective ranks, according to battle array; the bridegrooms on one side of the benches, and the brides on the other. Such is a picture of Tartaric life in war and peace; their conquests over more civilized nations were effected by means of vast bands of disciplined savages, who could bear endless fatigue, and whose lives could be thrown away in myriads. Their history at the present time, therefore, excites little interest; it is sufficient here to say, that we find certain of their tribes, about the twelfth century, in military possession of Asia Minor, of which the principal towns, and all the open parts of the country, were in their hands. There were several districts, indeed, which defied their power—and in which they have not even yet settled—but these were only the highlands of the country, which, in all conquered regions, remain independent, without being able to act in concert against the invaders.

It was to these conquerors of Asia Minor that the name of Turks was latterly restricted. When they

first established themselves there, they had for nearly 200 years a chief, who was sultan of Iconium; but the several leaders were always at war either with the conquered people, with one another, or with their sultan; hence they were never strong enough to extend the Turkish conquests into Europe, or to give much alarm to the Greek emperors of Constantinople, whose territories adjoined theirs. After a course of events, one of the leaders, named OTHMAN (1318), whose territory lay near the Hellespont, became distinguished by his talents and his ambition. He assumed the style and honours of royalty; defeated every one who dared to question his pretensions; and finally established a sovereignty which, though of small extent, was rendered strong by the confidence which his subjects had in his abilities and love of justice, as well as by the terror with which he inspired his enemies. This prince laid the foundations of the present empire of Turkey, and it is from him that it has the name of the Othman or Ottoman empire. He was succeeded by his son Orchan (1340), who maintained the respect which their power had acquired, and placed the military force with which his Emirs, or great lords, were obliged to furnish him, on a basis of discipline and regularity which enabled him to seize every opportunity of extending his territories. The empire of Constantinople, which had long considered itself as inheriting all the glories of classical history, because it had succeeded to the dominions of Rome, and the language of Greece, lay closely adjoining to the territories of Orchan; but being proud of its imperial dignity and old fame, it affected to despise its neighbour as the mere chief of a Tartar horde. Its own power was, however, fast verging to decay: the emperors were pressed by enemies on every side, and their revenues were consumed in supporting an appearance of splendour which was out of proportion both to their means and power. The resources of the son of Othman, on the other hand, were all employed to increase his military strength, and make additions to his territories. Hence the Emperor Andronicus was soon glad to apply to him for aid against the enemies who were scattering to pieces his enfeebled empire. Orchan, who was, like the modern conqueror Bonaparte, ambitious of allying his self-constituted royalty with the glories of an ancient line of sovereigns, asked the hand of the emperor's daughter as the price of his assistance. His request was granted, and the young and graceful Theodora was given away by her father as one of the wives of the Turk. She seemed the emblem of the ancient glory of empire, finally resigned by Greece. The aid obtained by her father only added to his embarrassment; for the Turks, who came as friends, kept possession as enemies; and the Ottoman sovereignty extended itself, wherever it gained footing, whether as an assistant or a conqueror.

The third sovereign (1362) was Amurath, a prince whose reign was chiefly rendered remarkable by his forming a new kind of military force, consisting of the children of Christian parents, or of young captives taken in war, who were trained up in the Ottoman religion and discipline, and, when enrolled in the army, were distinguished by the name of *yengi-cheri* (young soldiers), which we have changed into janissary. This body of troops was recruited for two centuries in the same manner as it had begun, and formed, during all that time, the flower and strength of the Turkish armies. Amurath extended his conquests beyond Constantinople, and into Hungary, though he did not venture to attack the imperial city itself; and he was at last killed, while walking among the bodies of the dead after a day of victory—a Slavonian soldier, who lay dying, having started up as he passed, and stabbed him to death. He was succeeded by his son Bajazet, who deserved the name of *Ilderim*, or Lightning, from the terrible rapidity of his movements in war. This prince extended his father's conquests along the Danube, and pushed the Turkish dominion southward into Macedonia and Thessaly. The chiefs of his own nation, whom his ancestors had kept in subjection in Asia Minor, rebelled while he was thus employed, and called into their assistance Timor Beg, or Tamerlane, a celebrated conqueror of the Mogul tribe of Tartars. Bajazet, with his usual rapidity, rushed to meet this fearful intermeddler; but his army was dashed to pieces by the shock. He was himself taken prisoner, and Timor shut him up in a cage of iron to die there; having heard that Bajazet had threatened him with the like treatment, should he be taken.

The Turkish sovereignty remained in confusion for some time after the death of this prince. His son Mahomet did little to re-establish it; but Amurath the Second effectually revived the fame of his ancestors. In Europe, however, he was bearded by the Albanian patriot Scanderbeg, who, for a quarter of a century, set the whole Turkish power at defiance; and Amurath, whom he had frequently foiled, was so eager for revenge, that on his death-bed he addressed his son Mahomet as follows:—"I now leave you, my son, this crown, but, above all things, I leave you this enemy." Mahomet, however, was baffled as well as his father. After Scanderbeg died, his strongholds were taken, and the Turkish soldiers, whose highest ideas of glory were concentrated in military success, dug up his bones, and had pieces of them set in gold and silver, hoping that they would confer on

the wearers the valour and good fortune of their living owner.

The next reign was that of Mahomet the Second. This prince, in 1453, captured the city of Constantinople, whose whole territory, except a few fragments, had long been in the hands of the Ottomans, and which had preserved the name of an empire after it could hardly command the highways leading to its own gates. After seizing the imperial city, Mahomet subdued also those portions of Southern Greece which had hitherto remained faithful to their ancient capital and emperors; established the Turkish power in the whole region lying betwixt the Danube, the Save, and the Mediterranean; drove the Genoese out of Crim Tartary; and invaded Italy, where he captured the city of Otranto. His success, and the growing power of the Turkish empire, alarmed the jealousy of the Mamelukes, who at that time ruled over Egypt and Syria, and whose boundaries touched those of the Turks at Mount Taurus, the same point to which the present ruler of Egypt has extended his conquests. His son Bajazet gave these soldiers a mortal injury by conquering Circassia, from which country they obtained the young recruits, whom they adopted as their children, and trained to perpetuate their power. The next prince, Selim the Second, defeated them both in Syria and Egypt, adding these two countries to the Turkish dominions, and gaining also the title of *Caliph*, or successor of Mahomet, and chief of his religion. The Ottoman sultan had now, therefore, taken the place both of the first Christian and first Mahometan sovereigns, and stood an increasing and threatening power, whose attitude struck terror into Europe and Asia. Selim wrested from Persia the rich country lying between the Tigris and Euphrates, and, by his various conquests, almost doubled the extent of his empire. His character, however, gives no brilliancy to the fame of great conquerors. He was called *Selim the Cruel*, from his indifference to the life or death of those around him; and it is said, that, when one of his officers one day asked him when the army would reach a certain village, he replied, "when God pleases; but for thee, it is my pleasure that thou remain here," and ordered his head to be struck off for presuming to ask the question.

The next sovereign, "Soliman the Magnificent," is better known in European history than any of the other Turkish princes. The empire had then no enemy towards the east; and as the Ottomans never thought of remaining at peace while they had a pretext for war and a prospect of conquest, he devoted the whole of his resources to successive attacks upon Germany, Hungary, and the Venetians. From the last he took Rhodes and the Greek islands, and Hungary he entirely subdued, by much treachery and an enormous expense of blood. He next collected a vast army to besiege Vienna; and the fate of Christendom was apprehended to be in the hands of the proud Ottoman. The measures of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, however, deterred him from the meditated attack, and he hurried off to Persia, to harass the sovereign of that country, who baffled him with the same watchful caution which had foiled his immense German preparations.

Soliman is called among his countrymen the law-giver, from his forming a body of regulations for the conduct of the public officers of his empire; but though his reign was one of much wisdom, and of unparalleled warlike achievement, yet certain regulations introduced by him were the first cause of the decline of the Ottoman empire. The government of Turkey being a pure despotism, the whole character and success of its measures depend upon the personal qualities of the sovereign. Now, before the time of Soliman, all the princes of the royal family were employed, as they grew up, in the service of the state, and acquired experience of which the most able frequently availed himself in order to seize the sceptre. This sultan, however, made a regulation, by which the young men of the royal family were ordered to be kept secluded from all business, and immured in the palace, till one of them should be called to the throne. This extraordinary edict has been ever since complied with to the letter; and the consequence has been, that from the days of Soliman, a line of princes have held the Ottoman sceptre who knew neither how to make themselves respected by their enemies, nor by their own army. "Snatched from a prison to preside at court," they were incapable either of heading their forces, or of selecting able statesmen for their ministers; and the fierce janissaries, who had been accustomed to be led to victory by their princes, began to murmur when they suffered defeats under inferior guidance. The sultans, also, who went no longer with them to war, regarded them with less favour, and abridged privileges which the soldiers rather thought of extending: hence there was a ceaseless contest between the army and the sovereign; on every opportunity there was a massacre of rebellious janissaries, who in their turn avenged themselves by assassinating their sultan, and raising another of his imprisoned relations to the throne. The persons who thus succeeded to empire were of course totally unacquainted with the improvements now daily introduced in neighbouring armies, and even if they had known them, had no personal influence to procure their adoption by their own forces. In order to weaken the rebellious janissaries, they were even obliged to corrupt

their military spirit by granting them the privilege of engaging in trades; and this, though it partly weaned them from their turbulent habits, lessened their efficiency in the field. Hence the Ottoman power, which, from the perfect organization of its military strength, had, under Soliman and his ancestors, overawed all Europe, began gradually to decline, as improvement advanced in other states.

These results, though they became more apparent on the accession of every new prisoner from the seraglio to the throne, did not arrive all at once. The military genius of the Ottomans long survived in their armies, and the officers trained in them; so that Europe at intervals still felt their power. Under Selim the Second (1570), they took Cyprus from the Venetians, and, with a barbarity which shows the true genius of war, had its defender skinned alive, and his hide stuffed with straw, to be hung up at the yard-arm of one of their galleys. This insult the Christian powers avenged, by destroying the whole Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto. On another occasion (1676), an Ottoman army, availing itself of a rebellion in Hungary, invaded Germany, and formed the siege of Vienna: it was defeated by the Poles under their gallant sovereign Sobieski, a service which Europe has repaid with little gratitude.

Within the last hundred years, the empire of the Turks has been gradually waning to extinction. The genius of the people being opposed to all improvement whatsoever, they have been circumvented on every hand by their more civilized neighbours. Their wild and ill-regulated warfare has been effectually checked by the cool intrepidity and discipline of European armies. Their indolence has always induced them to rely for support on the states they conquered, more than their own industry; indeed, the revenue they thus drew from their provinces was almost the only means of support to their government; their recent loss of Greece, Algiers, and, we may now say, Egypt and Syria, has therefore brought speedy ruin upon their commonwealth, and destroyed their trade. The present Turkish sovereign is much more civilized than his predecessors, and he has been engaged in remodelling the army, and introducing European costume and tactics; but it is believed that these creditable attempts are too late in being resorted to, and that the empire of the Ottomans must very soon sink into utter obscurity. As if conscious of their want of permanent security, it is said that the Turks on the European side of the Hellespont have a tradition that they are at some time to be driven across to their ancient Asiatic territories. This prediction would certainly long since have been fulfilled, but for the jealousies of the chief European powers, who countenance the Turkish government, and preserve it as a check upon the extension of the Russian dominions. It, nevertheless, seems probable that the present generation will have the satisfaction of seeing the barbarous sway of the Turks extirpated in Europe.

THE SUTORS OF SELKIRK.

TRADITION and history concur in celebrating the devoted bravery of the citizens of Selkirk at the fatal battle of Flodden, in 1514; and it is related, that of one hundred who followed James the Fourth to the field, only a few survived. A standard taken from the English on the occasion, by a member of the incorporation of weavers, is still in the possession of his descendant, an inhabitant of the town. The English were so exasperated at the bravery of that band of citizens, that they laid Selkirk in ashes. James the Fifth, however, in reward of their eminent services, granted them a thousand acres of Selkirk Forest, which are now worth about £1500 a-year. In the annual survey of this tract of land, or riding of the marches, the English standard is still carried before the incorporation of weavers. It is recorded by tradition, that, on the return of the few survivors from Flodden, they found, by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the back ground a wood. In connexion with the story of the bravery of the men of Selkirk at Flodden, tradition has handed down the following rhyme, which has been the subject of much literary contest:—

Up wi' the sutors of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Hume;
And up wi' the bra' lads
That saw the single-soled shoon.

Whether this rhyme be as old as the battle of Flodden, whether it refer to the conduct of Lord Hume on that occasion in comparison with the bravery of the burgesses of Selkirk, or whether it applies to a more modern incident, a match at foot-ball betwixt the men of the Merse, or Earl of Hume's country, and those of Selkirk, it seems now difficult to decide. Although the words of the song, of which the above is the first verse, be not very ancient, and although there was no Earl of Home till the year 1604, antiquaries have generally found reason to believe that they allude to the conflict at Flodden. It is related that the principal trade carried on at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or single-soled shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are

called "the Sutors of Selkirk," though the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a very different profession. It seems evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of the craft over all others, in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess; and the ceremony gone through on such occasions seems to set the matter at rest. The candidate for burgal honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, which has previously been licked or mouthed by all the members of the Town-Council who may be present. This is called *licking the birse*, and is said to imply allegiance or respect to the craft who rule the roost in Selkirk. The late distinguished Sheriff-depute of the county, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who supplied part of this information, on being made a sutor, used the precaution of washing the beslabbered birse in his wine, but was compelled, *noletis volens*, to atone for that act of disrespect by drinking off the polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever dispensed with in any case on record, except that of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, who visited Selkirk in 1819.

The game of foot-ball, above alluded to, was anciently a very favourite sport throughout Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of Armstrongs returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs of Border Transactions*, mentions a great meeting appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggles.

RELIQUES OF WALTER SCOTT.

FOLLOWING up the plan we have commenced, of giving such anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott as come to our hands, in the successive numbers of the Journal, we have this day the agreeable task of introducing to the notice of our readers three distinct productions of his pen, of which the two first were never before printed, while the third, though published at the time of its composition in a newspaper, was not then ascertained to be his, and has never since been before the public.

LETTER TO BISHOP PERCY.

The first of the three articles in point of date is a letter to the celebrated Bishop of Dromore, apparently in answer to one in which his Lordship had expressed satisfaction with the scheme of the Border Minstrelsy, and offering to contribute to the additional volume, then projected, of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The way in which he alludes to his first perusal of that work is a vivid trait of character. It seems tolerably clear, from various circumstances, that he first perused Bishop Percy's collection in 1784, at Rosebank, near Kelso, the seat of his uncle Captain Robert Scott; and in one of his published works he thus alludes to it: "The tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of oriental platanus to which it belonged." From the two passages united, we may almost make out the scene of this remarkable era of his life, and it may be added, of modern literature; for it will never be disputed that the great mind which has given such a bias to the intellectual system of the present age, received its own first direction in a great measure from the national poetry published by Percy. It must have been upon a verdant seat or bank, beneath an eastern plane (probably brought from India by his uncle), that the bard of Marmion first glowed over the kindred strains of the southern minstrels.

The last paragraph of the letter will also have its interest:—the immortal claiming present respectability from the mortal—the noble of mind from the noble of matter! It will be recollected that the Marquis of Downshire was guardian to Lady Scott.

"MY LORD—I shall not trouble your Lordship with an attempt to express the pleasure I felt at the receipt of the letter with which you honoured me, because the task would be equally difficult to me, and disagreeable to your Lordship.

"Were I to compare it to any thing, it would be to the sensation I felt when the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* were first put into my hands, an era in my poetical taste which I shall never forget.

"The very grass sod seat to which (when a boy of

twelve years old) I retreated from my playfellows, to devour the works of the ancient minstrels, is still fresh and dear to my memory. That you are pleased to approve of my intended work, will prove to me an additional stimulus in the execution. An early partiality to the tales of my country, and an intimate acquaintance with its wildest recesses, acquired partly in the course of country sports, and partly in pursuit of antiquarian knowledge, will, I hope, enable me at least to preserve some of the most valuable traditions of the south of Scotland, both historical and romantic.

"My want of knowledge and experience in these pursuits will, I hope, be in some measure supplied by the enthusiasm with which I have pursued my object, and the obscure path through which I have traced it.

"I am very much obliged to your Lordship for the urbanity with which you have offered me a copy of the Earl of Westmoreland's escape; but, under the circumstances you mention, I can have no wish to give your Lordship's amanuensis the trouble of transcribing it upon my account. On the contrary (did I not think that Mr Percy's own researches must be far more accurate than mine), I would with pride contribute to the 4th vol. of the *Reliques* such particulars regarding the 'Rising in the North Country' as I had arranged, with a view to some notices in my own publication; and if this would be acceptable, your Lordship has only to give me a hint to that purpose.

"I have published (that is, printed) in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the Scottish account of the Battle of Otterbourne; a ballad evidently much more modern than that published in the *Reliques* on the same subject.

"In the notes upon the poem, I have been led to express doubt with regard to the account given in the *Reliques* of one of the heroes of the tale—I mean John of Agurstone—whom your Lordship, certainly not without probability, has conjectured to be one of the family of Hagerstone, in Northumberland. At the same time, considering that the English, at the period of the battle of Otterbourne, possessed Roxburgh and Berwick, together with the intermediate fortresses on the south of the Tweed—Wark, Norham, Ford, Cornhill, Twisel, &c.—I think it unlikely that the Hagerstones could at that time acknowledge the Scottish sovereignty, and am rather induced to think (*salva auctoritate tanti viri*) that the warrior was one of the Rutherfords of Edgerstone, anciently spelled Adgurstone, an ancient family, followers of the house of Douglas, and long established on the Scottish Borders, five or six miles above Jedburgh.

"I am sure your Lordship's goodness and liberality will easily excuse my requesting your farther opinion on this hypothesis, although in making this request I am conscious I intrude upon time dedicated to much more valuable and important avocations.

"Your Lordship may probably know my excellent and kind friend, the Marquis of Downshire, whose name I take the liberty of using as some security for my personal character; and I flatter myself he will bear testimony, that in honouring me with an occasional continuance of your correspondence, your Lordship will not entirely misplace your favour. If there is any thing to be done here which can further the 4th vol. of the *Reliques*, your Lordship will honour me by commanding my best services.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and very humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 11th January 1801."

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

THE second of our *religues* is a ballad poem, and one not unworthy to rank with the best efforts of its author in verse. It is a translation of the well-known modern Latin poem, beginning,

"Gramius notabilis collegat montanos,"

which was in its turn a free imitation of the original ballad of "Killiecrankie," and capable of being sung to the same spirited tune. For the benefit of the English reader, it may be mentioned, that the subject of the poem is the battle fought on the 26th of July 1689, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, between the celebrated Viscount Dundee (formerly Graham of Claverhouse), in behalf of the expatriated James the Second, and General M'Kay, who appeared at the head of a superior army of Dutch and British troops, for the defence of the revolution settlement. Dundee fell in the arms of victory, and his loss was never recovered by the Jacobite party. The occasion of the poem being written, and the date of its composition, are explained by the following note from the hand-writing of the late Alexander S. Hunter, Esq. of Blackness, a partner in the firm of Archibald Constable and Company.

"This translation was made by Walter Scott, Esq., and was presented by him to me, being intended to accompany an engraved portrait of Lord Dundee, from the original picture in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, which I had been the means of obtaining from the Miss Youngs of Aulbar, in Angus (for his Grace), in whose family it had remained upwards of a century. This spirited effusion has never yet been published, nor do I believe Mr Scott has any

other copy of it.—November 1811. P.S. I got it from Mr Scott about six years ago; i.e. in 1805."

The glorious GRAHAM, of deathless fame,
Brought down his mountain band;
The Southron race, in rout they chase,
Claymore and targe in hand.
The lowland prig, and canting whig,
In headlong flight were roll'd;

O wondrous GRAHAM! Herculean frame,
And faith sustained by fear!
Thou well couldst fire, to deeds of ire,
The agile mountaineer.
Though twice thy force opposed thy course,
In deep and dark array,
Yet swept thy sword the foreign lord,
And stranger race away.

Of noble birth, and nobler worth,
A Peer of old renown,
His blade sae true, DUNFERMLINE drew,
And hew'd the traitors down.
With heart of faith, and hand of death,
Old Scotland's Nestor gray,
O'er helms of steel, through ranks that reel,
PITCOUR led on the way.

For James's right, GLENGARY's might
The field with slaughter strew'd;
Not he through fire, who bore his sire,
Such zealous duty shew'd.
The men of Skye, of metal high,
They shared their chieftain's toils;
Both sire and son, to fight rushed on,
Macdonalds of the Isles.

MACLEAN the bold fought as of old,
Amid his martial clan;
From foemen such, the tardy Dutch,
With speed unwonted ran.
The stout LOCHIEL, with dirk of steel,
And many a Cameron there,
The Southron fell, dispatched to hell
And bore their spoils to Blair.

BARA, GLENCOE, KEPCOCK also,
And BALLOCH and his brother,
They fenced the claims of good King James
And would not brook another.
And APPINE, too, his faulchion drew,
With Stuarts brought from far;
And CANNON sage, did guide their rage,
And marshall'd all the war.

There, too, was he from Hungary,
Who for his Prince did come,
And turned his dirk from faithless Turk,
Gainst falser whigs at home.
The TUTOR sage, to battle's rage,
Clanronald's broadsword brought,
And with his clan, in act a man,
Their stripling Captain fought.

GLENMORRISTON from wood and glen,
A huntsman warrior came;
His carbine true, to earth he threw,
And drew his sword of flame.
He left the doe, and bounding roe,
He left the stag at bay,
The whiggish race, like deer to chase,
And course the false Mackay.

While Tummel's wave, by rock and cave,
From Blair to Tay shall run,
Claymore and targe, in Highland charge,
Shall rout the pike and gun.
And you, ye true, your blades who drew,
For Scotland's laws and King,
In storied lays, your deathless praise,
Immortal bards shall sing.

HYMN FOR THE CZAR.

Our third relique is a hymn to the Czar Alexander, which Sir Walter composed at the request of a magistrate of Edinburgh, and an old school-fellow of his own, for the purpose of being sung to Haydn's "God Save the Emperor Francis," at the dinner given by Lord Provost Arbuthnot, December 19, 1816, to the Arch Duke Nicolas, now Emperor of Russia, on his visiting and becoming a freeman of the city of Edinburgh. The verses were applied for in the afternoon of the day before the Arch Duke's arrival, and the poet, having been furnished with a copy of the air, finished them, and sent them to their proper destination that night. At the feast, which took place some days afterwards, many distinguished persons were present, including Mr Scott; and the hymn was sung by the band with great effect, the company receiving copies at the same time on a printed slip. The last verse, which must be considered as detached from the hymn, was received with great applause:—

God protect brave Alexander!
Heaven defend the noble Czar!
Mighty Russia's high commander,
First in Europe's banded bar.
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own.

Bless him 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave,
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes:
Late and long, Supreme Director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail, then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land,
Foemen's force, or false beguiling
Shall that union ne'er divide
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[The following is the first of a series of original articles descriptive of remarkable places in foreign countries, which we mean to continue in the Journal, if we shall find that they give satisfaction to any considerable portion of our readers. It appears to us, that such a series of articles, if written, as the other articles of this work are written, with an express view to what is capable of interesting, or being intelligible to, the mass of mankind, may instruct the minds and expand the views of many persons who have not read even the most familiar books respecting the Continent. The South of France will be described in three articles—the next in order being devoted to Toulouse.]

BOURDEAUX.

On the 18th of September 1830, we sailed out of the Bay of Dublin, which the rays of the morning sun and a fine fresh breeze had rendered a glittering mass of green and gold, the Wicklow mountains stretching calmly up in the distance, and descending to the shore in bold rocky lines. The rapid pace of the steam-boat, as it carried us along the coast, gave it much the appearance of a peristrophe panorama, object succeeding object in quick succession; but before nightfall, we had entirely lost sight of it, as we kept inclining to the left across St George's Channel. It is not my intention to amuse you with an account of the very heavy gale we encountered the three following days—which, as sailors say, made our mizen-mast go by the board—and of our great joy when we found ourselves safely anchored in smooth water at the mouth of the Garonne, under the custom-house of Polignac. It was late in the evening before we came to anchor, so that, though I felt much anxiety to catch a glimpse of the shore, to which we were so close that I could distinguish the lights of the cottage fires, and hear faint sounds of human voices, I had to content myself with walking to the wheel, and examining with curious eyes the uncouth figure of the French pilot, which had hailed and boarded us some hours previously in the Bay of Biscay. There was nothing very distinctive about this man, except his great red night-cap with a yellow tassel, and the ponderous magnitude of his sea-boots; but then he was not one of us—his language, religion, food, all different: and yet in his character of pilot he grasped the wheel with an air of importance, giving directions to our sailors in unintelligible English, which they received with their tongues in their cheeks, and a sly wink to the captain. It appeared to me that the feeling of superiority and contempt which our sailors so fearlessly evinced for the French in the last war had not terminated with it.

I was on deck at an early hour in the morning, and cannot say but I was much disappointed with the character of the scenery. The banks of the Garonne, as far as Bordeaux, are low and swampy, reminding me strongly of the Mersey at Liverpool; and the vines, which you see on all sides, as far as the eye can reach, growing close to the ground, have much the appearance of bean-fields. We were soon boarded by the custom-house officers, who set about with diligence, yet politeness, to examine our baggage. Their uniform was a sort of medium between a civilian and soldier, being light blue with a little embroidery, and foraging caps. They were especially precise in replacing every thing as they found it, and the only articles seized were some culinary instruments belonging to missionaries on their way to Persia, which, I believe, were afterwards reclaimed with success. The passport system is by no means so strict at present in France as it was under Charles the Tenth—an Irish gentleman finding no difficulty in making good his landing without having any thing to show in proof of his not being *un mauvais sujet*; i.e. a Carlist.

Bordeaux is to this country in wine what Meux's brewery is to London in porter, and, were it not for the heavy duty on its importation, claret might be drunk almost as cheap as beer. This, however, is not much to be regretted, as I question whether the climate and dispositions of Britons are at all in unison with cold acid potations. Surface acquirements, and their usual adjuncts, carelessness and gaiety, are all in unison with light meats, light wines, and cloudless skies; but deep-rooted feelings and strong perceptions seem to require stronger diet and deeper excitement. An Englishman, and, still more, a Scotsman, is contemplative and observing, his body being often exhausted through the medium of his mind. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is a creature of circumstance—a shuttlecock, who, from the whole train of his education and thought, believes his country to be the greatest in the world, and his lot an enviable one, because he is a part of it. His highest stretch of philosophy is to make the most of the present minute, and his only religious formula, "Sufficient for the

day is the evil thereof." The town is built in the form of a bow, of which the river may be aptly termed the string; and as its magnificence and wealth, which now entitles it to rank the third town in France, is of recent date, most of the public buildings are new, and the streets spacious and clean. The quays are several miles in length, the depth of water admitting the approach of the largest vessels, the breadth of the Garonne being considerably greater than the Thames at London Bridge. A great deal of bustle and activity seems to prevail, and I noticed both the British and American flags flying from many vessels. On landing, I breakfasted at a *restaurant's*, or coffee-house, where every thing was elegance and glitter, and sufficiently foreign. Suppose a saloon something like the Writer to the Signet's library in Edinburgh, but much gayer, with marble columns and pavements, and gilded ceiling, filled with company refreshing themselves in the recesses of the windows with wine, and fruits, and coffee, on marble tables, with waiters flying about with French nimbleness, and a very pretty grisette seated in great state on a sort of throne at the extremity, like the presiding genius of the place, superintending the accounts, and you have some little idea of the place. The constant sound of billiards, proceeding from a neighbouring room, will also add to the picture, as it gives some little idea of a Frenchman's mode of passing the day. In spite of all this show, however, which in our country would all have appeared in the bill, I made a good breakfast, on coffee, eggs, and rolls, for one franc, or ten pence British money. It being Sunday, I set out for the cathedral, which, with the help of a guide-book, I was able to do without the assistance of a *cicerone* or town-crier, of whom there are vast numbers, who fasten themselves like burs upon *unwary travellers*, and who destroy by their descriptions all the pleasure of sight-seeing. On my way, I passed through the market, which was thronged with peasants and townspeople. Amongst the former, I did not observe many handsome faces, the women having the hardy sun-burnt look which out-of-door labour in the fields produces, and the men in general a lumpy look, from the great wooden shoes and gaudily coloured night-caps they wear. The colours of the women's dresses strike one as very intense—red, blue, and yellow coming sometimes in strong contrast, which, being mixed up with fruits and flowers, have a very rich effect. Their head-dress, too, is striking, being in general white caps of great height, stiffened with pasteboard, which stand erect, and from the top of which two small pinates or streamers of white muslin depend. Their ears are almost invariably loaded with massy ear-rings of solid gold, which, I understand, are part of their doweries, and to purchase which all their earnings are hoarded. The gloomy interior of the Cathedral of St André presented no small contrast to the activity and bustle of such a scene. It is a fine Gothic mass, in the form of a cross, with side chapels running round the east end. The south front has two spires, each 150 feet high, and a pediment; the north front, two unfinished towers; the greatest length is 413 feet, and that of the transept, or cross part, 150. A peculiar feature in this church is the want of aisles, so that the nave has the appearance of an immense hall. When I entered, it wanted some half hour of mass-time, and one or two people only were scattered about in solitary places, engaged in devotional exercises. Many of the attitudes assumed by these poor people were both devout and picturesque, and as the tinted light fell upon them through the richly stained windows, it discovered countenances of hope and resignation. In a short time, several priests began to flutter about in white robes, and light a dozen or two of huge wax candles. The bustle increased, more people entered, and the sound of martial music mingled with the hubbub. It gradually approached, and I was lost in wonder when in marched a regiment of soldiers, with drums beating and colours flying. The men ranged themselves down each side of the nave; the word was given to ground their arms, and there they stood whispering and laughing to one another, as if they had been at a review. Two more regiments entered in the same way, and took their places rank and file. As these were the first French troops I had seen, I could not help making a comparison between them and our own. They were in general much punier men, with an air and swagger, something like our sailors; however, in spite of the bravado of their mustachios, and want of soldierly precision in their dress, they certainly appear a brave, desperate set of fellows, not mere engines in the hands of their officers, but feeling and acting under impulses of their own. Their uniform is a blue coat, trimmed with yellow, and red trousers. The officers now entered, and, passing down the centre, the clashing of arms, as the soldiers gave them the salute, sounded harsh, and out of harmony with the quiet peacefulness which ought to characterize a Christian temple. The bands of music belonging to the regiments now approached the altar, and performed some gay operatic airs, whilst the priest performed the usual religious ceremonial, which was not of long duration; the priest stopped, the men fell into line, and marched out as they had entered, with the music of their little brass drums pealing about the vaulted ceiling.

As I happened to be provided with a letter of introduction to Mr Le H—, one of the leading wine-merchants of the city, I proceeded to call upon him, and he was polite enough to accompany me in visiting

the other leading features of the town. The church of greatest attraction, after the cathedral, is St Michael, the bell tower of which stands apart from the body of the church, and in which are shown some human remains, said to have been preserved for 400 years, from the embalming nature of the soil. On the summit is a telegraph, by means of which news is conveyed to Paris in five or six hours. There are, I believe, ten or twelve other churches of less notoriety. Next to religious, the French love theatrical exhibitions. The great theatre, Place de la Comedie, is one of the handsomest in France, capable of holding 4000 persons. In front, twelve Corinthian columns, 40 feet in height, support the nine Muses and three Graces. The architectural object of most attraction, however, is the bridge over the Garonne, built by Napoleon, after designs by Deschamps. It consists of seventeen arches, the seven central ones being each eighty-seven feet span; the whole length is 1600 feet, and breadth between parapets 50 feet. The interior consists of a series of open vaulting, in three divisions, the haunches not being filled in, so that one may walk under cover from one end to the other. Models of various portions of the constructive parts are kept here, beautifully executed in wood and plaster. As we passed along, Mr Le H— pointed out to me the Chateau Royale, the Public Library, the Exchange, Public Baths, &c., all of which appeared spacious, appropriate, and magnificent. One of the great characteristics of French towns, I believe to be the beautiful shady walks which intersect the streets, and nothing is more harmonious than the mixture of trees and architecture. In Bourdeaux, the Royal Gardens is a magnificent example of this; some of the alleys are five deep, giving a very umbrageous look, something like the nave and double aisles of a magnificent cathedral. On fete days, and Sundays, those walks are crowded with gay company, and bands of music. At one extremity is a Roman ruin (for this was an ancient city), called Gallien's Palace, but more probably Amphitheatre. Little remains to admire except the admirable consistency of the mortar, which time seems to have found a harder morsel than either stone or brick. As we had thus found our way into the country, Mr Le H— took me to see one of his neighbouring vineyards. We found the people busily engaged: some gathering the grapes, which they did with a pair of large shears, cutting the strings of the clusters without handling them, and allowing them to drop into a basket; others, at dinner under a large chestnut—their wages, comprehending a dinner of soup, bread, and meat, being only 3d. per day. The grapes were chiefly of a deep purple colour, though they varied in tone from that to a faint creamy tint. As we passed by a little hut, I looked in at two or three huge brawny-legged peasants stamping away in a tub, like our washerwomen, amongst a mash of grapes; this being the process of pressing. I cannot say I much enjoyed the sight; the stains upon the legs and arms of a deep port wine colour, gave them rather a strange appearance. When we returned, Mr Le H—, insisting upon my dining with him, gave me an opportunity of seeing a true French dinner. It consisted of soup, and melons—boiled beef, oysters—stewed meat, oysters again—roast mutton—dessert, coffee and liqueurs. From what Mr Le H— said, I should fancy the finest sorts of claret are only to be found in our country, as there is no market for them anywhere else; the poorer sorts the French themselves consume.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

BENTHAM.

JEREMY BENTHAM, recently deceased, has been described as one of the most remarkable literary characters in Great Britain. Till the period of his decease, he existed in some measure as a connecting link between the philosophic theorists of the past and present age, yet extremely little is known of his character or pursuits; for though lauded in unmeasured terms by some of his contemporaries, and made a pet subject among magazine writers and reviewers, the people, by whom it will be allowed all popularity and true greatness become fixed, hardly know that there was ever such a person, and very few of them indeed could tell what were his peculiar doctrines. There is a large class of individuals in this country who continue to write and publish books, and make up papers for periodical publications, and whose names are frequently enough met with in our ephemeral literature, yet who are quite unknown and uncared for by the general community, and whose productions have no visible effect whatever either on the conduct or style of thinking of the people. To this class in a great measure belonged Jeremy Bentham. He was a great and voluminous writer on metaphysical and political subjects, as well as on jurisprudence; he strove for many years for what he considered the good of the people; and he almost died for the people, for he bequeathed his body to the dissectors, in order to benefit the science of anatomy; yet, strangely enough, the people generally seem to know little or nothing of him; and it might be safely affirmed that there could not be found a dozen complete copies of his works in ordinary use from the one end of our island to the other. Nevertheless, according to some of the newspapers and magazines, and those who give praise on trust, Bentham was "one of the greatest philosophers of his time"—an assertion there is no possibility of disproving. From what can be guessed

as to the sum of Bentham's principles, it appears he was one of those men who *think* themselves into a belief, that, as things go, mankind are all in the wrong; that they do nothing rightly; that the whole of the machinery of society should be stopped, the wheels cleaned and altered, and then set a-going on a new plan. Yet, with this whimsicality of character, Bentham was in reality a sincere friend to mankind in the widest possible sense; and it is only a pity that he did not take pains to bring his views lucidly and pointedly before the community, so that they might have been studied, and, if necessary, acted upon. His plans for simplifying our forms of law were, we believe, of a valuable kind, and had he brought them forward on a practical scale, great benefit might have ensued. As it is, they might almost as well have never been digested. The character of Bentham—in whom there was much to admire, and something to condemn—has perhaps never been so well delineated as by Hazlitt, and, with the translation from the present to the past tense, may here be introduced.

"Mr Bentham was one of those persons who verified the old adage, that 'a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.' His reputation lay at the circumference; and the lights of his understanding were reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name was little known in England, better in Europe, and best of all in the plains of Chili, and the mines of Mexico. He offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lived, hardly knew such a person. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr Hobhouse is [or was] a greater man at the hustings; but Mr Bentham would have carried it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author's influence was purely intellectual, having devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies

'That waft a thought from Indus to the Pole,'

and never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or politics. Mr Bentham was very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets—in general habits, in all but his professional pursuits, he was a mere child. He lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the Park, like an anchorite in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He scarcely ever went out, and saw very little company. The favoured few who had the privilege of the *entrée* were always admitted one by one. He did not like to have witnesses of his conversation. He talked a great deal, and listened to nothing but facts. When any one called upon him, he invited them to take a turn round his garden with him (Mr Bentham was an economist of his time, and set apart this portion of it to air and exercise), and there you might have seen the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought, and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some Opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or trans-Atlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some 'lone island in the watery waste,' his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, clattering accents, negligent of his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of UTILITY. He heard and saw only what suited his purpose, or some 'foregone conclusion'; and looked out for facts and passing occurrences in order to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory. Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots, and ribbed stockings, and you would have found in Mr Bentham's general appearance a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and the venerableness of age.

Mr Bentham, perhaps, overrated the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that 'he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time, at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would, by that time, have had upon the world.' But we do not think, in point of fact, that Mr Bentham has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent truth, from which a number of others might be deduced, nor has he enriched the established stock of intelligence. Mr Bentham's *forte* was arrangement. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand, on the subjects of which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as books of reference, as bringing down the account of intellectual inquiry to the present period. Mr Bentham's leading doctrine was the necessity for studying UTILITY in every rule of society; but he was not the first writer who assumed that principle as the foundation of just laws, and of all moral and political reasoning. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions is, that he has not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. [This, by the way, has been a very

common error among the philosophers and theorists of ancient and modern times.] Every pleasure, says Bentham, is equally a good, and is to be taken into the account as such in a moral estimate, whether it be the pleasure of sense or of conscience, whether it arise from the exercise of virtue or the perpetration of crime. We are afraid the human mind does not readily come into this doctrine. Our moral sentiments are made up of sympathies and antipathies, of sense and imagination, of understanding and prejudice. Mr Bentham, in adjusting the provisions of a penal code, lays too little stress on the co-operation of the natural prejudices of mankind, and the habitual feelings of that class of persons for whom they are more particularly designed. Legislators (we mean writers on legislation) are philosophers, and governed by their reason; criminals, for whose control laws are made, are a set of desperadoes, governed only by their passions. What wonder so little progress has been made towards a mutual understanding between the two parties! If sanguine and tender-hearted philanthropists have set on foot an inquiry into the barbarity and the defects of the penal laws, the practical improvements have been mostly suggested by reformed cut-throats, turn-keys, and thief-takers. The laws of the country are ineffectual and abortive, because they are made by the rich for the poor, by the wise for the ignorant, by the respectable and exalted in station for the scum and refuse of the community. If Newgate would resolve itself into a committee of the whole press-yard, with Jack Ketch at its head, aided by confidential persons from the county prisons or the hulks, and would make a clear breast, some data might be found out to proceed upon; but as it is, the *criminal mind* of the country is a book sealed. Mr Bentham, in his attempts to revise and amend our criminal jurisprudence, proceeded entirely on his favourite principle of utility. Convince highwaymen and housebreakers that it will be their interest to reform, and they will reform, and lead honest lives, according to Mr Bentham. He says, 'All men act from calculation, even madmen reason.' And, in our opinion, he might as well have carried this maxim to Bedlam or St. Luke's. Criminals are *not* influenced by reason; for it is of the very essence of crime to disregard consequences both to themselves and others. You may as well preach philosophy to a drunken man, or to the dead, as to those who are under the instigation of any mischievous passion. The style of Mr Bentham is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He wrote a language of his own, that darkens knowledge. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that he was not prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives; but he might have warped up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never have found its way into Westminster Hall. He was a kind of manuscript author—he wrote a cypher hand, which the vulgar have no key to. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the repetitions, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and verbiage of law Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out, if you could. Mr Bentham, in private life, was an exemplary character. He was a little romantic, or so; and dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. His house was warmed and lighted by steam; and he was one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. It was the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and did not 'look enough abroad into universality.'

AN IRISH DANCE.

If any of our readers be fond of stories illustrative of Irish manners and passions, and descriptive of *Paddy* as he is to be found in his native purity, in "dear old Ireland," let them peruse a work which has recently made its appearance, entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." In one of these interesting tales, called the "Midnight Mass," the author develops a good deal of drollery in the following account of an Irish dance:—

"The Irish dance (he remarks), like every other assembly composed of Irishmen and Irishwomen, presents the spectator with those traits which enter into our conception of rollicking fun and broad humour. The very arrangements are laughable; and when joined to the eccentric strains of some blind fiddler like Barny Dhal, to the grotesque and caricaturish faces of the men, and the modest, but evidently arch and laughter-loving countenances of the females, they cannot fail to impress an observing mind with the obvious truth, that a nation of people so thoughtless and easily directed from the serious and useful pursuits of life to such scenes, can seldom be industrious and wealthy, nor, despite their mirth and humour, a happy people.

The barn in which they danced on this occasion was a large one. Around the walls were placed as many seats as could be spared from the neighbours' houses; these were eked out by sacks of corn laid lengthwise, logs of round timber, old creels, iron pots, with their bottoms turned up, and some of them in their usual position. On these were the youngsters seated. Up in a corner sat Barny, surrounded by the seniors of the village, saving the fiddle with indefatigable

vigour, and leading the conversation with equal spirit. Indeed, his laugh was the loudest, and his joke the best, whilst, ever and anon, his music became perfectly furious—that is to say, when he rasped the fiddle with a desperate effort 'to overtake the dancers.' from whom, in the heat of the conversation, he had unwittingly lagged behind.

Dancing in Ireland, like every thing else connected with the amusement of the people, is frequently productive of bloodshed. It is not unusual for crack-dancers from opposite parishes, or from distant parts of the same parish, to meet and dance against each other for victory. But as the judges in those cases consist of the respective friends or factions of the champions, their mode of decision may readily be conjectured. Many a battle is fought in consequence of such challenges, the result usually being that not he who has the lightest heel, but the hardest head, generally comes off the conqueror.

While the usual variety of Irish dances—the reel, jig, fling, three-part-reel, four-part-reel, rowly-powly, country-dance, cotillion, or cut-along (as the peasantry call it) and minuet, vulgarly minion and minionet—were going forward in due rotation, our readers may be assured that those who were seated around the walls did not permit the time to pass without improving it, many an attachment being formed at such amusements.

At the dance we are describing, luckily there was no dissension; every heart appeared to be not only elated with mirth, but also free from resentment and jealousy. The din produced by the thumping of vigorous feet upon the floor, the noise of the fiddle, the chat between Barny and the little sober knot about him, together with the brisk murmur of the general conversation, and the expression of delight which sat on every countenance, had something in them elevating to the spirits.

Barny, who knew the voices, and even the mode of dancing peculiar to almost every one in the barn, had some joke for each. When a young man brings out his sweetheart—which he frequently does in a manner irresistibly ludicrous, sometimes giving a spring from the earth, his *carbeen* set with a knowing air on one side of his head, advancing at a trot on tip-toe, catching her by the ear, leading her out to her position, which is 'to face the fiddler,' then ending by a snap of the fingers, and another spring, in which he brings his heel backwards in contact with his ham; we say, when a young man brings out his sweetheart, and places her facing the fiddler, he asks her what she will dance; to which, if she has no favourite tune, she uniformly replies—'Your will is my pleasure.' This usually made Barny groan aloud.

'What ails you, Barny?'
'Oh, thin, murder alive, how little thruth's in this world! Your will's my pleasure! *Baithershin!* but, sowl, if things goes an, it won't be long so!'
'Why, Barny,' the young man would exclaim, 'is the ravin' fit comin' over you?'
'No, in thruth, Jim; but *it's thinkin' of home I am*. Howandiver, do you go an; but, *naboklish!* What'll you have?'
'"Jig Polthouge," Barny: but oil your wrist, a bouchal, or Katty will lave us both out o' sight in no time. Who! success! clear the coorse. Well done, Barny! That's the go.'

When the youngsters had danced for some time, the fathers and mothers of the village were called upon 'to step out.' This was generally the most amusing scene in the dance. No excuse is ever taken on such occasions, for when they refuse, about a dozen young fellows place them, will they nil they, upright upon the floor, from whence neither themselves nor their wives are permitted to move until they dance. No sooner do they commence, than they are mischievously pitted against each other by two sham parties, one encouraging the wife, the other cheering on the good man; whilst the fiddler, falling in with the frolic, plays in his most furious style. The simplicity of character, and, perhaps, the lurking vanity of those who are the butts of the mirth on this occasion, frequently heighten the jest.

'Why thin, Paddy, is it strivin' to outdo me you are? Faiks, avourneen, you never seen that day, any way; the old woman would exclaim, exerting all her vigour.—'Didn't I? Sowl, I'll sober you before I lave the flure, for all that,' her husband would reply.

'An' do you forget,' she would rejoin, 'that the M'Carthy drop is in me? ay, an' it's to the good still.'

And the old dame would accompany the boast with a fresh attempt at agility, to which Paddy would respond by 'cutting the buckle,' and snapping his fingers, whilst fifty voices, amidst roars of laughter, were loud in encouraging each.

'Handle your feet, Katty, darlin'—the mettles lavin' him!'

'Off wid the brogues, Paddy, or she'll do you. That's it; kick off the other, an' don't spare the flure.' A thousand guineas an Katty! M'Carthy agin Gallagher for ever!—whirrro!

'Blur alive the flure's not benefitin' by you, Paddy. Lay an it, man!—That's it!—Bravo!—Whish!—Our side agin Europe!'

'Success, Paddy! Why, you could dance the Dusty Miller upon a flure paved wid drawn razures, you're so soople.' Katty for ever! The blood's in you, Katty; you'll win the day. More power to you!'

'I'll hould a quart on Paddy. Heel an' toe, Paddy you sinner!'

'Right an' left, Katty; hould an, his breath's goin'.'
'Right an' wrong, Paddy, you spalpeen. The whiskey's an you, man alive: do it dacently, an' don't let me lose the wager.'

In this manner would they incite some old man, and, perhaps, his older wife, to prolonged exertion, and keep them bobbing and jiggling about amidst roars of laughter, until the worthy couple could dance no longer.

During stated periods of the night, those who took the most prominent part in the dance got a plate and hat, with which they went round the youngsters, to make collections for the fiddler. Barny reserved his best and most sarcastic jokes for these occasions; for so correct was his ear, that he felt little difficulty in detecting those whose contributions to him were such as he did not relish.

The aptitude of the Irish for enjoying humorous images was well displayed by one or two circumstances which occurred on this night. A few of both sexes, who had come rather late, could get no other seats than the iron pots to which we have alluded. The young women were dressed in white, and their companions, who were also their admirers, exhibited in proud display, each a bran new suit, consisting of broad-cloth coat, yellow-buff vests, and corduroy small-clothes, with a bunch of broad silk ribbons standing out at each knee. They were the sons and daughters of respectable farmers, but as all distinctions here entirely ceased, they were fain to rest contented with such seats as they could get, which on this occasion consisted of the pots aforesaid. No sooner, however, had they risen to dance, than the house was convulsed with laughter, heightened by the sturdy vigour with which, unconscious of their appearance, they continued to dance. That part of the white female dresses which had come in contact with the pots, exhibited a circle like the full moon, and was black as pitch. Nor were their partners more lucky: those who sat on the mouths of the pots had the back part of their dresses streaked with dark circles, equally ludicrous. The mad mirth with which they danced, in spite of their grotesque appearance, was irresistible. This, and other incidents quite as pleasant—such as the case of a wag who purposely sank himself into one of the pots, until it stuck to him through half the dance—increased the laughter, and disposed them to peace and cordiality."

UNIVERSALITY OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God.—
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers
In mingled cloud to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

CASUAL observers of the works of Nature have frequently had cause for astonishment in reflecting on the universality of the principle of life, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This principle, they perceive, is found in never-dying action over the whole habitable globe, from the lowest depths of the ocean to the tops of the highest mountains. They find it operating, by vegetation, on the surface of newly-formed islands, thousands of miles from the nearest continent; and they discover that the most lonely mountain tarn is peopled with fish, which could not by any possibility have proceeded thither themselves, and which, it is certain, were never transported by human beings. These are amongst the wonders of creation; but scientific investigation has gone far to unravel what at first sight appears a mystery. In the "Sacred History of the World," by Sharon Turner, already recommended in these pages, the intelligent author offers some useful observations on the universality of vegetable and animal life.

"You may fairly ask (says he) how, then, is vegetation found on places that are known to have originally had none, and that are not likely to have been visited by what would bring them? How, for instance, could the frozen soil of New Shetland, amid the ice-rocks of the Antarctic, obtain the lichens, the only vegetable found, or perhaps growable upon it? How have the Coral Islands of the Pacific, formed in the bosom of the waves by the petty animalculæ that construct them, derived their fine cocoa-nut trees, and beautiful forests? How can the new Volcanic Island that has just emerged from the shallow bottom of the Sicilian Sea, ever acquire, as it will do, a productive vegetation? These questions are reasonable, and we can find some facts that will satisfactorily answer them.

The clouds ever floating above us, not only bring us occasionally meteoric stones, hail, and epidemics, but also vegetable seeds, and the very lichens that would commence the new reign of vegetation on the bleak rocks of the South Polar isles. A phenomenon which occurred in Persia would have had this result. Dust and sands, heavier than many seeds are borne by the winds and clouds for several hundred miles across the atmosphere, falling on the earth and seas as they pass along. The Cryptogamia and many of the grassy seeds are not more weighty than matter of this sort, which the aerial movement thus transports. The sea, and its tides and currents, convey larger bodies for even thousands of miles.* The winds carry over the seeds of large trees, and disperse new vegetations with an extraordinary rapidity, and

to an extent which, anterior to the experience, we should not have expected. Birds also largely diffuse them. Many of these tenants of the trees and air live on fruit and berries. They digest the pulp, but pass the seeds unimpaired; and thus heavy organizations of future trees are planted in the most distant and unexpected situations. The parasitical misseetoe, converted by the stern Druids of our British predecessors into an instrument of their governing superstition, and which they gathered, from the tree on which it fed, with such imposing solemnity, thus attains its lofty, and, in the days of ignorance, mysterious situation. The digestive action of the feathered race upon them improves, in some cases, instead of injuring their growing energy. Waves, winds, and birds, fully explain the vegetations of every coral and volcanic island. The amazing muscular power and vital energy of birds to sustain their flights in their migrations, for distances that astonish us, will account for the plantations of the most distant isles and continents. Even insects people inland ponds and streams with fish,* and are often themselves carried by the winds to great distances. Thus showers of their larva have often fallen from the clouds. From all these facts, no individual of right judgment can have any difficulty of perceiving how the most remote and unvisited regions have derived their varied vegetation. We need not have recourse to the unsupported hypothesis of spontaneous production, which no circumstance that has been fully understood has at any time occurred to prove. When once a vegetable has become rooted in a soil, it is capable, if unchecked, of spreading to an indefinite extent. One tree has, in some regions, propagated into a large forest. But the possible produce which may issue from a single individual of this department of nature, like other facts that we have noticed, extends into calculations which exceed our comprehending faculty. The just conclusion, from the experience of all ages and countries, is, that spontaneous production is no part of the system for the perpetuation of the vegetable races.

THE REPRODUCTIVE faculty in plants exhibits a clear and close analogy to that of the animal kingdom. The artificial, but convenient Linnæan system, is founded upon it. One set of organs within the flower, the stamens, prepare the productive pollen, or fine dust-like substance which passes in the proper time from them to the stigma, and adhering to that, becomes the germ of the future plants. Without this pollen, there is no reproduction by seed or fruit. The natural pollen is the most effective, and no other naturally occurs to the stigma, although pollen from other flowers may be inserted on it. We have in this operation of the motion of the pollen to its germinating receptacle, another instance of the exactitude with which the effective means have been carefully provided and adapted to their appointed ends. Although it has to pass with a precise force over the particular distance, varying in every species, that is, between the stamen and the stigma, and therefore to be suited exactly to this space, and to take correctly the direction of each stigma, and this in many millions of instances at every recurring season, and to light exactly upon its minutest point; and to do this in the ever-moving air, and whatever winds may agitate it; yet this peculiar movement always takes place at the proper time in every species of plant, by a species of explosion, but with such skilful aim and measured movement, as it were, that in every plant it is performed with exact and invariable effect; so that, from their creation to the present hour, every species has regularly and abundantly produced its due seed and fruit. Wonderful has been the contrivance by which this indispensable action has been made to take place so universally and so effectually! Nothing would seem more to require an unerring eye and guiding hand, than the transfer of this little fructifying projectile from one part of the flower to that exact spot near it on which it must settle, in order to germinate into the fruit; and often from one flower to another; and not unfrequently from one plant to another. The utmost precision of the direction and degree of the protruding impulse, and the most exact timing of the discharge to the receiving state of the recipient, are in every instance indispensably necessary. The smallest error or deviation would frustrate the effect. Who is the secret calculator, measurer, impeller, regulator, and director? Who is the floral engineer, that, in each returning spring, guides and rules this botanical artillery with unflinching skill and success in the quadrillions of quadrillions of flowers that annually adorn our globe? and even, in some cases, accomplishing the prolific object at great distances. Where the organs are on separated plants, and the end cannot be obtained by instantaneous projectility, there, bees and insects are made the conveying agents, and the honey in the nectarium of flowers is the attraction that invites them to become such, though unconscious of the important purpose which they are fulfilling, while intent only on their own enjoyment. So diversified are the means employed by the Great Inventor and Preserver of our complicated fabric, to produce His appointed ends! Thus the main producing system of nature is every where maintained."

* The great river-beetle, which lives habitually on eggs of fish, climbs sometimes in the evening on the reeds high enough for its flight, and then takes wing. One was caught in its flight, and being put into water, it emitted the eggs with which it was gorged; some in part digested, and some not at all. These eggs produced fish of various sorts.—*Bull. Univ. 1829*, p. 145, from *Gill's Tech. Rep. 1828*, p. 333.

* Dr Walker declared to Lord Kames—"I have found seeds, drop accidentally into the sea in the West Indies, cast ashore on the Hebrides. The sea and rivers waft more seeds than sails."

THE POLISH JEW BOY.

POLAND is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising Pole gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judea. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in its fullest extent, adopting all the Mosaic and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly fitted black silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. This mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighbouring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they endeavour to do by the only means left within their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits, or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile avocations, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which the industrious young Jews set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting. After procuring the blessing of their parents, which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native homes at the tender age of thirteen, and, in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries, in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilized nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstance of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents, to depend for their support on their own unassisted, unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe, but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom. It may be mentioned, that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion, they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the synagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker, by swearing to keep the commandments. After the ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotions. These consist of two long stripes of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other for the left arm, with large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Inclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God," &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we lately received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelsohn, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

"Well, den, when I did come first to be a man at fourteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and they did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me, Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may the God of Israel bless you: den I did leave mine own country widout one farding, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know vere I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see such quantities of fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say, yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say, yes, also. He den took me for to

assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune. So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did shew dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of monies, and did lay out the whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and was so fortunate as to sell dem for one hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine monies in stones, and took them again to Italia; but dish time I had a large box, which cause der custom-house officers stop me, and took away all mine riches, and put me to jail. When I was brought to der judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I did wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me to use when I pray to mine God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me, you be a good Jew man; and he did give me all pack my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good luck; for a Turk did show me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to pay dem. I did not know the value of dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune, I do; if I lose, I no worse den when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for mine own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and showed dem to a Jew broker, and he ask me mine price. I say, he must show dem to the diamond-merchants, and they must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know the value of dem. The Jew broker came next day, and tell me he can get L.2000 for one parcel, and, if sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew broker, I jump for joy at mine good luck, and did tank mine God for his goodness to de poor Jew boy. When next day did come, I did take all the monies, L.2000, for a part of mine precious stones; and out of gratitude I did take for mine wife the broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all der grand cities, and did sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much monies."

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion, it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ventured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He has thus pursued a lucrative traffic in precious stones for many years, and is now one of the richest men in Europe. His home is at Genoa, where his wife and family live in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet he still pursues his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He travels through every continental country, and visits all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carries about his person property to the amount of L.100,000 and upwards, in precious stones, all of which are stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.

NAMES OF LONDON STREETS.

D'ISRAELI, in one of the volumes of his "Curiosities of Literature," has a paper on the changes which are frequently found to have taken place in the names of streets, by the corruptions of succeeding generations, and produces the following instances in the case of the streets of London, which may perhaps interest our readers:—

"*Mincing-lane* was *Mincheon-lane*; from tenements pertaining to the Mincheons, or nuns of St Helen's, in Bishopsgate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from *Guthurun's-lane*; from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwall-hall was *Bakewell's-hall*, from one Thomas Bakewell; and originally called *Basing's-haugh*, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in *Basing's-lane*.

Finch-lane was *Finke's-lane*, from a whole family of this name.

Thread-needle-street was originally *Thrid-needle-street*, as Samuel Clarke dates it from his study there.

Bilkiter-lane is a corruption of *Belzetter's-lane*; from the first builder or owner.

Crutched-friars was *Crowched* or *Crossed-friars*.

Lothbury was so named from the noise of foundries at their work; and, as Howel pretends, this place was called *Lothbury* "disdainedly."

Garlick-hill was *Garlick-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlick was sold.

Fetter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connexion with the *fettlers* of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written *Fewtor-lane*, and is so in Howel's *Londinopolis*, who explains it as *Fewtors* (or idle people) lying there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these *Fewtors*, or "mighty beggars." *The Faintour*, that is, a defaytor, or defaulter, became *Fewtor*, and in the rapid pronun-

ciation, or conception, of names, *Fewtor* has ended in *Fetter-lane*.

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Grass-street*, from an herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenney or moorish ground by a river-side.

Galley-key has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his "Londinopolis," says, "here dwelt strangers called *Galley-men*, who brought wine, &c. in *Galleys*."

Greek-street, says Pennant, "I am sorry to degrade into *Grig-street*;" whether it alludes to the little vivacious eel, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridewell was *St Bridget's-well*, from one dedicated to Saint Bride or Bridget.

Marybone was *St Mary-on-the-Bourne*, corrupted to *Mary-bone*; as *Holborn* was *Old Bourne*, or the Old River; *Bourne* being the ancient English for river; hence the Scottish *Burn*.

Newington was *New-town*.

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the Virgin, which, in Catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearne; and he says, that the frequent sign of the *Maiden-head* was derived from "our Lady's-head."

Lad-lane was originally *Lady's-lane*, from the same personage.

Rood-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called *Piccadilla-hall*, a place of sale for *piccadillies* or *turnovers*; a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614.

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called *Hangman's-gains*; the traders of *Hammes* and *Guyenes*, in France, anciently resorted there; thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of *Smoothfield*; *smith* signifies *smooth*, from a Saxon word. An antiquarian friend had seen it described in a deed as *campus planus*, which confirms the original meaning. It is remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the loss of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected or explained by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid faction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplatist, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of *Verulam-buildings*!"

MANGEL WURZEL.

THIS herb has not been long cultivated in this country, and, as in the case of turnips and potatoes when first introduced, little is yet known regarding it, though it promises to be one of the most useful vegetable products. Some time ago, we tasted a kind of whisky distilled from it, and, at the same time, were shown a specimen of very strong brown paper, fit for packing, which was manufactured simply from the draf or refuse. It seems also that a good kind of ale may be made from the roots. According to the *Gardener's Magazine* for December, the way to make this beverage is to "take one-third of malt, two-thirds of mangel wurzel liquor, and about a fifth part of treacle, adding hops at the rate of six ounces to nine gallons. Barrel and work with yeast in the usual manner. The mangel wurzel liquor is thus obtained: Clean the roots, pare off the outer rind, slice and boil till they are quite soft, and then squeeze off the liquor." If mangel wurzel can thus produce whisky, ale, and brown paper, and, as we are informed, at an expense ten times lower than what is now laid out on grain and old hempen materials, it will prove one of our most valuable vegetables. The paper made from the refuse, we can avouch, was far superior to that in ordinary use.

The Messrs Chambers are gratified in mentioning, that, while the sale of the Journal continues steadily to increase, their *Historical Newspaper*, or Monthly Supplement, has been well received in all parts of the United Kingdom, and that, reckoning the Edinburgh and London editions, the impression already reaches 28,000 copies, 18,000 of which are circulated in Scotland. The third number of this *Historical Newspaper* will appear on Thursday next, the 3d of January, and will continue to be issued on the 1st, 2d, or 3d day of every succeeding month, at the same low price as the present work.

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THE DOMESTIC MAN.

NOTHING can be more obvious to remark, than that some people bear less of the characteristics of their own than of the opposite sex. We meet every day in life with clever, masculine, roughish characters in female attire, who perhaps do no grace whatever to their own sex, but yet, as every body conspires to say of them, "would make most excellent men." On the other hand, we as often find a quiet tame kind of man, who has all the features of the old wife about him, even in his one-and-twentieth year, and who, vacillating as it were between the two sexes, is despised by his fellow men, and hardly received with favour by the women, with whom he is so constantly seeking to consort, and whose manners he seems so anxious to imitate.

An individual of the latter kind is distinguished in his earliest petticoats—even before he has well left the nursery. He is then a poor, peepy wretch, with bleary eyes, and one everlasting dingy night-cap, constantly sitting by the fire, to the great annoyance of the nurse, who frequently declares him to be more of an infant than even his younger brother the baby. As he grows up, instead of falling into the ranks of other boys, and coming home occasionally with his garments rent from top to bottom, or two of his fore-teeth borne by his side on the boards of his book, or any other jolly mischance, such as boys are so perpetually falling into, he still clings to the fire-side, where he does a thousand little good offices for the culinary deities, by whom, nevertheless, he is far less kindly treated than the rudest of his brethren. He is even perhaps caught some day playing at the pall-all with the girls, or perhaps snug in one of the remotest corners of their channel-stone houses, and trying with all his pains to make up a flower-plot for them with the heads of decapitated crowslips. He is then, if a Scottish boy, fairly in for the nickname of "the lassie," than which nothing could well be more intolerable to most boys, though in his case it is submitted to with a helpless and dawdling resignation. As years advance, he becomes a careful coper of all kinds of useful family receipts from old books and newspapers. In a common-place book which he keeps, the first entry is, "a way to make good ink," then "another way to make ink," and then a way "to make red ink"—though, be it remarked, he has no earthly prospect of ever acting upon these receipts. He has also a box, secured by a small padlock, wherein he has gathered thousands of little odd articles, which he barter with less adroit, though perhaps more robust companions, for things of greater value; sometimes adding to his stock by exchanging three rides of his father's horse to the water for a pen-knife, or giving a trifling toy for some solidly useful article, to which its possessor had become indifferent, but always taking care that the thing got shall be a degree better than the thing given.

When individuals of this kind reach their twenty-second or twenty-third year, it is clearly perceived that they are to become Domestic Men. Some prophesy that their wives will have an easy time of it with them, so attentive are they, and so thoroughly versed in all the most approved rules of conducting an establishment; others maintain that their spouses will be rendered miserable, for, let them be ever so careful, there will be no possibility of satisfying the expectations of persons so finical. But on one thing all are agreed, namely, that there is no chance of their continuing long bachelors.

Well, married they certainly are, sooner than most other young fellows; for their accurate and sedulous habits fit them to be good men of business, and they speedily obtain a settlement in life. Now it is that

their darling occupations may be properly said to commence, and their qualifications to be most strikingly and usefully developed. Their pleasure lies in home, and they set in good earnest about making it delightful. They draw around them, with incredible pains, comforts and conveniences of every kind, and their ingenuity is exerted in a thousand ways to accomplish objects which to most people would appear trifling in the extreme, but which are to them of the highest importance. Abroad, our heroes are a good deal laughed at for what are called their fiddle-faddling propensities. They employ as much pains to demonstrate to you the propriety and possibility of saving twopence in some matter of household expense once a-year, as another would do to elucidate and enforce a scheme of retrenchment which was to lessen the burdens of the nation by as many millions. They grudge no part of the price of an article except the halfpenny which goes to complete the sum; but they grudge it grievously; and what other people pay a shilling for, it is the study and business of their lives to procure equally good for elevenpence halfpenny. Infinite is the labour they bestow to carry their point; and as they are indefatigable, so they are in the end generally successful. This habit of being solicitous about trifles lowers them, as has been said, not a little in the estimation of many. But it is surprising what an impression is produced upon one who has made them the subject of ridicule, if he pay a visit to the house of a Domestic Man, and become a witness of the effects of a judicious economy. He is compelled to acknowledge the superior tact of his friend, when he observes the regularity of his household arrangements: there is nothing wanting, and nothing where it should not be; every thing is good of its kind, and adjusted with the nicest skill. Every article around him has its history. Not one of them but was procured by the intervention of a number of trusty agents, and by a series of skilful negotiations. He is not one of those witless persons, who, when a thing can no longer be wanted, have no other resource but to go straight into the market and buy it; he sees a long way before him, by which means he has time not only to look about and make a choice, but to be cautious in closing a bargain, and to obtain the best terms by appearing not to care whether he get the goods or not. Then he has numerous friends, through whose interest with tradesmen he procures things both better and cheaper than customary. Thus his cellar is stocked, not by a general order to a spirit merchant: but he knows a person who has a near relation connected with a brewery, and through this medium he is supplied with superior porter and ales; he has a fifth, sixth, or seventh cousin, who, in a voyage to the Low Countries, contracted a friendship with a Dutch captain—so he is secure of the best Hollands; he possesses channels of communication even with the Highland smugglers, and would scorn to offer a guest any thing but the genuine peat-reek. Every thing comes to him from authentic sources in the same manner, and the secret history of all his various transactions furnishes him with never-failing subjects of conversation. It is in this sphere that the owner feels the triumph of his genius, and he sets himself down in the midst of the comforts he has accumulated—a happy man.

We shall only specify one particular in which the talents of the Domestic Man shine pre-eminent. Reader, were you ever in Edinburgh after a fall of snow which had continued for three days without intermission? Bands of labourers issue forth, armed with shovels, to clear the pavements, in doing which they throw up an entrenchment of snow on each side of the street, so

high, that the few passengers cannot discern more than the hats of those on the opposite footpath. The voice of the fishwives is silent, and not a cart attempts a passage through the streets. A physician's carriage may be observed here and there dragged slowly along by four horses, and a hackney coach making its way still more slowly, the additional horses yoked with traces manifestly got up for the occasion, being formed of ropes, not of the freshest kind. All intercourse and business seems to be at a stand for the time, and the only thing people can do is to remain at home, and read in the newspapers accounts of roads blocked up in every direction, and of valorous mail-coach guards, who, when their vehicles could be taken no farther, abandoned them, and, through paths knee-deep with snow, and with the drift coming absolutely in shovelfuls into their faces, carried the bags in safety to the next post-town. In this period of desolation, *the price of coals mounts rapidly*. This is a matter which comes home to the toes and fingers of every man, and the panic is consequently great and universal. As is usual in times of alarm, exaggeration flies abroad, and represents the case in its worst colours. Reports are propagated that there is not a ton in store, either at the canal or railway dépôt. On every side are echoed expressions of dismay and of astonishment that the dealers should have been so exceedingly improvident; and then, again, people check themselves by the reflection, that even although plenty of coals could be bought at the accustomed stations, there is no possibility of getting them conveyed home. Many an anxious and unwonted countenance is intruded, by way of committee of inquiry, into the gloomy regions of the coal-hole; and the cave of Trophonius had no such effect in lengthening the features of those who visited it, as is produced by the investigation of these empty, and, therefore, dismal recesses. Numbers of gentlemen, corpulent and otherwise, return with the appalling intelligence to their families, and abandon themselves to despair by the side of their expiring parlour fires: the wintry wind whistling a dreary chorus to their lamentations. In the midst of this universal consternation, the Domestic Man remains undismayed. Harassed by no anticipations of uncooked victuals, and of fingers blue with cold, he lifts his poker, smashes a large piece of coal in the grate, and plants himself for business or relaxation in front of a fire that bids frost and the fear of it avault. His winter stock of fuel was laid in long before, of the best kind, and at a reasonable rate; and he has now the satisfaction of lending a small quantity to boil the pot of Mr Temporary, who, when he saw the carts unloading their culmy stores at the door of his provident neighbour, thought he had made a hit in twitting him, that "surely he meant to roast an election dinner in his house."

TALE OF A VICTIM.

"THERE is no such thing as standing still in human life: the wheel of fortune is continually revolving; and we must either rise with it or fall."

"Very true," said my friend, as he emptied his glass, and turned a little more round to me; "I will give you a case in point, of which I happened to know myself."

"Some years ago—say fifteen or eighteen—as I was returning from London by the mail-coach, I made halt for a night at one of the York inns. The room into which I was ushered was full of bagmen and travellers of various cuts and kinds, and from the confused babel of sound I could occasionally hear a detached sentence on politics—on the theatres—on agriculture—on the late rainy weather—the price of stocks—soft goods—

and the petitions of the Roman Catholics. A knot in one corner were discussing supper; others, lounging beside the hearth, toasted their toes; while a third, and more numerous party, half concealed amid puffing exhalations, washed down the flavour of their Havannahs with steaming savoury rum-punch. Being somewhat fatigued, and the assemblage not exactly quite to my taste, I tossed off a sneaker, and rang for Boots; that indispensable actor of all drudgery work at your public establishments for board and lodging.

"In bustled a tall, thin, squalid, miserable-looking creature, his curly black hair, seemingly long unkempt, hanging about his ears 'in most admired disorder.' His dress corresponded with his looks; his jacket and waistcoat were of dark fustian, and his trousers, shabby and shrivelled, bore some traces of having been originally nankeen. Around his neck was twisted a blue cotton handkerchief, and the little of his linen seen, was not only ragged, but dirty. In one hand he carried a boot-jack, and in the other a pair of slippers, while from under his arm depended a dingy towel, perhaps as a badge of office. I could not help thinking, as he crossed the room at my summons, 'here is a most lugubrious specimen of mortality; one of those night-hawks of society, whom it would scarcely be comfortable to meet with, unarmed, on a solitary road, towards the twilight.'

"With down-looking face, the fellow made a hurried approach to me, as if he had the feeling of his task being a disagreeable one, and the sooner got over the better. As he laid the slippers on the carpet, placed the boot-jack at my foot, and was stooping his shoulder as a fulcrum for assistance in my operations, I caught a distinct glimpse of his faded features. I could not be mistaken. 'Good Heavens!' said I to myself, half aloud, 'can it possibly be Harry Melville!'

"After the poor creature had shuffled out of the room in an agitation which did not wholly escape the remark, and provoke the idle laugh of some of the loungers, I hastily rang the bell, and was shown to my sleeping-room by the waiter, whom I requested to bid the person come up who had brought me my slippers.

"I was allowed to pace about for some time in a perplexed and downcast mood, haunted by many a recollection of departed pleasures—by many delightful associations of other years, which contrasted themselves with present dejection, when at length I heard a step timidly approaching the door, and a slight tap was given. I opened it eagerly, and there stood before me the same doleful apparition. I took hold of the poor fellow's hand, and led him to a chair; but no sooner was he seated, and the door shut upon us, than he put his hands over his face, and burst into a flood of tears. When he had become a little more tranquil, I soothed him in the best way I could, and ventured to open my mind to him.

"'Oh! let me alone—let me alone,' he said, sobbing bitterly. 'I have deserved my fate. My own imprudence, more than misfortune, has reduced me to the state you see. Be not sorry for me; I am beneath your regard. I have deserved it all.'

"Having consoled him in the best manner I could, he voluntarily gave me the particulars of his history, which, as far as memory serves me, were nearly to the following effect:—

"Shortly after having been taken into the counting-house of his father—at that time a considerable West India merchant—he had married, contrary to the will of his friends, in the hope that the affections of a parent could not long remain estranged to an only son, even though conscious that that son had injured him. Perhaps in this his calculations were not altogether wrong; but at this point foreknowledge failed, and unforeseen circumstances blasted his prospects. The affairs of old Mr Melville were shortly after thrown into disorder by unsuccessful speculations; and matters at length grew so bad as to involve bankruptcy and ruin. The old man was received into the country residence of a relation; but, brought up in habits of activity and business, his mind could not withstand the dread reverse; and, after a few listless months, one shock of palsy following another, hurried him off to a not unwelcome grave.

"The penniless and imprudent Henry soon found that he had wedded not only himself, but another, to misery, as the dark night of ruin closed around them. They were both young, and capable of exertion, but, living on the faith of future prospects, and a speedy reconciliation, they had contracted debts, from which they saw no possible way of extricating themselves. Matters grew worse and worse, and at length the poor fellow was afraid to leave his home from fear of bailiffs.

"At length he fell into their hands, and was dragged to jail; and, on the news being incautiously carried to his young wife, she was seized with convulsions, and perished in giving birth to a child, not unfortunately dead. The heart of the miserable man was rent asunder on learning his domestic calamities. Scorned and despised, friendless and unpitied, he beheld from the iron-bound windows of his prison the coffin that contained the remains of his wife and child, carried through the streets by strangers to the place of interment, while, yearning with the feelings of the husband and father, he was denied the mournful solace of shedding a tear into their grave.

"Condemned to the social contamination of the base and vile, he endured the wretchedness and the disgrace of confinement for two months, when he was

set at liberty by the benefit of the act which so provides, on making oath of surrendering up every thing. Into the world, therefore, was he cast forth, branded and stigmatized, destitute, and beggared in every thing but the generous pride which withheld him from soliciting charity. Bred to no profession, he knew not whereunto to turn his hand; and misery pressed so hardly upon him, that unhallowed thoughts of suicide began to suggest themselves to his troubled mind. From town to town he wandered, soliciting the situation of clerk in any counting-house; but, alas! he had no references to make as to character, no certificates of former engagements faithfully fulfilled. For days and days together, he had not even a morsel of bread to satisfy the pangs of hunger. To add to his wretchedness, his clothes had become so shabby, from exposure to wind, and rain, and sunshine, that he was ashamed to be seen in public, or during daylight—so lay about the fields and wastes till sunset, when he ventured nearer to human dwellings.

"To have offered himself for any situation in such a squalid condition, would have been certain exposure to contumely, refusal, and suspicion; and at length the lingering rays of pride, which had hitherto sustained him, sank amid the darkness of his destiny.

"Necessity is a stern teacher. Even the face of man, which he had sought to shun in his misfortunes, became to him at length a sufferance necessary to be borne; so, as he was at first thrust from, so was he at length drawn back to the dominion of society. From the moorland wastes, where he could pick up a few wild berries, and from the sea-shore, which afforded some shellfish, he came, by degrees imperceptible but sure, to be a spectator at the corner of streets, and a hanger-on about stable-yards, where he casually earned a few pence by assisting the grooms to carry water, or lead gentlemen's horses. Low is the lowest situation which admits not of promotion, and through course of time, my old schoolfellow came to be promoted to the office in which I found him."

"Poor fellow! did you ever hear what became of him afterwards?"

"Yes I did, and a miserable end he had, though redeemed by the spirit of humanity which prompted it. He was killed in rescuing a child which had fallen before the wheels of a stage-coach, and the grateful parents not only gave him a decent funeral, but erected a simple tablet over him, recording his fate, and their gratitude.

"It is dreadful to think on the abyss into which a single erring step from the paths of prudence may precipitate us," said I.

"Yes," answered my friend; "and there are a thousand ways of going astray; while I defy you to go right, save by one."*

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To continue our literary account of the books of the Old Testament, we proceed to notice that the *Third*, or, according to the Hebrews, the *First Book of Kings*, begins with a relation of the manner in which Solomon came to the throne, and contains the whole of his reign. After that, an account follows of the division of the kingdom, and the history of four kings of Judah and eight kings of Israel. All these reigns, including that of Solomon, which occupies the first forty years, comprise the space of 126 years.

The *Fourth* of these books contains the history of sixteen kings of Judah, and twelve kings of Israel. It likewise gives account of the prophets who lived during this time. It is quite uncertain who were the writers of the two last-mentioned books. They are by some attributed to Jeremiah or Ezra, but no very convincing proofs have been adduced in support of this opinion. It is evident, indeed, that these books form a varied collection of several particular histories.

The name of *Paralipomena*, which, in Greek, signifies the *history of things omitted*, is given to the two books which follow those of *The Kings*. These form, in fact, a supplement, containing what had been omitted in the *Pentateuch*, and the books of *Joshua*, *Judges*, and *Kings*, or rather they contain a fuller description of some things which had been therein only briefly related. Some give them the name of *Chronicles*, because they are very exact in mentioning the time when every transaction happened. We divide them into two books, as do also the Jews, who call them *Dibere Hayamim*, that is, an *Historical Journal*, the matters of which they treat having been taken from the journals of the kings. In the original language, however, the word *days* often signifies the *year*, and, in this sense, we may understand the term to signify properly *Annals*. The generally received opinion is, that Ezra was the writer of these. In the *First* book, he begins with a succinct historical abridgement, from the creation of Adam to the return of the Jews from their captivity; and then he resumes the history of David, and carries it on to the consecration of Solomon, that is, down to the year before Christ 1015. The history contained in the *Second Book* reaches down to the year before Christ 536, when, upon the expiration of the seventy years of the captivity, Cyrus gave the Jews leave to return to their own country.

Ezra wrote the history of the return of the Jews from the captivity of Babylon into Judea. It is the history of about 82 years, from the year of the world

3468, when Cyrus became master of the eastern empire, by the death of his father Cambyses in Persia, and his father-in-law Cyaxares in Media, to the year 3550, which was the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, surnamed Longimanus. This book bears the name of Ezra, who was the writer of it.

The next book is a continuation of that of Ezra, and, therefore, it is by some called *The Second Book of Ezra*. It was Nehemiah, however, whose name it also bears, who wrote it, as is said, by the advice of Ezra. It contains the account of the re-establishment of Jerusalem, and of the Temple, and the worship of God. It is the history of about 31 years; that is to say, from the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, to the reign of Darius Nothus, his son, which began in the year of the world 3581.

After this general history of the Jews, follow two histories of particular persons, viz. *Esther* and *Job*. The first contains the account of a miraculous deliverance of the Jews, which was accomplished by means of the heroine named Esther. The Scripture says it happened under the reign of Ahasuerus, King of Persia; but as there have been several Persian kings of that name, it is not exactly known in which reign it is to be dated. Dr Lightfoot thinks it was that Artaxerxes who hindered the building of the Temple, and who, in the Book of Ezra, is called also Ahasuerus, after his great-grandfather the King of the Medes.

The history of Job, which is next in order, is not only a narration of his actions, but contains also the entire discourses which this pious man had with his wife and his friends, and is, indeed, one of the most eloquent books in the Holy Scriptures. It is generally conjectured that Moses was the writer or compiler of this book; but this is very uncertain.

Next to the *Historical* books of Scripture, follow those of a moral nature. The first of these is the Book of Psalms, which are likewise, in some measure, historical; for they recite the miracles which God had wrought, and contain, as it were, an abridgement of all that had been done for the Israelites, and that had happened to them. The Hebrews call them "*The Book of Praises*," by which they mean, of the praises of God. The word *Psalm* is Greek, and properly signifies the sound of a stringed instrument of music. The Hebrews sung the Psalms with different instruments. We make but one book of them all, but the Hebrews divide them into five parts, which all end with the words *Amen, Amen*. Though the Psalms bear the name of David, yet they were not all composed by him; some of them are more ancient, and others are of a later date than his time; some of them being ascribed to Moses, Samuel, and Ezra. Speaking of the dedication of the Second Temple, Prideaux says, "In this dedication, the 146th, the 147th, and the 148th Psalms, seem to have been sung: for, in the Septuagint versions, they are styled *The Psalms of Haggai and Zechariah*, as if they had been composed by them for this occasion; and this, no doubt, was from some ancient tradition: but, in the original Hebrew, these Psalms have no such title prefixed to them, neither have they any other to contradict it." It is not probable, however, that all those whose names they bear were the true authors of them; it is more likely that these are only the names of those to whom they were first given to sing.

After the Psalms are *The Proverbs*, which are a collection of moral sentences, of which Solomon was the writer. This name is given them by the Greeks, but the Hebrews call them *Misle*, that is, *Parables*, or *Comparisons*; and the word may also signify *Sentences*, or *Maxims*. It is a collection of divine precepts, proper for every age, and every condition of life.

The book which follows is also a *Moral* one, and was likewise composed by Solomon. The Greeks call it *Ecclesiastes*, which answers to the name of *Kohleth*, which it bears in the Hebrew. Both these words signify, in our language, a *Preacher*, or *one who speaks in an assembly*. In this book is given an admirable picture of the vanity of the world.

Among the *Moral* books is also reckoned *The Song of Songs*; that is to say, according to the Hebrew manner of speaking, a *most excellent song*. This book has nothing of morality in it, and, therefore, it is thought the only reason of its being placed here is, because it was a third work of Solomon; for there is not one moral or religious maxim in it, and the name of God is not so much as mentioned in it, except once in the original Hebrew, where it is used adjectively. It is an *Epithalamium*, or nuptial song, wherein, by the expressions of love between a bridegroom and his bride, are set forth, and illustrated, the mutual affections that pass between God and a distinguished remnant of mankind. It is a sort of dramatic poem, or pastoral; the bride and bridegroom, for the more lively representation of humility and innocence, are brought in as a shepherd and shepherdess. We learn from St Jerome, that the Jews were not permitted to read this song, or the chapters at the beginning of the Book of Genesis, till they were thirty years old.

In regard to the Prophets, it may be observed, that all the Old Testament is considered to be in substance one continued prophecy of the coming of Jesus Christ; so that all the books of which it consists are understood to be in some sense *Prophetical*. But this name is more especially given to those books which were written by persons who had a clearer knowledge of futurity, who forewarned both kings and people of

* Contributed by "Delta," to the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

what would happen to them, and who, at the same time, pointed out what the Messiah was to do, whom they who are acknowledged to have been Prophets had always in view; and this is what ought most especially to be taken notice of in their writings.

The Prophecies bear the names of those to whom they belong. Some learned men are of opinion that the Prophets made abridgements of the discourses which they had written, and fixed them up at the gates of the Temple, that all the people might read them; and that after this the ministers of the Temple might take them away, and place them among the archives, which is the reason why we have not the Prophecies in the order in which they were written. But the interpreters of Scripture have long since laboured to restore that order, according to the course of their history.

The works of the Prophets are divided into two parts, the first of which contains *The Greater*, and the second, *The Lesser Prophets*. This distinction, of course, does not apply to all to the persons of the Prophets, but only to the bulk of their works. *The Greater Prophets* are Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and Jeremiah. *The Lamentations* of Jeremiah make a separate book by themselves, containing that prophet's descriptions of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem, and of the captivity of the people. *The Lesser Prophets* are Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. They were formerly contained in one single volume, which the Hebrews call *Theresser*, which means *Twelve*, or *The Book of the Twelve*.

The dates of many of the prophecies are uncertain, but the earliest of them was in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah, and Jeroboam the Second, his contemporary, King of Israel, about 200 years before the captivity, and not long after Joash had slain Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, in the court of the Temple. Hosea was the first of the writing Prophets, and Joel, Amos, and Obadiah, published their prophecies about the same time.

Isaiah began his remarkable prophecies a short time afterwards, but his book is placed first, because it is the largest of them all, and is more explicit relative to the advent of Christ than any of the others. The language of this eminent writer is exceedingly sublime and affecting; so much so, that it has never been equalled by any profane poet either in ancient or modern times. It is impossible to read some of the chapters without being struck by the force of the prophetic allusions to the character and sufferings of the Messiah; and in consequence of these prevailing characteristics, the author is ordinarily styled the *Evangelical Prophet*, and, by some of the ancients, a *Fifth Evangelist*. The Jews say that the spirit of prophecy continued forty years during the second Temple; and Malachi they call the Seal of Prophecy, because in him the succession or series of prophets broke off, and came to a period. The book of Malachi, therefore, appropriately closes the sacred record of the Old Testament.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

TEMPERATURE.

If we refer to the bills of mortality, we shall find a very startling, and, at the same time, a very striking fact, respecting the number of unfortunate individuals who annually fall victims to consumption of the lungs; in consequence of which, it has been denominated, by many of the continental authors, as the *English malady*. The late Dr Young stated, that it destroyed no less than a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe, and Dr Mason Good was of opinion that this calculation was not overcharged; and, to complete this enumeration, Dr Woolcombe asserted that no less than 55,000 persons prematurely fall a sacrifice annually to the ravages of this disease in Great Britain alone. It might appear, at first sight, that we intended a long dissertation on this frightful disease; this, however, is not the case, our object being to point out, that, in numerous instances, the origin of diseased lungs is from an ordinary cold, which affection frequently arises from a neglect in that due attention to clothing, which either the vicissitudes of climate, constitution, habit of body, and other circumstances, demand. The present essay will be devoted to a few observations on this important subject, particularly as connected with the due preservation of health in all classes of society. There is nothing more necessary to the proper performance of the different functions, so as to conduce to a comfortable state of existence, than the uniform temperature of the body. Now, the Almighty has, in his infinite wisdom, blessed us with the powers of the senses, by whose means we are enabled to enjoy those objects of gratification, which our daily intercourse with the world constantly presents to our notice, and of pain, for our protection; this has induced a state in the constitution, by which we find our feelings extremely sensible to either the excess or a deficiency of heat; so that we almost instinctively endeavour to procure shelter from the excess of heat or freezing cold. In the warmer seasons, we bathe our bodies, and enjoy the luxury of immersion in the limpid stream, in order to promote an agreeable coolness to the surface of our system; or, on the other hand, when the frigidities of frost and snow makes its appearance on the earth around us, then it is that we wrap our bodies in the warmest fleece, so as to promote heat to the exterior of our frame.

Our efforts in endeavouring to mitigate the dan-

gerous consequences of heat and cold, would be but of little utility to us, had not the Deity furnished us with respiratory organs, in common with all the higher classes of animals; the surface of our wondrous machine is endowed with the sensation of feeling. By these powers, the heat of the body is capable of being preserved under almost every variety of temperature to which the changeable atmosphere is liable; by which we mean, the skin, from its tendency to have the perspirable fluid increased from existing circumstances, carries off the excess of heat; and the lungs, from their being able to decompose the atmospheric air, supply the loss that is occasioned by the former; by this means the vital organs, and those of digestion and nutrition, are constantly preserved at a temperature of about 98 degrees, under all circumstances. Besides the important share which the function of perspiration has in regulating the heat of the body, it has another very important office to perform, in serving as a means of outlet to the human frame. The due functions of the skin we have thus briefly described, are of such importance to health, that we must at all times, as a matter of course, direct our attention to the proper means of seeing them properly performed; for it is consonant to the rules of common sense, that, if the fluids that ought to be thrown from the body, through the medium of the pores of the skin, are retained, they are liable to produce injurious effects. By the excrementitious secretion of the skin, we wish the reader to bear in mind, that it is not the moisture or exhalation that is poured out in hot weather, or when the system is heated by exercise, but a matter which is too subtle for the sense of vision to take cognisance of, and which has been denominated by physiologists *insensible perspiration*; this is continually passing off the body, and, consequently, is the only true excretion of the skin. As a proof of the importance of the correct performance of this function, we find it to be totally suppressed in many fevers, of which it is almost the prevailing symptom, and, likewise, is frequently their sole cause; and in many chronic cases, we can trace no other origin. The functions of the skin are prodigiously increased during hot weather and in tropical climates; therefore, any occurrence that may tend towards their interruption or suppression is proportionably dangerous to the individual. There is another office which the skin has to perform; and this is, the absorption, or taking up, and conveying into the system, any substance which it may come in contact with, or be capable of absorbing. Besides, the skin is that portion of the body on which the nerves are distributed, and thus constitutes it the organ of feeling or touch. It is likewise abundantly supplied with a series of glands, which secrete an oily matter, and thereby render it impervious to water: thus is secured the evaporation of what is termed the *sensible perspiration*. If this unctuous or oily substance is deficient, the skin would become reddened (if we may use the expression), and assume that unpleasant appearance which the hands of washerwomen, and others employed in similar operations, exhibit, in consequence of the solvent powers of the soap and alkali they use. The hair serves as so many capillary tubes, which conduct the perspirable fluid from the skin. The three powers or functions of the skin, viz. perspiration, absorption, and sensation or feeling, are so intimately blended and dependent upon each other, that the derangement of the one must more or less influence the others. Now, if, for example, a man be placed in or exposed to the bleakness of a frosty atmosphere, in a state of inactivity, or without sufficient exercise to excite a brisk circulation of the blood, and, at the same time, is destitute of the necessary clothing, his limbs will become stiff, and his skin completely insensible; the vessels which created the perspirable fluid, together with the absorbent vessels, partake of that torpor which has attacked the brain and nervous system (and particularly the nerves of feeling), in conjunction with that of the heart and arteries; and, what is more, they will not regain their proper functions and activity until their sensibility be completely restored. This is a well-known fact to those who have been in Davis' Straits, the Greenland Seas, and the higher latitudes. The great danger which arises from suddenly attempting to restore sensibility to frozen parts, most persons are well acquainted with; therefore, if the warmth which is employed is not very gradually applied, the life or vitality of the parts is destroyed. These remarks on the offices of the skin will point out at once the importance of a particular and constant attention to the important subject of clothing, more especially when we consider the fickleness and changeability of our climate. Common and almost daily experience must have convinced the generality of mankind of the capricious state of the weather in Great Britain, and the importance of guarding against the ill effects arising from it. This end is principally to be attained by the adoption of that species of dress which will afford a protection from the cold. And we must here endeavour to impress upon the minds of parents, and those connected with the management of children, that a degree of cold which creates the sensation of shivering cannot be endured, even for the shortest period, without endangering the health of the individual; neither can the most robust constitution afford a resistance to the benumbing influence of a constant cold season, notwithstanding it may be so moderate as not to be productive of any immediate cause of complaint, or to compel the sufferer to seek

protection from it. The foundation of numberless chronic diseases is oftentimes laid, in consequence of this degree of cold, and the most prominent are those of scrofula and consumption of the lungs. If we examine the various classes of the community, we shall find that persons engaged in sedentary employments are constantly more or less exposed to the baneful effects arising from this species of cold, particularly if the apartment in which they are employed is heated to a degree that subjects them, on their leaving it, to all the dangerous consequences of a sudden transition from heat to cold; thus, as it were, passing immediately from the heat of summer to the frigid temperature of winter. In consequence of the inactivity of body to which these persons are unfortunately more or less condemned, the system becomes weakened, and is rendered incapable of maintaining the necessary degree of comfort and warmth, without additional fire, clothing, or artificial heat. Under painful circumstances like these, there should be a sufficient quantity of clothing of a proper quality; and an apartment, at the same time, moderately warmed and well ventilated, should be preferred, for the purpose of keeping up the requisite degree of warmth. In order to warm the atmosphere of an apartment much above the ordinary temperature of the external air, the latter must be excluded; and either by the circulation of hot water (which is the best and most uniform method), the circulation of steam, or by heated air from a furnace beneath the room, the atmosphere of the apartment thus becomes dry, and, by the two latter methods of warming, highly rarified, and particularly the last, by which the vital parts of the air become destroyed; and if it is thus heated to any extent, dangerous consequences may ensue. All these circumstances, if well considered, will at once prove the great danger there is in passing from a heated place of this nature, to the cold, external, raw atmosphere. But if the person leaving a moderately warm room be properly clothed, then the change is not felt, or at least not so severely, and any exercise that may be taken may be enjoyed and received with advantage to the fullest extent. Now, common experience at once points out that the most proper dress for this occasion is that of cloth, flannel, or some woollen substance. Very little benefit will be derived from wearing woollen garments, unless a certain quantity be worn, and that so constructed as shall effectually keep out the cold, and prevent any tendency to shivering. Those persons who would wish to enjoy the advantages arising from being clad in woollen, and which they are capable of deriving, should constantly wear it next the skin, for it is only on the surface of the body that its health-preserving power can be felt. In illustration of this, we shall mention some of the advantages which are derivable from the employment of woollen clothes:—The extreme readiness with which the escape of the perspirable fluid is allowed through its texture; its great influence in the preservation of the sensation of warmth to the skin, under every possible variety of circumstances; there is great difficulty in making it thoroughly wet; as a conductor of heat, it is extremely tardy, whilst its pliancy, softness, and lightness, render it extremely agreeable. With respect to the use of cloth made from cotton, although it differs but little from linen, yet it approaches nearer to the woollen texture, and, consequently, from that circumstance, must be esteemed, and be employed as the next best material of which articles of dress can be constructed. The next in point of excellence is silk, but which is very inferior to the preceding in every respect. If we examine the texture of linen, we shall find it to possess almost the contrary of every one of the properties which we have justly ascribed to that of woollen. The perspirable matter is easily retained in its substance, and becomes speedily imbued in it, thereby creating an unpleasant degree of cold to the surface of the body; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and has another very great disadvantage, which is, that it conducts heat in too rapid a manner. In fact, we think we may justly condemn it as the worst of all the substances employed in dress; for this simple reason, that it is the least qualified to answer the purposes generally intended by clothing. There are many prevailing errors existing, that might be easily remedied with great advantage to the general health; and this arises from the improper adaptation of clothes to the figure of the body, particularly in infants, children, and young females. The first great mistake generally arises from the absurd prejudices of nurses, who overload and bind their unfortunate charges with flannels, stays, swathing-bands, &c., thereby rendering the infant so chilly and tender, that it suffers from, and cannot bear the external air; for common sense informs us that the clothes of children should, in all cases, be proportioned to the climate, and temperature of the atmosphere. If by accident the child is exposed to a refreshing breeze, the consequence oftentimes is, serious inflammatory affection of the eyes, lungs, or bowels; or if the child survive the month, then the opposite extreme is generally resorted to, and thus disease is early engendered in their tender constitutions. Now, it must be born in mind, that a new-born infant, being *naturally warmer* than an adult, requires proportionably less clothing, which should be neatly, but so loosely put on, that the bowels may have room, and the limbs liberty, to act and exert themselves, that the circulation of the blood, through the *superficial* vessels, may not be impeded, nor malformation or unnatural swellings be attributed

to partial compression. The latter we consider as the principal cause of many deformities and distortions, more particularly among females, who suffer more in this respect than males.

When boys escape the nurse's hand, they are in general left to that of nature; but girls are, unfortunately, doomed to be victims of fashion and prejudice, for, as they approach womanhood, they are again put into trammels, in the form of stays. The injurious consequences of this pressure are not directly obvious, but it is to be remembered that they are not the less certain on that account. The unfortunate girl twists and writhes her body almost into contortions, to avoid the pinching which, as a matter of course, must necessarily attend the commencement of wearing stays tightly laced. The posture in which she finds ease is contrary to that ordained by nature, and one which she constantly maintains. Until, at last, she cannot procure comfort in any other, even when the pressure is removed that primarily compelled her to assume it. It is in this way that those deformities arise which young and delicate females are mostly subjected to; but, unfortunately, its effects are not noticed, or they have not become sufficient to attract attention, until it is too late to admit the employment of a remedy: and many of our readers will bear in mind several cases of sudden death in young and beautiful females, in consequence of tight lacing, which the newspapers have recently recorded; this, therefore, is a frightful effect produced by the employment of an injudicious article of dress; and those who eventually become mothers suffer more considerably from this cause than many persons may imagine.

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

"Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whitened shore;
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore."

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe," sung old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-box gate, at the east end of the naval asylum going into Greenwich Park—

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe,"

"And where did you leave your eye, Joe?" "In the Gut of Giberalter." "Well, Joe, you'll never see double again. Come, let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn. Tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband; my scuppers run over whenever I think of it." "Why, ay, he shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why, d'y see, sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were spiced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. 'Oh!' said Nancy, 'should you never return, what shall I do? where shall I pass—where end my wretched days?' His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it. Well, sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh, the agony of the mother, as every day dragged on without intelligence from William! When she looked at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it; I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement, and, putting aside the woodbine, beheld—delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mourned William, handcuffed between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seemed fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seemed ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasped him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my king, God bless him! Yet I've witnessed many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: William was pressed; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and, wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad sweet joy, that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored

negro, he might have breathed his last. She was black, she was a negro, but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arrived; he set out, and walked many a weary mile, led on by love and cheered by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view; with hasty step he reached the wicket, when— But I dare not repeat the story. I've told you already he was pressed. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side; they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beauteous scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hushed. 'Halloo!' said the captain. 'A sail on the larboard bow, sir.' 'What does she look like?' 'I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large.' 'Mr Banks,' said the captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain, turn the hands up, make sail.' In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretched upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which looked like a foreigner. Every heart was now elate but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh, that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and, again pointing to heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dressed, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had passed in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and, snatching the infant in her arms, rushed to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious Providence! at that very moment—while senseless and inanimate—at that very moment a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and there is every reason to believe that the orphan is still alive.]

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear*—an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it. One of the editors of the present publication thus notices it in the topographical work, entitled "The Picture of Scotland."—"Within sight of the House of Lethington (in Haddingtonshire) stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Brown of Coalstoun, which is now represented by Sir James Brown, Bart., while the estate has come by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. 'Sure such a pear was never seen,' however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was con-

tinued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear is said to have become stone-hard immediately after the lady bit it; and in this condition, continues the popular story, it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Brown's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house [or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie], so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years—a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature."

THE HAVANNAH SHARK.

[This article has been contributed to the Journal by the highly respectable military officer who bore a principal share in the adventure. It will be found, besides its interest in that character, to contain some facts worthy the attention of the naturalist.]

SUBSEQUENT to the disastrous attack on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th of January 1815, the army proceeded to Isle Dauphine, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the troops remained until peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States. As the men had been for several months exposed to severe hardships and many privations, the fleet was ordered, on its way home, to put into different ports, for the purpose of procuring fresh meat and vegetables. The ship I was on board of, with the regiment which I then commanded, belonged to that part of the fleet which touched at the Havannah. The circumstance I am about to relate is the capture of an enormous shark, which created considerable interest at the time. On arriving at the Havannah, I obtained leave from the general officer commanding, to live on shore, for the purpose of seeing something of the island. I generally went on board every morning about 10 o'clock, to give the necessary orders for the regiment. Several of our men had died during the passage to Havannah, and were consigned to the deep in the harbour of that place. One morning when I was writing in the cabin, I heard a sudden running of the men upon deck towards the after part of the vessel, and a sergeant called to me from above to come on deck immediately. Not being exactly aware of what was going on, I drew my sabre, and ran on deck without my cap. I was received with a good laugh by the officers present, and very soon was made aware of the object of the men's curiosity. It was a sight I never can forget. One of our poor fellows had been thrown overboard in the morning, sewed up in his blanket, with a shot inside to sink him. By some accident, the sewing must have been loosened, and, consequently, the body floated; and, just as I came on deck, two enormous sharks made a dash at the body, divided it in two, and disappeared with their spoil. A feeling of horror ran through every spectator. At that instant, a third shark showed himself close to our vessel. I called to the men to keep him alongside, by throwing him pieces of biscuit, at the same time desiring one of them to bring me a musket; on getting which, I fired at the animal, and the men shouted out that the ball had gone clean through him. He gave a flap with his tail, and went down, leaving the water slightly tinged with blood. At this moment, the black who beat the large drum came aft, and said to me, "Major, if you give me leave, I kill him and eat him in five minutes." I told him he should have five dollars for his pains if he kept his word. He immediately produced a shark-hook, baited it with a piece of pork, and, having fastened it to a strong line, threw it high into the air, and let it fall with a splash into the water. The effect was magical. Quick as lightning, two of the sharks were seen making towards the bait, and, in an instant, one of them swallowed it. "Now is the time, grenadier," cried blackie; "clap on the rope-line, and give him plenty o' play." Away went the monster like a whale, but *our Othello's* "occupation was not gone," and he commanded the grenadier, like an experienced general, until his enemy was lying spent and powerless on the surface of the water. A boat was now lowered, and the animal having been hauled alongside, a noose was made on a very thick rope, and he was swung into the air amidst the cheers of the whole fleet, every yard having been manned to witness our proceeding. The tail having been cut, the shark was laid on the deck, and blackie having selected a delicate piece from the shoulder, immediately proceeded to fulfil the latter part of his bargain, by broiling and eating it. The shark measured eleven feet in length, and seven feet across. The liver weighed seventy-three pounds. In the upper jaw were five rows of teeth, and in the under, six rows. I had the satisfaction to see that my aim had been good, as the mark of the ball was about two inches below the dorsal fin, and had gone "clean through," as the men said. Notwithstanding this wound, the voracious creature had returned to the

* From "Greenwich Hospital, a Series of Naval Sketches, descriptive of the Life of a Man-of-War's Man," published by J. Robins & Co., London, and which may be recommended as among the best of this species of works. The illustrations by Cruikshank are excellent.

charge within five minutes. The shark was a female, and had nineteen young ones in her belly when opened. They measured about eighteen inches each. During the time she was alongside, I (as well as two hundred others) had an opportunity of observing the young ones passing in and out of the mother's mouth; they seemed to take refuge there on the least appearance of danger. This fact, I believe, has been doubted by some naturalists. The jaw of this animal is now at Abbotsford, having been sent to the late lamented Sir Walter Scott, by the writer of this account. On the afternoon of the same day, after I had left the ship, the men caught another of the gang, rather longer than the first, and a bullock's hide and horns were found in the stomach. The horns were preserved by the surgeon of the regiment, and appeared, when taken out of the shark, to be quite soft and pulpy.

To account for this rather singular part of the story, I ought to mention that the captain of the vessel had hung several bullock hides on the rigging of the ship, which, producing a bad smell, I ordered them to be thrown overboard on the morning of the day on which the two sharks were killed.

But the most amusing part of the transaction was, that a complaint was made against me by the authorities of the place, for having destroyed two of the "guardians of their harbour." By this, I suppose, they meant, that these large sharks, playing about the mouth of the harbour, prevented a great fry of smaller ones from entering. They certainly were entitled to be considered in something like the light of "Tritons among the minnows."

OLD AND NEW PICTURES.

"Yes, my good fellow, there are tricks in all trades; and in none, perhaps, more than that to which I myself belong." Such was the sententious remark of a London artist, in descending one afternoon on the state of the fine arts in the metropolis. "I make no doubt of the correctness of your observation," I replied; "but, as you know I am quite ignorant of these matters, you will probably favour me with an insight into the legerdemain of your profession." "Oh, nothing more easy," said he; "listen but for a few minutes, and I will tell you what once came under my own observation."

A few years since, a young artist came to London for improvement, and as he had exhibited what were denominated proofs of genius, great hopes were entertained of his acquiring wealth and fame. There came with him a countryman, whose name was George Cranely, and who, having all to hope for, and nothing to lose, was glad of the opportunity to travel under the artist's protection; and, being known to each other from childhood, George was on such terms of respectful intimacy as to appear neither the servant nor the companion of the artist. In one particular alone, there was something like equality: like Roderick Random and his humble companion Strap, they had each their fortunes to make; and Cranely readily agreed to be useful to the artist in every way possible, while looking out for himself.

On the first floor of the house in which they lodged, there resided a Mr Coppenjay, who was said to possess several fine pictures, which the artist naturally desired to see; but, receiving no invitation, the pleasure was delayed. George, not possessing the modesty that withheld the artist, without any invitation inspected all Coppenjay's pictures, and frequently overhauled an illustrated copy of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, during the proprietor's absence. George had also witnessed the taking off of old varnish, and the application of fresh, to some of the "Old Masters," and as he was on the look-out, he was very attentive to these works of art.

Shortly afterwards, the artist received a note, stating that Mr Coppenjay would be happy to submit for inspection a picture he had recently purchased, and that he would attend the artist's leisure. This was very agreeable to the artist, and the possessor of the pictures was requested to come when it suited himself. Accordingly, he came immediately, bringing his picture. He seated himself, and, casting a look round the room, explained the motive of the visit, spoke slightly of the productions of modern painters, and enthusiastically of the "Old Masters." The artist was surprised at the volubility with which his visitor ran over the names, the characteristics, and the styles of the Italian schools; he was also as well acquainted with the Flemish and Spanish masters. There did not appear any difference while expatiating on the sublime and terrible of Michael Angelo, the simple grandeur of Raphael, the taste of Guido, the grace of Parmegiano, the chaste colouring of Titian, the florid of Rubens, the truth of Vandyck, the nature of Murillo; indeed, Mr Coppenjay appeared to have a perfect knowledge of drawing, colour, and effect, with all the peculiarities of mannerism; he was overpowering. The artist sat in silent astonishment and comparative ignorance. What application! thought he! what investigation! what taste! and what judgment! How can these be acquired? A thousand ideas rushed on the artist's mind: he feared to express one, lest he should commit himself. The desire to glean from this learned man's harvest of information, in all humility, presented itself; while collections and galleries were referred to with astonishing accuracy. At length, the eulogist's powers being exhausted, he produced the picture, which, during the oration, he had kept with the back towards the artist.

"There, sir," said its owner; "look at that." The artist's eye, embracing the effect, the colouring, and the drawing, settled on two or three particulars in succession, that gave him uneasiness, because he could discover no evidence of talent; he hesitated. "Take time, sir; I admire the minuteness of your examination; hasty decisions frequently require to be revised."

The artist continued to gaze in a kind of stupor; he thought nothing was so easy as to find fault, and he could see nothing to excite approbation. What to do he knew

not; he wiped his face, and looked again. The subject was the Adoration of the Shepherds, extremely dark in the shades, from age; the principal light on the Infant, and the white drapery on which it lay; the faces of the nearer shepherds in reflected light; the heads of Joseph and an angel or two rather spatty—otherwise, in effect, tolerably good, and suited to the design. Thus far the artist ventured. Coppenjay smiled benignantly. "Look into the picture, sir," said he; "beauties that develop themselves slowly are the delicate and estimable."

The young and inexperienced artist thought only of extricating himself from his unpleasant situation, till he was urged to give his opinion. "Well, sir," said he, "I have examined the picture, but cannot find what I am led to think you have: perhaps it arises from my incompetency to judge of a picture so injured by time."

The exhibitor again smiled. "The character and the expression are obvious," said he. "A painting should have something of the ideal, depending on a happy selection of parts, originating in beautiful nature, and judiciously uniting with high art for the general effect. When thus choice and execution are successfully displayed, the result is excellence."

The artist heard, and reflected. He knew that he who prefers quiet should not struggle to render himself conspicuous, and felt an inclination to decline saying more on the subject, since it is a degree of virtue to suspect our own judgments; but, on being urged, he ventured to say, he thought the expression rather extravagant, the light too scattered, and the effect deficient, in the placid solemnity suited to adoration.

"Ha! ha! I see," said Coppenjay; you are not well acquainted with the works of the *Old Masters*."

The artist bowed. "Well, sir," continued he, "I have studied them; the knowledge and judgment I possess direct me to declare that picture one of the happiest efforts of genius that ever quitted an easel. You do not think with me; but when you shall have travelled far, sought after, and have discovered what is great in art, your opinions respecting the *Old Masters* will undergo a revolution: for the present, I take my leave." Then, as if recollecting himself, the picture-dealer said, "I think we might be useful to each other. I have several pictures that have sustained injuries of various kinds. Lining, cleaning, and varnishing, I do in my own peculiar mode; but I frequently require the assistance of some one, to scumble down certain parts into keeping, assist the lights, and to harmonize with judgment."

"I," replied the artist, "do not understand the mode of restoring the lost tints of a good picture, and I should not like to employ myself on a bad one."

"Poh! sir," interrupted his companion; "if a small part of original tint remain, could you not match it? and, if not, could you not adapt one to suit the general tone of the picture? Could you not catch the peculiarity of touch, or imitate the mannerism of any master with a little application? It might pay you well."

"I could not do this," said the artist, "without much study, and I would rather follow nature, because there I should improve. By following the manner of any artist, I should ever be behind."

"Good morning," said Mr Coppenjay, as he retired with his picture.

The example of knavery thus displayed was not lost on young Cranely. Next day his friend the artist found him scouring away on a small old picture on panel, and, by his side, a little trunk, in which were requisites for his new profession. There was spirits of wine to take off the old varnish; pumice-stone and powder, to scrub off the oil where it had changed the surface; gold-size, to give a grain to crude masses; ultramarine, to scumble over skies and distances; yellow lake and burnt sienna, to scumble over foregrounds; liquorice-water and gall, to give the stain of antiquity, called a harmonizer; and others, the uses of which George had been clever enough to pick up. "Why, George," said the artist, "you are starting into perfection as a restorer!" "Ay, Sir, you may laugh, but I shall do the trick. I shall keep moving, and time will show," replied George.

A few years passed; they had lost sight of each other, but, meeting by accident, George prevailed on the artist to accompany him home, that a proof of his correctness of view might be exhibited. The artist was astonished. He very clearly saw that George, by studying "the *Old Masters*" in a particular way, had realized more pounds than he himself, by great application, had obtained shillings. "Now, my dear Cranely," said the artist, "if I may be thus familiar with you, while I am gratified in seeing you successful in life, you must forgive my feeling contempt for the means." "I know your opinions," replied his more polished friend; "they may be correct, and I respect them; my pursuits are to me valuable, and therefore I adopt them." "They are, my good fellow," said the artist, "a series of deceptions; fallacies which are listened to by the uninformed, who are duped; and believed by the credulous, who are plundered." George nodded, and the artist continued. "That pictures of great merit have occasionally passed through the hands of dealers, is true; for such, there could be no necessity to puff, nor difficulty in obtaining a purchaser. But the studios of Italy and of Holland furnish a constant supply of newly-made *Old Masters*, and oldly-made *New Masters*, all mischievous in proportion to their means of obliterating a knowledge of the great masters whose names they assume; and they are injurious to the extent they occupy; for their places might be filled by productions of the rising, or more elevated talent of our native country. And who has contributed to a result so opposed to the dictates of common sense? Certainly not those possessed of taste or judgment; but, since it has occurred amongst those said to be the most thinking people, the error will not be of long continuance." George smiled; the artist proceeded. "A sadly damaged and miserably restored old canvass, sanctioned by the praises of a dealer, has often found a place in a noble collection, as a production of some great master who conferred an honour on the age in which he lived, but who would feel disgraced by the thing as it appears in the present day. To

repaint the perished parts of an old picture, is not restoring it, if restoration mean the producing of its original excellence. West is said to have repaired some celebrated old pictures, but this was the employ of kindred talent in cases where injury had occurred by accident, and every way justifiable. Were Raphael to revisit his painting-room, he could not restore one of his own pictures. If such reproductions could be accomplished, the magnificent works of the Grecian artists would not have been lost in the common decay of perishable matter. The Roman artists would gladly have preserved the pictures of Apelles, had it been practicable. It remained for the age in which picture-dealers should attain commanding influence, that such impossibility could be undertaken, and presumed to be accomplished." George affected to smile; the artist continued. "The French have struggled hard in the work of preservation; they have cleaned, lined, transferred from one basis to another, varnished, scumbled over masses on some pictures, and repainted on the lights of others. It would be edifying to hear what the *Old Masters* would say, could they inspect these mangled remains." Cranely laughed outright. "Yet," continued the artist, "the endeavour to preserve from destruction any work of art is praiseworthy, and, to a certain extent, may be adopted, by careful lining and judicious application of varnish." "Nevertheless," said Cranely, who began to feel uncomfortable under a lecture which, by insinuation, accused him of knavery, "pictures of the Italian school are often repaired, to the satisfaction of judges." "Ay," said the artist, "that means no more than that they have been repaired as well as could be expected; but that was not restoring those pictures. Restoration is impossible. Improper varnish has expedited the ruin of many a picture on panel, by cracking on its surface, which, opening in forms resembling a spider's web, no longer protects the colour beneath. This is very injurious, particularly in the shades where the colour is thin. Exposure on a damp or unsound wall hastens the decomposition of canvass—destruction frequently commences from behind. The air insinuates itself through a thousand minute apertures, staining their edges, till the painting appears like a piece of Mosaic workmanship. Effect of heat from the sun is slow in its progress, but it causes the varnish and colour to shrink from the canvass, giving an appearance of shagreen in different degrees of roughness and blackness. These are a few operations of that silent agent which is resolving all into dust; all we can do is to give them a little protracted oblivion, and with this we should be satisfied." George shook his head. "Why," continued the artist, "facts are stubborn things; and your experience must have taught you that to attempt more is to fail, to promise more is to deceive; therefore, reform it altogether, and leave such disgraceful dealings to those who possess neither taste, truth, nor love of country." The friend whom he thus lectured shrugged up his shoulders. "Ay," said he, "that is all very fine talking. You must excuse me remaining a dealer in old pictures a few years longer; and then, if I can afford to have a conscience, I shall certainly revert to my original simplicity; but, pardon me for the present; the richer part of the English nation have a rage for the things which I manufacture. I need their money, and supply their wants; and what need there be any further philosophising on the subject?"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LOTT CARY.

In a former number of the Journal, we presented a sketch of the rise and prospects of the American Colonization Society, established for the purpose of colonizing the black population of the United States on the newly-founded colony of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. The comparative success which has attended this philanthropic, and—as regards the States—salutary project, has been, it seems, partly produced by the efforts of some of the civilized blacks themselves, who have, in various instances, warmly seconded the views of the society. It is very pleasing to find the descendants of native Africans—men born in slavery, with skins of the darkest hue, and whose moral culture has been totally and wilfully neglected—occasionally, by the efforts of that native genius which the Creator has not limited to any particular race of men, shining forth among their fellows, and in their conduct setting an example even to their white and more favoured brethren.

In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing extraordinary mental abilities. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men, and an almanack which he composed was produced in the House of Commons, as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom.

The object of the present sketch is, however, one of a still more interesting character, inasmuch as he was immediately connected with the scheme of colonizing the coast of Africa with persons of his own colour. This self-taught African genius was named Lott Cary. He was born a slave in Charles city county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and

mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having, somehow, procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon; and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children, left him on the death of his first wife. "Of the real value of his services while in this employment (says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted), it has been remarked, that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work, he was highly esteemed and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five dollar bank note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said, that while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book, which he had left for a few moments, found it to be 'Smith's Wealth of Nations.'"

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably, more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at day-break; several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes, the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks, that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon their arms every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attentions, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were, for a long time, rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilization and christianity among the natives.

In 1806, Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he discharged the duties of that important

office till his death, which occurred in 1828, in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have accidentally overturned, which caught some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days.—Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilization on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results, which dignify human nature.

WATERTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE SLOTH.

THE character and habits of that singular animal, the Sloth, according to Charles Waterton, the enthusiastic traveller in the wilds of South America, have been strangely misrepresented by naturalists. "This singular animal (says he) is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die, in the trees. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and, being good food, he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly-stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized men. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we will be enabled to account for his movements. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported, by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers. Were the floor of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forwards, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but, at the same time, in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of the Sloth. Indeed, his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

"Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house, and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably shaped his course towards the nearest tree. His favourite abode was the back of a chair; and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him. The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but under them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped. Hence, his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but farther proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

"It must be observed, that the Sloth does not hang head-downwards, like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and after that, brings up both his

legs, one by one, to the same branch, so that all the four are in a line: he seems perfectly at rest in this position. As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture, that by the time the animal has finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries." In an experiment tried by the traveller of putting a dog to death by means of the exceedingly subtle wourali poison, made by the South American Indians, "some faint resistance on the part of nature (says he) was observed, as if existence struggled for superiority; but in the following instance of the Sloth, life sunk in death without the least apparent contention, without a cry, without a struggle, and without a groan. This was the Ai, or three-toed Sloth. It was in the possession of a gentleman who was collecting curiosities. He wished to have it killed, in order to preserve the skin, and the wourali poison was resorted to as the easiest death. Of all animals, not even the toad and tortoise excepted, this poor ill-formed creature is the most tenacious of life. It exists long after it has received wounds which would have destroyed any other animal; and it may be said, on seeing a mortally wounded Sloth, that life disputes with death every inch of flesh in its body. The Ai was wounded in the leg, and put down on the floor, about two feet from the table; it contrived to reach the leg of the table, and fastened itself on it, as if wishful to ascend. But this was its last advancing step; life was ebbing fast, though imperceptibly; nor could this singular production of nature, which has been formed of a texture to resist death in a thousand shapes, make any stand against the wourali poison. First, one fore-leg let go its hold, and dropped down motionless by its side; the other gradually did the same. The fore-legs having now lost their strength, the Sloth slowly doubled its body, and placed its head betwixt its hind-legs, which still adhered to the table; but when the poison had affected these also, it sunk to the ground, but sunk so gently, that you could not distinguish the movement from an ordinary motion; and had you been ignorant that it was wounded with a poisoned arrow, you would never have suspected that it was dying. During the tenth minute from the time it was wounded, it stirred, and that was all; and the minute after, life's last spark was out."

EFFECTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTS, TRADES, AND PROFESSIONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE next division of the labouring class that comes under the attention of Mr Thackrah, in his ingenious work entitled "The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, on Health and Longevity," is that in which the employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined and impure.

"Though all inhabitants of large towns (he proceeds) suffer in a greater or less degree from the impurity of the atmosphere, yet it is obvious that those who are most crowded together will be chiefly affected, particularly if ventilation be imperfect. A serious addition to the evils of a confined atmosphere is the defect of muscular exercise. Certain classes of muscles are for twelve or fourteen hours a-day scarcely moved, and postures maintained injurious to the proper actions of the internal organs.

TAILORS are very unfortunately situated in this respect. Sitting all day in a confined atmosphere, and often in a room too crowded, with the legs crossed, and the spine bowed, they cannot have respiration, circulation, or digestion well performed. The employment, we must admit, produces few acute diseases. But disorders of the stomach and bowels are general, and often obstinate. Pulmonary consumption is also frequent. Some of the men state their liability to pains of the chest; but the majority make no complaint. It is nevertheless apparent, even from observing only the expression of countenance, the complexion, and the gait, that the functions of the stomach and the heart are greatly impaired, even in those who consider themselves well. We see no plump and rosy tailors; none of fine form and strong muscle. The spine is generally curved. The reduction in the circumference of the chest is not so much as we might expect. The average of our measurements presented 33 to 34 inches, while that of other artisans is about 36. The capacity of the lungs, as evinced by measuring the air thrown out at expiration, is not less than common. The average of six individuals was seven pints, two-thirds. The prejudicial influence of their employ is more insidious than urgent; it undermines rather than destroys life. Apprenticed at an early age, tailors have their constitution modified to their employment. But its native vigour, drawn off in youth to this adaptation of organs to external circumstances, gradually declines, and finally ceases before the natural termination of life. Of 22 of the workmen employed in Leeds, not one had attained the age of 60; 2 had passed 50; and of the rest, not more than two had reached 40. We heard of an instance or two of great age, but the individuals had lived chiefly in the country. The evils attendant on the employment are in many cases greatly aggravated by bad habits. Like other men whom circumstances have physically depressed, the tailor often seeks the baneful comfort of ale and ardent spirit. The time of relief from work is generally

spent, not in invigorating the animal frame, but in aggravating his complaints, and converting functional into organic disease.

Can we correct these evils? The position of the tailor might be amended. He now sits cross-legged on a board; because in the ordinary sitting posture he could not hold a heavy piece of cloth high enough for his eyes to direct his needle. Let a hole be made in the board of the circumference of his body, and let his seat be placed below it. The eyes and the hands will then be sufficiently near his work; his spine will not be unnaturally bent, and his chest and abdomen will be free.

STAY-MAKERS are exposed, though in less degree, to the same physical evils as the tailors. We do not find, however, that they are equally intemperate. Though health is impaired by confinement, life is not apparently shortened. Among the few stay-makers who live in Leeds, there are several instances of considerable age.

MILLINERS, DRESS-MAKERS, and STRAW-BONNET-MAKERS are often crowded in apartments of disproportionate size, and kept at work for an improper length of time. Their ordinary hours are ten or twelve in the day, but they are confined not unfrequently from five or six in the morning till twelve at night. The bent posture in which they sit, tends to injure the digestive organs, as well as the circulation and the breathing. Hence girls from the country, fresh-looking and robust, soon become pale and thin. The constant direction of the eyes also to minute work, affects these organs. Sometimes it induces slight ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*), and sometimes at length a much more serious disease, palsy of the optic nerve (*and consequently blindness*). In stoving straw-bonnets, sulphur is largely used. The fumes, in some houses, spread through every apartment, and the inmates even sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with these offensive vapours! Sulphurous gas, I need scarcely add, greatly affects respiration. It induces at the time a violent cough, and the irritation, if frequently repeated, tends to the development of pulmonary disease. Might not the sulphurous fumes be absorbed or confined in the process? Water in a large shallow dish would take up a considerable proportion. A small out building for the operation would be a more decisive remedy. This indeed is used by some straw-bonnet-makers. Remedies for the other evils to which this class is exposed are obvious—ventilation, reduction of the hours of work, and brisk exercise in the open air. The great cause of the ill-health of females who make ladies' dresses, is the lowness of their wages. To obtain a livelihood, they are obliged to work in excess.

WEAVERS have a confined atmosphere, and, though the limbs are fully exercised, the trunk is kept comparatively fixed, and the chest is not expanded. This stooping, however, is somewhat diminished by the mode of casting the shuttle with a string, instead of the hand. When weaving is carried on at home, the rooms are often small and ill ventilated; and among the Irish we find a sad want of cleanliness. Fever is rather frequent among weavers, but other acute diseases are rare; the men, however, seldom enjoy health. Digestion is imperfect, asthma and other affections of the chest are common. They complain of the smell from the oil-lamps. This no doubt annoys the lungs, but their reduction of health is attributable chiefly to the confinement. The susceptibility to fever may arise from the frequent defect of proper nourishment. The weavers of stuffs have low wages, and are often out of employ. There are more old men in the occupation of weaving than in most others.

SHOEMAKERS, it is well known, are placed in a very bad posture—a posture second only to that of the tailors. The abdominal viscera, and especially the stomach and liver, are compressed. Lads put to this employ often suffer so much from head-ache and general indisposition, that they are obliged to leave it; and men who have been able to bear it for years, lose appetite and strength. Digestion and circulation are so much impaired, that the countenance would mark a shoemaker almost as well as a tailor. We suppose that, from the reduction of perspiration and other evacuations, in this and similar employments, the blood is impure, and, consequently, the complexion darkened. The secretion of bile is generally unhealthy, and bowel complaints are frequent. The capacity of the lungs in the individuals examined we found to average six and one-third, and the circumference of the chest 35 inches. In the few shoemakers who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at the base of the breast bone, occasioned by the pressure of the last. Are shoemakers subject to popliteal aneurism, or a swelling of the artery in the ham? Morgagni asserts this; but I am not aware that a similar observation is now made. Much as posture injures shoemakers, bad habits injure more. Working late on Saturday night, they often lie in bed all Sunday morning, lounge in listlessness during the afternoon, drink all Monday, are sick and taking physic on Tuesday, and return to work on Wednesday.

CURRIERS and LEATHER-DRESSERS are subjected to no injurious agent, except the bent posture in the process of "shaving." This affects the head. The smell of the leather produces no disagreeable effect. The men are generally very healthy, and a considerable proportion live to old age.

SADDLERS are obliged to lean forwards, and are confined to this position. Hence they are subject to head-ache and indigestion.

PRINTERS are kept in a confined atmosphere, and generally want exercise. Pressmen, however, have good and varied labour. Compositors are often subjected to injury from the types. These, a compound of lead and antimony, emit, when heated, a fume which affects respiration, and are said also to produce partial palsy of the hands. Among the printers, however, of whom we have inquired, care is generally taken to avoid composing till the types are cold, and thus no injury is sustained. The constant application of the eyes to minute objects gradually enfeebles these organs. The standing posture long maintained here, as well as in other occupations, tends to injure the digestive organs. Some printers complain of disorder of the stomach and head; and few appear to enjoy full health. Consumption is frequent. We can

scarcely find or hear of any compositor above the age of 50. In many towns printers are intemperate.

BOOKBINDERS and POCKET-BOOK-MAKERS are similar employments. The work is remarkably easy, and keeps no muscles fixed, nor demands excessive action from any. The workmen suffer no annoyance, but they are often very dissipated. One master informed us that several of his people have died from consumption. This, however, I should attribute, not to the employ, but to intemperance.

CARVERS and GILDERS are kept in a confined atmosphere, and often for long periods in a leaning posture. Hence they sometimes suffer from headache. Though the pallid appearance, general among these workmen, indicates a reduction of health and vigour, life is not abbreviated in a marked degree.

CLOCKMAKERS have little objectionable in their occupation; for though the making and fitting up are carried on in the house, the posture is varied, and the men are frequently travelling to repair clocks in the country. They are generally healthy, and attain often advanced life. WATCHMAKERS have a much worse employ. They sit all day with the trunk bent forward. The digestive organs almost always suffer, and the lungs are sometimes affected. The close and continued application also greatly injures the eyes. Many youths apprenticed to watch-making are obliged to leave the employ, and the individuals who remain rarely live to old age.

SMITHS have an employment remarkably conducive to muscular power. The use of the large hammer powerfully excites all the muscles, and especially those of the arms, throwing on them a large supply of blood, and, consequently, producing their enlargement. Exertion like this, moreover, has a considerable effect on the circulation in general, and the functions with which it is connected. For youths of strong constitution no labour is better than that of the smith. For those, however, naturally delicate, the exertion is too great, and young men of scrofulous constitution are particularly liable to sink under the employ. Smiths are subjected to high temperature, and frequent changes of temperature, but with no obvious injury. They are rarely affected with rheumatism and catarrh. The employ subjects the eye to the annoyance of smoke, and to excitement from the glow of the heated iron. But our examination of the smiths in this neighbourhood does not prove them subject to ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*); nor does it show that vision is impaired by the excitement of the retina (*nervous coat of the eye*). When smiths are ill, the cause is most frequently intemperance. They do not, however, arrive at great age.

CABINET-MAKERS are generally healthy, though employed within doors. The labour is good; and there is no hurtful accompaniment, with the exception of the dust which is produced by sawing certain kinds of wood."

THE LONE INDIAN.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer,
Like it not—I would the plan
Lay in its tall old groves again."

BRYANT.

POWONTONAMO was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam, and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of the Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonomo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonomo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them; but he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonsetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonsetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonsetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonsetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonomo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there were vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonsetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should

sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "the furs of Powontonomo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonsetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There were feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonomo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "the moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "the land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonomo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonsetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonsetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "the Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air, but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of the battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the hoary sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's god made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonomo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head," shouted he; and as he spoke,

he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake—"Listen to the chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnakis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseth sometimes begged him to join the remnant of Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonomo replied, "this is the burial-place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep, but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontonomo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonseth eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose, and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonseth toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonomo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "Home!" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then, slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day a tree, which Soonseth had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonomo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonomo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonseth, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide

world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited, only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on, the leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bowstring, snipped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

None ever knew where Powontonomo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.—*From the Western Coronet (an American publication), by Mrs Child.*

Column for the Boys.

Boys are fond of birds. They like to have pigeons of their own, which they can sort and feed at any leisure time they have; they also like to keep ordinary singing birds in cages hung in their own rooms, or in the kitchen, and which they sometimes breed under their own care. Birds, in fact, divide their attention with rabbits; and when the winter comes on, as it is now doing, and when the snows cover the ground in all directions, then, if they have any convenient place for the experiment, they perhaps try to catch old birds with different kinds of traps. I am now going to give my young friends, the Boys, some directions how to manage all these sort of things. Suppose we begin with the art of

CATCHING BIRDS.

Bird-lime, a sticky, pitchy kind of matter, is sometimes used by small twigs, and which birds settle on when they are passing a call-bird, or decoy; but as few boys possess one of these trained call-birds, and as there are other means of catching fully as effectual, we need not say anything of that plan. The best way to catch birds, when the snow is on the ground, is to use nooses made of horse-hair; and this may be done either by lines, or with a hoop. If the former, get a hundred yards of packthread, and at every six inches fasten a noose, made with the horse-hair (two hairs twisted together being sufficient); at every twenty yards, thrust a little stick into the earth, by which the line may be fastened, to keep the nooses about the height the larks run; scatter oats from one end to the other. The birds will then flock to pick up the grain, and will be caught by the neck in the nooses. As the boy will be on the watch, he will run forward, and take the birds as soon as caught. This plan is recommended for taking larks. If boys prefer to try the hoop, which is much cheaper, let them get an ordinary barrel hoop, and draw packthread across it from side to side, leaving openings between the strings, of about two inches wide. This being done, let them attach white horse-hair nooses to the lines, so that they may lie nice and flat when the whole is laid down. Scatter oats or even crumbs on the snow at a conspicuous place for birds, and lay the hoop with its nooses above it. If the winter be severe, and the birds plentiful, they will soon recognise the food, and, lighting among the nooses, will be caught by the feet, when the boys will dash forward, and catch them. There is yet another capital plan, and that is with the sieve-trap, which is made thus: In the winter season, when the ground is thickly covered with snow, sweep a round spot clean, the size of your sieve; sprinkle some ashes on the spot, and a few crumbs of bread; prop up the sieve over the spot with a bit of stick, with thin twine fastened to its centre, and long enough to reach to a window, at which you must be seated, and watch the birds getting under the sieve, when the string should be instantly jerked; this, if dexterously done, and no noise be made to scare away the birds, will occasion the sieve to fall, and the birds to be caught. You then take a cloth, and draw it under the sieve along the ground, taking care not to lift it so high that the bird can escape; and, by drawing up the cloth to its centre, you will be able to carry the sieve, with the bird under it, into the house. When birds are caught, they ought to be put into cages adapted for them, and partially secluded, till they become accustomed to their imprisonment. As boys in towns have not an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity in catching birds in the manner described, they may buy any kind they have a fancy to from the men who deal in them.

THE LINNET

Is a fine bird, and will learn either to pipe or whistle any other bird's note. The author of that nice little work, the "Boy's Own Book," thus describes how linnets ought to be managed:—"Feed the young with a little white bread soaked in milk, previously boiled; let it be very stiff, like a hasty-pudding; make but a little at a time, as it is very soon grows sour. When they feel themselves able to eat a little scalded rape-seed. They may be caught with clap-nets. When taken, place them in a large cage, and get some of the seeds you find they feed upon, which put into the cage with a little hemp-seed ground or bruised; set them in a place where they may not be disturbed, and feed them with this for three or four days; then cage up the cock and hen separately; feed them

with rape, and a small quantity of canary-seed amongst it, with some few corns of hemp. If dull, give them lettuce-seed, beet-leaf, or a little seeded chickweed now and then; and, if troubled with a looseness, some chalk and bruised hemp-seed, a stalk of plantain-seed, and put saffron in their water." The linnet will acquire the song of the canary sooner than any other bird. They commonly breed three or four times in the year." The linnet is not a greater favourite among boys than

THE CANARY.

These birds, which were formerly brought from the Canary Islands, are remarkable for their power of song, their beautiful pale yellow colour, and their great mettle. You are directed, by the above authority, to "choose a young and sprightly bird, sleek and straight, and one who boldly struts and shakes himself. Take notice of the dung, which ought to dry quickly, and be thick, hard, round, of a fine white on the outside, and darkish in the middle. If the bird emit only a white slime, with no black in it, it is a certain sign of speedy death. If possible, hear him sing before you buy him. The hens never sing, although many have, by a sort of jabbering noise, deceived unskilful persons. The hen is always smaller and shorter. The colour above the bill of the cock, and likewise under his throat, and on the pinion of his wing, is a brighter yellow. The canary breeds four or five times a year, and lays four, five, or even six eggs at a time; they sit fourteen days. You should not match them till the middle of March. If convenient, let their cage be toward the east, because the birds love warmth, and sunshine in the room in the morning makes it warm all day. If you breed them in a cage, let it be twice as large as common breeding-cages, so that they may have room to fly. If you breed them up by hand, feed them as linnets, and take them away at fourteen days old; for if you let them remain longer with the old ones, they grow sullen, and will not feed; but if you let the old ones bring them up, leave them till the latter hatch again. When taken away, feed them thus: Boil an egg hard, take a little of the yolk, a little quantity of the best bread, and a little scalded rape-seed; bruise the whole as finely as possible. This is the best food for young canary birds. Begin to feed at six in the morning, and feed them anew at the end of every hour or hour and a half. Nothing is so good for their nests as a little fine hay and hair. When the weather is hot, or when they require something cooling or cleansing, let them have a little chickweed or lettuce." The canary is rather a delicate bird for boys to bring up, and many prefer to have one or two sprightly

BLACKBIRDS.

These native birds are kept in wicker cages, but they must be kept very clean, and care taken of their feeding. Blackbirds breed very early in the year, and the young may be taken at ten or twelve days old; feed them once in two hours with cheese curd, white bread and milk, with sheep's or cow's heart, or any other sort of lean meat, cut very small, mixed up with a little bread, and made very moist. When grown up, they may be fed with flesh meat, boiled, raw, or roasted; but flesh meat mixed with a little bread is best. If you find them out of order, give them a good large spider. Blackbirds will imitate any kind of whistle; but it is best to leave them to their own clear "wood-notes wild." Now for a word or two upon

PIGEONS.

"The life of this beautiful and useful bird (continues our authority) is said to extend to about eight years; but it is useless for the purpose of breeding after it has attained that age, and ought then to be destroyed, or it will molest those which are in the prime. The pigeon lays two white eggs, and sits fifteen days after the second egg is laid. The female keeps to the nest from four or five o'clock in the evening until nine the next morning; she then goes off to feed, and the cock takes her place during the day. If the hen delays, the cock leaves the nest at the usual time, seeks her out, and drives her to her nest, and the same is the case in case of negligence in this respect on the part of the cock. The young ones are usually of different sexes. For the first three days after they are hatched, the female seldom leaves them; after that time, the cock and hen attend to feed them indiscriminately. The way in which the old supply the young with food is singular: the parent birds collect a quantity of grain and water in their crops, which are very capacious; and, after it has lain there until soft and matted, they regurgitate it, and answer the young by shewing it, they cast it up into the throats of the young ones. As the young birds acquire strength, the old ones give the food less preparation, and, at last, drive them out to provide for them for themselves. But they are often seen feeding their young ones even when the latter are able to fly, and they themselves are going to nest again. After six months old, the young pigeons are full grown."

THE DOVECOOT.

There are various kinds of houses for keeping pigeons, but those which can be most conveniently used by boys consist of wooden boxes placed against the wall, or at the top of a pole—in both cases out of the reach of cats. The former are most common, and are generally made in a triangular shape, with a slope on each side. They have three or four stories, and are divided into compartments, which they require a great quantity; but, if necessary, offer them barley or oats, or any kind of crumbs. Pigeons breed very fast, and afford a frequent relish to the table, in the shape of a nicely baked PIGEON PYE.

Gardening.—JANUARY.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early planting. Prune nail, and tread espalier trees; gooseberries, currants, raspberry, and nuts. Figs must not be pruned till April. Plant out fruit-trees, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and nuts, if not already done. Look over fruit in the fruit-room; keep out frost, and pick out all decayed fruit. Force strawberries; the roseberry is now the best. Should the weather prove mild, those pots of strawberries which are in frames for the purpose of furnishing a succession, must have plenty of air during the day; but the glasses must be shut down in the night, in order to secure them against frost.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early crops. Prepare hot-beds for asparagus, cucumbers, mint, potatoes, and small saladings. Force Eford rhubarb and sea kale in pits, in the mushroom-house, or under large pots; also kidney beans in the pits; the best sort for this purpose are the long-keg and early purple-speckled. Sow black-seeded gourd, brown Dutch, and grand admirable cabbage lettuces, as well as those of the Bath and Egyptian Cos. Sow curled parsley for transplanting, frame peas, horn carrots, Mazagan beans, onions, if they are intended to be grown to a large size, radishes, round spinach, &c. Plant out cabbage plants, to succeed the first crop which had been planted out in the autumn; the best sort for this purpose are the large bed is well covered with dry straw; it ought to be at least twelve inches thick; and, every precaution must be taken to keep out the frost.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

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A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

ON the east coast of Scotland, there is a pleasant little village, within a quarter of a mile of the sea, chiefly inhabited by fishermen. Of this place I was, about thirty years ago, an inhabitant; and as I am fond of observing the lights and shades in character among the lower class, where in general concealment of the natural disposition is least practised, I quickly got acquainted with my humble neighbours. It was thus not long before I knew the history, and could estimate the feelings of many individuals, who, though unknown to fame, passed not away without leaving a moral lesson behind them. In most small communities, there is some one who is singled out by their fellows as possessing some advantage over them, which is either real or imaginary. Among the dwellers in this sequestered spot, there was an old woman, named Margaret Dun, who was honoured by a celebrity arising from a cause which will be at once acknowledged to come under the head of the latter. I have said honoured, but it may be doubted whether the term is properly applied, when it is told, that, instead of the name I have mentioned, that of *Peg the Witch* was more frequently applied to her. How she first acquired her reputation as an emissary of Satan, I could not learn. Probably it was from her sagacity in frequently prophesying about her neighbours' concerns what came to pass, and from her possessing a bold determined spirit, which seldom failed to carry her through any enterprise in which she engaged, and which caused her to be more prosperous in her domestic concerns than is generally the fate of those in her class who do not possess the same energy of mind. Be this as it may, the light in which she was regarded by the people around her, made her view their ignorance with scorn, not unmixed with resentment, and had the effect of confining her sympathies within the narrow boundary of her own family, where she ruled with an undisputed and despotic sway. But though her authority over her children was imperious, it was in general cheerfully obeyed, for she was neither peevish nor sullen in her intercourse with them, and had always attended so diligently to all their wants, that they both loved and respected her.

At the time I first became acquainted with this woman, she had recently lost some of her children, and her family then consisted only of two sons and her husband. John Dun, the gudeman, was a mason by trade, and considered so clever at his business, that there was hardly a house or onstead erected for many miles round without his aid. Being thus much employed at a distance from home, his wife became the entire manager of the money earned by his industry, and laid it out so judiciously, that his cottage exhibited many little comforts unknown in those of his less fortunate neighbours. This was so apparent to all, that it excited a degree of envy, which continued to account for it in the old way; and many were the rumours that reached her ears of the effect of the supernatural gifts with which she was supposed to be endowed. Indignant at their folly, and wearied by their obstinate adherence to it, she at length determined to use her imputed character as a means of making the whole village subservient to her will; nor was there one individual who had the hardihood to resist it. I have no doubt but much of this strange influence was owing to the peculiar situation of the place, and the occupation of its inhabitants, whose bread was procured on the face of the mighty deep. Sailors in general are prone to superstition, and it is in vain that the well-educated and firm-minded among them deny the charge. The waters of the sea are as a mighty veil

thrown over innumerable mysteries; and where is the sailor or the fisherman who has not in fancy, amid a lonely watch, had it partially lifted, and some of them revealed to him—who has not held some communication with the world beneath him, and is thus led to believe that there are more "things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy" of landsmen? The superstition of the ignorant leads to a belief in charms and amulets, and none of Margaret's neighbours would venture to sea without having about his person a piece of the mountain-ash, or, as it is more usually called in Scotland, the rowan-tree, which flourished in her little garden. Happy was the man who received this valuable boon from her own hand, for then a portion of her good-will was supposed to go with this potent charm, which ensured him a prosperous voyage and a boatful of fish, some of which he seldom failed to appropriate to her use. In short, had Margaret's disposition been greedy, she might have exacted from her poor neighbours all her living; but she contented herself with now and then receiving voluntary gifts, and only hinting to the small farmers in the neighbourhood that they might bring her home a sack or two of coals on their carts from the pits, free of the costs of carriage. At the time of casting peats, a similar hint was given, and each one at the moss contributed a share toward the stack destined for her use.

Thus things went on for some years till her eldest son attained the age of 20, and her youngest, of 17 years, and she lost her husband, who was killed by a fall from a building. Her eldest son now took the place of his father, for both he and his brother had been bred to their father's business, and the son and apprentice of so good a workman did not fail to find employment. Still his winnings, it may be supposed, were not equal to his father's. This, however, was no source of discontent to his mother, as long as they were all poured into her lap, and as long as she was obeyed, and her absolute sway still submitted to. But the time came when each succeeding week showed her, in some instance, that a change in the disposition of her first-born was rapidly taking place; and as she watched him with a jealous eye, she saw him gradually beginning to assert his independence as the chief supporter of the family. While her husband lived, she had ruled her sons with unquestioned authority, nor ever seemed to dream of any change taking place in her right of control. James now no longer owned this authority, as to his movements, but took work near or at a distance, just as it suited his fancy, without asking her consent; and when reproved by his mother, and threatened with her severe displeasure, he got angry, and so far forgot himself as to threaten in return. This was something altogether new to the imperious spirit of the widowed woman, whose will had so seldom been disputed. It seemed more bitter to her than if all the rest of mankind had risen up against her, that the son who used to submit, without reply, to all her mandates, should break through the trammels of the strict government to which she had subjected him from infancy, and brave all at once her utmost displeasure. It was too much for the indulged and haughty spirit of one who had, in her humble sphere, reigned in-doors and out; and though these struggles for the mastery between her and her eldest son lasted for a while, they became at length too violent to admit of their dwelling together. James did not, however, leave his mother's house without regret. Though he possessed too much of her own evil pride to confess it, and endeavoured to salve his conscience for taking so rash a step, by persuading himself that he was forced to it by his mother's

harshness, yet, had he understood and done justice to her feelings, he would not have wounded them so deeply; he would have recollected that much of the stern manner of which he complained had been the result of the peculiar situation in which she had been placed, for he was not ignorant of the aspersions which it pleased her foolish neighbours to cast upon her. He would also have felt, that, if she had ruled her children strictly, she had ever shown that she loved them with an intensity, out of which, in fact, their present quarrels had arisen; for she was tormented with a jealous fear that she had lost her influence over his heart as well as over his conduct. Something of all this did come across and smite the conscience of James, after he had quitted his mother's house, and he returned to tell her, that though he could not live with her any longer, it was his intention to give her half of his wages. This offer was, however, rejected by the misguided mother, with scorn and acrimony, as a bounty which was to be doled forth to her by a son who was voluntarily forsaking her, and depriving her, in her old age, of his society and protection; and, full of this bitter feeling, she exhausted every epithet of contumely and reproach, until the young man, who, I have said, possessed but too much of her own unhallowed spirit, was so exasperated, that he rushed from under the roof where he had drawn his first breath, with an oath never to enter beneath it again. Little, alas! did he dream of the dark future, or of the fate that was once more to place him under its shelter; and as little did the mother anticipate the burden of woe she was laying up in store for herself, while giving way to her evil pride—that unhallowed passion, with which no Christian virtue can dwell, and which blights alike the intercourse of mortals with heaven and with earth. Three years passed away without any reconciliation taking place between James and his offended mother, in whose heart there still rankled the deepest resentment against him. But during the third year, this hostility was less painful, as he removed from the village, in consequence of obtaining a large and lucrative job about thirty miles distant from the coast.

It was in one of my solitary rambles by the sea-side, that I encountered Margaret some time after her eldest son left the village. She was sitting on a little grassy hillock, under the shelter of a hedge, which grew wildly over the spot. At some little distance, on the sea-beach, I perceived a number of women and children, who had assembled there for the purpose of procuring fuel. While the women were digging up the stubborn roots of the whin, the elder children were every now and then bringing portions of them, which they reared in little heaps on the grass round the place where Margaret sat, her share of the task being to direct them in the dividing of the roots into pieces of a convenient size for carrying home, and to pick out what she chose for herself.

I had been in the habit of visiting Margaret's cottage for some years, and now greeting her as an acquaintance, I sat down beside her. This woman had been handsome in her youth, and now, at the age of nearly sixty, was yet so, in as far as she still retained her tall form unbent, and her dark eye undimmed, while her coal-black hair was but slightly grizzled. After the first salutations had passed, I remarked that I had not seen her youngest son for some time, and inquired where he was, when she informed me he had gone some distance up the country to build dykes for a gentleman who lived near, but had a distant farm, and gave him the most of his work when at home. "And this being the case," she continued, "I could not refuse to let him go; but I have had

many an eerie night since he left me; for when he is at home, I never get leave to weary." Here I remarked what a fine-looking young man he had grown, and that I was happy to hear he was so good a son. Margaret fixed upon me her keen eyes, which sparkled with delight. "Ay," she said; "is not my Willie a gallant youth? he is six feet high, and not out twenty years of age yet. He may match any gentle in the land for look part, and is as gude as I be bonny; and weel does he make up to me for all I hae lost. O," she continued with fervour, "he is husband, and son, and daughter to me; may God bless him for it."

Every look and tone of voice vouched for the truth of what she said, and told that she had set up this youth as the idol of her heart, and given him there that place which it is sin to bestow on one of earthly mould. All recollection of her eldest son seemed to have passed away from her mind, for she never, as I was informed, alluded to him on any occasion. I ventured, nevertheless, to ask where James was, and to express a hope that they were better friends. As I uttered these words, she rose up, with her face flushed, and her eyes flashing with anger, and, giving me an indignant glance, she said haughtily, "Hardly any body is sae unceivil as to mention him to me."

Grieved to see that she still cherished this implacable spirit, but no way daunted by her displeasure, I still went on. "Nay, do not be angry with me for interfering. I did but speak in the hope of hearing that you were reconciled to him, and had repented of what I could not help considering your harsh conduct to a son who always seemed really well inclined, and had the character in the main of being both dutiful and affectionate."

"And wha," she said, erecting her tall person, and looking me sternly in the face, "shall take upon them to judge the ill-used and disappointed mother—her wha brought him into the world wi' mickle pain and risk o' life; and nourished him at her breast wi' toil and watchfu' care; and prided her heart in him, as he grew to be a man; and thought to hae him aye beside her to look upon, and be her lamp o' light in the darkness o' her age? Wha, I say, shall dare to say to me, repent: or judge me for my rightfu' displeasure?"

"Surely, Margaret," I said earnestly, "we must forgive before we can hope to be forgiven. Nor do I doubt that James would humble himself to ask your pardon, did you give him any hope that you would grant it."

"Na, na," she said, with a smile of bitter irony, "he manna forswear himself, ye ken; and he took an oath when he left me, never more to enter below my roof. Ah, na: if ought should all her winsome Willie, the ald mother may starve in age and solitude, for ought he cares."

I was about to combat this uncharitable and harsh opinion, but she cut me short, by turning away suddenly, and calling to some of the children, who instantly flocked about her, to bind up the portions of fuel she had selected for her own use. While she was allotting to each the burden they were to carry to her cottage, I continued my walk by the sea-side, musing on what had just passed, and lamenting the obstinate perversity of disposition in this old woman, which spurned at the thought of receiving again to her favour a son who had once been so dearly loved. I felt, however, that it was vain to reason with one who had evidently shut her eyes upon the light of Christian precept, and allowed some of the worst passions of our nature to gain the mastery over her. And as I determined never again to attempt so hopeless a task, I could not help shuddering at the idea of the scene which the death-bed of one so remorseless was likely to present. It was long before I again saw Margaret, and her cup of sorrow had been meanwhile filled up to the brim. The particulars which follow, I learnt partly from common report, and partly from the village pastor, who, being a worthy pious man, frequently visited Margaret, and used unwearied pains to conquer her indomitable pride. It was from him I heard that her son William's stay up the country had been protracted much beyond the time she expected, and that she had been sorely disturbed, by hearing that he was much with his brother, who lived near to the place where his work lay; and still more by a report, that he was often seen in the company of a young woman, who, when a child, had lived in the same village with him, and, though of good character, was an orphan of the most destitute description, being one of those unfortunates of whose birth both parents being ashamed, she had been abandoned by them, and laid down at the door of the schoolmaster's house, to be brought up by the parish. I have said, Margaret was disturbed by this report, which annoyed her the more, as she remembered that her son and this young person had always shown a fondness for each other when children at school, and that she had felt pleased when the girl left the village for a more distant service. The time, however, soon came when she was no longer left to doubt on the subject, for William arrived and confirmed her worst fears, by asking her consent to marry this girl, and bring her home to live with her. This consent was sternly and flatly denied; and though he assured her that he had procured permanent work, which, with the industry of his Mary, would enable them all to live in comfort, her only answer was, that no wife of his should ever live with her; and that, if he was determined to marry before

he laid her head in the grave, he might leave her as his brother had done. When William found that all his efforts were vain to reconcile his mother to his wishes, he returned to finish his job with a mind totally undecided what course to pursue. In this dilemma he sought the counsel of his brother, who advised him to marry, and trust to the necessity his mother would soon feel of a reconciliation; at the same time assuring him that he would go with him and tell her of his own repentance of his rash oath, and join in entreaties for the pardon of both. We are too prone to believe what we ardently wish; and William, thus persuaded by his brother, and by his own inclination, prevailed upon Mary to consent to become his wife, a few days before he returned to his native village to deprecate the wrath of his mother. Many were the conjectures of the brothers during their long walk toward their mother's cottage, on the success of their enterprise; nor could they, as they approached it more nearly, prevent some misgivings which assailed them, and gained strength as they presented themselves at her door. It was there she met them; and, having stopped them till their story was told, it was in vain that they craved permission to enter within it, for it was soon closed upon them, after a short parley, in which the old woman, in her own strong and scornful language, utterly rejected all overtures toward peace, and reiterated her determination of living and dying in desolation. It was then that, had she possessed the supernatural powers attributed to her, the shafts of her utmost vengeance would have been launched against the girl who had dared to alienate from her the affections of her son, and thus deprive her of her last hope. She had indeed now spurned from her for ever the blessings offered to her by Providence, and filled up the measure of her sin and folly.

The two young men, who were greatly distressed by their mother's unnatural conduct, and tired and heated by their long walk, sought, when they parted from her, rest and refreshment in the village public-house, from whence they strolled down to the sea-beach. This had been the play-ground of their infancy; and, having sat for some time on the beach in deep consultation, the eldest one stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the sea to refresh himself by bathing. The sea was calm and glassy, and he swam about for a few minutes; but while his brother was looking at him, and preparing to follow, he all at once went down. This was no sooner observed by William than he hastily threw himself into the water, and, having swum out to the fatal spot where his brother disappeared, he also sunk to rise no more. Some boys who had been looking on flew to the village to give the intelligence. Numbers immediately repaired to the spot where the melancholy event had taken place, while others ran to procure boats and grappling tackle from a little neighbouring bay where their fishing-boats were moored. The search was, however, rendered vain, by the discovery that a quantity of loose sand forming a ridge had been lodged between two rocks, on which it was supposed the elder brother had attempted to gain a footing, and been instantly swallowed up by its closing above him. It was supposed, also, that the younger one had been deceived in the stable appearance of the quicksand, and had endeavoured to ascend it in order to look for his brother in the deep water beyond it. Be this as it may, the search, as I have said, was fruitless; and thus perished, in the very prime of their strength, two of the finest-looking young men I had ever beheld.

During the whole day on which this tragical incident took place, the sea was perfectly calm; but at night one of those violent but brief storms, which sometimes disturb the tranquillity of a summer sea, broke upon the coast, and the waves rolled in mountains to the shore. The sand was again shifted, and when the conflict of the elements had ceased, the brothers were both found stretched upon the beach. And she, the relentless and vindictive mother, how fared it now with her? True to her stern nature, she gave but small vent in words to her wretchedness; but the fearful cries she uttered when told the dreadful truth—every look—every sound—every movement—betokened the most intense agony of which the human breast is susceptible, and told of remorse the keenest and most horrible that could be borne out of the place of everlasting torment. Her retributive history seemed, indeed, as if marked in black and melancholy characters. No sooner were her sons lodged in their narrow bed in the village churchyard, than their grave became her nightly haunt; nor did she seem even to hear the entreaties made use of by her neighbours to keep her from this practice, till at length they desisted from the attempt. Whenever night-fall came, to hide her from the eyes of the passers-by, she took her lonely and darkling way; nor ceased from her gloomy vigils till the morning began to break. My friend the minister visited her often, but was always foiled in his attempts to give her any spiritual consolation, by her brief but peremptory injunction not to speak to her on her soul's concerns, accompanied with a solemn assurance that it was in vain, for she knew and felt that she was doomed to destruction. But though this assertion was delivered in a tone which made him shudder, he nevertheless persisted in his unwelcome visits, until an event happened, which formed a new era in the history of Margaret.

About ten days after the interment of the unfortunate brothers, the moon began to shine upon the place

of tombs, and though she could no longer visit it without being observed, no one molested her; and she persisted in what now seemed a habit necessary to her very existence. One night when she approached her usual seat, she found it already occupied by a young woman, dressed in decent widow's mourning, whose sobs were deep and suffocating. Taken by surprise, and believing it to be the widow of her lost son come to reproach her with her cruelty, she fixed her eyes on her for an instant, and fell to the earth with a piercing shriek. The poor girl had been terrified by the sight of her mother-in-law, whose countenance, wild and stern, with her hair escaped from her cap, and tossed about in the wind, made her look like a maniac. Roused, however, by her shriek and fall, she sprang toward her, and, finding that she was not in an insensible state, she raised and seated her on the grave, while she spoke to her the most soothing words, and prayed so fervently to God to comfort her, that, when Margaret looked upon her face, pale as death, but so meek and beautiful in its sorrow, and heard her breathe nothing but kindness, she felt a degree of astonishment, which took for a short time the place of all other emotions. There had hitherto been no feeling in her own breast which could lead her to comprehend the spirit of forgiveness and of meek resignation, which dictated all the words and actions of this young woman. She had, before the death of her sons, regarded her with rancour, and, since that event, with dread of ever seeing her, as if her reproaches were now the only thing in the world left for her to fear. It was by this fear acting on a form wasted by want of sustenance, and by the conflicts of her mind, that she was struck down as by a flash of lightning.

The youthful Mary, whose history I have in part related, and who was in the same week a bride and widow, had been early inured to misfortune. She had been taken into the house of the parish schoolmaster, when only nine years old, to assist his servant, but, from her cleverness and desire to learn, had shared in his children's education, who were taught by him some things in which the poorer class of his scholars did not participate. Mary seemed naturally of a humble and serious disposition; but, humble as she was, she often felt severely the taunting scorn with which she was treated, on account of her birth, by her companions, and sometimes by those who should have known better than them, when she happened, unwittingly, to give offence. In short, she had never known any one who seemed to understand her feelings, or show them any sympathy, except her schoolfellow William Dun, who had always been ready to take her part when she was ill used, to console her when sorrowful, and to play on the sea-beach with her when she had time. But when Mary grew somewhat older and stronger, she was offered a service far from the sea and William, and these comforts were lost. It was then, when she had none on earth to sympathise either in her joys or griefs, that she learned to look up to a higher source for comfort, for pity, and direction; and was strengthened to be the means of snatching the wretched Margaret from the destruction she seemed to court.

When the first overpowering sensation occasioned by Mary's words and looks had subsided, the old woman so far relaxed into her usual mood, that the poor girl's utmost entreaties could not prevail on her to allow of her becoming an inmate of her cottage. Nor did she consent, till touched by the earnestness with which Mary quoted the affecting words of Ruth—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

This, however, seemed the last struggle of self-will in that breast which had ever been the seat of turbulent and rebellious passions; and from that night in which her daughter-in-law returned with her from the churchyard, might be dated a change in her disposition as salutary as it was surprising. The proud nature of Margaret, broken down by suffering, and a heart goaded by remorse, prepared her for embracing the promises of mercy held out to her. These promises were constantly read to her and commented upon by Mary, who was become as her better angel, and whose unwearied attention soothed the few remaining years of her life, and was rewarded by seeing her hitherto stubborn nature daily softening down, till she became docile as a child in the school of Christianity. Still her heart felt, and her tongue expressed, all the hal- lowing and blessed effects of religion. Mary's constant efforts in behalf of her mother-in-law were of use to herself, for they gave her less time to dwell on her own sorrows; and the pale and interesting features of this meek and humble sufferer soon assumed an expression of subdued pensiveness, which, if it forbade the idea that they could ever be lighted up by mirth or gaiety, gave an assurance of inward peace and pious contentment. Temporal blessings also followed Mary to the cottage of Margaret; for her father, of whom she had never known any thing till his death, being a man of some property, and feeling remorse, it would appear, in his last illness, for his cruel conduct towards her, left her, by his will, soon after her change of residence, enough to support herself, and to supply the poor old woman with all those little comforts so necessary to old age and declining health, till the day arrived, when, full of true penitence, Margaret was laid in the same grave on which she had so often sat in all the wildness and horror of despair.

GAS LIGHT.

DAILY habit has the effect of so soon familiarising objects to us, that we seldom pause to think how they have had a commencement. Gas light is now as familiar to us as the light of the sun or moon. It even illumines cellars and recesses, where the rays of either of these luminaries never pierce; and yet we have only to go back a very few years, when it was totally unknown, at least for all useful purposes. We recollect, when gas first began to be talked of, a gentleman observing, in a pretty large assemblage, that he would not be surprised, in the course of a few years, to see the substance, as a common commodity, sold about the streets in pennyworths. The idea was received with that smile of incredulity which the vagaries of a fanciful mind often meet with; and yet those very few years had not expired when gas was actually conveyed through pipes into every street and dwelling, measured out by metres, and sold by the cubic foot.

The inflammable nature of coal-gas was first known from its dreadful explosive effects in mines, and received the name of *fire or choke-damp*. It was also observed to issue sometimes from crevices on the surface of the earth, when, on a lighted torch being presented to it, it would inflame, and continue to burn for a considerable period. In the year 1726, Stephen Hales procured an elastic air or gas from the distillation of common coal; and although some experiments of the inflammability of air so procured were occasionally made by individuals, and related in the scientific publications of the day, yet the subject excited little attention, and was ultimately thrown aside for a long period of years.

The most casual observer must have remarked, that, when a piece of coal becomes heated in the fire, it begins to swell; it then bursts at a particular part; a stream of air rushes out, and, coming in contact with the fire, ignites into a flame. If a common tobacco pipe is taken, a small piece of coal put into the bulb, the top of this cemented closely with moist clay, and the bulb then put into the fire, a stream of inflammable air will, in a short time, issue from the extremity of the pipe, and continue to do so till the whole gas the coal contains is exhausted. On examining the matter remaining, it will be found to be coke, or charcoal. Coal, then, by this mode of distillation, is found to consist of an inflammable gas, called carburetted hydrogen, and of charcoal. The extension of this long-known and simple experiment into a process of general usefulness, proceeded by gradual and oft-interrupted steps; and, as is usual in many important processes of the kind, the real inventor is involved in some degree of doubt. In the year 1792, a Mr Murdoch, residing at Redruth, in Cornwall, made use of coal-gas for lighting up his house and offices; and in 1797, he again made a similar use of it at Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire. In 1802, he was residing at Messrs Boulton and Watt's establishment, Soho, near Birmingham, where, under the combined talents of several ingenious engineers who were assembled at that highly liberal and celebrated seat of the arts and sciences, a splendid illumination of gas was exhibited on the occasion of the celebration of the peace of that year.

But some time previous to this public exhibition of gas illumination at Soho, it had been made use of in a similar manner at Paris, by a M. le Bon. In 1801, a friend of the gentlemen at Soho had written a letter from Paris, communicating the information that a gentleman of that city had lighted up his house and gardens, and had it in contemplation to light the streets of Paris with gas from wood and coal.

Adopting the hint from this gentleman, a Mr Winsor, a foreigner, came to London, in 1803, and publicly exhibited gas illumination, and explained its nature, and held out its numerous advantages, in a series of lectures at the Lyceum Theatre. Winsor was a mere quack, a man of little talent, but one of those active, bustling, indefatigable beings, well calculated to spread a new invention. For several years, under many failures and great disadvantages, he persevered in his projects, and, in 1807, lighted up a part of Pall Mall, which was the first instance of gas light being applied to such a purpose in Britain. Public attention was now roused; subscriptions were set a-going; various companies were formed; great improvements in the manufacture of the gas were introduced; its usefulness was fairly established; and its adoption in manufactories and public places soon became universal. Gas light first made its appearance in Edinburgh in the spring of 1818,* a company having been formed, and incorporated by act of Parliament, for that purpose. This establishment produces annually about 46,000,000 cubic feet of gas, consuming, for this purpose, about 4000 tons of cannel or parrot coal, besides 1000 tons of coal used in heating the retorts. The process of making gas is not complicated. The coal is put into large retorts of iron, and fire applied underneath. The gas, which is separated by this heat, then passes through an apparatus, where it is freed from an oily or tarry matter, which drops from it, and is afterwards purified by passing through lime water. It is then stored up into large reservoirs, or gasometers, from whence it is sent by pressure through pipes, laid under ground, to the various parts of the city.

* Two or three years before this period, certain shopkeepers manufactured gas for lighting their premises; and when they commenced doing so, crowds collected nightly to see the wonder of such a species of illumination.

The kind of coal best suited for the distillation of gas, is that which contains in its composition the greatest proportion of bituminous or inflammable matter. It is called parrot or cannel coal, and is only found in particular situations. The Edinburgh Gas Works are supplied from the coal pits of the Marquis of Lothian, near Dalkeith. Gas bids fair almost entirely to supersede oil or tallow as articles of illumination. It produces ten times the quantity of light at an equal or inferior rate of expense, and it can be increased or modified at pleasure. Objections have been made to the deleterious nature of the gas on the lungs. There can be no doubt, but, if inhaled in any quantity for a very short period, it will produce instantaneous death, and even, in less quantities, headaches and uncomfortable sensations; but this applies to the unburnt gas. If sufficient care is taken that the whole be accurately consumed by flame, there is no greater danger or inconvenience in its combustion than in that of any other inflammable substance.

The illumination of our streets with gas has been said, and with justice, to be one of our best preservatives against crime. How different are the streets of our populous cities now to what they were in former days! In the year 1417, Sir Henry Barton, then Mayor of London, ordained "lanterns with lights to be hanged out in the winter evenings between Hallow tide and Candlemass." The city of Paris was first lighted in 1524; and in the beginning of the 16th century, the streets being infested with robbers, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning in the windows of all such houses as fronted the streets. The aqueducts of the ancients, by which they brought water from a distance for the supply of their cities, were contrivances much talked of, and certainly some of them appear to have been stupendous undertakings; but how would an ancient stare if he were shown the streets of a modern city, laid bare to view with its water and gas pipes passing along, and ramifying in all directions, like the arteries and air-vessels of an animal body, circulating, as from a centre, moisture and heat to the most remote extremities!

OLD ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

THE style of architecture used in the erection of gentlemen's country residences, is at present improving. In different parts of both England and Scotland, the tourist will not fail to perceive tasteful edifices, more or less after the elegant style which prevailed in the days of the Henries and Queen Elizabeth, very properly superseding the ungainly square Grecian mansions which characterised the reigns of George the Second and Third, and which seemed so much out of place in the midst of rural scenery. While such, therefore, is happily the case—and it being recollected that the exercise of good taste generally costs nothing—we beg to direct the attention of a certain class of our readers to the following excellent account of the origin and nature of the celebrated old English style of architecture, which we have abridged from a paper in the Quarterly Review for July 1831:—

"Every country has an architecture more or less peculiarly its own, formed, like the character and language of its inhabitants, by the blending of various foreign ingredients which have at different periods introduced and naturalized themselves, but which have been also in turn modified by the original stocks, as well as by the local peculiarities of climate, soil, social condition, and political history. The national character attaches itself far more to domestic architecture than to that which is displayed in public buildings, ecclesiastical or civil. In the erection of these, the architect, often himself a stranger, or taught abroad, has sometimes wholly copied a foreign model, and merely transferred the entire cathedral or palace from the banks of the Rhine or the Po, to those of the Thames and Isis. But in designing the residences of the opulent classes of any country, it became necessary to consult the manners, habits, and wants of the future occupants, the character of the climate, and the nature of the ordinary materials within reach. And in whatever degree the architect has neglected to adapt his design to the type required by these local circumstances, to that extent has he sinned against taste and propriety, and failed in producing that harmony of ideas, that association of ornament and purpose, which, as an essential element in the quality of beauty, it is the object of his art to create.

In the erection of a country residence, where the choice of a style is not fettered by the proximity of other buildings, associations of a general and imaginative nature come into play, and dictate the adoption of the national and indigenous architecture. In this country, which is still rich in the possession of numerous specimens of buildings, both ecclesiastical and domestic, belonging to the earlier ages of its history, the *old English style*, in some of its varieties, is that which we consider specially appropriate to a country residence. The natural scenery around presents congenial images in the venerable grove, and the ancient

oaks spreading their broad arms over the lawns and glades of the park. The local annals of the estate, of the site itself, or of the proprietor's family, combine to call for the employment of a style which is connected with so many of the most pleasing recollections of our national history. The irregularity of outline which it admits, and, indeed, almost requires, allows of an arrangement of the apartments which comfort or fancy may suggest, and accommodates it to all the varied wants of modern life. However, it is equally appropriate to every rank of habitation, from the princely palace, down to the snug parsonage, or humble cottage. To us, the Grecian temple is completely out of place in an English landscape, as would a cloistered abbey, or feudal castle, in the prairies of Kentucky or the Illinois.

Our Saxon ancestors reared few places of strength. Their habits were peaceful and agricultural, rather than warlike; and they lived in low and mean houses, having no pretensions either to splendour or strength. It was, indeed, the defenceless condition of the island which rendered it so easy a prey to the Norman conqueror. And it was to remedy this defect, and secure his newly acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, that William lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom. His followers, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, had likewise to protect themselves against the resentment of those they had despoiled, and imitated their masters' example, by building castles on their estates. 'The whole kingdom,' says the author of the *Saxon Chronicle*, 'was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection.' Many of the castles of this age were of great size, and possessed a certain rude grandeur of design. After the age of Edward the Third, who both ameliorated the institutions of the country, and introduced into it a certain degree of elegance and refinement, we find a considerable improvement in the character of the habitations which remain to us. By degrees, it was found possible to associate much convenience and magnificence with the strength requisite for defence; and the confined plan of the close fortress expanded into a mixture of the castle and the mansion. At a later period, a still farther change took place. The reign of law had gradually succeeded to that of the strong hand. The peaceable were able to trust to the executive for the defence of their persons and property, rather than to the strength of their own walls, and roof-trees, or the falchions and iron mails of their friends and retainers. The residences of the nobility and rich landed proprietors again assumed, though by degrees, and with the exception of some districts like the borders of England and Scotland, a civil, in place of a military appearance. Beauty and ornament were consulted by the builders instead of strength, and the convenient accommodation of the ordinary indwellers, in lieu of the means for disposing of a crowded garrison, and its necessary provision in time of siege. The mansions erected under these circumstances partook but slightly of the castellated character. They usually retained the moat and battlemented gateway, and one or two strong turrets, to build which a royal licence was necessary; but their defensive strength could only have availed against a sudden and momentary attack. They were generally quadrangular in form; the larger class inclosing two open courts, of which one contained the stables, offices, and lodgings of the household; the second, the principal or state chambers, with the hall and chapel. Such buildings differed but little from the monastic residences of the same, or of an earlier date. Of the minor country residences of that and the earlier reigns, many interesting examples remain scattered through the island, sometimes fulfilling their original destination, but far more frequently employed only as farm-houses, and going fast to decay.

In a few of the houses built during the reign of Henry the Eighth, we may observe some slight traces of the *Italian* architecture, which, in the next reign, was more liberally introduced, and mixed up with the original Tudor,* or early English, into an irregular, certainly, but, in most instances, an exceedingly rich and effective composition. Whilst in England, and the north of Europe generally, the debased Roman architecture of the lower empire, which forms the foundation of the Saxon, Norman, or Lombard style, had been successively improved into those several beautiful modifications which are now classed indiscriminately under the term *Gothic*, the architects of Italy had never stepped out of their ancient track. With the seat of empire, the arts had migrated to Constantinople; and when the towns of Venice and Pisa were desirous of exhibiting their newly-born opulence in the erection of splendid cathedrals, it was in Constantinople, the capital of the lower empire, where St Sophia had already risen to astonish the eastern world, that they were compelled to seek a fitting artist. But on the revival of learning, the ancient Roman edifices were disinterred, and admired, and measured; and the eastern, or, as it is called in Italy, Lombard architecture, was in turn corrected, by reference to its classical original. The architects of Italy soon rose to eminence, and their fame was a subject of deep interest in this country, where the rage for building was no less strong and general than in Italy. In the

* Tudor was the family surname of the dynasty to which Henry belonged.

brilliant reign of Elizabeth, the English nobles and princely proprietors vied more than ever with each other in the magnificence of their mansions. It might have been supposed that the noble Tudor houses, with their panelled walls, buttresses, and battlements, traceried windows, sculptured dripstones, florid pinnacles, and embossed chimney-shafts, were sufficiently rich and gorgeous to satisfy the prevailing taste for splendour; but in their anxiety to strike and surprise the admiration of their countrymen, many deserted the native styles, and sought for designs, and even artists, from abroad. Italian architecture became, by degrees, the mode; and, even where the indigenous style was adhered to in the general design, many of the enrichments and ornamental features were borrowed from the Italian. First of all, the porch or gateway, as the most conspicuous points on which to exhibit these exotic novelties, were decorated on either side the entrance, and, perhaps, a second and third storey above with pilasters, belonging to the different Greek orders; the door-way itself exchanged the low pointed, or Tudor, for the circular arch; the deep, elegant, and sweeping Gothic mouldings, for the Vitruvian architecture,* cut across by the awkward projecting impost. Next was introduced the cupola, whose invention in Italy had made so much noise, that it appears our country squires were anxious to have miniature specimens of it at home. It was applied as a covering to the high turrets, round, square, or polygonal, which flanked the entrance or terminated the angles of the building, and, surmounted with gilded vanes, certainly produced a rich and imposing effect. Then followed the removal of the panelled battlements, and the substitution of a parapet, carved into fantastic notches or scrolls, or perforated with oval openings, and ornamented with obelisks, balls, busts, statues, and other singular decorations. These ran up the gables, which were often twisted into strange shapes, and sometimes wholly replaced by the level balustrade. And thus the most characteristic features of the old style, its numerous steep gables and spiry pinnacles, were succeeded by the uniform horizontal straight lines of the new. At length, the whole building was surrounded by columns or pilasters, rising, tier above tier, to the exhaustion sometimes of the five orders; open arcades took the place of the entrance porch, and nothing remained of the Tudor style but the mullioned window, which, however, was of itself sufficient to give a peculiarly picturesque and old-fashioned aspect to the whole building.

To us it has always appeared that this architecture of the Elizabethan age constitutes a style of its own—a compound of two extremely different modes, the Italian and the Tudor Gothic. It is evident that the Italian design was always greatly altered to suit the climate and the taste of England. Indeed, were we not afraid the comparison might be considered profane, we should say there is something in the rich irregularity of the Elizabethan architecture, its imposing dignity, gorgeous magnificence, and quaint and occasionally fantastic decoration, reminding us of the glorious visions that flitted across the imagination of Shakespeare, the immortal bard of the same age. He, like the architects of his day, borrowed largely from the foreigner, but made his importations appear exclusively his own. The architectural garden, which always accompanied this style of mansion, is not the least pleasing part of it. We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling-green—and the labyrinth and wilderness which form its appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without. This kind of ornamental garden came from Italy, with the change we have been discussing, in domestic architecture.

The quadrangular embattled mansion of the last Henries affords scope for the display of much grandeur and magnificence, and adapts itself more conveniently to the plan of a modern house. The carved oriel, and deep many-lighted bay window, often projecting in a multitude of capricious angles and curves, besides the regular octagon, the panelled angle-turrets, with richly-embossed finials, and the wreathed chimney-shafts, are characteristic beauties of this class of building. The gabled manor-house, together with these ornamental features, admits, at the same time, of a much greater irregularity of form and outline, so as to accommodate itself to every variety of disposition, and to buildings of every size, from the baronial residence to the parsonage and grange. All the forms which particularly mark the Elizabethan style, may be wrought in the cheapest materials with comparatively little labour; and a small portion of ornamental work, tastefully disposed, is capable of producing very considerable effect. Lastly, the Elizabethan house is distinguished by the number and size of its rectangular and many-mullioned windows, which give a peculiar lightness and elegance to its several parts. The roof-line may be either horizontal or broken with gables, turrets, and cupolas. In either case, it is enriched with perforated parapets, balustrades, or other architectural devices, while similar embellishments ornament the entrance, and the terraces which connect the building with the garden."

* Vitruvius was a Roman writer of the first century.

EFFECTS OF PANIC.

THE effect produced upon the human mind by terror, from the appearance of sudden and unexpected danger, is very extraordinary. Some it deprives of all self command; by it, others are dissolved in a flood of tears; but in what manner soever we may be affected, yet it is certain that every person is liable to be so, to a greater or a less degree.

When great crowds happen to assemble in churches, theatres, &c., the multitude seem to be prepared to catch any infection which chance may offer; and often the more frivolous and absurd that the cause happens to be, serious consequences the more readily follow. On such occasions, however, sometimes very ludicrous incidents occur. The following is an account, given by Fox in his Ecclesiastical History, of an event of this kind which took place at Oxford. Fox flourished in Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is related in his own words:—

"In the year 1541, there was one Mr Malary, Master of Arts in Cambridge, who, for certain opinions, was convened before the Bishops, and then sent to Oxford, openly to recant, and carry a faggot, to the terror of the students of this university. On a Sunday, he was brought into the church, many doctors, divines, and citizens being present. Dr Smith preached the recantation sermon, and Mr Malary stood before him with his faggot. About the midst of the sermon, there was, of a sudden, heard in the church the voice of one crying *Fire! fire!* in the streets, occasioned by a person who saw a chimney on fire in Allhallows's parish, and so, passing by the church, cried *Fire*, thinking no hurt. This sound of fire being heard in the church, went from one to another, till at length the doctors and preacher heard it themselves, who, amazed with sudden fear, began to look up to the top and walls of the church, which others seeing, looked up also; upon which, some began, in the midst of the crowd, to cry out *Fire, fire!* 'Where?' says one and another. 'In the church,' says one. The word *church* was scarce pronounced, when, in a moment, there was a great cry, '*The church is on fire, the church is set on fire!*' This inexpressible horror and confusion raised the dust like a smoke, which, with the outcries of the people, made them all so afraid, that, leaving the sermon, they began to run away; but so great was the press of the multitude crowding together, that the more they laboured, the harder it was to get out; for they stuck so fast in the door, that there was no moving forward nor backward. They ran to another little wicket on the north side, from thence to a door on the west; but there was so great a throng, that, with the force thereof, a great bar of iron, which is almost incredible, was pulled out and broken by the strength of men's hands, and yet could not the door be opened for the vast concourse of people. At last, despairing of getting out, they in great amazement ran up and down, crying out, that '*the devil had conspired their death.*' One said he plainly heard the fire; another affirmed he saw it; and a third swore he felt the melted lead dropping on his head and shoulders. None made more noise than the Doctor that preached, who first of all cried out in the pulpit, '*These are the subtleties of the devil against me—Lord have mercy upon me.*' &c. In all this consternation nothing was more feared than the melting of the lead, which many affirmed they felt dropping upon their bodies. The Doctors, finding authority and force could not prevail, fell to entreaties, one offering twenty pound, another his scarlet gown, so that any man would pull him out, though it were by the ears. A president of a college, pulling a board out from the pews, covered his head and shoulders therewith against the scalding lead, which they feared much more than the falling of the church. One thought to get out of a window, and had broken the glass, and got his head and one shoulder out, but then stuck fast between the iron bars, that he could move neither way; others stuck as fast in the doors, over the heads of whom some got out. A boy had climbed up on the top of the church door, and seeing an aged Doctor, who had got over men's heads, coming towards him, with a wide cowl hanging at his back, he thought it a good opportunity to make his escape, and prettily conveyed himself into the Doctor's cowl. He got out with the boy in his cowl, and, for a while, felt no weight; but at last feeling his cowl heavier than ordinary, and hearing a voice behind him, he was more afraid than while in the throng, believing that the evil spirit which had fired the church had flown into his cowl; whereupon he began to exorcise. '*In the name of God, I command thee to declare what thou art behind my back.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said the other. '*But I,*' said the Doctor, '*adjure thee, in the name of the inseparable Trinity, that thou, wicked spirit, do tell me who thou art, and from whence thou comest, and that thou go hence.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said he; '*and I pray, good master, let me go.*' When the Doctor perceived the matter, he took the boy out, who ran away as fast as he could. In the meantime, those without the church, seeing all things safe, made signs to them within to be quiet; but the noise being so great that no word could be heard, these signs increased their fear, supposing all the church without to be on fire, and that they were bid to tarry within, and not to venture out, because of the dropping of the lead, and the fall of other things. This hurry lasted many hours, but at length the mistake was discovered. The next day and week following, there was an incredible number of bills set upon the

church doors, to inquire for all manner of things then lost, there being but few in this garboyle (tumult), who, either through negligence lost, or through oblivion left not something behind."

CROSSING THE LINE.*

ONE lovely evening, when our gallant vessel was calmly floating on the unruffled bosom of the deep, within the tropics, and I sitting at the open port, gazing thoughtfully on the setting sun, I was suddenly startled from my meditations by the cry of, "A sail a-head! halo! Neptune! Neptune! a-hoy!" and, on gaining the deck, perceived a large tar-barrel flaming on the ocean, and gliding past our vessel, which, I was given to understand, was the royal barge of the venerable watery god, who had announced his intention of coming on board next morning, to superintend the shaving such of his children as had not previously crossed the great boundary of his dominions.

Next morning, accordingly, this august personage made his appearance on the quarter-deck, about half-past nine A.M., and advanced to seat himself on a gun-carriage, under a gorgeous canopy of various-coloured flags, and surrounded by innumerable streamers, which kept waving to and fro with every wandering breeze. His dress, consisting of a buffalo's hide, with such other varieties as could be procured on board, added to an iron-crowned hoary-bearded mask, rendered him a very grotesque figure. By his side was seated a gigantic white-robed mariner, something resembling an old weather-beaten woman, intended to represent Amphitrite. The royal chariot, preceded by a band of music, and drawn by sixteen men, painted from head to foot in the most ludicrous fashion, led the van of the procession, and was followed by the numerous constables, bearing their rods of office, all decorated in a singular manner. Next followed the important barber, with his train of necessary attendants, and his Oceanic Majesty's household brought up the rear.

After parading the quarter-deck with all due ceremony, the procession halted opposite the cuddy door (that is, the door of the great cabin on the upper deck), where his godship was welcomed by the officers, and accepted the offer of a glass of spirits; nor had his fair spouse any hesitation in swallowing a potent draught of the same inspiring nectar. When the barber (who did not fail to exhibit his huge iron razor) and several of the other attendants had also paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the car was drawn into the lee waist, where were prepared a deep cistern (composed of a tarred topsail, supported at the four corners by corresponding stanchions, and filled to the brim with the salt water of the tropical ocean), a covered throne for Neptune and his exquisite consort, a scaffolding for the barber and suite, and a narrow plank across the reservoir, on which were to be seated those unenviable individuals who were destined to undergo the ceremony of "shaving." At this moment the beating of the drums, the sound of the horns, the shouts of the mariners, and the cries of "Bring forth my sons! bring forth my sons!" indicated to the anxious beings below, on the gun-deck, that all was in readiness to commence the business of the day; and immediately a band of the horrid constables came to lead me, blindfolded, and with a palpitating heart, to the place of execution. No sooner had I gained the summit of the companion-ladder, than a deluge of salt water, from innumerable buckets, was discharged unceremoniously into my face; and when I attempted to gasp for breath, an unceasing stream from the fire-engine was directed, by some expert hand, right into my mouth. In this state, panting, and almost breathless, I rushed forwards, with much exertion, dragging constables and attendants after me, till I gained the foot of the ladder which led to the plank crossing the cistern. This I ascended with some difficulty amid the cheering of a merciless multitude, took my seat on the tottering plank, and awaited with anxious expectation the dreadful result of all this ceremony. I had not sat long till a rough brush (every hair of which seemed to be formed of a porcupine's quill) saluted my chin; then a sharp-toothed saw (intended to represent a razor) was passed over my cheeks; then a bucket of water was thrown into my face; then another dense stream from the fire-engine was directed into my mouth; and then the frail plank was withdrawn from under me, and I plunged headlong and breathless into the abyss below! This was not all. In the cistern was a shelf, and on this shelf a man (dressed in a bear's skin, and creeping on all fours), whose duty it was to hold the subject of their mirth for some time under the surface of the water. Struggling, as it were, for my existence, no sooner did I feel the horned clutches of the great bear, than I struck him such a blow on the head as caused him to let go his grasp; and, almost insensible, I scrambled up the sides of the cistern, and threw myself down on the deck below. Still no quarter was allowed me; I had yet to make my way through a deluge of water, showered on me from the fore-castle, the decks, the booms, and the tops, to the after-part of the vessel; which, had I not immediately accomplished, I verily

* When vessels cross the equinoctial line in their outward or homeward-bound voyages, the sailors on board usually hold a species of festival in honour of Neptune, the heathen god of the sea. Some of the frolicsome ceremonies on these occasions are here described by a young gentleman now in Edinburgh. The article appeared originally in an Edinburgh publication.

believe I should have sunk exhausted under the ordeal.

Notwithstanding all this roughing, however, I contrived, on the whole, to preserve my good humour; and I had no sooner recovered, and begun to look about me, than I seized a bucket, joined the enraptured performers of this busy scene, and was among the first to salute my hapless messmates, who next made their appearance.

After all the midshipmen had passed through the hands of the barber, the shaving of the seamen commenced. This was a more serious business, for the chins of many bled profusely, and their mouths and eyes were fearfully disfigured by the tarry brush of the barber, while torrents of their favourite element were showered on their hooded heads, without sympathy or restraint.

In the meantime, the shaving advanced with great rapidity; and before twelve o'clock, the procession returned, in all its pomp, to the cuddy door, in the same order as formerly, when the captain's health, with that of all the legitimate sons of Neptune, was drunk with loud and continued cheers, and then the sports of the morning concluded. But towards evening, the captain ordered a liberal supply of grog to be served out to each of the sailors; and the remainder of that night was spent in

"Draining the goblet, and singing the song."

CHIMNEYS.

CHIMNEYS have characters! I am convinced of that. They are a people, and have minds, dispositions, temperaments, and passions, like other folk. They have also diseases, like the human species, and do not want for their "doctors." Are they not affected by east winds just as much as any of us, and have they not their own inexplicable fits of the sullen, and are they not awfully testy when contradicted, just like ourselves?

The faculty of smoke-doctors may be a very learned and respectable faculty for anything I know; but who ever heard of a chimney being cured? Nobody! The truth is, a chimney's disorders generally proceed from its original physical constitution, and one might just as well talk of expelling a hereditary disease from an individual of the human race. The only way is to destroy the chimney altogether, and create it anew. A "doctor" will speak to you of "old wies," and of "cans" one-mouthed, two-mouthed, and poly-mouthed; but put no faith in smoke-doctors. You might just as well expect a human doctor to cure you, when on your death-bed, by ordering you a new nightcap.

But the maladies which affect chimneys often proceed from their situation in life. Circumstances govern us all, and chimneys too. A chimney of my acquaintance once testified this in a remarkable manner. It was a chimney that had just begun the world in the New Town, and belonged to a house three storeys in height. Now, this chimney was as well-behaved and well-regulated a chimney as one could have seen in a summer's day; and had a juvenile vivacity, which could not be repressed by the east wind itself. At last, however, it became all of a sudden very irregular in its conduct, and seemed to have lost all its former health and spirits. Doctors were called in, who examined the patient, and prescribed all kinds of cans, which were speedily got. All would not do, however; instead of recovering, it became worse, and seemed, by the increased vehemence with which it repelled the advances of the smoke, to indicate that the doctors did not understand the nature of its trouble. Alas! it was not the body, but the mind of the chimney, that was diseased! My sensitive young friend was affronted at the very idea of these fellows attempting to cure its grievances by commonplace applications. A full convocation of all the smoke-doctors in town being at length called, and their deliberations being assisted by some experienced builders, it was discovered that the cause of all its woes was the tall and over-topping gable of a contiguous house, whose chimneys carried their heads at least twenty feet higher than that of the afflicted chimney in question; so that envy—sheer envy alone, was the occasion of all its ailments. This was proved to my full satisfaction, by what happened afterwards; for the patient, being, as it were, continued into the tall gable, and allowed to carry as high a head as its neighbours, never gave its masters any more trouble; and when I last went to see how it did, I thought the smoke which issued so freely and complacently from its mouth, seemed to say, "You see I have at length gained my point."

Though I allow that chimneys may be jealous of each other's heights, and sometimes look with an evil can at the honour or prosperity of their neighbours, I do not think that they are in general a democratic people. Many a chimney do I know of very humble height, and even unadorned with cans, and yet very decent, quiet chimneys too. There is a spirit of meekness in some chimneys, which seems to fit them best for the lower walks of life, where they are content to exercise their vocations, perhaps, under the baronial protection of some neighbouring stack of chimneys, without fretting their souls with chimerical ideas of liberty and equality. I know some chimneys of this amiable sort in the Pleasance.

Chimneys necessarily cannot be a democratic people, for there are kings among them. There is the tall, red, regal chimney of the Coal Gas Work at the back of the Canongate, which, on state occasions, wears a splendid

crown of gas light, and stands pre-eminent over all the chimneys in the Old Town, like Saul among the people. No one can doubt that this is the King of Chimneys, whether for the importance of its avocations, or the grandeur of its appearance. The tall chimneys at Portobello and Pinkie are two solitary monarchs without subjects.

That chimneys are sentient beings, nobody can dispute. Le Sage, an author of no little discernment, says that they can speak. I must confess I never heard them pronounce articulate words, or carry on conversations; but there is one thing of which I am certain—they can howl! I have heard them howl in a high wind, in a very sensible style—almost like speaking—only the sentences not connected. In these cases, however, I consider them to be only expostulating or quarrelling with their enemy, the wind.

At the country town where I spent my youth, there were some thatched houses near the school, with chimneys of a very outré sort. My heart is smitten when I remember how cruel we were to these grotesque but inoffensive chimneys. There was one belonging to the cottage of a poor old widow woman, at which our scorn and our stones were particularly directed. It was constructed of turf, upon a frame-work of upright sticks—the whole so dilapidated, that there was scarcely anything but the sticks left. Most unfortunately for the chimney, it was not altogether of an upright character, but inclined a little to one side, and seemed to look down upon us school-boys with open mouth, inviting our attacks. We assuredly did not spare it; for every day, we employed the whole quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the school in throwing missiles of any sort we could lay our hands on, at and down its gaping crater; and not a day passed without old Luckie—coming into the school-room, complaining of our wickedness, and exhibiting the melancholy fragments of cutty pipes, and little black tea-pots, which, she said, had suffered from our stones, while lying innocuously by her fire-side.

Some of these cottage chimneys were very curious in their internal as well as external structure. As viewed from the fire-place below, they looked like the vast cone of a glass-house, or like an amphitheatre, peopled with spectator hams, and a huge black beam, from which depended by iron rods, chains, and hooks, various culinary vessels. These chimneys never required sweeping; though I remember hearing a traditional account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the goodman, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rattle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of *lum-bago*!

Speaking of chimney-sweeping, we come to chimney-sweeps, who, by the by, are a very noticeable set of men. A friend of mine, in guarding against contact with them on the streets, calls them angels of darkness, in contradistinction to bakers, whom he denominates angels of light, though I consider the one tribe to be fully as great annoyances as the other. When I pass a chimney-sweep on the street, I myself wearing light-coloured clothes at the time, I may say, "*Conjuro te, Diabole!*" and avoid being rude to his person; but in my heart I envy and admire him. Chimney-sweeps see and explore a part of the world which nobody else can see and explore. They surpass the prodigal son in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who saw the outside of the best houses in Amsterdam, for any body may see that; but to chimney-sweeps alone is it reserved to see the roofs of the best houses. They walk in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of the rest of mankind, and cast their eyes over the surface of an upper world, which none of us children of the ground shall ever see. I have heard them tell strange and wild stories of the dangers they have passed, and the roofs of the lands they have seen, like sailors returned from distant voyages; and, what is very strange, there is scarcely a chimney in the town, of which they do not know the whole nature and character, as well as the owner of the house himself. Nay, I have often been surprised, on calling a chimney-sweeper to administer unto a moody or diseased vent, to observe how familiar he was with its history and peculiarities. How they acquire this wonderful knowledge, it is impossible to conceive. I suspect that they talk to each other of nothing but the various chimneys which have come under their hands, and so, each communicating to his neighbour the results of his experience, the whole become, as it were, universally acquainted. I remember once calling an old chimney-sweep to a very strange chimney, which, before ascending the gable, went across the ceiling of an adjoining room, and, indeed, was all at right angles. Before commencing operations upon this strange specimen of the crooked tribe of chimneys, he frightened me into the offer of a double fee, by some dreadful traditional recollections of boys being smothered in it forty years ago, when he was a climbing-boy himself, and of plummet-balls in later times being dispatched down its unimaginable angularities, in order to discover the bottom, and being never more heard of by their disconsolate owners, whose damages were of course made good by the then proprietor.

In short, the subject which I have thus imperfectly handled, is one well worthy the attention of the truly philosophical; and I hope, ere long, to see a separate volume allotted to it in Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia, or in the Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, an Englishman, who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent Howard," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school, he was put as an apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to come into the possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of £7000, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c. Coming thus into the possession of a respectable patrimony, he was now at liberty to follow out the bent of his inclinations, which he did by setting out on his travels through France and Italy. On his return, being of delicate health, and inclined to consumption, he was put upon a rigorous regimen, which is said to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him. In 1752, while twenty-five years of age, he married a lady in her fifty-second year; a step he took in consequence of having received from her many marks of kind attention during a sickness with which he was overtaken. The death of his wife in a few years put an end to this somewhat imprudent connexion. Soon after the death of his wife, he resolved upon leaving England on another tour, with a view to direct his mind from the melancholy reflections which that event had occasioned.

The country which Howard first intended to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A great part of its capital, Lisbon, and thousands of its inhabitants, had been embowelled in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle that Mr Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in a vessel, which, unfortunately, was captured by a French privateer. This event, unlucky in itself, gave a turn to the fate of the young philanthropist, and proved ultimately beneficial to mankind. His captors used him with great cruelty, for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined, with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast with the crew and the rest of the passengers into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, and, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear it in pieces, and gnaw it like dogs. In this dungeon, he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole. He had no sooner obtained his own liberty, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, he obtained sufficient evidence of the English prisoners of war in France being treated with inhuman barbarity, and he did not rest till he influenced the government in their behalf. It is to this event that Mr Howard himself refers the first excitement of that attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years. Soon after his return to England, he formed a connexion with an amiable young lady, whom he married, and with her assistance he carried into effect various schemes of benevolence, for meliorating the condition of his tenantry and the poor in his neighbourhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, soon deprived, by the death of his wife, soon after she had given birth to a son. In 1769-70, Mr Howard paid a third and fourth visit to the Continent, and of which he has left various memoranda, written in a strain of unaffected Christian piety. In 1773, while in his retirement in England, he was created High Sheriff of the county of Bedford. In this office he had numberless opportunities of inspecting the condition of the jails and bridewells under his jurisdiction, of remedying grievances, and alleviating the distress of poor prisoners. The more and more that this benevolent man saw of the condition of the English prisons, he became the more anxious to pursue his investigations all over the country. He proceeded upon tours into the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, Surrey, &c. The scenes of misery which now came under his notice were truly deplorable. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c., made in the prison. At Winchester, Mr Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. In it the surgeon of the jail informed him that twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year. One

of the places which Mr Howard inspected in the course of his journey, was the bridewell of Surrey, at Guildford, in which he found neither bedding, straw, nor work. Soon after his return from making investigations into the condition of these abodes of vice and misery, he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the knowledge he had thus acquired; and, being called to the bar, the Speaker acquainted him that the house was very sensible of the humanity and zeal which had led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and conveyed to him the grateful thanks of the house and the country for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of the community.

Mr Howard continued, throughout the years 1773-74, to inspect the prisons and bridewells of England, and on one occasion extended his tour of philanthropy into Scotland and Ireland. In 1775, he proceeded to the Continent for the purpose of examining the jails in France, Holland, and part of Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland, mostly all of which he found under better management than those in Great Britain. He was particularly pleased with the prisons of Holland, which presented a model which, except in a few points, he wished to have seen adopted in England, and every nation on the globe. He found a good deal to interest him in Germany. In the towns in that country, he frequently saw the doors of sundry rooms in the prisons marked, *Ethiopia, India, Italy, France, England, &c.*; on inquiring what such words meant, he was informed that in these rooms, parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the meanwhile, to the inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement. This seems a strange and harsh arrangement, though we have no doubt many parents in this country would occasionally be glad to have the same ready means of incarcerating their dissolute children. In travelling, Mr Howard lived in the plainest manner; generally carrying along with his luggage a teakettle and other utensils, as well as the materials for making tea, of which he was fond, for its simple exhilarating qualities. At the inns, however, he generally ordered the best victuals and wines, so that there might be no complaint as to his stinginess; but these luxuries he seldom tasted. When he considered himself ill-treated by postilions, he punished them by withholding extra fees; but to show that he did not do so for the purpose of saving money, he sent his servant to gather the poor of the place, and, in the presence of the postilion, distributed among them the sum he would have paid. These traits of character becoming widely known, he in time, was well known and carefully attended to wherever he travelled. On one occasion, he happened to visit a monastery at Prague, where he found the inmates feasting on a day which ought to have been devoted to abstinence. He was so much displeased with this breach of discipline, that he threatened to proceed to Rome to inform the Pope, and it was only after the monks had made the most humiliating apology, and expressed their contrition, that he promised to be silent on the subject to the head of their church. In 1781, he again departed from England on a tour of philanthropy, in order to proceed through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some other countries in the north of Europe, and with the view of inspecting the prisons and hospitals on his route. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, and Moscow, were respectively visited, and in each he collected valuable information on the state of the common jails, and modes of punishment. Having thus visited every state of Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of the great design which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his *Appendix to the State of Prisons*—a work he had some time before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country, and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells, and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of 42,033. When, in the spring of 1784, Mr Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. The benevolent Howard had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man, for it was to check the progress of de-

vouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, throwing a light on that most dreadful of all scourges of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition he “succeeded” in getting on board a vessel with a foul bill of health; and while in at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer; in the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When, along with the crew, he arrived in Venice, he submitted to go through the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be labouring under plague. On all these trials his good spirits never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. “I have often seen him come to his lodgings,” says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, “in such spirits and joy, when he would say to me, ‘I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.’” He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789-90, Mr Howard again proceeded on a journey, which was the seventh and last, to the Continent, to re-examine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated in his journey into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, every where examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever, a species of plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th January 1790.—Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.

TRADITIONS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

MURDER OF LORD LORNE.

JOHN STEWART, Lord of Lorne, when far advanced in life, was a widower, and had three daughters, but no lawful son. By a woman above the common rank, named Maclaurin, he had an illegitimate son, whose name was Dugald. He was a young man of great promise, and had particularly distinguished himself on a recent occasion.

The sons of the chief of Macdougall, by the sister of Lord Lorne, were very desirous of marrying their cousins, the co-heiresses of Lorne, and were assiduous in their attention to their uncle, who resided in the castle of Dunstaffnage, once inhabited by the kings of Caledonia, and still one of the royal palaces of Scotland. They had passed the night at Dunstaffnage, and departed early next morning. But they had not gone far on their way, when they observed a number of boats approaching from the east, crowded with people, with pipes playing, and bearing flags. They found that these boats contained Dugald and his mother; and they soon discovered that old Lord Lorne had resolved to marry the mother of Dugald, and that they were now coming to celebrate the marriage. According to the Scotch law, this marriage would have made Dugald legitimate, and capable of inheriting the ample territories of Lorne. This event would have utterly disappointed the matrimonial schemes of the two nephews, and they instantly formed a dreadful resolution to prevent it. They returned, and asked admittance into the castle; but the door-keeper remarking a very fierce expression in their countenances, first consulted his master, who was displeased at his hesitating to admit his nephews. The door-keeper reluctantly received them; they forced their way into Lord Lorne's apartment, and instantly put him to death, to prevent the intended marriage. The brothers were, however, disappointed in their expectations—the heiresses escaped from Dunstaffnage by night, and carried away the

charts of the estate. They took refuge with the Earl of Argyll, who soon married the eldest daughter; the second was married to Campbell of Glenurchy, ancestor of the Earl of Breadalbane; and the third to Campbell of Ottar.

This murder was committed towards the end of the 15th century. The rock where the two Macdougalls stood when they discovered the approach of Dugald and his mother, and where they resolved to return and assassinate their uncle, is still well known. It is called in Gaelic by a name which, translated, means *The Rock of the Wicked Resolution*.

POPULAR MORALS.†

EVERY thoughtful person finds that inquiries arise in his mind of this nature, What am I? Whence am I? For what purposes do I exist? What is this which is called life? What is the power of thinking? Will the consciousness of being cease when this life ends? If not, will that consciousness relate to the acts done in this life? If so, in what manner, and with what consequences? If I doubt what answers I must give to these questions, why do I doubt? Is it beyond my power to remove my doubts? If I believe nothing of a future state of being as a consequence of the present being, have I done what I ought to do, to inform myself whether this be so or not? If I have a sentiment of being liable to account in a future life for my conduct in this, is it a mere sentiment, or is it founded in reason, and binding on me as a conviction, which I cannot free myself from?

Inquiries also arise in many minds of this nature: If there be a Supreme Being who created and who governs the universe, and who is supremely good and wise, why are the good and wise on earth sometimes subjected to suffering and to sorrow? Why is there, to such persons, so much of pain in body and in mind? Why do disappointments and afflictions fall on those who strive to perform their duty in all things? Why do not the punishments of divine justice fall on those who violate the laws of the Supreme Being? Why is it, that worldly prosperity, respect, and honour, are often bestowed on those who violate all the laws which the righteous Judge of all the earth must have prescribed?

Why is it that man is so commonly the bitter and relentless enemy of man? Why is it that he hazards the destruction of his own property, his own liberty, and even his own life, to destroy property, liberty, and life in others? Why is it that we take pleasure in depreciating the good qualities of others, and in presenting their faults, follies, and errors to the notice of those who were before ignorant of them? Why do we feel emotions of dissatisfaction when others prosper, and regard the welfare of others as though it were a wrong done to ourselves? Why do we mourn over that which is past and which cannot be recalled, and tremble at that which has not come, and which may never come? Why is it that kind acts done to others are frequently forgotten by them, and sometimes regarded by them as a grievous burthen, and sometimes repaid by acts of unkindness, and reproach, and even of injury? Why is it that so much of human life is spent in vain and profitless pursuits? Why is it, that, when disabled and suffering, in body or mind, that we can so rarely console ourselves with the fact, that we did not cause our own distress? Why is that family connexion (seemingly ordained as a necessary condition of human life) is so often a cause of irritation and vexation? Why are children sometimes inclined to regard parents rather as tyrannical and heartless rulers, than as affectionate and worthy governors; and why are parents sometimes led to regret that they have given birth to offspring, who are fastened on them by ties which cannot be broken? Why is it that unceasing parental care, and the wisest precaution in rearing children, are repaid by that bitter disappointment which must be hidden within the heart, and wept over unseen by any human eye? Why is it, that, when parental care has been successfully applied, and when we see the coming forth of fruits, intellectual and moral, that in one little moment the blast of destruction passes over, and the remaining act is, to close the sepulchre on the remnant of lost hopes and joys?

What is that principle of our nature that compels us to some sort of action; and which will drive us into such as is hurtful to ourselves and to others, if we are not directed to those of an opposite character? Whence comes that sense of disappointment when success has crowned our pursuits? Why is it that one, in the enjoyment of bodily ease, and of worldly wealth, and apparently in command of abundance in those things which the world calls good, and for which mortals submit to unceasing toil, is, sometimes, the most disgusted of all men with life; finding no pleasure in the smiling earth, in the busy haunts, nor any good under the

† From the Literary Gazette.

† Under this title we shall henceforth occasionally give a portion of an American book, which has lately fallen into our hands, and with which we have been much pleased. The original title of the work is, “The Moral Class-Book, by William Sullivan, Counsellor at Law, Boston, 1831.” We have found this small volume, on perusal, to contain a far more simple, lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel, that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature. In many places, we shall be under the necessity of making alterations, for the purpose of adapting the matter to the circumstances of our own country; and in others, we shall endeavour, with all modesty, to enforce opinions of the author, by a few additional observations, always, however, to be indicated by brackets.

sun? Why is it that men need forcible and irresistible powers of government among themselves? Why do those who know that power is difficult to hold, and more difficult to use aright, earnestly desire it? Why is it that those who have power, either do not, or cannot, use it honourably to themselves and beneficially for others? Why are so many of the human race subjected to the most miserable poverty; so many wretched from the misuse and abuse of bodily and mental power; so many deprived of personal liberty; and so many hung up between the heavens and the earth, by order of their fellow men, in the presence of curious thousands, who laugh at the exhibition of death; admire the firmness, or despise the weakness of one who, in full possession of all his faculties, knows, that within a few moments he shall be dead by violence? How does it happen that good and virtuous men, in reflecting on the change which is soon to come, and when the places that have known them will know them no more for ever, do feel a sense of doubt, and even of dependency, as to their future destiny, and would gladly be assured that all they have habitually thought to be true, is unquestionably so?

Inquiries of this nature may be indefinitely multiplied. It is of little use to make them, if there be no answers to them. They have been answered, in general, among the learned, and in a learned manner. Can they be answered to the comprehension of the many, and especially of the young? Let us suppose that no small part of all that we see of folly, error, and crime, and consequent suffering and misery, arises, not from the laws of the Creator, but from ignorance of these laws, or wilful disobedience of them; then it would follow that the remedy lies in making these laws known. When and how is this to be done? Not by leaving to each individual to find out the meaning and force of these laws, through painful experience, and when the consequences of ignorance and disobedience are already fastened on him; but to makethem known, before the responsible action of adult life begins. If there be rules for human life, which come from a Law-giver who cannot err; if these rules are laid down for subjects who are entrusted with the liberty of obeying or disobeying, it is inadmissible to suppose that these rules cannot be found out, and made known to all who are to be affected by them.

To disclose these rules and make them operative, is a duty to ourselves, and to each other. The mode of doing it may be differently thought of by different persons. That which seems most likely to be effective is to address human reason, in a simple and intelligible manner, and in such manner that the opening mind may comprehend the truths which are taught. Such is our present purpose. No mysteries will be resorted to: no display of learning attempted. As these pages are intended for the use of young people, we shall address only their good sense. They will be called on to judge by the light of reason wherewith their Creator has blessed them. If the intention with which this work is undertaken be proper and practicable, those who will bestow the time and attention necessary to that end, may, it is humbly hoped, be enabled to answer many of the inquiries before suggested, so far as the enlightened minds which have left a record of their thoughts can assist and guide us in the search after truth.

The design of these papers is to prove that there is a Supreme Being; that he is the Creator and Governor of the Universe; that he created man as we see him to exist, in his earthly frame, in his intellectual powers, and with an immortal spirit; that there is placed within his reach the knowledge of the laws intended for government here; and that life here is connected with an existence, which is to be attained through the House appointed for all that have lived, that do live, and that are to live.

SOMERVILLE'S GUN.

A GOOD deal has been lately written in the newspapers relative to *Somerville's gun*, or the invention by which fire-arms are at all times prevented from going off accidentally. As, however, a regular account of this excellent piece of mechanism has not been given to the world in a popular form, we may now do so, quoting the description given by the inventor, the Rev. John Somerville, minister of Currie, a parish a few miles west from Edinburgh.

"The principle of these methods [there being several] of preventing accidental discharge, consists in calling in the aid of the *left hand*; so that while the ordinary gun in common use can be fired off solely by the action of the right hand, the gun now to be described requires both; the left hand to undo the stop, slide, or catch, by which the gun is locked, and the other to draw the trigger, the same as in an ordinary gun; the *left hand* being equally necessary to work the gun in the field as the right.

Here the inventor begs it to be explicitly understood, that he lays claim to every variation of this principle, however modified or combined, or by whatever name it may be called, in which the operation of the left hand, or the combined operation of both, is necessary to the proper working of the gun in the field. With safeties that are worked by the *right hand* only, the inventor has nothing to do—that is not his invention; but he claims as *exclusively* his, the safety that is worked by the *left hand*, as, previous to his, no other gun was so worked; and the man who borrows or steals from him the operation of the left hand, takes

from him all that is valuable, as the mode of procuring safety by the operation of this principle is almost endless; for, once having got a genuine principle, all the varieties naturally flow from it, as branches from one root, as springs from one source. Accordingly, the inventor can procure safety and dispatch sixteen or eighteen different ways, by the operation of this principle, which, however, can never be changed without destroying the utility of his invention, and losing completely both dispatch and security. Although the principle of operation by the left hand, as now mentioned, may be varied to a great extent, the inventor confines himself at present to the description of the two following methods:

I. The first method, then, here described, prevents accidental discharge by means of a stop, slide, or catch, situate on the trigger-plate, and either lying on or bedded into it, as the gunmaker or sportsman pleases. It is pressed forward into a nick in the trigger by a spring situate behind it, under the strap of the guard, or before it in the inside of the key, and thus prevents the trigger from acting or pressing by any accident on the sear of the lock, by which the gun would be discharged. On the fore-part of the guard, where the hand presses, is a moveable part, called a key, which may be removed at pleasure, and operates on the stop in the act of discharging the gun. When this key is removed, the gun cannot be used till it is replaced.

If the sportsman fires with the left hand forward on the stock of the gun, instead of the guard, then the key can be placed forward to any part of the stock; and in that case the end of the stop towards the left hand must run forward to that part of the stock, and then receive the key. This key, which may be of any form or size, is removable at pleasure.

II. The second method here described prevents accidental discharge by means of a peg screwed into the end of the main-spring next to the swivel, or into the swivel itself. The peg may be also solid, that is, a part of the swivel itself, the end of the swivel being lengthened, and shaped into the form of a peg. This peg, when the gun is fired, passes down through a hole or opening towards the trigger-plate of the gun. The gun is prevented from being discharged by means of a slide opening and shutting the hole at pleasure, through which the peg descends when the gun is fired. This slide is pressed forward into the hole or opening through which the peg passes, in a similar way to the one just now mentioned in the foregoing method. When the gun is fired, the left hand, by a gentle pressure, throws back the slide, and thus lays open the hole in the stock and trigger-plate, and allows the peg to pass downward, and, of course, the main-spring to traverse its full distance. Keys are fixed upon and removable at pleasure from this *gun*, the same as in the former method just described. For other varieties see the gunmakers' shops.

Having now described this gun, and stated the principle upon which the security is obtained, we now beg leave to mention, in a few words, some of its advantages.

The first advantage, then, which this gun has over the ordinary one in common use, is the *complete security* which it affords against accidental discharge, and the consequent preservation of human life. This is the first and great object of the present contrivance, and in this point of view was first thought of by the inventor. The other advantages which it possesses are all subordinate to this, and come in merely as subsidiary to the main object.

The waste of human life, by the accidental discharge of fire-arms, is truly deplorable. It is not without reason that writers have cautioned sportsmen to be careful in using them, and that parents have felt anxiety about their sons when engaged in field amusements, with weapons in their hands so precarious in the use, and so fatal in their effects. Too frequently the sprightly and spirited youth, in pursuit of pleasure, finds death! Not only every season, but almost every week of every season, brings accounts of the most valuable lives lost in this way. The inventor states it as an undeniable fact, that at an average there are not fewer than from twenty to thirty lives, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, lost every year in this way, besides more than double that number maimed and wounded. Now, against such fatalities the gun we are now speaking of presents the most *absolute* security. Any one may be satisfied of this, who will consider for a moment the principle upon which it is constructed. Morally speaking, accidental discharge with this gun is completely out of the question, at least the probability of it is so wide, that perhaps philosophy could not calculate when this gun would be discharged in any other way than by design. If accidental pressure shall touch the trigger, no evil happens, because it is locked; if it touch the key, no evil happens, because the pressure by that time is supposed removed from the trigger. The pressure must be against the trigger and on the key at the same instant of time, otherwise the lock won't work. If the trigger is touched the twinkling of an eye before the key, or the key before the trigger, then no evil can ensue; for, unless touched at the same instant of time, they mutually counteract and support one another, and thus prevent the gun going off.

The second advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary fowling-piece, is *superior dispatch*. This is evident at first sight, as this invention enables the sportsman to go with his gun full-cocked, and thus, when game rises unexpectedly, saves all the

time lost, as well as detraction of thought occasioned by cocking the ordinary gun, and, consequently, he has only to present and discharge his piece, which he is enabled to do before the gun in ordinary use can be cocked and brought to the shoulder.

The third advantage which this gun has over others, is the *ease and tranquillity of mind* which it necessarily imparts, *not only* to the sportsman himself, but to his friends, parents, relations, or guardians at home, from the perfect security which it affords him. No man of ordinary feeling can he perfectly at ease when surrounded by his friends with a loaded gun in his hand, leaping walls, crossing ditches, brushing through thickets, underwood, and hedges, when all the while the life of his friends is within the reach of a mortal weapon, and the danger of that weapon guarded against only by the fallaciousness of memory, and the risk increased tenfold by the eagerness of pursuit, and the suspension of thought necessarily occasioned by a species of amusement which, more than any other, lays caution asleep, and occasions that flutter and hurry of spirits from which such fatal accidents generally spring.

The fourth advantage which this gun possesses, is the sociality of feeling which it will communicate to the favourite amusement of shooting. In the present state of the ordinary fowling-piece, the writer knows many gentlemen who will not shoot in company, from the uneasiness they feel both on their own account and on that of others.

The fifth advantage which this gun possesses, is the safety which one of the modes of it gives to the left hand, in case the gun should burst. All good writers on the subject of shooting strongly recommend the sportsman to press the gun to his shoulder with the left hand close on the fore-part of the bow of the guard. Notwithstanding, this caution and advice are frequently neglected; and the loss or laceration of many a left hand, by the bursting of the barrel, has taught the sportsman the folly of doing so. With the ordinary gun, indeed, a man may fire with his left hand close to the guard, and thus preserve it. With one of the modes on which this is constructed, he *must* do so, for there the safety-spring is placed, and until it is touched, the locks are immovable.

Nothing is more easily acquired than this mode of shooting, even though the sportsman has been accustomed to fire with the hand forward on the stock. The habit can be acquired by presenting an empty gun for a few times in this way, before going to the field; for, by an instinctive feeling, which perhaps it is not easy to explain, the left hand, after a very little practice, will come as infallibly to the fore-part of the guard, and even without the sportsman being sensible of it, as the right hand comes on the trigger.

With one of the keys of this gun, too, even though the sportsman should persist in shooting with the left hand forward, it will be rendered much safer than with the ordinary gun. This key is affixed to any part of the fore-stock the sportsman pleases, and is so made, that the left hand, which seizes it when the gun is presented, is completely prevented from coming in contact with the barrels, and, consequently, runs much less risk of injury should they burst on being discharged. For this we refer also to the gun.

The sixth advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary one, is, that it avoids the wear and tear of the locks, necessarily occasioned by perpetually cocking and uncocking the locks of the ordinary gun in the field. With the ordinary gun, the moment the dogs point, or seem to point, both locks are cocked, and if there happens to be no game, or it rises beyond the reach, the gun must be uncocked again; so that with the ordinary gun the sportsman, during the whole day, is perpetually cocking and uncocking his gun. The wear and tear of the locks is thus immense, besides both the trouble and the *danger* it occasions.

The seventh advantage which the writer now states, is, that he thinks a steadier aim can be taken by his mode of holding the gun than in the ordinary way. He is convinced that one great cause of bad shooting is occasioned by grasping the gun too firmly with the right hand, or giving the right hand too much to do in the act of firing. The more easy the right hand holds the gun, and the less it has to do, with the greater precision it will act on the triggers at the proper time. The right hand, therefore, should hold the gun very loosely, and have only one thing to do, namely, to pull the trigger when the gun comes into the proper position to be fired. Now, the gun we are considering admits of this to the fullest extent. With it the left hand, as it were, does the whole work, except pulling the trigger. The safety-spring being worked solely by the left hand, it should press the gun firmly to the shoulder, by which the safety-spring will be unlocked, and thus leave the right hand at perfect freedom, and with nothing to do but merely to touch the trigger when the gun comes into the proper situation to be discharged. Thus, by giving the left hand more to do than in the ordinary gun, and therefore proportionally easing the right, the writer thinks his gun will be held more steadily to the shoulder, a surer aim will be taken, and greater execution done, than with the gun in common use, and in the ordinary mode of shooting.

The last advantage which he now states, is the security which it gives to loaded guns when lying in houses, or exposed to the curiosity of thoughtless or ignorant persons. Many a life has been lost by guns having been presented and fired off in a wanton and incautious manner. Such accidents cannot happen

with the present gun. To render it perfectly harmless, it is only necessary to take off the key, which is done by the slightest touch, and then the machinery which locks in the gun cannot be reached, and, consequently, cannot be fired. The key is restored with the same ease as it is removed, and thus the gun prepared for being fired, or not, at pleasure."

THE PYRENEAN REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.

It is not very generally known that there exists an independent little nation among the mountains of the Pyrenees, called Andorre, governed by its own laws, and, in general, unmolested by its neighbours, the French or Spaniards. Of the nature and extent of this isolated community, the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a Parisian literary publication, for 1823, presents its readers with the following succinct account.

Andorre, the common language of which is Catalan, a dialect allied to the Spanish, is a neutral territory, situated on the southern side of that chain of the Pyrenees which forms the boundary of France. Most geographers have, nevertheless, comprehended it in the territory of Foix, with which, indeed, it was formerly not entirely unconnected.

This country, the extent of which is not a ninth part that of the department of the Ariège, forms a little republic, comprehending the six communities of Carillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massane, Andorre-la-Vieille, and Saint Julien; and a great number of villages or hamlets, all under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The village of Andorre-la-Vieille, from which the valley derives its name, is the chief place, and probably is the most ancient. It is there that the general council, composed of twenty-four members for life, six from each community, assembles. When a vacancy occurs, either from death, or from any other cause, the council nominates a successor from among those inhabitants of the community who have been public functionaries. The general council has two syndics, appointed by itself, who convoke the meetings of the council, and manage the public business.

Before the French revolution, the criminal tribunal was composed of two judges, called Viguiers, one appointed by the King of France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel: to whom were joined six inhabitants of the valley, nominated by the general council. This tribunal was called the Cortes. Each viguier appointed a Bailiff, from a list of six inhabitants presented to him by the general council. Before these bailiffs, all civil suits were in the first instance tried. An appeal lay from him to a judge, who held his situation for life, and who was appointed alternately by the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel. The same suits might ultimately be carried before a third tribunal. That tribunal was either the grand council of the King of France, or the council of the Bishop of Urgel, according as either the king or the bishop had appointed the judge by whom they had been determined in the second instance.

This country had some singular laws, especially as regarded the succession to property. The eldest son took almost every thing, leaving very little indeed for the younger branches of a family.

The police was under the direction of two consuls in each community, who were appointed by the general council, and changed every other year.

The country of Andorre is extremely mountainous, and most of the mountains are covered with forests of pines; it is, besides, not very fertile, and is bristled with rocks. It is watered by several rivers, which rise in it; the principal among them is the Embalire, which receives all the others, and then enters Spain, where it falls into the Sègre. At Ransol, in the community of Carillo, is an iron-mine, and there are four forges, at Encamp, at Caldes, at Ordino, and at the hamlet of Serrat, in the last-named community. The hamlet of Caldes is remarkable for its numerous warm springs.

The inhabitants of Andorre have not much arable land, but possess a great many cattle and extensive pasturage. They are in general shepherds. They used to pay four hundred and eighty francs a-year to the Bishop of Urgel, and twice that sum to the territory of Foix. They had a right to import every year from the latter country eighteen hundred loads of rye, and a certain quantity of cattle of every description; as also to import and export, without duty, all goods not prohibited, as well as the produce of the mines.

Every year, on the Sunday before Midsummer-day, they sent a deputation of three members of the general council to the village of Siguer in France, where they took, in the presence of the municipality, the oath of allegiance to the King of France. They also promised not to undertake any thing injurious to the interests of the community of Siguer, to give it intelligence in the event of war, and to furnish with lodging (upon being paid for it) such inhabitants of the village of Siguer as might find it necessary to make a journey into the valley of Andorre. Three of those inhabitants, selected by the mayor, took an oath, to the deputies, of similar import. They then played a game at nine-pins together, and the losers forfeited a tub of wine, which was drunk in the public square. It was remarked that the Andorrans never won the game. On the evening of their arrival, a supper was given them, and they had two meals the next day. The same ceremonies were performed in the village of Miglos. But, what will appear very singular, the inhabitants of the Spanish villages of Alins, Arren,

and Tor, sent, about the same periods, deputies to the village of Viedessos, where they took a similar oath, and were received much in the same manner; with this difference, that the Spaniards did not play at nine-pins; that they had but one supper, at an inn, for thirteen persons, for which they themselves paid; that the deputies and the municipal officers afterwards danced round the village; that they returned to the inn and had a collation, although after supper; that they then renewed dancing for a short time, and that ultimately every one retired. These and similar customs, on which we will not dwell, strongly recall the simplicity of old times.

The Andorrans paid no taxes. They rented the mountains on which they fed their cattle, and the produce of their farms was sufficient to pay all their expenses. Their justice, their police, and their finances, were, for the preservation of good order, placed under the inspection of the intendant of Perpignan.

At the present day they govern themselves as formerly; but in consequence of the revolution, they have become independent of France; and, since the year 1790, the administration of the department have refused to receive their contribution of nine hundred and sixty francs, which they regard as a feudal custom, and will not allow them to come in quest of grain. France gives them neither viguier nor civil judge; their public business is no longer superintended by any of her magistrates; their private differences are no longer carried by appeal to any of her tribunals; and they no longer send deputies to Miglos or to Siguer.

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

THE KNOWING SHOPKEEPER.

Several years ago, when the north side of Edinburgh had hardly commenced either to be a place of residence or public resort, some ladies of distinction sauntering about in the High Street, one of them proposed a walk to the Meadows, being at that time the fashionable promenade. "I am very willing," answered another; "but first let us call at Milne, the silk-mercier's, merely to divert ourselves by turning over his goods." They were then at some little distance from the shop. Milne, however, though not observed by them, happened to be but a little way behind, and within hearing of the conversation. Being aware of the ladies' intention, he hastened to his shop, so as he might be behind the counter to receive them. The usual routine of a lady's shopping visit passed, in tumbling over the articles, and eager inquiries about prices and fashions. Mr Milne was all civility, though he knew well that no purchases were in view. At last, after gratifying themselves with the sight of every piece of finery worth seeing, they took their leave. "We are much obliged by your attention, Mr Milne." "Well, ladies," replied Milne, "may I now wish you a pleasant walk to the—Meadows."

THE PRECIOUS CAT.

A citizen of Bordeaux, by his will, ordered a fine horse he had to be sold, and the price given to some religious house. It so happened that all the rest of his effects were barely sufficient to pay his debts, and his widow and some children remained to be provided for. The monks appearing to claim the value of the horse, the widow desired her servant to take it to the market, at the same time directing him how to manage matters. This animal being of an uncommonly good appearance, it was not long before his price was asked. The servant answered, just a pistol. The intending purchaser was astonished at such a low price, and thought the seller was in jest. "Nay," says the latter, "I have brought a little cat which you must buy also, otherwise you cannot get the horse, and its price is no less than 300 pistoles." The money was accordingly paid without scruple, and the priests outwitted.

THE LETTER WRITER, READER, AND CARRIER.

In former times, when reading and writing were more uncommon accomplishments, even in Scotland, than they are at present; a certain person made it his business to travel from one large town to another with packets of letters, which were all of his own writing. Having a general acquaintance among the lower ranks, he offered his services when they had any communications to make to their friends at a distance. After getting his instructions, he proceeded to write their letters himself, and when a sufficient number were collected, he set off on foot with his bundle of intelligence. Having reached his place of destination, he waited upon those to whom his letters were directed, read them over, and solicited their answer. For all this trouble, no doubt, some small compensation was allowed him.

THE INCONSISTENT ADVERTISEMENT.

Two haberdashers in Edinburgh, of the name of A., happened to advertise in the same newspaper. The one of these, Mr D. A., was just opening shop, and, of course, in the usual style, meant to announce to his friends and the public that he had for sale an assortment of quite new and elegant articles. The other advertisement, however, by Mr W. A., was quite of an opposite description; meaning to give up business, he was offering his goods at very reduced prices. After both advertisements were sent to the printing-office, Mr W. A. thought of adding a short

paragraph, notifying that "he was ready to treat with any person willing to purchase his whole stock at so much per cent. below invoice prices, also for his counters, shelves, fixtures, &c." This supplement, in a note addressed to the printer, he requested might be annexed to Mr A.'s advertisement. It was annexed, indeed, to Mr A.'s advertisement, but it proved to be the wrong Mr A. For Mr D. A. no sooner got hold of the paper, than he found he was made a laughing-stock to his friends by the ludicrous effect of the printer's mistake; the first part of his advertisement implying that he was just commencing business, and the latter part that he was ready to dispose of every thing below cost, and even of his shelves and fixtures.

A SUBTERFUGE.

Two chimney-sweeps, coming along a bridge near Manchester, where a toll was levied on foot passengers, found, upon searching their pockets, that their joint stock amounted only to a halfpenny. The one not wishing to leave the other behind, it was agreed to toss up the halfpenny; and the winner, thrusting the loser into his soot-bag, and laying it over his shoulder, passed through the toll-bar, without any additional charge.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Near some little town in North America, a carrier's horse happened to drop down dead. His owner immediately proceeded to the town in quest of a farrier to skin the animal. Not long after, another horse, in a farmer's cart, dropped down also near the same place; the driver, however, being sensible the horse was only in a swoon, went to get some oats in his hat by way of medicine. No sooner had he left his charge than the farrier made his appearance, and, mistaking the living horse for the dead one—as indeed there was very little difference in their appearance—proceeded to the operation of flaying. After making considerable progress, the animal began to revive, and, at the same time, the driver returned with the oats. The consternation of all parties may be easily conceived; but how the matter ended, the American paper, from which this occurrence is copied, does not say.

THE HORNED HORSE.

In Scotland, the male-servant of a country clergyman, known by the name of "the Minister's Man," used to be a person of some importance. One of these having rather an economical mistress, who grumbled particularly the expense of candle light, John contrived at least to make his master sensible of the inconvenience of darkness. It happened one night that the minister, being sent for in a hurry by one of his parishioners, who was taken ill, John thought proper to saddle the cow instead of the horse. After proceeding a little way, the minister turned back, and called out rather angrily, that the horse had got horns. "If there has been a mistake made," answered John, "the mistress must be responsible, as she chooses to send me to the stable always in the dark."

MUSICAL EPITAPH.

At Paris, in 1764, the premature decease of a young nobleman, ascribed to his violent attachment to Mademoiselle Miré, a public singer of a most abandoned character, gave rise to a witty epitaph on him, composed of five musical notes—

mî re la mî la
Miré l'a mî la.—Miré has laid him there.

MILITARY PRECISION.

When the soldiers were employed at the military roads in Scotland, it was remarked that they were so very exact in keeping the time for leaving off work, that one was observed, who had a spadeful of earth lifted from the ground, to let it fall again the instant he heard the first sound of the bell, though it would hardly have cost him any more labour to put it into his wheelbarrow, which was close beside him.

SECRECY CARRIED TOO FAR.

The Count de V—, Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed. The treatment, therefore, adopted by the medical men, and the nature of the drugs they administered, being quite inconsistent and contradictory, the consequences proved fatal to the Minister.

COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF A MOTHER AND A COW.

"Weel, Sandy," said a neighbour to a little boy in the south of Fife, whose mother had been seriously indisposed, "how is your mother to-day?" "Deed I dinna ken very weel hoo she is," replied Sandy, scratching his head; "but the cow's taen ill, and that's war nor my mither."

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HOUSE-BUILDING.

THE English build their houses of brick, and the Scotch of stone. These peculiarities of taste and habit are so strongly associated with the character of the two nations, that they may be frequently observed wherever the English and Scotch are planted, especially in foreign countries. When a Scotchman crosses the Border, at almost any point, he wonders how the people come to have such a predominating taste for brick. Every house he sees seems to be built with no other material, and all the towns and villages he travels through seem but piles of so many brick-kilns set in rows. As he proceeds, he gets accustomed to this, as it appears to him, very strange fancy; but he always feels a certain degree of pity for those who are doomed to inhabit houses with walls so very thin, and so little able to keep out the cold. When an Englishman, in the same manner, enters Scotland, he is apt to be as much surprised at finding that the houses are all reared of solid stone, like so many castles or public edifices; and he is led to imagine that the Scotch are really an extravagant people, in building their dwellings with a material so dear and difficult to be wrought. When the Scotch settle in England, they generally conform to the fashion of brick houses; but an Englishman, on emigrating northward, will try, if possible, to resist the national custom, and erect his cottage with his dearly beloved brick. These contrary tastes are very observable in Ireland; the English in the south—in Dublin for instance—adhering staunchly to brick, and the Scotch in the north sticking to the stone, which is so characteristic of their country.

Some persons might be led to suppose that these diversities of taste in the architecture of dwelling-houses are the result of necessity; but they are by no means entirely so. In many parts of England which are covered with brick houses, the district abounds in excellent stone; while in Scotland, in places where clay is plentiful and stone is scarce, the latter material is transported by land carriage, at a heavy charge, in preference to brick, which could be easily and cheaply made. In erecting a brick house, the Englishman makes a point of consulting his own comfort and that of his family. He rears his dwelling with every imaginable convenience; sections it off into neat snug apartments, almost calculating where his own easy chair is to stand by the fire-side; surrounds the house with a pretty kitchen and flower-garden; encloses the whole with a smart green railing; and finishes his goodly work by attaching to the wicket a clear-burnished fanciful brass knocker. Now, the Scotchman's taste runs in an entirely different channel. He sets about his work by going through certain toilsome preliminaries, which are considered of paramount importance. His first object of search is a quarry whence he may have his stones dug, and transported to the spot where they are to be used; his second point of inquiry, is for a place to which he may convey the rubbish excavated from the foundation. When he has satisfied himself in these particulars, he commences operations on a scale of wonderful magnitude. He begins with the erection of a wooden house, something resembling the log-hut of a back-woodsman, which he plants immediately in front of the proposed edifice, as if preparing to besiege a fortress in regular form. The erection of this wooden house, technically called a *shed*, can, on no account, be dispensed with. In it he congregates half-a-dozen stone-masons, who there dress the blocks previous to their being used; but this preliminary erection occasionally stands long after the house is actually finished, and appears as if it were reckoned an ornament to the street. The

Englishman erects and finishes his house within the period of a month or two; but the Scotchman keeps working at his for the best part of a whole year, generally contriving to commence his labours with the first appearance of fine weather at the close of winter, so as to make sure of having the roof on and the walls plastered before Christmas. The Englishman erects his house for the comfort of those who are immediately to inhabit it; but the Scotchman invariably calculates on its uses to his posterity, or how "the property" will serve as a legacy to his descendants. He appears to take a delight in building for future ages; and, in order to make up a good rent-roll for his grandson, he will put himself to great inconveniences. The Englishman builds his house because he has two or three hundred pounds to spare, and thinks it could not be better laid out than on a dwelling for his family; and he builds a house accordingly, suitable to the capital he has at his command. It happens, however, that the Scotchman very seldom contents himself in this manner. His desire to be the *laird* of a large edifice, often impels him to go much beyond his means, and, by borrowing the deficiency, entails a comfortable debt on the premises, which his sons or his creditors have the pleasure of liquidating. So frequently, indeed, is this the result of such speculations, that it is a common enough expression, in explaining how a particular individual became a *victim*, to say "that he never rested till he built himself out of a house;" in other words, he did not desist till he had spent all his means, exhausted his credit, lost his property, and become a ruined man.

These different processes of house-building are partly the result of the English and Scotch modes of letting land for long periods. In England, it is the common practice to take leases of ground for building for a period of ninety-nine years, or perhaps less, and for this piece of ground a certain rent is charged annually, with the arrangement that the houses on the property shall fall into the hands of the lord of the manor at the expiry of the lease; and hence, in a great measure, the plan of building houses which will not last in good repair for more than a hundred years. The Scotch, being in every respect a more calculating people, despise the prospect of only a hundred years' possession—"what! some day to be turned out of our own house!" They, therefore, take leases of ground which shall endure till the end of the world, and think themselves very badly off, indeed, when they are restricted to the brief period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years! These perpetual leases they term *feus*, an expression importing that the lessee becomes *feudal* vassal of the ground landlord. "*Ground to Feu*," is therefore to be found on hundreds of sign-boards north of the Tweed, and to English visitants appears quite an incomprehensible announcement. In Edinburgh and its vicinity, the annual feu-duty is enormous, amounting sometimes to a charge of a guinea for every foot of ground in front; and this has to be paid as a chief rent for ever, under the penalty of loss of the property.

One good result from this peculiar conduct on the part of the Scotch: it tends to encourage a superior kind of architectural designs, and greatly improves the general aspect of the country. There can be no proper comparison of the beauty of stone and brick, and the Scotch act very wisely in building stone houses, if they can afford the cost; but the general exercise of this refined taste has an injurious effect on society, and is spoiling the large towns in the north. It limits the proprietary to a mere unit; raises up a body of large capitalists over the people, who are reduced to the character of yearly tenants; and prolongs

the very absurd custom of dividing houses into separate dwellings on the different floors. For example, there are few merchants, tradesmen, or shopkeepers in the large towns in Scotland, who live in what is termed self-contained houses; for the simple reason, that they cannot afford to build, or even rent a complete stone mansion. Yet they can frequently purchase a *flat*; that is, a house up two, three, or four stairs; whereas, for the sum they thus expend for a confined lodging, they could erect a sufficient brick house from top to bottom, calculated to last during the whole period of their own lives, and those of their immediate descendants. But the prejudices of society forbid that any such course should be pursued. "No, no; do not tell me of your shabby brick houses; give me a *good flat* in a respectable part of the town, where we have no trouble with area doors, or are bothered to keep the roof in order, and I will leave those to go to self-contained houses that like them better, or are silly enough to pay for them."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

The Monarchy and Republic.

THE Romans were distinguished above all other people in ancient times, for the extraordinary power of their government, the extent of their conquests, and their refinement in manners. The Jews have been remarkable for their antiquity, and the nature of their religion; the Egyptians for their knowledge of the arts, and the invention of letters; the Greeks for their philosophy and poetry; but the Romans have been celebrated for their courage as soldiers, their ability as lawyers, historians, and orators; the stupendous character of their works; the beauty of their language, which was what is now called Latin;* and, in particular, for the influence which they have had on the usages of most modern nations.

This remarkable people traced their origin to a handful of freebooters, who settled on a certain spot in their native country, Italy, and there laid the foundation of a city, which they called *ROME*, after the name of their leader, Romulus. This incident is said to have occurred 3252 years after the beginning of the world, or 752 years before the coming of Christ. The city, we are told, was at first almost square, containing about a thousand houses. It was near a mile in compass, and commanded a small territory round it, of about eight miles square. The first method made use of to increase the number of its inhabitants, was the opening a sanctuary for all malefactors, slaves, and such as were desirous of novelty. Some time afterwards, as historians mention, the young men of the city carried off by violence a great number of young women, the daughters of the Sabines, a neighbouring people, and thus procured themselves wives. The government of the Romans was constituted on exceedingly liberal principles. At first, it consisted of a king, who was elective; a senate, which was to act as councillors to the king, and which was composed of a hundred of the principal citizens, men whose age, wisdom, or valour, gave them a natural authority over their fellow-subjects: these senators were called patricians (from *pater*, a Latin word, signifying a father), and bore an analogy to our nobility; the third part of the legislature consisted of the plebeians (from *plebs*, a word signifying people), and these were the whole mass of the community. The plebeians did not appoint representatives, as in modern times; they met in large assemblies in a vast amphitheatre or

* The Latins, from whom this language took its name, were an obscure people in Italy, adjacent to the Romans.

forum, and there deliberated on the affairs of the state, approved or disapproved of measures of peace or war, and chose their own magistrates. It was chiefly by this open mode of discussion that the Romans attained that proficiency in oratory which distinguished them. Little is precisely known of the form of worship of the Romans; the greatest part of their religion consisted in a firm reliance upon the credit of soothsayers, who pretended, from observations on the flight of birds and the entrails of newly-killed beasts, to direct the present, and dive into futurity. They deified deceased warriors, and held in adoration and sacrificed to a multiplicity of imaginary gods; but though thus absolute heathens, they had the singular liberality never to interfere with the religion of the nations they conquered; and, as an instance of this, it will be remembered that it was with extreme repugnance they countenanced the crucifixion of Christ, at the instance of the Jews.

The Roman government continued in the form we have described it, for the space of 245 years from the founding of the city, during which period it numbered seven kings. The last of these sovereigns was named Tarquin, who, being of a tyrannical disposition, was chased with his family from Rome, principally by the intrepidity of a noble Roman, called Brutus. Few histories can show a succession of kings replete with more virtue and moderation than those who first governed in Rome. It was from their wise institutions that the people seemed to acquire all that courage and patriotism which afterwards enabled them to conquer the world. The regal power being overthrown, the senate acquired a greater share of authority, and the liberty of the people was, on the whole, very little increased by the change. Instead of a king, the people now chose two annual magistrates, whom they called *Consuls*, with power equal to that of the regal, and with the same privileges, and the same ensigns of authority. The government was now designated a republic or commonwealth. Brutus, who was styled the deliverer of his country, was elected one of the two first consuls. Beneficial as the consular system was, it was found, about ten years after its institution, to be rather impotent in cases of exigency; and, therefore, the people strengthened it by the creation of a temporary magistrate, styled a *Dictator*, to whom they gave uncontrolled power, not only over all ranks of the state, but even over the laws themselves. Some time afterwards, the people felt themselves to be in continual danger from the power of the senate; and to remedy this defect in the constitution, they created certain new officers from among themselves, with power to give redress to such of them as should be injured, and to plead the cause of the community. These functionaries were called *Tribunes of the People*.^{*} At first they were five in number, though afterwards their body was increased to ten. They were always annually elected by the people. They had the power of annulling all such decrees of the senate as they considered to press hard upon the people; and to show their readiness to protect the meanest, their doors stood open night and day to receive their complaints. They examined every decree, and, by saying the word *Veto*, or, *I forbid*, they could hinder it from being passed. The institution of these officers was not by any means perfect, for there were means of neutralizing their power; but the circumstance shows how the authority of the people increased, and threatened to subvert the exorbitant power of the senate. One of the earliest triumphs of the populace was their successful prosecution and exile of Coriolanus, a distinguished general whose part had been taken by the patricians.

For sixty years from the demise of the regal power, the commonwealth continued to fluctuate between the authority of dictators, consuls, senators, and tribunes, till at length the people were weary of the whole. They began to accuse the tribunes, in particular, of being, when it suited them, greater tyrants than the senators, and they now expressed a wish to be guided by a written body of laws, which, when known, might prevent wrongs as well as punish them. It was therefore agreed, that ambassadors should be sent to the Greek cities in Italy, and to Athens, to bring home such laws from thence, as, by experience, had been found most equitable and useful. This being done, it was next agreed that the whole of the rulers and magistrates should cease to exercise their authority, and that, till the laws were digested, the powers of the state should be entirely wielded by ten senators elected for the purpose. These new magistrates were called *Decemviri* (from *decem*, the Latin word for ten, and *viri*, men); and though they were only to rule for a certain period, it happened that they were not easily got quit of, after they had once tasted the pleasures of arbitrary authority. One of them, named Appius, was noted for his licentiousness and cruelty, as has been commemorated by the affecting tale of Virginia, and her father Virginius, a centurion. The decemvirate lasted only two years, when its members were expelled by violence; and the consular or republican government was resumed under certain modifications, and occasionally dictators had to be called in to settle the commotions of the state. To lighten the duty of the tribunes, new officers were created, under the name of *Censors*, who were to be chosen every fifth year;

their business was to take an estimate of the number and estates of the people, and to distribute them into their proper classes; to inspect the lives and manners of their fellow citizens; to degrade senators for misconduct; to dismount knights; and to turn down plebeians from one caste or tribe into another, in case of misdemeanour. The Roman army was also put under the command of officers called military tribunes.

The Roman government continued to be republican in its nature for about three hundred years after these arrangements had been made, or upwards of six hundred years from the date of the foundation of the city; and throughout this lengthened period, its history presents us with a continuous recital of internal dissensions among the people, and a struggle for power among the senators, tribunes, and other functionaries. Yet the progress of the state does not seem to have ever been impeded by these civil broils; it was only when at peace that the people broke out into factions; and the quarrels among the citizens never prevented the whole from coalescing to chastise invaders, or to push the conquests of the army to their utmost limits. During the consulates, the influence of Rome was gradually extended over a number of small states in the neighbourhood, no one of which was sufficiently strong to oppose it singly, and which had too little confidence in each other to unite for their mutual defence. The means by which the Romans gained their ascendancy, was chiefly the rigid discipline of their troops: there is no other nation mentioned in history whose military subordination was enforced so systematically, or so religiously complied with. The chief men of the state, being always accustomed to find their army obedient and successful, had the greatest confidence in its firmness, and never lost hope even under the most desperate circumstances. This persevering resolution of the Roman government was therefore one of the chief springs of its greatness.

The Roman army was constituted with great military skill. When in its most perfect state, it consisted of infantry and cavalry. The heavy armed infantry, which was its principal strength, was divided into ten cohorts, and fifty-five companies, under the orders of a corresponding number of tribunes and centurions. The first cohort, which always claimed the post of honour, and the custody of the eagle, was formed of eleven hundred and five soldiers, the most approved for valour and fidelity. The remaining nine cohorts consisted each of five hundred and fifty-five; and the whole body of the legion amounted to 6100 men. Their arms were uniform, and admirably adapted to the nature of their service: an open helmet, with a lofty crest; a breast-plate, or coat of mail; greaves on their legs; and an ample buckler on the left arm. Besides a lighter spear, the legionary soldier grasped in his right hand a formidable javelin, which he threw at his foe at the distance of ten or twelve paces. As soon as it was darted, he drew his sword, and rushed forwards to close with the enemy. His sword was a short well-tempered Spanish blade, that carried a double edge, and was alike suited to the purpose of striking or pushing. It was by this short sword, which was little more than double the length of our modern table knives, that the Romans conquered the world. The legion was usually drawn up eight deep, and the regular distance of three feet was left between the files, as well as ranks. The legions entrenched themselves in a camp in regular form every night while out on duty, and the remains of these square earthen ramparts are still observable in Britain, and most other countries they visited.

Having, by their consummate military skill, destroyed all rival pretensions in Italy, and gained a great victory over the Greeks, under the command of Pyrrhus (274 years before Christ), the reputation of the Romans was spread abroad, and they were inspired with an ambition to make conquests beyond the seas which envied their native country. Their principal rivals in power at this period were the Carthaginians, the people of Carthage, a city in Africa, on the south shore of the Mediterranean, near the place where Tunis now stands. This nation had extended its dominions along the coasts, and was in possession also of many of the principal islands in the Mediterranean Sea. But its chief strength lay in its fleets and commerce; by these its riches were become immense; and by money alone, it was enabled to hire and send forth armies to conquer, or to keep the neighbouring states in subjection. Having picked a quarrel with the Carthaginians, the Romans proclaimed war against them. This has been called by historians the First Punic War, and marks an era in the annals of the Romans. Another war ensued betwixt the same powers, called the Second Punic War; and in this the celebrated Hannibal acted as the general of the Carthaginians, and with an immense army invaded Italy, by advancing through Spain and crossing the Alps. In the encounter which ensued, the Romans were vanquished with great slaughter; but they were victorious in subsequent battles; and, by a Third Punic War, they completely subdued the Carthaginians. Carthage, their city, was demolished to the ground, so that travellers are now unable to say where it stood. The other towns of Africa became tributary to Rome; the people were carried off into slavery; and thus an end was put to one of the most opulent cities in ancient times. The Romans pursued their conquests into Greece, which they at last occupied (168 years before Christ); seized the island of Sicily;

established their dominion in Spain and Dalmatia (from 146 to 110); defeated Mithridates, and took possession of the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, and the Holy Land (66); conquered France, then named Gaul; and extended their dominions to Britain on the north, and Egypt on the south, comprehending almost all that was known of the world, and a great deal more than what was civilized. This terminated the conquests of the Republic, in which, latterly, Julius Cæsar acted a most conspicuous part.

One of the most important events in the civil history of Rome, during the republic, was what has been termed the sedition of the Gracchi. As this event is often noticed in modern writings, it is necessary to allude to it. After the destruction of Carthage, the Romans began to degenerate from their ancient modesty, plainness, and severity of life. The triumphs and the spoils of the countries they had conquered brought in a taste for splendid expense, and these produced avarice and inverted ambition. The poorer part of the citizens were oppressed by the rich, who, by wresting the laws, of which they had the management, in their own favour, seized upon all the property, and left the poor only the danger and fatigue of defending it. As for the senate, it was unjust, corrupt, and mercenary, and was only intent on covering its meanness by the dignity of foreign conquests. This was the state of parties, when Tiberius Gracchus (about 130 years before Christ) procured himself to be chosen tribune of the people. This noble-hearted Roman immediately set about avenging the cause of the poor and the oppressed. He endeavoured to put an ancient law in force, which was to the effect that no person should possess above five hundred acres of land, the remainder to be divided among the people. He also attempted other measures for restoring the balance of wealth in the state, and, therefore, met with the deadliest enmity of the senate and the richer part of the community. It was pretended that he wanted to become sovereign of Rome; a tumult was raised in the forum when he tried to make himself heard, in a speech defending the interests of the poor; and, in attempting to save his life, he was killed by the blow of a piece of one of the benches. The cause of the people was now taken up by his brother, Caius Gracchus. This equally great-minded man was more fortunate than his brother in punishing oppression; he extended the privileges of Roman citizenship; protected the people from monopolists, by fixing the standard price of corn, and procured a monthly distribution of it among the populace; he also convicted the senate of bribery, extortion, and the sale of offices; for at that time a total degeneracy appeared to have taken place. Caius Gracchus, by his wisdom, justice, and activity, was thus seemingly born to restore the ancient simplicity of Rome. But his career was soon cut short. The senate and the wealthy classes easily found means to raise up a clamour against him. Like his brother, he had to flee for his life through the streets of the city; a reward was offered for his head to the amount of its weight in gold; and being hotly pursued by a crowd of wretches, he prevailed on a slave who accompanied him to put him to death. The pursuers soon coming up, cut off his head; and one of them having taken it home, secretly took out the brain, filled it with lead in order to make it weigh heavier, and thus received 17 pounds of gold as his recompense. Thus ended what has most improperly been styled the *sedition of the Gracchi*. The poor now became reduced to a hopeless subjection; every species of corruption crept into the management of the state; and a perpetual dictatorship was speedily instituted, which was the first decisive step towards the ruin of the commonwealth.

A history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire will form the subject of another paper.

LELIA,

AN ITALIAN TALE.

THE Valley of Anzasca, in the north of Italy, has been for many centuries known for its gold mines, and is inhabited by *minerali*, or those whose occupation it is to look for the ore, and by farmers, who form two distinct classes. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsomeness, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and, in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames

^{*} The word *tribune* signifies a particular kind of seat or bench, and was applied to the functionaries who sat thereon, in the same manner as we now apply the title of the *bench* to the judges in a court of justice.

leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austrian liras (the Austrian lira is equal to about eightpence halfpenny English), she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome mementos that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which, in a more civilized part of the country, might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco, was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian miners inspired her.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion, she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost to a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli.

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret, if secret it was, at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events, to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat, and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—What more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude: and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrank from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—ay, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God."

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing, that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders, and the words "poor thing—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist; "it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle. "Speak not!" he shouted; "I forbid!" Lelia sprang towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You cannot provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter

in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations; "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from you. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if, by the appointed time, I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand liras!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand liras, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand liras!"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means, but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mya-

tery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word, when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people!

The year touched upon its close, and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great, almost to a miracle, was still far—very far from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house, and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know, but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognised the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she; "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she; "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said; "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I am wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could

be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts, it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak! Will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold, and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.*

A HIGHLAND CATTLE-LIFTER.

ARCHIBALD MACDONALD was perhaps the most perfect master of his hazardous profession of any who ever practised it. Archibald was by birth a gentleman, and proprietor of a small estate in Argyshire, which he however lost early in life. He soon distinguished himself as a cattle-lifter on an extensive scale; and weak as the arm of the law might then have been, he found it advisable to remove further from its influence, and he shifted his residence from his native district of Appin to the remote peninsula of Ardnamurchan, which was admirably adapted to his purpose, from its geographical position. He obtained a lease of an extensive farm, and he fitted up a large cowhouse, though his whole visible live stock consisted of one filly. His neighbours could not help making remarks on this subject, but he begged of them to have no anxiety on that head, assuring them that his byre would be full ere Christmas; and he was as good as his word. He had trained the filly to suit his purpose, and it was a prac-

tice of his to tie other horses to her tail; she then directed her course homeward by unfrequented routes, and always found her way in safety.

His expeditions were generally carried on by sea, and he annoyed the most distant of the Hebrides, both to the south and north. He often changed the colour of his boats and sails, and adopted whatever appeared best suited to his immediate purpose. In consequence of this artifice, his depredations were frequently ascribed to others, and sometimes to men of the first distinction in that country, so dexterously did he imitate their Birlings and their insignia. He held his land from Campbell of Lochnell, into whose favour he had insinuated himself, by his knowledge and address.

When Lochnell resided at the castle of Mingary, Archibald was often ordered to lie on a mattress in his bed-room, to entertain him at night with the recitation of the poems of Ossian, and with tales. Archibald contrived means to convert this circumstance to his advantage. He ordered his men to be in readiness, and he that night selected one of his longest poems. As he calculated, Lochnell fell asleep before he had finished the recital; the robber slunk out and soon joined his associates. He steered for the island of Mull, where some of his men had been previously sent to execute his orders; he carried off a whole fold of cattle, which he landed safely, and returned to his mattress before Lochnell awoke. When he lay down, he purposely snored so loudly that the sleeping chief was disturbed, and complained of the tremendous noise the fellow made, observing that, fond as he was of poetry, he must deprive himself of it in future on such conditions. To this Archibald had no objections; his principal object was then accomplished; and taking up the tale where he had stopped when his patron fell asleep, he finished it, and slept soundly to an advanced hour.

The cattle were immediately missed, and suspicion fell on Archibald; but he triumphantly referred to Lochnell for a proof of his innocence, and this he obtained. That gentleman solemnly declared that the robber had never been out of his room during that night, and the charge was of course dropped.

A wealthy man who resided in the neighbourhood was noted for his penurious habits, and he had incurred particular odium by refusing a supply of meal to a poor widow in distress. This man had sent a considerable quantity of grain to the mill, which, as usual, he attended himself, and was conveying the meal home at night on horseback. The horses were tied in a string, the halter of one fixed to the tail of another; and the owner led the foremost by a long tether. His road lay through a wood, and Archibald there watched his approach. The night was dark, and the man walked slowly, humming a song: the ground was soft, and the horses having no shoes (as is still usual in that country), their tread made no noise. Archibald ordered one of his men to loosen the tether from the head of the front horse, and to hold it, himself occupying the place of the horse, and walking on at the same pace. He thus got possession of the whole. The miser soon arrived at his own door, and called for assistance to deposit his winter store in safety, but, to his astonishment, found he had but the halter!

Availing himself of the credulity of his countrymen, he pretended to hold frequent intercourse with a spirit or genie, still much distinguished in the West Highlands under the appellation of *Glastig*. This he turned to excellent account, as the stories which his partisans fabricated of the command he had over the *Glastig*, and the connexion between them, terrified the people so much, that few could be prevailed upon to watch their cattle at night, and they thus fell an easy prey to this artful rogue.

Archibald's father having died early, his mother afterwards married a second husband, who resided in a neighbouring island. When she died, her son was out of favour with his stepfather, and he was refused the privilege of having the disposal of his mother's remains, nor did he think it prudent to appear openly at her funeral. He however obtained accurate information of the place where the corpse was lying; in a dark night, he made an opening in the thatched roof of the earthen hut, and the wakers being occupied in the feats of athletic exercise usually practised on these occasions, the body being excluded from their sight by a screen which hung across the house, Archibald carried it off to his boat like another *Æneas*. He also got possession of the stock of whisky intended for the occasion, as it lay in the same place—thus discharging the last duties of a pious son with little expense to himself.

A fatal event at length occurred, which rendered it necessary for the man to retire from trade. He made a descent on one of the small islands on that coast, and had collected the cattle, when the proprietor (who had information of the circumstance) made his appearance to rescue them. Archibald was compelled to yield up his prey, but one of the villains who accompanied him levelled his musket at the gentleman, and shot him dead from the boat.

The robber was fully aware of his danger, and, with the assistance of a fair wind, he shaped his course for the mainland. He pushed on with all possible speed, and arrived at Inverary before sunrise the following morning. Having information that Stewart of Appin was then in town, he watched his motions, and at an early hour saw him on the street in conversation with the sheriff of the county. Archibald, who was an old acquaintance, saluted him, and his salute was returned. When Appin parted with the sheriff, Archibald com-

* Abridged from "Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine." By Leitch Ritchie. (Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832.)

plained that he had taken no notice of him the preceding day, when he accosted him in the same place. Appin said he was conscious of having seen him, but that he was much hurried at the time, and hoped he would excuse him. The robber's object was accomplished. Appin had no doubt of the truth of what he said; and on his trial for the murder, an alibi was established in his favour, from this very extraordinary piece of address. Some of his crew were afterwards taken in Ross-shire, and executed there by orders of the Earl of Seaforth, though the actual murderer escaped punishment. Archibald, however, never again plundered on a large scale. He died about the middle of the 17th century, and his name still stands unrivalled for cunning and address in his calling.*

GLASS MANUFACTURE.

M'CULLOCH, in his elaborate work, the Dictionary of Commerce, presents us with the following interesting account of the manufacture of glass, now one of the most valuable and beautiful articles in daily use:—

"The manufacture of glass is one of the very highest beauty and utility. It is most probable that we are indebted for this wonderful art, as we are for the gift of letters, to the Phœnicians. According to Pliny (a Roman historian), glass had been made for many ages, of sand found near the mouth of the small river Belus in Phœnicia. 'The report,' says he, 'is, that the crew of a merchant ship laden with nitre (fossile alkali) having used some pieces of it to support the kettles placed on the fires they had made on the sand, were surprised to see pieces formed of a translucent substance, or glass. This was a sufficient hint for the manufacture. Ingenuity (*astuta et ingeniosa solertia*) was immediately at work, to improve the process thus happily suggested. Hence the magnetical stone came to be added, from an idea that it contained not only iron, but glass. They also used clear pebbles, shells, and fossile sand. Indian glass is said to be formed of native crystal, and is, on that account, superior to every other. Phœnician glass is prepared with light dry wood, to which copper and nitre are added, the last being principally brought from Ophir. It is occasionally tinged with different colours. Sometimes it is brought to the desired shape by being blown, sometimes by being ground on a lathe, and sometimes it is embossed like silver.' Sidon, he adds, is famous for this manufacture. It was there that mirrors were first invented. In Pliny's time, glass was made in Italy of fine sand, on the shore between Cumæ and the Lucrine bay.

Glass was manufactured at Rome into various articles of convenience and ornament. Pliny mentions that Nero gave 6000 sesterces (£50,000, according to the ordinary method of reckoning) for two glass cups, each having two handles! These, however, must have been of an immense size, and of exquisite workmanship; for glass was then in common use for drinking vessels, and was used even in the form of bottles in which to keep wine.

There is no authentic evidence of glass being used in windows previously to the third or fourth century; and then, and for long after, it was used only in churches and other public buildings. In this country, even so late as the latter part of the fifteenth century, glass was very rarely met with. In a survey of Alnwick Castle, made in 1573, it is stated—'And, because throwe extreme winds, the glasse of the windowes of this, and other my lord's castles and houses here in the country dooth decay and waste, yt were good the whole leights of everie windowe, at the departure of his lordshippe from lyeinge at any of his said castles, and houses, and dowering the time of his lordship's absence, or others lyeinge in them, were taken doune, and lade up in safty: And at sooche time as ather his lordshippe or anie other sholde lye at anie of the said places, the same might then be set uppe of newe, with smale charges, whereas now the decaye thereof shall be verie costlie and chargeable to be repayed.' Sir F. M. Eden thinks it probable that glass windows were not introduced into farm-houses in England much before the reign of James the First. They are mentioned in a lease in 1615, in a parish in Suffolk. In Scotland, however, as late as 1661, the windows of ordinary country houses were not glazed, and only the upper parts of even those in the King's palaces had glass; the lower ones having two wooden shutters, to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. From a passage in Harrison's Description of England, it may be inferred that glass was introduced into country houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth. He says, 'Of old time (meaning, probably, the beginning of the century), our countrie houses, instead of glasse, did use much lattise, and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in checkerwise. I read also that some of the better sort, in and before the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes (casements); but as horne in windowes is now (1564) quite laid down in every place, so our lattices are also grown into disuse, because glasse is come to be so plentiful, and within very little so good, cheape, if not better than the other.' Glass is now introduced into the windows of almost every cottage of Great Britain; and in this cold, damp climate, it ought to be considered as a necessary, rather than as the most elegant and useful of conveni-

ences. What Dr Johnson has said as to glass deserves to be quoted—'By some fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to produce a body at once, in a high degree, solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light; enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.'

Venice, for a long time, excelled all Europe in the manufacture of glass, but was subsequently rivalled by France. The manufacture was early introduced into England; but it was not carried on to any extent previously to the sixteenth century. The first plates for looking-glasses and coach windows were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by Venetian artists, under the protection of the Duke of Buckingham. The British Plate Glass Company was incorporated in 1773, when it erected its extensive works at Ravenhead, near St Helen's, in Lancashire. The manufacture was at first conducted by workmen from France, whence we previously brought all our plate glass. But that which is now made at Ravenhead, at Liverpool, and London, is equal or superior to any imported from the Continent.

It is difficult to form any precise estimate of the value of the glass annually produced in Great Britain. We believe, however, that it cannot amount to less than £2,000,000; and that the workmen employed in the different departments of the manufacture exceed 50,000."

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

TOULOUSE.

THOUGH a steam-boat plies between Bourdeaux and Toulouse, I preferred the diligence and main road, having had enough of steam-boats and water in entering the country, to wish a continuation of their company; and it was well that I did so, for I afterwards understood, that, owing to mismanagement with regard to the tide, the boat had only accomplished half her journey, leaving the passengers to make the most of themselves and their baggage. It is rather a curious fact, and shows how thoroughly mercantile the notions of an Englishman are apt to be, that so much has been written in disparagement of the French mode of travelling. A diligence, to be sure, is one of the strangest anomalies in mechanics, and the snail-like progression of its unwieldy shell, compared with the quick joyous whirl of our stage-coaches, forms, at first, rather a melancholy contrast. But then, men do not always travel in a running match against time; they sometimes have a desire to have some little notion of the scenery and people through which they are moving; and, perched in the *banquette* of a French diligence, one feels as on an elephant's back, marching with circumspect slowness through the country, without fear of a dislocation of a joint, or fracture of a bone. The whole economy of the machine is different from that of our coaches, nor can it be radically altered with advantage, unless horses and roads undergo a previous revolution. The roads are in general causewayed, and require broad wheels, and the horses are powerful, hardy, and slow. Although the first grey of dawn was just glimmering, as the mighty leathern vehicle thundered through the streets of Bourdeaux, people were already bustling about, windows were opening, and black velvet nightcaps popping out. There were no symptoms of nocturnal orgies, no parties zig-zagging homewards, after a night of sleepless debauch; no broken lamps, or smashed shutters; but every thing bespoke the dawning of an active bustling day, after a peaceable night. The French are a proverbially sober people, and whatever their vices may be, intoxication is not one of them. The road as far as Agen is not peculiarly beautiful, passing chiefly through interminable vineyards, which, from the low thick manner of planting, are not very picturesque. We arrived at Agen the following day at day-break, after a lovely moonlight night, enlivened by the joyous carols of a Parisian and two Bordolais volunteers. They sung troubadour songs throughout the night, and, though they had never seen each other before, were the best friends in the world in a few hours. How different from the phlegmatic caution of British character! Agen is rather an extensive irregularly built town, surrounded by decayed ramparts, converted into public walks. The practice of building the houses in the fashion of bazaars, and the substitution of horn for glass in the windows of some of the poorer dwellings, gives a picturesque air to the town, as do the high overhanging vineyards which encircle it. The country between Agen and Moissac realized all my conceptions of the beauty and rich undulating fertility by which the south of France has always been characterised in descriptions. Fields of Indian corn, fruit trees, cypresses, vineyards, villages, and chateaux, with the Garonne either in the foreground or distance, dotted with active skiffs, are the chief features; but the de-

licious colouring, which already begins to "breathe of the warm south," gives a charm to the whole, which I have never seen equalled in the most favoured nook of England. We entered the venerable gateway of Toulouse about eight in the evening, with the time-worn city walls dimly seen through the night air, an hour which the solemn recollections of the place aptly suited; having thus performed a journey of 125 miles in 38 hours; i. e., at the rate of about three miles an hour.

Toulouse, the capital of Languedoc, in point of size, though not in number of inhabitants, ranks next to Paris. The population is, in fact, very small in proportion to the ground covered, being somewhere about 56,000; and though there still exists every appearance of abundance and industry, yet it is easy to perceive that both wealth and power have suffered a great diminution from what they were when a parliament sat within its walls, and the troubadours of Provence thronged to the floral games, giving a flip to the revival of literature, and scattering the darkness which had so long settled upon the intellect of Europe. It is a city interesting more from the recollections which it excites, than from its living associations. Its antiquity is great, having been one of the most flourishing cities of ancient Gaul, and a Roman colony; and though scarce a trace remains to mark that high antiquity, yet the knowledge of it will always give it an interest beyond the power of modern magnificence to bestow. It is here that the Mediterranean and Atlantic are united, by the union of the Languedoc canal with the Garonne; and had the people been of a mercantile, instead of an agricultural and literary cast, it possesses many advantages of a commercial nature, which would have given it no small consequence. But this is, in a small way, a sort of decayed Oxford; and though even yet two colleges, two public libraries, and three academies, remain at the service of the public, in the libraries the solitary figures one sees ensconced in the corner of a window, poring over some venerable tome, or the lazy creeping of a few students towards the gates of the schools, at once mark the autumnal condition of its literary institutions. As soon as the daylight broke into my bed-room in the Hotel de l'Europe, I ventured out with a small pocket-compass, instead of a cicerone; and though the town is most irregularly built, I contrived to find my way to the street and house I wanted. Monsieur Des Champs I found under the hands of his barber; yet, though his face was shrouded in a snowy cloud of lather, and a napkin dangled from under his chin, he instantly rose, and, with a bow of Grandisonian precision, motioned me to take a chair. I soon found that this gentleman was just the person most fitted to become my cicerone through the town, as he had lived in it for more than twenty years, and had imbibed the most profound veneration for every stone and brick which went towards its composition. It seemed also to afford him no small delight that a stranger had fallen into his hands, as he quickly dispatched his barber, and assumed his ivory-headed cane and old-fashioned hat.

Of the capital and amphitheatre which Tolosa once boasted under the Romans, he informed me nothing remained; but, as we passed the castle, he pointed out a particular portion of the foundations, which is considered to be of Roman workmanship; the castle is a modern Gothic building of little interest. As we continued threading our way through the streets, the strange intermingling of the magnificent with the wretched and dirty, struck me; but from the consideration of the latter, Monsieur Des Champs would continually draw my attention to some piece of quaint old carving, or, by diving down some toppling gateway, point out the quondam residence of some noble family. After visiting a succession of these decayed mansions, on which the old man dilated with many a sigh for past greatness, and bitter apostrophe on the causes which had produced it, we suddenly entered the *Place du Capitale*. This is a magnificent square, the town-hall, or *hotel de ville*, one of the finest in France, and enriched with marbles and sculpture, forming one side of it. It is also the market-place, and a truly noble one, with fountains in the centre, and *cafés* and gay shops stretching round it. When I saw it, it was crammed with all sorts of fruits and vegetables, so tastefully arranged, and so brilliant and fresh, that it was almost dazzling to look at them. But what gave it a very peculiar appearance, was the vast number of book-stalls sprinkled about, as if the very market people had inherited something of the literary penchant of its ancient inhabitants. After sauntering about, and admiring the never-ending displays of peaches, nectarines, plums, melons, apples, pears, *pommes d'amour*, &c., we entered the mansion-house, the interior of which is still more worthy of examination than the exterior. *La Salle des illustres Toulousains* is a fine hall, in which are placed in niches busts of all the citizens who have reflected honour on their birth-place. Here the rapturous admiration of my companion knew no bounds. One after another, he descanted on the character of men whose names are scarcely known out of Toulouse, as if their particular qualities had been as warmly appreciated by the world as by himself. But when we entered the hall of the Academy of the Floral Games, the interest I felt was fully commensurate with his. The floral games of Toulouse were instituted about the thirteenth century, for the advancement of poetry; and to their

* From "Traditions of the Western Highlands," in Literary Gazette.

influence, I believe, the gradual revival of letters was in some measure owing. The society originally consisted of seven troubadours, styled *Le Gai Consistoire*, who used to hold their meetings and distribute prizes in the open air, till Clemence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse, in the fifteenth century, presented the citizens with magnificent markets, erected at her private expense, on condition that the games should be afterwards celebrated within the hall which formed part of her princely donation, and that they should strew roses on her tomb: in case these injunctions be not attended to, the gift reverts to the king. She was one of the best poets of her day, generally presiding at the annual competitions, and awarding with her own hands the three golden flowers, the violet, the eglantine, and the marigold, as the prizes to the successful candidates. Her statue adorns the hall, and is religiously crowned with flowers each 3d of May. There are two other magnificent apartments, the last of which is semicircular, with the throne still remaining, erected on the occasion of some fête given to Napoleon, and from which the emperor could command a goodly vista of magnificent apartments. Monsieur Des Champs seemed vexed that the purple and gilding were not more faded, and stamped on the floor till a cloud of dust almost hid it from our sight. I could not help smiling; he perceived it, and walked away: I followed him, and we were soon on the banks of the river.

The bridge is not a very handsome one, from the irregularity of the arches, the widest not being in the centre; but it is curious, from the circumstance of a tower being attached to it, for the purpose of purifying the water, and sending it through pipes from one side of the river to the other. This is done by leading the water of the Garonne through a deep bed of sand, and then pumping it up to a sufficient level to take it across the bridge into the town. The view south from this point is extensive and lovely, the Garonne winding up through green meadow-lands towards the Pyrenees, till it becomes lost in a silver haze. By making a detour round the extensive promenade, we came in sight of the heights on which the Duke of Wellington engaged and defeated Marshal Soult.

In Toulouse, there are several churches of considerable interest, but none more so than St Sernin. The date of its erection is not known, but it was consecrated about the year 1090, by Pope Urban the Second, and it is a Roman piece of architecture, or what in England would be termed Saxon. It is stored with stone coffins, filled with saintly bones; and amongst others, those of St Saturnine, who lived as far back as the year 252, occupy a conspicuous position. This precious dust was once stolen, when the saint, with rather questionable justice, chose to inflict punishment, not upon the robber, but upon the robbed, by preventing either harvest or child-bearing during its absence. Here also lie the remains of the great Counts of Toulouse, with the illustrious Raymond, immortalized by Tasso, at their head. They are carelessly stowed away in a vault in one of the exterior walls; for nothing sacred attaches to their dust, at least they do not seem to be so particular about their positions as the saint. A bas relief, representing Calvin in the form of a sow preaching from a pulpit, with the motto, *Calvin le Porc prêchant*, enriches a portion of the choir, as also do a whole mass of relics.

In the Museum, the collection of ancient sculpture, and the gallery of paintings, have both many fine things. In the latter, I observed several artists at work copying, but their colouring struck me as harsh and glaring, from the colours not being sufficiently broken down—the distinguishing fault of the present French school of painting. In the evening, we visited the Theatre, which, though not so fine as that of Bordeaux, is spacious and good. Abroad, however, the appearance of the house is not so splendid as our own, from the absence of full dress in the boxes, and the want of light generally. The noise of talking and laughing is often so great as to drown the voices of the actors. The amusements were an opera, and an afterpiece called *The Four Days of July*, in which an Englishman, or rather a French version of one, figured away much to the amusement of the Tolosans. What seemed to be the chief subject of satire, was the cat-like sensibility of his nature, with a blundering bravery which generally rescued him from all his difficulties, though at the expense of his pocket. He was supposed to have landed in Paris just in the midst of the revolutionary struggles, and to have lost every thing but his courage. He appeared to afford them as much amusement as a Frenchman, when well represented, on our stage gives us, but I do not think he was so true to nature.

AN INTERESTING GERMAN VILLAGE.

There is near Halberstadt, in the kingdom of Prussia, a village named Ströbeck, where all the inhabitants, boys and girls, are chess-players. They were converted to the game some centuries since by a dignitary of the Cathedral of Halberstadt, who allowed them exemption from imposts as long as they should be winners in this game, and every year a person was sent down to try them. Since the secularisation of the bishopric of Halberstadt, and its union with the kingdom of Prussia, they lost a game, and since that time their immunity ceased, but their predilection for this useful amusement continues.—*Anglo-German Advertiser*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

HUGH CLAPPERTON, an enterprising and undaunted being, and one of the last victims of the attempts of British subjects to penetrate into the heart of Africa, was a Scotsman by birth, having been born of respectable parents, in the town of Annan, in Dumfriesshire, in the year 1788. In his youth he was known as an obliging, good-hearted boy, of robust frame, and an apt scholar, though his education was confined to the elementary branches, including a knowledge of practical mathematics, navigation, and trigonometry.

At the age of seventeen, young Clapperton was bound an apprentice to the sea service, and became the cabin-boy of Captain Smith, of the Postlethwaite of Maryport. The Postlethwaite, a vessel of large burden, traded between Liverpool and North America, and in her he repeatedly crossed the Atlantic, distinguished even when a mere youth for coolness, dexterity, and intrepidity. On one occasion, the ship, when at Liverpool, was partly laden with rock-salt, and as that commodity was then dear, the mistress of a house which the crew frequented very improperly enticed Clapperton to bring her a few pounds ashore in his handkerchief. After some entreaty, the youth complied, probably from his ignorance of the revenue laws, was caught in the act by a custom-house officer, and menaced with the terrors of trial and imprisonment unless he consented to go on board the Tender. He immediately chose the latter alternative, and after being sent round to the Nore, was drafted on board the *Clorinde* frigate, commanded by a very gallant officer, who is now the Hon. Captain Briggs. Here he was ranked as a man before the mast; but feeling a desire to better his situation, he addressed a letter, detailing his mishap and recent history, to a friend, Mr Scott, banker in Annan, who had always taken a warm interest in the family. Mr Scott, as the likeliest channel that occurred to him, applied to Mrs General Dirom, of Mount Annan, who happened to be related to the Hon. Captain Briggs; and through the influence of that lady, combined with his own professional merit, the brave Clapperton was speedily promoted to the rank of midshipman; a circumstance which tended, in no mean degree, to fix his destiny, and shape his future fortunes in life. It has often been remarked, that what at first appears to be a misfortune, is sometimes the happiest thing that can befall us; and so it chanced in the present instance. Had he remained in the American or coasting trade, he might have become first a mate, then a master, then ship's husband and part owner, and, finally, have returned to his native burgh with a fortune of a few thousand pounds, and vegetated tranquilly for ten or twenty years, reading the newspaper or playing at billiards in the forenoon, and smoking cigars and drinking whisky-punch or negus in the evening. But where would have been his laurels—where his glory—where his zeal in the cause of science—where his defiance of death and danger—where his place in the annals of Britain?

While on board the *Asia*, he distinguished himself by his intrepid exertions, and in particular by his excellent swordsmanship. Officers as well as men received instruction from him in the cutlass exercise; and his manly form, and sailor-like appearance on the quarter-deck, tended, in the opinion of all who saw him, to fix the attention, and improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. At his own as well as the other messes, where he had the honour of being a frequent guest, he was the very soul and life of the party; sung a good song, told a merry tale, painted scenes for the ship's theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and, in one word, was an exceedingly amusing and interesting person. Even the admiral became very fond of him, and invited him to remain on board the *Asia*, under the promise of speedy promotion. But the warm work going forward on the Lakes had more attraction for his enterprising mind; and, having procured a passage in a vessel to Halifax, he bade adieu to the flag-ship, to the regret of every individual on board, from the venerable admiral down to the cabin-boys. From Halifax he proceeded to Upper Canada, and, shortly after his arrival, was made a lieutenant, and subsequently appointed to command the *Confiance* schooner, having on board nearly all the unmanageables of the squadron. To discipline these men was no easy task; but the measures adopted by Clapperton, although seldom enforced by flogging, at length made them so subordinate, that the *Confiance* became as proverbial for its good order, as it had hitherto been for its irregularities.

While the *Confiance* rode at anchor on the spacious shores of Lake Erie, or Lake Huron, her enterprising commander occasionally repaired to the woods, and, with his gun, kept himself in fresh provisions. In these excursions he cultivated an acquaintance with the aborigines, and was so much charmed with a mode of life full of romance, incident, and danger, that he at one time entertained serious thoughts of resigning his commission when the war was ended, and becoming a denizen of the forest himself. But the fit, fortunately, was not permanent; his country had stronger claims on his talents, and the tinge of romance, which formed a part of his nature, yielded to more patriotic impressions, and the spirit-stirring scenes in which he was engaged. At this time, he occasionally dined on shore; and as few men excelled him in swimming, he not unfrequently plunged into

the water, and made for the schooner, without either undressing or calling for a boat. This he did for the double purpose of showing his manhood, and keeping his crew on the *qui vive*.

In the year 1817, when our flotilla on the American lakes was dismantled, Lieutenant Clapperton returned to England, to be placed, like many others, on half-pay, and ultimately retired to his grandfather's native burgh of Lochmaben. There he remained till 1820, amusing himself with rural sports, when he removed to Edinburgh, and shortly after became acquainted with the amiable and lamented Dr Oudney. It was at Dr Oudney's suggestion that he first turned his thoughts to African discovery; and, through all the varieties of untoward fortune, suffering and sorrow, sickness and death, he clung to his friend with the constancy of a brother.

We have now arrived at that period of Clapperton's life in which he first became introduced to public notice, or, rather, when an opportunity first presented itself for the development of his active mind. On the death of Mr Ritchie, at Mourzouk, and the return of Captain Lyon, Earl Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, relying on the strong assurances of his Majesty's consul at Tripoli, that the road from thence to Bornou was open and safe, resolved that a second mission should be sent to explore the state of this unhappy quarter of the globe, which annually sends forth so many thousands of its population into hopeless slavery. Dr Oudney, who was a naval surgeon, was appointed, on strong recommendations from Edinburgh, to proceed in the capacity of consul to Bornou, being allowed to take with him, as a friend and companion, Captain, then Lieutenant Clapperton. About that time, the late Colonel, then Lieutenant Denham, having volunteered his services in an attempt to pass from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, and it being intended that researches should be made from Bornou, as the fixed residence of the consul, to the east and to the west, Lord Bathurst added his name to the expedition. At a very early stage of the journey, Dr Oudney caught a severe cold, which fell on his lungs, and he died, January 12, 1824. Colonel Denham and Captain Clapperton returned to England; and their narratives were published, and have since gone through three editions. The portions of the expedition related by Captain Clapperton are a journey from Kouka to Murrur, from Murrur to Kano, and from Kano to Sackatoo, the capital of the Felatah empire.

Clapperton's narrative of his journey through the new and untroubled country of Soudan could not fail of being interesting, and the unaffected and manly style in which it is written is highly creditable to him. We will select a few of those particulars which will serve to illustrate his personal character.

After having passed through Kano, Captain Clapperton proceeded towards Sackatoo. On his road, he was met by an escort of 150 horsemen, with drums and trumpets, which Bello, the sultan, had sent to conduct him to his capital. Our traveller was now received at every town and village with flourishing of horns and trumpets, as the representative of the King of England.

On receiving the presents in the name of the King of England, the sultan examined them with great attention, and then exclaimed, "Every thing is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all!" and then added, "what can I give that is most acceptable to the King of England?" "I replied," says Captain Clapperton, "the most acceptable service you can render to the King of England, is to co-operate with his Majesty in putting a stop to the slave-trade on the coast." "What!" said he, "have you no slaves in England?" "No: whenever a slave sets his foot in England, he is from that moment free." "What do you then do for servants?" "We hire them for a stated period, and give them regular wages; nor is any person in England allowed to strike another; and the very soldiers are fed, clothed, and paid by government." "God is great," he exclaimed; "you are a beautiful people." He also appeared anxious to establish a friendly connexion with England, and in answer to an inquiry after our newspapers, when told that many thousands were printed every morning, he exclaimed, "God is great; you are a wonderful people!"

It is quite obvious that Captain Clapperton, in the various interviews which he had with Sultan Bello, succeeded in strongly inclining him to a friendly communication with England; for at every interview the subject was pressed—thus:—

"The sultan sent for me in the afternoon. I was taken to a part of his residence I had never before seen: it was a handsome apartment, within a square tower, the ceiling of which was a dome, supported by eight ornamented arches, with a bright plate of brass in its centre. Between the arches and the outer wall of the tower the dome was encircled by a neat balustrade in front of a gallery which led into an upper suite of rooms. We had a long conversation about Europe: he spoke of the ancient Moorish kingdom in Spain, and appeared well pleased when I told him that we were in possession of Gibraltar. He asked me to send him from England some Arabic books, and a map of the world; and, in recompense, promised his protection to as many of our learned men as chose to visit his dominions. He also spoke of the gold and silver to be obtained in the hills of Jacobs and Addmowa; but I assured him that we were less anxious about

gold mines than the establishment of commerce, and the extension of science. He now gave me a map of the country, and, after explaining it to me, he resumed the old theme of applying, by letter, to the King of England for the residence of a consul and a physician at Sackatoo."

When the traveller waited upon him to take leave, the sultan treated him in the most friendly manner. "After repeating the Fatha," says Clapperton, "and praying for my safe arrival in England and speedy return to Sackatoo, he affectionately bade me farewell." Of Bello's opinion of Captain Clapperton, the following passage in the letter of the chieftain, addressed to George IV., and brought home by Clapperton himself, affords a marked proof:—"Your Majesty's servant, Bayes-Abd-Allah (Clapperton's travelling name) came to us, and we found him a very intelligent and wise man; representing, in every respect, your greatness, wisdom, dignity, clemency, and penetration." It should be added, that Captain Clapperton always took care to impress upon the Africans, that he should be despised, on his return to England, if in any instance he acted deceitfully and treacherously, he being a "servant of the King of England."

On the 4th of May 1824, Captain Clapperton left Sackatoo on his return to Kouka, which he reached July 8, and where he was joined a few days afterwards by Colonel Denham, who did not know him, so altered was he by fatigue and illness. "On my arrival again at Kouka," says Colonel Denham, "I found that Captain Clapperton, with a small kafla, had returned from Soudan. It was nearly eight months since we had separated, and although it was mid-day, I went immediately to the hut where he was lodged; but so satisfied was I that the sunburnt sickly person that lay extended on the floor, rolled in a dark blue shirt, was not my companion, that I was about to leave the place, when he convinced me of my error by calling me by my name: the alteration was certainly in him most striking."

The travellers now prepared for their return to their native country. Their journey over the desert was exceedingly harassing. Having at length reached Tripoli, they there embarked for Leghorn. From Leghorn they crossed the Alps, and arrived in England on the 1st of June 1825.

Captain Clapperton was not allowed much time for repose. An answer being prepared to the letter from Sultan Bello to the King of England, it was, with a letter to El Kanemy, the Sheikh of Bornou, entrusted to Captain Clapperton, who, with Captain Pearce of the navy, Dr Morrison, and Mr Dickson, were conveyed in his Majesty's ship *Brazen*, to the coast of Africa. The first three were landed at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, on the 28th of November 1825; Mr Dickson, at his own request, having previously been put on shore at Whydah. The King of Badagry readily undertook to afford to the travellers protection and assistance as far as his influence extended—namely, to a place called Jannah, the frontier town of the kingdom of Hio or Eyeeo, which was found to be in lat. 6° 56' N., and on the same meridian as Lagos. A great part of this journey was performed on foot, along narrow paths, leading through deep forests: they reached this spot on the 18th of December.

From Jannah to Katunga, the capital of Youriba, was described as a journey that would require thirty-three days. The passage of the low swampy forest produced the usual pestilential effects on some of the party; and on the 27th of December, Captain Pearce, after a few days' illness, died. He was an excellent officer, but of a delicate habit, and, in the opinion of his friends, not calculated to bear the heat and fatigue to which he would necessarily be exposed in the course of an expedition of this kind; but all remonstrances were in vain, and he determined to make the attempt. Dr Morrison also falling sick, was advised by Captain Clapperton to return to the coast, to which he readily assented; and Mr Houtson, a merchant, who had voluntarily undertaken to accompany the mission as far as Katunga, returned with him. They had proceeded no farther, however, than Jannah, when Morrison became alarmingly ill, and died in the course of the day.

Mr Houtson, having decently interred his companion, rejoined Captain Clapperton. They now proceeded across a mountainous and beautifully romantic country, which continued so for many days; and beyond this range, the surface became gradually more uniform, but still undulated with hill and dale, and in an excellent state of cultivation. Towns and villages were constantly occurring; the former generally surrounded with mud walls, and ditches, and many of them containing from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants; the people every where civil and obliging, and the head men receiving them with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

On the 26th of April, Mr James, a merchant residing on the coast, wrote from Whydah, that he had received authentic information of the safe arrival of Clapperton at the capital of his old friend in the Fatah country. Here ended all information respecting the traveller; and two whole years had elapsed without the least intimation respecting Captain Clapperton, when, some time in February 1828, his servant, Richard Lander, accompanied by a black man of the name of Pascoe, made their appearance at Badagry, having been nine months on their journey from Sackatoo. On the 24th of April, Lander arrived at Portsmouth, in the *Esk* sloop of war. From him it has been ascertained that Captain Clapperton died April

13, 1827, at Sackatoo, where he had been detained for five months, in consequence of the Sultan Bello not permitting him to proceed, on account of the war between him and the Sheikh of Bornou. He had waited there hoping to obtain permission to proceed to Timbuctoo, and lived in a small, circular, clay hut, belonging to the Sultan's brother, the size of which dwelling was about fifty yards each way. He was attacked with dysentery, and, latterly, fell away rapidly, and became much emaciated.

Lander states, that two days before he died, he requested that he might be shaved, as he was too weak to sit up. On its completion, he asked for a looking glass, and remarked he was "doing better," and should certainly "get over it." The morning on which he died he breathed loud, and became restless, and shortly afterwards expired in his servant's arms. He was buried by him at Jungali, a small village, five miles south-east of Sackatoo, and was followed to his grave by his faithful attendant and five slaves. The corpse was conveyed by a camel, and the place of interment marked by a small square house of clay, erected by Lander, who then obtained the Sultan's permission to return home. He accordingly journeyed to Badagry, which occupied him seven months, and was taken off the coast by Captain Laing, of the merchant brig *Maria* of London, in January 1828.

Captain Clapperton was, in the best sense of the phrase, "a fine fellow;" a term well calculated to express a general idea of his whole character. In person, he was about five feet eleven inches in height, with a high and commanding forehead (the index of a noble mind), and a set of features full of pleasing and intelligent expression. Previous to his death, at the age of thirty-eight, his fine athletic form was almost reduced to a skeleton. He is represented to have been a man of frank and generous disposition, and to have possessed a happy mode of adapting himself to circumstances—it will be owned, a valuable endowment for one whose short life was one continued scene of enterprise and hair-breadth escapes.

His conduct towards the natives even endeared him to them as if he had been one of their caste. He assumed the gravity of the Tauricks, their manners, and even their dress, and so completely identified himself with them, that they frequently expressed their belief that he would ultimately become a convert to Mohammedanism. We can readily imagine how companionable these qualities must have rendered him, especially in such a desert as that between Mourzouk and Bornou, a dreary waste, in which "towns, villages, wandering tribes, and kaflas, or caravans, sometimes occur to break the solitude of that dismal belt, which seems to stretch across Northern Africa, and on many parts of which not a living creature, even an insect, enlivens the scene. Still, however, the halting-places at the wells, and the wadeys or valleys, afford an endless source of amusement to the traveller, in witnessing the manners, and listening to the conversation, of the various tribes of natives, who, by their singing and dancing, their story-telling, their quarrelling and fighting, make him forget, for a time, the ennui and fatigue of the day's journey."

Fortunately, the whole of Captain Clapperton's journals were saved, and subsequently published. By the travels and investigations of Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton, a considerable amount of new information was ascertained, regarding the river Niger and the kingdoms on its banks; but as they did not trace it to the ocean, the place of its embouchure was left for future discovery. That important discovery has since been made by Lander, the attendant on Clapperton; and at present that young man and his brother are engaged in an expedition to penetrate into Central Africa, by means of steam and other vessels, on that famed and long mysterious stream.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

MANY persons are of belief that authors are very grave and reserved in their manners, that they are constantly engaged in study, have no relish whatever for relaxation, and are careless of the ordinary pleasures of society. This is a ridiculous fallacy: authors just think and act like other men when not engaged in their literary avocations; and whatever may be the gravity of their writings, they are generally very merry fellows, and like to indulge in frivolous amusements as well as their neighbours. D'Israeli, who has taken the pains to enter into a minute investigation of many literary subjects, recites a number of instances of learned men indulging in different amusements by way of relaxation to their mind.

"Among the Jesuits (says he, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, a work we recommend to the perusal of our readers), it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies, Spinoza would mix with the family-party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbent his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest, that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his

treatise on 'The Tranquillity of the Soul,' and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning, occupied by the system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. 'The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character,' observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierius Valerianus has written an eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled 'Eloge de Perruques' (an *Eulogium on Wigs*).

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

It seems, Johnson observes in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadow of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, 'Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in.'

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic of the author of 'Natural Theology.' Sir Henry Wotton called angling 'idle time not idly spent;' we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly. Seneca concludes admirably, 'whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!'

An ingenious writer has observed, that 'a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.' There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pope's letters. 'I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three feet; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.' A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved 'books and a garden.'"

BABOONS.

LIEUTENANT JOHN SHIP, in the account of his amusing military adventures, describes several rencounters he had with baboons near the Cape of Good Hope. "On these hills (says he), whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and, even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and greatcoats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men, and I made a detour to cut them off from caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones, and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from *Father Murphy* was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting, in indication of victory; and, during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so, that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Amongst the number strutted *Father Murphy*. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

One morning, *Father Murphy* had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks; and he was in the very act of purloining a sergeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanours, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good-looking fellow, and I have seen many a 'blood' in Bond Street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made on him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly, pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor *Father Murphy* actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame. There are many now alive, in his Majesty's 22d regiment, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote."

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

The present enterprising Pacha of Egypt, like all men who have succeeded in accomplishing great designs, is remarkably attentive to have his orders executed rapidly, no matter about what. An amusing instance of this activity occurred a few years ago. Having observed one of the European visitors wearing shoes, such as are usually worn in this country, and tied in a military fashion, he borrowed them as a pattern, and in less than twelve hours, a dozen pairs were ready; these were dispatched instantly to Cairo, with a peremptory order, that 40,000 pairs should be ready in a month. All the shoemakers in Cairo were instantly set to work, and the order completed in due time.

Column for Young Men.

We feel much pleasure in laying before the juvenile part of our female readers the following excellent advice on the subject of DOMESTIC ECONOMY, from *The Daughter's Own Book*, the author of which appears well acquainted with the various duties of social life.—

"I am willing, if your circumstances admit, that you should attend to drawing, painting, or music, or all of them, provided only you have a natural taste for them, and do not suffer them to interfere with your improvement in more important branches. I say, if you have a taste for them; for nothing seems to me more ridiculous than for a girl utterly destitute of taste, to spend months in trying to learn the use of the pencil, while neither she nor her friends are to reap any other reward of her labours, than is found in the awkward result of having a few pictures to amuse, or, as the case may be, to frighten, her younger sisters. If you have a talent for music, I am more than willing that you should cultivate it; for it will not only supply you with innocent, and, I may say, elegant amusement, but it may often banish melancholy from your mind, and refresh and invigorate the spirits of your friends. But let every accomplishment of this kind be suffered to hold only its proper place.

However much you may be distinguished for intellectual cultivation, or for proficiency in the more refined and ornamental branches, you can make no claim to a complete education, unless you are well acquainted with Domestic Economy. I am aware that this is a subject which, from some cause or other, many young females regard with strong aversion; and there is reason to fear that, in too many instances, this aversion is heightened by receiving in some degree the parental sanction; but you may rely on it there cannot be a greater mistake on the subject of female education, than to suppose that this branch of it may with safety be neglected. With regard to the extent to which it should be formed on this subject, I would say in general that you ought to have so much knowledge of it, as will enable you to regulate with advantage the concerns of a family. There are indeed some of the domestic arts which you can hardly be expected to acquire; and which, in the ordinary walks of domestic life, may not be important; but whatever relates to the immediate superintendence and direction of household concerns, you cannot neglect, without exposing yourself to inconvenience which no future exertions may be able completely to remedy.

It is important that you should cultivate a taste for the management of domestic concerns as early as possible. As no part of your education is more practical than this, it were unsafe to neglect it even for a short period; and, as the consequences of such neglect would probably be, that you would form other habits unbecomingly domestic employments, and which, perhaps, might give you an aversion to them which you would never overcome. Do not consider it a hardship therefore to be placed in circumstances which favour your attention to this subject, and even demand your active exertions. Every item of this kind of knowledge which you gain, you will be able, hereafter, to turn to some practical account, which will compensate many fold for the labour of attaining it.

It is not uncommon for young females in the higher walks of life to satisfy themselves in the neglect of this branch of education, on the ground that their lot is cast in circumstances of opulence and splendour. If this excuse could ever be sustained, you have no right to expect that your condition in life will allow you to avail yourself of it; for the reverse is, that it cannot be admitted in any case. There are many other reasons of great weight why this part of your education should not be neglected. Without a proper attention to it, you can never be qualified to preside in the concerns of a family. Though you should be placed in a station which might enable you to command all the conveniences and assistance which opulence can furnish, you will in your domestic economy, unless you have yourself that practical knowledge which will enable you to keep your house in order. You cannot realize half the value of your domestic aid, unless you are capable of exercising a general superintendence, and giving proper directions; and without such ability, you will be liable to constant impositions from those to whom you will be obliged to confide interests which ought to remain exclusively in your own hands. Many a large estate has been squandered, and many a family reduced to want, in consequence of a deficiency in this part of female education.

Let me add, if Providence should ever place you at the head of a family, and you are obliged, from ignorance of domestic economy, to entrust its concerns to another, you cannot maintain the dignity which appropriately belongs to such a station. You will be subject to a thousand painful mortifications from discovering that your concerns are improperly managed, and yet being unable to suggest the proper remedy; and though you may try to flatter yourself that your ignorance on this subject may pass for evidence of a genteel education, it is more than probable that the unsavoury food, which will sometimes chance to be placed before your guests, will lead them to regret that you happened to possess so unfortunate an accomplishment.

What I have said hitherto on this subject has been principally upon the supposition that you are to be placed in circumstances of external ease and affluence. But I hardly need say that this is by no means certain. Even if your prospects in this respect should be fair at the commencement of domestic life, there are a thousand changes which may await you, any one of which may cast around you the gloom and desolation of heart-breaking poverty. I could tell you of many who have begun life without a cloud being seen to settle upon their temporal prospects, and have closed it in all the degradation and wretchedness which the most abject want could occasion. It is impossible to tell what scenes of adversity this short period of life may bring before you, and it is not in the part of wisdom that you should be prepared for any lot to which Providence may call you. What, then, if you should be destined in a few years to the obscure and humble walks of poverty? What if, from a comfortable competence, you should sink to a condition upon which you have hitherto been scarcely able to look, without feelings of compassion and tears of sympathy? What if you should see around you a little domestic circle, in which the dreary evils of poverty clustering upon them in melancholy profusion? And what if, in the midst of all these circumstances of external depression, you should be found incapable of devising a plan or lifting a hand for the relief or comfort of yourself and family? In supposing this case, believe me, I am not dealing in fiction: I have seen an elegant, accomplished female, brought up in the lap of luxury, in these very circumstances; and who knows but that such a case may be their own? Sure I am that another argument cannot be necessary to impress you with the importance of the subject I am endeavouring to urge.

And now if I have gained your conviction to the importance of this branch of education, let me repeat the request that you will begin, without delay, to make a plan for its attainment. I know, indeed, that much depends in this case on maternal aid, and much effort; but I know too that there is in some young females an aversion to domestic employments which a mother's persevering exertions do not overcome; and I also know that little improvement can reasonably be expected in any department of knowledge, in which the mind does not act not only without constraint, but with cheerfulness. And I beg you to be so sensible of this, that unless you put your hand to it frequently, and learn to think it no dishonour to engage in anything appertaining to the economy of a family, you can never expect to become an accomplished housekeeper. In a preceding chapter I have urged upon you the importance of taking a good degree of exercise: let me here say that you cannot comply with that direction to better purpose, than by spending a part of every day in domestic employment. And while it will secure to you the benefit of relaxation from your studies, and of the exercise of your bodily powers, it will be an effectual and the only effectual means of preparing you to appear with honour and usefulness in this department, as the head of a family.

In connexion with this general subject I have a word to say in respect to the regulation of your expenses. In all your dealings I

would have you avoid even the appearance of being parsimonious: let no one ever have just occasion to say, in respect to any pecuniary transaction of yours, that it has not been perfectly liberal and honourable. Nevertheless, there is an ostentation of liberality which I would have you carefully avoid; for it is really a contemptible quality, and so it is with regard to it. There is also in some young females a spirit of extravagance—a disposition to incur expenses which their condition in life neither demands nor justifies—another quality which deserves severe reprobation. Let your expenditures be regulated, not merely by a regard to your ability, but to your accountability as a steward of the divine bounty. Regard economy as a virtue, and never be unwilling to be seen in the practice of it. It is honourable to contract your personal expenses as far as you may, that you may thereby have the more ability to succour the needy and distressed.

I will close this chapter by suggesting a hint or two on the subject of dress; as it is in relation to this, more perhaps than any thing else, that most young females are tempted to indulge in extravagance. I would always have you appear in this respect neat and decent, and do not care how much correct taste you display; but I beg you to avoid all gaudy and superfluous ornament. It is a good rule to follow the fashion in dress just so far that you shall not be marked as singular. But you may rely on it, that a disposition to take the lead in fashions, to shine forth in splendid apparel, and a gaudy glare of lace and gold, is always taken with discerning people as proof of a weak head or a proud heart."

TRAVELLING IN FORMER TIMES.

We give the following, from a correspondent, as corrective of a short notice on the same subject, which appeared in the 44th number of the Journal:—"A comparison of the rate of travelling in our own times with that of our forefathers, at no very remote period, has appeared, but is not altogether correct. It is true the modern wheel carriages have greatly the advantage over those which were in use even so late as the very end of last century. For instance, the Perth Fly, in 1797, took nearly twelve hours in running between Edinburgh and Perth. In old times, however, the feats of both equestrians and pedestrians were often surprising enough, and are hardly exceeded by anything similar we read of in this age of improvement. Two hundred years ago, King James's groom rode six days in succession between London and York, in day-light no doubt; it was in the month of May, but still it was a wonderful exertion. About the end of George II.'s reign, 1755 to 1760, the London and Edinburgh coach was advertised to run at the rate of fourteen days in summer, and sixteen in winter; but at this very time, the mail, conveyed on horseback, was only four days by the way, and might have come much sooner but for stoppages and bad arrangements. The post riders being usually boys, as being of light weight, in their course north and south, two of these usually met in Coldingham Moor, between Dunbar and Berwick, and at one time, contrived to have a game at the pennystones or quoits, regularly on their meeting. By these means the business of the nation was allowed to stand still often for two hours or more. This led to inquiries at the different post-offices; of course none of these would take with the delay, and it was some time before the ridiculous cause was discovered. The news of the battle of Minden, Westphalia, August 1759, reached Edinburgh, via London, nearly in as short a time as the accounts of Waterloo, in 1815. In 1748, the Edinburgh and Glasgow coach went the one day to Glasgow, and returned the next, but it is not true that it took a day and a half for the journey. At this time the soberest citizen of either town allowed himself just about seven hours on horseback for the journey. So late as 1760, in the inland parts of the south of Scotland, goods were uniformly conveyed on the backs of horses, and not in carts. Belonging to the town of Hawick there were carriers who went regularly to Edinburgh, to Berwick, and to Glasgow; each of these employed several horses, the first carrying usually bells to distinguish his place in the dark. Their route through the track of Gala Water was so much in the bottom of the valley, that they had to ford the Gala nineteen times between Heriot House and Galashiels. It is a ridiculous exaggeration, however, that a carrier required a fortnight to travel from Selkirk to Edinburgh and back, as the horses with their packs could accomplish this journey in about a day and a half or two days at most. As to pedestrians, the express runners and running footmen formerly were noted for the celerity of their motions. One of these, ordered to proceed from Dundee to Newcastle, instead of going by Leith and Edinburgh, shaped his course to the East Neuk of Fife, and, hiring a boat, crossed to Dunbar, and by this means accomplished his journey in an incredibly short time."

ANIMAL WEATHER-GLASS.

In Germany there will be found, in many country-houses, an amusing application of zoological knowledge for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs are kept in a glass jar about 18 inches in height, and 6 inches in diameter, with the depth of 3 or 4 inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of the dry weather the frogs mount the ladder; but when wet weather is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green.—*Anglo-Ger. Ad.*

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MAGNANIMITY.

WE have learned with some regret, that, among the more dignified class of our readers—for the Journal is read by all classes, as well by those to whom its price is an inconceivable atom of money, as by the multitudinous children of industry to whom its low price barely renders it accessible—a few express themselves dissatisfied with the homeliness of those articles which fall under the description of sketches of society. This kind of society, they say, is not ours; it is that of our tradesmen, or something else that we know nothing of—there is not the least reference to what we consider society in the whole of it. Now, with deference, we think that this dissatisfaction arises from one of the least amiable peculiarities of those who do not require to labour for their bread. In the intercourse that we have had with what is technically called *good society*, we have always observed one thing as very conspicuous—an affected unconsciousness of all that is below—an assumed ignorance of all the many acts by which the multitude obtain the food which Providence has ordained for them—a complete exclusive supposition that there is no class in the world worthy of being thought of, but those who have what we can only describe as the singular good fortune of being enabled to live splendidly without ever having had the trouble of earning a penny. This peculiarity is, we fear, too essentially a part of our nature to be easily cured, or laughed out of countenance. And we see too much of the same disposition among the middling class, so far as circumstances permit it to be developed, to justify us in railing at those in whom it is most broadly observable. *It is surely, however, to be regretted that this general desire to appear as exalted as possible above the necessities which we inherit from nature, should lead so often as it does to a real contempt for those who are more subject to these necessities than ourselves, or rather so effectually as it does all the sympathy that might otherwise be experienced respecting the modes of thinking, action, and feeling of the less fortunate in life. We are all part of the same great family, all alike tending onwards to the same lofty fate, and only separated here by partitions which, when surveyed from a distance, do not appear: why should dust be disrespectful to dust, or the brief space of mortal life be filled with heartburnings and other self-brought evils, in addition to those which are inseparable from its condition?

It may be urged as a startling objection to what we are stating, that there are delineations of humble life, both in literature and art, which perhaps please the highest class more than even that to which they refer. The pictures of Teniers and Wilkie, and the gipsies, beggars, and peasants of Scott, are nowhere so highly relished as in the very loftiest circles of society—even the late Monarch of these islands having been a devoted admirer of what is called the Dutch school of painting. But this is, in reality, no objection. It is only when the subjects are from a class a *little* inferior to our own, that the antipathy is observable. The noble will easily tolerate the very humble, as a matter of curiosity; but they can cherish no kind feelings towards the class which immediately "galls their knee." In that class they see a perpetual attempt to imitate, and get upon the same level with themselves, which, when taken in connection with the symptoms of their real inferiority, provokes anger and contempt. In the former case, there is necessarily no hostility, for the very good reason that there is no competition. But in the other case it is found, as in all others where there is a possibility of self-love whispering "you are as good as he," that there can be no good fellowship.

It may be perceived that the sentiments to which we here refer are unfortunately fostered by the greater proportion of British writers, few of whom seem to consider it worth their while to depict the features of that great and varied middle class of society which forms one of the most striking characteristics of our country. They direct their efforts chiefly to the delineation of a highly artificial state of social life, in which nature has lost all its grace and warmth, thus strangely passing over what must be daily coming under their own observation, and which is susceptible of being turned to the best moral account, in order to satisfy the vitiated taste of a class who already perhaps know too little of the manners, the usages, and the feelings of those placed immediately below them.

This brings us to the other side of the subject—the invidious feeling which the inferior is apt to cherish towards the superior order; a feeling exactly corresponding in strength to the contempt which the superior is so unfortunately apt to entertain for the inferior. Unavoidable as both sentiments may be in a great measure, they are decidedly to be considered as among the most unworthy that beset our nature, and those which we are most called upon to contend against. To repine at the good of another is repugnant alike to human philosophy, and to Christian charity. It deprives us of that satisfaction which all of us are designed to have, each in his own temporary station, and places us virtually in a state of rebellion against the ordinances of the divine will. It is a cowardly, and, therefore, an ineffably mean passion; for in every one of its emotions, our imagination makes a stab at our neighbours, which our hand could not dare to do at his person. In general, no man who hopes to obtain any good by his own deservings, or feels within himself the power which will in time enable him to obtain it, will degrade himself by the most transient emotion of this passion; he will feel that nothing would so truly render him unworthy of ever attaining to what he desires, as to look with the sickly eye of envy upon the same good already obtained by others. It is, however, to a limited number, that the power is thus given of resisting such emotions. The only effectual guard against either contempt for our inferiors, or envy for our superiors, is the habit of mind called MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity is literally greatness of soul, and in general implies an elevation of mind which places us above all unworthy or degrading feelings. It should be the object of every one to cultivate this condition of mind as much as possible, or, if we have it not well developed within ourselves, we ought to place models of it before us, and only act and feel as we may suppose such persons would act and feel under similar circumstances. It is only in the magnanimous in any rank of life that there is real goodness; for unless the lower passions have been trampled down by this grand controller of the soul, there can be no clear stage for the better feelings to act upon. Above all things, magnanimity will place us above the aptitude to sneer at every thing that we think a little less informed, less fortunate, or less gifted with the world's honour, than what belongs to us—and also, and to the same degree, above all liability to this constant inward assassination of all whom we think somewhat better off than ourselves. The magnanimous person will not take a paltry revenge, either in speech or deed, for a trivial invasion of his rights of any kind: he has too much respect for himself to do so. He will speak no evil of a neighbour—not that he perhaps thinks it undeserved, but that he thinks it mean to do that, in the security of his neighbour's absence, which he could

not do to his face. His elevation above low feelings enables him to take a benevolent and philanthropic view of human nature, to make kind allowances for what is deficient in the conduct of some, and to award due praise for what is meritorious in others, and nowhere to permit a trivial personal interest, or a jot of his own self-love, to colour his estimate of a fellow creature, whether placed above or beneath him. By this means he preserves his own purity of character, and ensures a far more certain return of honour and respect in the long-run, than he could obtain by the most constant and successful habit of detracting from the merit of others.

STORY OF A VAGABOND, OR SCENES IN JAMAICA.

THE sun had not yet risen. It was the short grey twilight, which, in the tropics, intervenes between the total darkness of night and the perfect effulgence of day. The land-breeze was blowing delightfully fresh and cool, and as it came, in fitful gusts, up the precipitous gullies, tearing through the tall and willow-like clumps of bamboos that surrounded our dwelling, and swaying to and fro the gossamer mosquito-net that encircled my bed, having free ingress through the open *jealousies** of my bed-chamber, I felt a sensation almost of chilliness, which I enjoyed with all the zest of the thirst-parched traveller when his lip first touches the cool waters of the fountain in the sandy desert. The situation of the property on which I resided was a most picturesque, and to me, in many respects, a most frightful one. It was a narrow promontory, shooting out from, and at right angles with, the western ridge of the Blue Mountains, and inaccessible, on any side, but by roads, as near as might be, perpendicular. On our right flowed the Yallah's river, down to the channel of which, although one could almost pitch a stone into it, it was yet a good hour and half's ride; the road winding along the face of the bank somewhat in the form of a cork-screw, or rather after the fashion of those curvatures described by shower-drops on a glazed window in a rainy day. The *history* of the above river may give strangers to tropical climes some general idea of the fearful elemental convulsions which at times overtake them. The gentleman whose guest I was informed me that previous to 1815 it was a mere brook, which he could with ease step across. At that time he possessed a fine coffee plantation on its banks, the result of many long years of industry and economy; and as the West Indian trade was then in its high and palmy state, he had the prospect of speedily realising a fortune, large even beyond his wishes, and of returning to his native country, Scotland, to enjoy the fruits of his labours, long before he had reached the prime of manhood. In the foresaid year, a hurricane of wind and rain occurred which spread ruin and desolation over the island, and occasioned the loss of hundreds of lives. His house, being situated in a sheltered spot, was safe from the fury of the wind, but he soon saw grounds for apprehension from a foe equally terrific and resistless. The brook began to rise; and only those who have personally witnessed such a scene, can have any correct idea of the impetuous velocity with which the rains sweep down the sides of the mountains, often stripping the entire soil off the coffee plantations in their devastating career. As the Yallah's Burn, now swollen to a mighty torrent, began to approach the house and offices, the negroes, who firmly believed that nothing less than a second

* Similar to Venetian blinds, but upon a larger scale. They are fitted into the window-frame instead of glass, and can be opened or closed at pleasure.

deluge was at hand, crowded, with tears and lamentations, round their master, beseeching him to beg of "de big Spirit no to drown poor nigger man, till him learn to b'ave himself like good Christian;" and promising "neber to tief, nor tell lie, nor need fum fum (the whip), no mo, but do as Massa Busher bid them, and be good nigger eber after for no time at all." The waters soon reached the threshold, when my friend, seeing the peril every moment increasing, looked the doors of all his houses, and scrambled a considerable way up the bank, with his black companions. In less than half an hour, every vestige of his premises was under water, and the fugitives were driven higher up the bank—a second, and a third time. At last, as it began to grow dark, and it seemed quite uncertain where the rising of the torrent would terminate, they ascended about a mile up the mountain, and took shelter within a natural excavation in the rock. There they sojourned for three days and three nights, subsisting upon what wild roots and fruits they could collect, during which time the tempest raged with unceasing fury. The wind, my friend told me, appeared frequently to blow from all points of the compass at once, and often to descend, as it were, perpendicularly from the cloudy firmament; at which times the trees were smote or bent to the earth, and the branches riven from their trunks, after a fearful manner. In short, the whole elemental system was completely disorganised, and nature seemed about to resolve itself into its original chaos. At last the fearful visitation passed away; and as the waters subsided still faster than they rose, my friend watched eagerly and anxiously for the first glimpse of his late comfortable dwelling; but the torrent decreased and decreased until the brook shrunk into its former insignificant dimensions—but not a trace of house, offices, or property was to be seen! All had been swept down to the ocean by the overwhelming torrent, leaving only a wide channel-course, worn below the original elevation of the stream to a depth which there were no means of ascertaining—all the former local land-marks having disappeared, and the entire character of the scenery, indeed, changed. At the place where I crossed the stream, in order to reach my friend's present abode (which he had luckily saved money enough to purchase), the channel was upwards of two hundred yards wide.

On the other side of my friend's residence, ran another stream, called the Mullet Burn, from its abounding with the delicious fish of that name—something akin to, but much richer than, our burn-trout, and caught in a similar manner, with the rod and common fly. Although almost equally perpendicular in descent, the bank on this side was not nearly so profound in depth as on the other. The brow of the promontory or peak on which the house was situated, commanded a view of such magnificence as utterly to baffle the power of language to describe. How often have I stood there alone, gazing down on that singular and seldom-witnessed spectacle—a thunder-storm beneath my feet! The lightning, broad, blue, and fierce, darting hither and thither through the gloom-shrouded vale below, with a rapidity and waywardness which baffled the quickest eye-glance to follow its motions, followed on the instant by the thunder itself, not, as in our northern clime, rolling in a long and continuous roar, but expending itself in a series of explosions, like the rapid discharge of a park of artillery, augmented by the repetition of a thousand echoes, until the entire aerial space seems filled with the "strife of sound," and the senses reel beneath the shock of the awful elemental conflict. Through an opening in the mountains towards the south-east, our house commanded an extensive view of the Caribbean Sea, by which we could distinctly discern all vessels passing to and from Europe, North America, &c., by the windward passage, the examining the size and character of which, through a telescope, frequently constituted our sole occupation for the day. And this brings me back to the original purpose of my present narrative.

It was, as I have said, still grey dawn. The chirrup of the house lizard (something like the cry of our cricket) sounded loud and incessant, and the fire-flies, with their beautiful phosphorescent forms, ever and anon darted, like shooting stars, athwart my still dark apartment, when suddenly my attention was roused by the hoarse baying of the watch-dogs challenging the approach of some stranger, and immediately thereafter heard two voices talking loud and somewhat angrily, which I soon distinguished to be those of an Englishman and the negro watchman* for the night. The former seemed to be ordering, and the latter remonstrating in his own way; but was soon silenced. Presently, Philidore (the negro) passed by my window to that of his master—the door of whose apartment was directly opposite to mine, on the other side of the spacious hall—muttering and swearing to himself, in high wrath and broken English—

"Massa break Phil's head for waken him before shell-blow now.† What de debil make him de captain, dat he trabel as early? and him eye tare taring in him head, as if he seen one duffy!‡"

With these ejaculations, he proceeded to his un-

willing task of awakening his master, in, as I well recollect, the following fashion:—"Massa—Massa. (A gentle shake of the window, and a pause.)—Massa—Massa Busher! (Louder—another pause.) Massa Busher! you no hear now? (Losing patience, and shaking the window violently.) He hear no mo than if him head one pumpkin! Him augh, augh—(imitating the sound of snoring)—like one great trunk nigger!" Here he applied himself to the window again with such increased energy, that he at last succeeded in his purpose; and I heard my friend demanding, in great ire, what the black rascal meant by disturbing him so early?

"It no black rascal dat turb you, massa! it be de brown rascal."

"How, sir?"

"Dat is, massa, de person dat call himself Brown!"

"Who is he? or what does he want?"

"He no tell dat, massa; but he want de doctor."*

"Well, go round to the hall, and get it for him."

"But he want more than dat, massa," persisted Philidore; "he want de mule to carry him over de pass, and nigger to go wid him."

"The devil pass him!" ejaculated my worthy host, getting out of bed, with woeful reluctance, to perform the imperative duties of Jamaica hospitality.

I now heard my host leave his room, and admit his early visitant into the front hall, at the other side of the house, which was too distant for me to hear a word of what passed between them. Soon afterwards, they both went out; and as the sun was now hot, and high above the horizon, I arose, although it was scarcely five o'clock. My host returned at seven to breakfast, and, whilst discussing our plentiful meal of boiled yams, roasted plantains (which taste exactly, when young, like new-baked barley scones), salt pork and fish, eggs and fresh roasted coffee, seasoned with goats' milk and sugar as black as treacle, I adverted to the untimely visit he had received that morning.

"Poor wretch!" he replied, in a tone of commiseration, "he is one of the most miserable beings ever cursed with the burden of existence! And yet the scoundrel scarcely merits pity. He is one of those cold-hearted, cool-headed, calculating sensualists, whose whole thoughts are engrossed with the consideration of self, and the gratification of their animal passions. Handsome, pre-eminently handsome, in features and person, and with a singular plausibility of tongue and manner, he won a strong regard towards himself on his first arrival in the island about eight months since, not only amongst the female, but male coteries, to which he gained admittance. His red coat, besides, was a general introduction."

"He belongs to the army, then? What regiment?"

"He was a lieutenant in the —, now lying at Up-park camp."

"And what rank does he hold now?"

"That of a vagabond," answered my host, in a mingled tone of pity and bitterness.

I begged him to explain, my curiosity being aroused by the odd sort of *vice* he had mentioned.

"It is not more than eight months ago," pursued my friend, complying with my request, "since this man arrived at Kingston, and joined his regiment with a lieutenant's commission. Since his disgrace, some strange rumours have gone abroad respecting the reason of his leaving England. It is said that he was married, and has a wife, whom he deserted a few weeks after their union, still living there."

A chilly shuddering came over me.

"What is his name?" I asked, with much trepidation.

"Brown," was the reply. I felt indescribably relieved.

"Whether married or not," continued my friend, "he forthwith began to enact the modern Don Juan in Kingston and the neighbourhood, and soon became notorious for the gross viciousness of his conduct. How it happens, heaven alone knows: but it is a singular and melancholy fact, that women often prefer professed libertines to men of amiable disposition and good moral habits. And so it unfortunately happened, in regard to this man, with the daughter of a late old and valued friend of mine, residing with her uncle, a wealthy merchant in Kingston. Despite all the remonstrances and watchfulness of her uncle and relatives, to whom Brown's licentious conduct was well known, and who suspected truly the motives of his attentions to her, he succeeded in gaining her affections under promise of marriage. It was evident the scoundrel calculated upon his regiment being removed to a distant station; but fate willed it otherwise, and the case of the poor girl was no sooner disclosed, than her only brother hastened from Spanish Town to demand reparation. Brown, I believe, would have fulfilled his promise, but for one circumstance, which, however, to his selfish and unprincipled nature, was all-sufficient. She was penniless, and her uncle would not bestow a dollar on the man who had abused his hospitality. Upon his refusal to make amends for his treachery, there was, of course, only another alternative:—the brother and he met in the field of honour, as it is called, and the former was shot through the heart at the first fire! The cool baseness of the whole transaction, however, was so notorious, that he was not only sent to Co-

* A dram, or, as our break-of-day tipplers at home would term it, "their morning."

ventry by his brother officers, and excluded from all respectable society, but upon a memorial of the facts being sent home to the commander-in-chief, the next packet brought his unconditional dismissal from the army, couched in the severest terms of reprehension and opprobrium. Not having money enough to leave the island, the poor wretch has, since then (about four months ago), been wandering about the interior, an outcast and a vagabond. Every door is of course open to a white man here, nor is there a possibility of his starving; but he seems to bear the Cain-mark on his brow; he is shunned by every one, and the misery of his situation appears to be fast driving him to insanity. His appearance this morning was truly frightful, and the first thing he called for was a dram. I suppose he had been lying in the bush all night."

Some passages in my friend's short narrative had recalled some painful reminiscences to my mind; and to banish these, I strolled away down to a neighbouring property, situated on the Mullet Burn, to while away the forenoon over a game at chess with the kind-hearted proprietor. The first object that attracted my attention, on entering his house, was the figure of a man stretched on the sofa, with a cloak thrown over him.

"I am glad you are come," cried my host, "shaking my hand cordially; I have been pestered all the morning with a fellow here" (pointing to the sofa), "who has done nothing but call for rum, rum, every minute, till he has made himself beastly drunk. I wish I was quit of him."

It was the outcast Brown. We sat down to our game, nevertheless, and when I left to return to my friend's house to dinner, the wretched being was still sleeping the sleep of intoxication.

It was between five and six o'clock on the following morning that my host and myself were standing on the top of the bank above the Mullet Burn, chatting about various matters. It was a beautiful morning. The nightingales were trilling their lays from every tree, and the tiny, rainbow-decked humming-birds were all astir, sucking their food from the white flowers of the cashew tree, and the purple ipecacuanha plant. Suddenly, a cry of terror was heard about half way down the bank, and three large john or carrion crows rose hastily into the air, as if disturbed in the midst of one of their disgusting feasts. We stepped forward a few paces, and saw the negro Philidore running up towards us, his large eyes starting from their sockets, and bellowing and gesticulating like a madman. "Agh! agh! what me see now! De duffy noting to dat! It be worse than de debil mites! Agh! what me see!"

"What is wrong now, Sir?" shouted mine host.

"Agh, massa—you come dis way, massa," panted out the terrified negro—"me feared to tell what I see massa! De white man lie down dere in de gully, massa, wid him troat slice across, massa, like one pumpkin! Tead—tead—massa! and de john-crow, too!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed my friend, shuddering, "has there been murder going on!"

Calling to the negro to follow him, he hastened down the bank. I remained where I was, my situation enabling me to see all that passed below. The negro, I observed, ran on towards the house where I had been visiting the previous day, and presently the proprietor, attended by three or four negroes, hastened towards the spot where my friend was standing. After a few minutes' delay, I saw them lift the body of a man, and bear it down to the office-houses of the former. In a short while my friend returned up the bank, and detailed to me the horrid affair. The dead man was the outcast Brown, and he had evidently perished by his own hand. Immediate notice of the occurrence was despatched to the coroner of the district, who speedily attended; and as white men were somewhat scarce thereabouts, I was, most unwillingly, impressed into service as a jurymen, to examine the body. The suicide was lying upon a bench in an outhouse. He was dressed in a worn-out military blue frock-coat, torn and soiled. The soles were worn off his boots, through which his naked feet protruded; he had no linen upon him, and, in short, he looked the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. He was laid so that the horrid wound in his throat, which almost severed his head from his body, was fully displayed, and in his right hand was an open gore-clotted clasp-knife, grasped with the rigid tension of death. The jurors scrutinized the mangled corpse (for the john or carrion crows had been tugging and tearing at the gullet), and I was myself compelled to go through the revolting duty. An undefinable feeling of recognition thrilled through me, as I accidentally scanned the lower features of the face, which were beautifully moulded. I instinctively raised the head with my left hand to take a minuter inspection, and, oh! what a mortal sickness came over my heart, as I gazed, in speechless horror, on that countenance, every lineament of which was burnt into my soul as if with living fire! It was he! the beloved companion of my youth—my first, my only friend! It was he—the heartless villain! whose remorseless treachery had broken the heart of my grey-headed father, and driven my orphan sister, whom he had wedded and abandoned, into irremediable insanity! It was he! whom I had pursued for years—years which seemed ages—through every nook of Europe, tracking him with the steady and untiring determination of the sleuth-hound, thirsting, thirsting for vengeance; until it had pleased God to recall me to a better

* The negroes take this duty by turns, marching all night round the premises well armed.

† The horn that is blown to assemble the negroes to, and dismiss them from, labour.

‡ A ghost.

mind, and I resigned him to the chastisement of his Maker. Fearfully, indeed, had it at length overtaken him! His own hand had become the avenger of the crimes he had perpetrated. And, mysterious Providence! where? Even before the eyes of him whom he had most foully and deeply wronged, and in a far, distant nook of the earth, whither I had flown, expressly to forget, amid strange scenes and new occupations, the fatal consequences of his baseness! Yes! there he lay before me—the false friend, the seducer—the murderer—the SUICIDE! It was a fearful—a humiliating—a pitiable spectacle! And a strange change came over me, as I gazed and gazed on that once beloved face, unconscious—utterly unconscious—of the wondering group around me—and, for a time, all my injuries and sufferings were forgotten. My fancy was away back among the long happy years of blissful boyhood. My heart melted within me, and the blessed tear-drops were fast welling forth from my o'erburdened brain—but, in a moment, they rushed back to their source, and every fibre, vein, and muscle of my body, seemed each to become instantaneously possessed with a separate devil, as my eye fell upon a token which I knew right well. It was merely a paltry peach-coloured ribbon, to be sure; but, oh! what associations did it not conjure up! and how did these contrast with the spectacle that was now before me! I snatched at it, spotted and bedabbled as it all was with his guilty blood, and tore it from his neck with the fury and strength of a maniac, bringing along with it the small ivory locket which I guessed truly was still appended to it. It was the image of my sister, whose faultless features I had thus, in our days of bliss and innocence, attempted, with my own hands, to depict; intended, and with my own sanction given, as intended to—whom?—the abandoned of God and man, who now lay before me reeking in his self-shed gore—her betrayer—her worse than murderer! I dashed it to the earth, in utter phrenzy, and crushed it with my heel into a hundred atoms. With a humane delicacy, which was rather uncommon, no one questioned me as to the cause of my strange agitation. After all was concluded, I walked home with my friend, who was rejoiced to observe my composed demeanour, and hopeful that no bad consequences would ensue from the agitating scene through which I had passed. My reason had indeed been strained almost to cracking. But luckily I was in kind and considerate hands. By medical advice, a passage was taken for me in a merchant ship for Britain, of my going aboard which I have not the slightest recollection. Many weeks, indeed, elapsed ere my reflecting faculties awoke from their torpidity; nor was it until we were tumbling about among the bracing breezes of the north, off the banks of Newfoundland, that I regained the full and healthy use of my reason.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

The Empire—its Decline and Fall.

THE commonwealth of Rome was at the height of its power, after a lapse of seven centuries from the foundation of the city, or about the commencement of the Christian era. These seven centuries had been filled with a rapid succession of triumphs. Every country in Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying within reach of its legions, had become part of the Roman dominions by military conquest. At this period it reckoned about seven millions of citizens, and twice as many provincials, besides as many slaves. From being an obscure town, Rome had increased in magnitude to an inconceivable extent, and was adorned with majestic temples, public edifices, and palaces, whose ruins are still to be seen in that now degraded city. The public monuments of this remarkable people were placed, not only in the capital, but all over the provinces; and some of them are till this day reckoned among the greatest wonders of art. But the stupendous character of their undertakings was chiefly seen in their roads. All the cities of the empire were connected with each other, and with the capital, by public highways, which, issuing in various directions from the forum—or great central place of public assembly—of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. On the north-west, the boundary of this extensive empire was the wall of Antoninus, built betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, and on the south-east it was the ancient city of Jerusalem. If the distance between these two points be carefully traced, it will be found that the great chain of communication was drawn out to the length of 4060 Roman miles, or 3740 English measure. "The public roads" (says Gibbon) were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to

facilitate the marches of the legions: nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, puerile to the arms of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of only five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel an hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads." By these means the Romans maintained their ascendancy in every country, and diffused through the whole empire the improvements of social life. The arts and luxuries of the east were carried among the rude barbarians of the west. Almost all the flowers, the herbs, and the fruits that grow in our European gardens, were thus introduced from more genial climes. They brought the cultivation of flax from Egypt into Gaul; they every where gave encouragement to commerce and manufactures; the most remote countries were ransacked to supply the pomp and delicacy of Rome, by which means the arts were brought to a flourishing condition. The Romans governed their provinces by consuls or prætors, and, though they did not interfere with the conquered tribes in their religious observances, they ruled them by the enlightened laws of Rome; and in this manner gave a uniform tone and consistency to the governments of almost every country.

The Roman government, which was originally monarchical, had for several centuries existed as a republic, and under this popular form the state attained that pitch of grandeur we have already described; but the time was now arrived when the corruptions of the commonwealth were too great to admit of any cure but an absolute government. The power on this occasion fell into the hands of Julius Cæsar, a person who has been justly famed for his extraordinary abilities as a general. The magnitude and extent of the military exploits of this distinguished soldier promoted him from the office of chief consul and dictator to that of emperor. But this elevated rank he did not long enjoy, being openly assassinated by a band of conspirators, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and about fourteen years after he began his extensive conquests. Before Julius Cæsar had been raised to the highest honours of his country, he was opposed in his ambitious designs by another distinguished leader, called Cato, who has been described as one of the most faultless characters in Roman history. This eminent patriot was, however, unable, by force of arms, to restore the liberties of the people, or to arrest Cæsar in his victorious and ambitious career. Being at last deserted by his friends, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemy, after pondering a while on the nature of the immortality of the soul, he stabbed himself with his own sword. In committing this criminal act of suicide, Cato acted conformably to the harsh tenets of the ancient philosophers called Stoics, who maintained that life was a gift which all men might return to the donor when the present was no longer pleasing.

After Julius Cæsar, there ensued a long series of emperors of Rome, who possessed an almost unchecked sway over all orders of the people.* The second emperor, Augustus, or Augustus Cæsar, relinquished the ambitious designs of his predecessors; he endeavoured to consolidate the empire, instead of extending it to undue bounds, and introduced a spirit of moderation into the public councils hitherto unknown. Knowing the taste of the Romans, he indulged them in the pride of seeing the appearance of a republic, while he made them really happy in the effects of a most absolute monarchy, guided by the most consummate prudence. Historians delight in recounting the number of good deeds of Augustus, and the glories of his time; and from him the phrase of "the Augustan age," as applied by writers to periods in the history of nations remarkable for the prosperity and refinement which prevailed, has been derived. It was in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of this magnanimous prince that Jesus Christ was born, in the Roman province of Judea. In the year 14, Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, a person of an entirely different character, and under whom the corruptions of the state became very perceptible. In the nineteenth year of his cruel reign, Christ was crucified, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. In the year 37, Tiberius was put to death, by smothering him with pillows, or, as some historians mention, by poison; and he was succeeded by Caligula, a person of vicious and still more cruel habits. He was also prodigal and extravagant to a degree almost inconceivable. The luxuries of former emperors were simplicity itself when compared to those which he practised. He contrived new ways of bathing, where the richest oils and most precious perfumes were exhausted with the utmost profusion. He found out dishes of immense value, and had even jewels, as we are told, dissolved among his sauces. He sometimes had services of pure gold presented before his guests instead of meat. But his prodigality was the most remarkable in regard to his horse. He built it a stable of

marble, and a manger of ivory. Whenever this animal, which he called Incitatus, was to run, he placed sentinels near its stable the night preceding, to prevent its slumbers from being broken. He appointed it a house, furniture, and a kitchen, in order to treat all its visitors with proper respect. He sometimes invited it to his own table, and presented it with gilt oats, and wine in a golden cup. He often swore by the safety of his horse; and historians mention, that he would have appointed it to a consulship, had not his death prevented. Caligula met a merited death by assassination, after a reign of less than four years; and of him it has been said, that nature seemed to have brought him forth, to show what was possible to be produced from the greatest vice, supported by the greatest authority. He was succeeded by Claudius, who was a feeble and contemptible emperor, and who was finally cut off by poison. Nero, the next emperor, was at once noted for his cruelty, his vanity, and his debased passions. The atrocities he committed go beyond the reach of language to describe, and are such as, perhaps, never entered into the mind of any other human being. All orders of men were at this time so depraved, that each seemed eager to contend which should be most instrumental in pushing him on to his excesses, and applauded him when he had committed them. A conspiracy, however, having been raised against him, and being at length hunted by assassins, he fell by a stroke of his own dagger. Of the succeeding emperors we need not here enter into a detail. Under Vespasian, the tenth, and Titus, the eleventh emperor, the state rallied a little, and justice and an appearance of decency were once more resumed; and under Trajan, the fourteenth emperor, were found the glories of the reign of Augustus. Trajan advanced the empire to a greater degree of splendour than it had hitherto acquired. He pursued his military conquests into new regions, even to Hindostan, and added greatly to the extent of the Roman territories; although this, however, was not ultimately attended with any good effect. Trajan is distinguished as the greatest and the best emperor of Rome. Having given peace and prosperity to the empire, he continued his reign, loved, honoured, and almost adored, by his subjects. A pillar commemorating his great actions, erected in Rome, is still in existence. His successor, Adrian, was also a good sovereign, and was distinguished for his abilities and literary acquirements. After this period, the empire was never under the authority of any emperor remarkable for his magnanimity. The greater part of the successors of Adrian were dissolute and vicious in their habits, and under them the empire waned to its close. The only one necessary to be noticed was Constantine, the forty-first emperor.

Constantine the Great, as he has been called, was the first emperor who embraced the Christian religion; yet this important event, which occurred about the year 311 of our common era, did not avert the evils which now pressed upon the Roman empire. Constantine most imprudently executed a resolution of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, as it was afterwards called in honour of his name. Whatever might have been the reasons which induced him to this undertaking—whether it was because he was offended at some affront he had received at Rome, or that he supposed Constantinople more in the centre of the empire, or that he thought the eastern parts more required his presence, experience has shown that they were all weak and groundless. The empire had long before been in a most declining state; but this division of its strength in a great measure gave precipitation to its downfall.

For a considerable period the Roman dominions were pressed upon on nearly all sides by ferocious tribes of barbarians. Immense armies of these savages issued from the north of Europe, from countries beyond the boundaries of the Roman states, and laid the empire continually under contribution. These barbarians were at first unknown to the Romans, and for some time after had been only inconvenient to them. But they were now become formidable, and arose in such numbers, that the earth seemed to produce a new race of mankind, to complete the empire's destruction. The emperors who had to contend with this people were most of them furnished neither with courage nor conduct to oppose. Their residence in Asia, to which they too often went, seemed to enervate their manners; and their soldiers, following their example, became effeminate, and unable to defend the ancient glories of their name. A large body of an uncivilized people called Goths, having been called in to assist the regular forces of the empire, under the command of Alaric their king, this prince took advantage of the impotent condition of the government. From an ally he became a dangerous foe; and finally marching to Rome, made himself master of the city, which he abandoned to be pillaged by his soldiers. Rome was afterwards plundered several times, and Italy overrun by barbarous invaders, under various denominations, from the remotest skirts of Europe. The inhabitants of Rome, who had sunk into the deepest vices by the overpowering influence of wealth and prosperity, were quite unable to make any defence. So debased had they become, or so ill-regulated was the balance of wealth, that for many years the whole of the lower classes had been fed daily by the emperors from the public granaries. The power of the state was

* A number of the imperial successors of Julius Cæsar assumed the title of *Cæsar*, in addition to their other designations, in the same manner as we find the appellations of Pharaoh and Ptolemy were assumed by many of the Egyptian sovereigns. The name of Cæsar has been curiously enough preserved until modern times, in the title of *Czar*, which is given by the Russians to their monarchs.

now entirely broken; the provinces were voluntarily abandoned, or rebelled, or were seized by the nearest barbarous powers. At length the title of Emperor of the West, which, on one occasion, was put up to public auction by the licentious soldiery, expired; and, to finish the melancholy account, one of the princes of the barbarians assumed the title of *King of all Italy*. "Such" (to quote the words of Goldsmith) "was the end of this great empire, that had conquered mankind with its arms, and instructed the world with its wisdom; that had risen by temperance, and that fell by luxury; that had been established by a spirit of patriotism, and that sunk into ruin when the empire was become so extensive, that a Roman citizen was but an empty name." Its final dissolution took place in the 480th year of the Christian era, or 1232 years from the date of the foundation of Rome.

[It may be advantageous at another opportunity to follow up the foregoing articles with an account of what ensued on the fall of the Roman empire, so as to show the connexion betwixt the history of ancient and modern times.]

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE story is an old but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes, and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing* in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path; and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and, as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly

might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.—*From the Keepsake for 1832.*

THE FLOWING OF WATER.

WHEN we begin minutely to investigate the laws of nature, nothing strikes us more than the admirable practical utility to which they are all conducive. Thus, the laws which regulate fluids differ considerably from those of solid bodies, and we shall find this very difference of the most vital importance to man. The minute particles of which any solid body is composed, as a piece of metal or stone, are compacted or glued together, forming one mass, which can only be moved as a whole; when raised up, it falls to the earth, by the general law of gravitation; and when placed on the ground, it retains its original shape and form. But it is quite different with a quantity of fluid, as water. The minute particles of which a fluid is composed, are perfectly free and independent of each other; instead of adhering close together, they have rather a tendency to press off on all sides, and, with the least agitation of the mass, are in continual motion, rolling about among themselves. Thus, when a common drinking glass is filled with water, the particles of the water press upwards, downwards, and on all sides of the glass equally; and if the glass were suddenly broken, the water, instead of retaining its shape like a solid, would instantly spread itself out on all sides, till the particles became completely diffused. The law of all fluids, then, is to press equally on every side, and, when set at liberty, to run along, or diffuse themselves, till they find the lowest possible level. But there is another law of fluids worthy of being noticed; it is what is called *capillary attraction*, or the tendency which water has to rise up of itself through a porous body; as, for instance, seen in the rising of the liquid through a piece of sugar at the bottom of a tea-cup. The tendency which water has to rise in porous bodies, or to creep up, as it were, betwixt two very closely joined bodies, produces the phenomena of springs. The water rises from great depths in the earth betwixt the most minute crevices of the rocks, or through sandy soils, till it reach the surface, or settle into a pool at the bottom of a well. When it comes to the surface, its natural tendency to find the lowest level causes it to flow in the shape of streams and rivers, downwards to the ocean. In the common water-pump, two fluids are called into action. The atmospheric air, which is a permanently elastic fluid, is made, by its pressure, to raise or force up a column of water, by means of the simple contrivance of a two-valved pump. The air which surrounds the globe presses on every part of it with a downward force, equal to 14 lbs. on every square inch; but, like water, it has also an upward and lateral pressure. When the hollow tube of the pump is immersed in water, and the air from within it is exhausted by means of the piston and valves, a very great pressure is removed from the surface of the water contained within the tube; the balance of equilibrium is also taken off from the air adjoining, and it presses downwards with a force sufficient to raise up a corresponding column of fluid in the pump, and this is continued to be done with every additional stroke of the piston. It is found that a column of water 34 feet high is exactly the weight of a column of air of the same diameter, extending the whole height of the atmosphere. Accordingly, water can never rise in a pump higher than 34 feet; for when it comes to this height, the pressure of the air, and the weight of the column of water, are the same; and they therefore equalise each other. When water is required to be raised higher, it must be received into a cistern, and a second pump constructed, which will raise it other 34 feet; or a forcing pump may be used, the construction of which admits of animal power, or the force of machinery, to impel water through tubes to any given height.

When water is caused to flow in a confined manner, as in tubes, it has then a disposition to reach the exact level of the place from which it set out. Thus, if we fill a tea-kettle with water, we shall find that the fluid has risen as high in the tube outside as in the vessel itself. This grand natural law in regard to fluids has been of immense benefit to the human race. By taking advantage of it, pipes are made to convey water from the tops of hills, or high grounds, down to low situations, and from thence to the summits of

the highest houses in cities. In all this process, the water is just trying to find the level of the place from whence it flowed; and as soon as it reaches this height, it stands still, and will go no higher, unless force be applied. The science which relates to this subject is called *Hydraulics*.

The city of Edinburgh is supplied with water brought from a distance of ten miles. A stream of pure water is diverted from its meandering course, and conveyed, by a long line of pipes, to the town. The place where it first enters the aqueduct is elevated by many hundred feet above the highest houses of the city, so that in its course it observes a gradual descent. It climbs many a hill, and descends many a valley, however, in its progress; and one cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity of art, thus leading a copious and pellucid stream of the valley, and ramifying it over every part of the city, to cleanse, and purify, and refresh the abodes of its inhabitants. Thus, from its abundant and constant supply, we are apt to overlook it, as we do the other free gifts of Heaven; but if we think for a moment how a spring of water has been prized by many nations in former times, and even by many in some regions of the earth at the present day—if we consider what some of our great cities, what London was not farther back than two centuries ago, the free supply of water, both for domestic purposes and for the ablation of streets and sewers, must be looked upon as not one of the least achievements of modern art and public spirit. Before the introduction of water-pipes, the city of Edinburgh was supplied by a few wells placed at considerable intervals on the streets. As these wells were the common resort of all, it was a matter of some difficulty, and occupied a considerable portion of a servant's time, to carry water for domestic use; while in many of the houses extending to eight or ten storeys, or flights of stairs, such toil was beyond the efforts of ordinary domestics. It was the practice then to employ persons for the purpose, called water-cadies, or carriers, and thus additional expense was superadded to a scanty supply. In London, at one period, matters were little better, and those writers who have treated of the plague have enumerated, among other evident causes of disease, the stagnant unwashed streets, and the imperfect supply of pure water.

It has been by many supposed that the Romans were ignorant of those properties of fluids, by which they could be conducted in pipes as above described, and they have formed this opinion from that people having made use of the expedient of aqueducts to convey water at the same level, thus leading it over valleys and digging through mountains, at an immense expense of labour and stupendous architecture. That the Romans were intimately acquainted with these laws of hydraulics, however, at least in the later periods of their empire, is now evident, from several fountains and jet-d'eaux having been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii; probably they had not this knowledge at the period when the aqueducts that supplied the city of Rome were first constructed; or, as some writers have suggested, perhaps the art of forming pipes of sufficient size or in sufficient numbers was unknown.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE second and lesser division of the Bible relates entirely to the Christian religion, or the fulfilment of that which was predicted in the preceding and more ancient department of the work. This division of the Sacred Scriptures is generally styled the *New Testament*; and that portion of it which relates to the history of the life of Christ is called the *Gospel*, and by some the *Evangel*, both these words having the same meaning, and implying *good news*, or *glad tidings*, from the circumstance that the narratives contain an account of things which are to benefit mankind.

The New Testament, like the Old, is a compilation of books written by different inspired individuals, and all put together in a manner so as to exhibit a regular account of the birth, actions, and death of Christ—the doctrines he promulgated—and the prophecies regarding the future state of the church which he founded. The historical books are the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, all these being of the character of narratives of events; the doctrinal are the Epistles of Saint Paul, and some others; the prophetic book is the last, and is called the Revelations, or Apocalypse of St John, having been written by that apostle while he was in the island of Patmos.

The writers of the books of the New Testament are generally well known, each having the name of the author affixed to it, with the exception of the Acts of the Apostles, which, it is presumed, was compiled by St Luke. It was long disputed whether St Paul was the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews; Tertullian, an ancient Christian writer, and some others, attribute it to St Barnabas; others to St Luke; and others to St Clement; while some think, with greater probability, that St Paul dictated it, and St Luke acted as the writer; and that the reason why the name of the true author was not affixed to it, was because he was disliked by the Jews. The four Evangelists, or writers of the leading narratives, are St Matthew, St Mark, St Luke, and St John; these having been companions to Christ during his ministrations, and, therefore, personally acquainted with his life and

* A pastoral farm.

character. Each of the four books is principally a repetition of the history of Christ, yet they all possess a difference of style, and each mentions some circumstances omitted by the others, so that the whole is essential in making up a complete life of the Messiah. These distinctions in the tone of the narratives, and other peculiarities, are always considered as strong circumstantial evidence in proof of their authenticity, and of there having been no collusion on the part of the writers. But, indeed, the events they record are detailed in so exceedingly simple and unaffected a manner, that it is impossible to suppose that they were written with a view to impose on the credulity of mankind. The veracity and actual belief of the Evangelists themselves are placed beyond a doubt.

The first book is written by Matthew, who was by birth a Jew, and exercised the profession of a publican—that is, a collector of the public tax or assessment imposed upon the Jewish people by their conquerors, the Romans. Matthew, who was also called by the name of Levi, was one of the twelve apostles of Christ, and he is said to have written his narrative about eight years after the departure of his Master from the earth. Many of the ancients say that he wrote it in the Hebrew or Syriac language; but Dr Whitby is clearly of opinion that this tradition is entirely void of foundation, and that it was doubtless written in Greek, as the other parts of the New Testament were. Yet it is probable that there might be an edition of it in Hebrew, published by St Matthew himself, at the same time that he wrote it in Greek; the former for the Jews, the latter for the Gentiles, when he left Judea to preach among the heathens.

In regard to Mark, the writer of the second Gospel, it may be observed, that although *Mark* or *Marcus* was a Roman name, and a very common one, yet we have no reason to think but that he was by birth a Jew; but as Saul, when he went among the Gentiles, took the Roman name of *Paul*, so did this Evangelist take that of Mark, his Jewish name, perhaps, being *Marducal*, as Grotius observes. Jerome and Tertullian say, that he was a disciple of the Apostle Peter, and his interpreter or amanuensis. We have every reason to believe that both he and Luke were of the number of the seventy disciples who accompanied all along with the apostles, and who had a commission like to theirs; so that it is no diminution at all to the validity or value of this Gospel that Mark was not one of the Twelve, as Matthew and John were. Jerome says, that, after the writing of this Gospel, he went into Egypt, and was the first that preached the Gospel at Alexandria, where he founded a church, to which he was a great example of holy living.

The Gospel of St Mark is much shorter than that of Matthew, not giving so full an account of Christ's sermons as that did, but insisting chiefly on his miracles; and in regard to these also, it is very much a repetition of what we had in Matthew, many remarkable circumstances being added to the stories there related, but not many new matters. There is a tradition that it was first written in Latin, because it was written at Rome; but this is generally thought to be without foundation, and that it was written in Greek, as was St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Greek being the more universal language.

Luke, the name of the third Evangelist, is considered by some to be a contraction of *Lucilius*; and it is said by St Jerome to have been born at Antioch. Some think that he was the only one of all the penmen of the Scripture that was not of the Israelites; that he was a Jewish proselyte, and was converted to Christianity by the ministry of St Paul at Antioch, and, after his coming into Macedonia, he was his constant companion. He had employed himself in the study and practice of physic; and hence Paul calls him *Luke the beloved Physician*. It is more than probable, however, as is testified both by Origen and Epiphanius, that he was one of the seventy disciples, and a follower of Christ when he was upon earth; and, if so, he was most likely to be a native Israelite. Luke, most probably, wrote his Gospel at Rome, a little before he wrote his history of the *Acts of the Apostles*, which is a continuation of the former, when he was there with Paul, while he was a prisoner, and preaching in his own hired house, with which account the history of the *Acts* concludes. In this case, it must have been written about twenty-seven years after Christ's departure, and about the fourth year of the reign of Nero. Jerome says that St Luke died when he was eighty-four years of age, and that he was never married. Dr Cave observes, that "his way and manner of writing are accurate and exact, his style polite and elegant, sublime and lofty, yet perspicuous; and that he expresses himself in a vein of purer Greek than is to be found in the other writers of this holy history." Thus he relates several things more copiously than the other Evangelists, and thus he especially treats of those things which relate to the priestly office of Christ.

The fourth Evangelist, John, was one of the sons of Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, the brother of James, one of the Twelve Apostles, and distinguished by the honourable appellation of *that disciple whom Jesus loved*. The ancients tell us that John lived longest of all the Apostles, and was the only one of them that died a natural death, all the rest suffering martyrdom; and some of them say that he wrote this Gospel at Ephesus, at the request of the ministers of the several churches of Asia, in order to combat certain heresies. It seems most probable that he com-

posed it before his banishment into the isle of Patmos, for there he wrote his *Revelations*, the close of which seems designed for the closing up of the canon of Scripture; in which case, this Gospel could not be written after. It is clear that he wrote last of the four Evangelists, and, comparing his Gospel with theirs, we may observe, that he relates what they had omitted; and thus gleans up what they had passed by.

These four Gospels were early and constantly received by the primitive church, and read in Christian assemblies, as appears by the writings of Justin Martyr and Irenaeus, who lived little more than 100 years after the origin of Christianity; they declared that neither more nor fewer than four were received by the church. A Harmony of these four Evangelists was compiled by Tatian about that time, which he called *The Gospel out of the Four*. In the third and fourth centuries, there were gospels forged by divers sects, and published, one under the name of St Peter, another of St Thomas, another of St Philip, &c. But they were never owned by the church, nor was any credit given to them, as the learned Dr Whitby shows. And he gives this good reason why we should adhere to these written records, "because," says he, "whatever the pretences of tradition may be, it is not sufficient to preserve things with any certainty, as appears by experience. For whereas Christ said and did many memorable things, which were not written, tradition has not preserved any one of them to us, but all is lost except what was written; and that, therefore, is what we must abide by."

After the Gospel, or History of Jesus Christ, follows the history of what passed after his ascension, and was transacted by the Apostles. The book, therefore, which contains this history, is called *The Acts of the Apostles*. It is a history of the rising church for about the space of thirty years. It was written, as has been already observed, by St Luke the Evangelist, when he was with St Paul at Rome, during his imprisonment there. In the end of the book he mentions particularly his being with Paul in his dangerous voyage to Rome, when he was carried thither a prisoner; and it is evident that he was with him when, from his prison there, Paul wrote his epistles to the Colossians and Philemon, for in both of these he is named by him.

Next to this come the *Epistles of St Paul*, which are fourteen in number; one, to the Romans; two, to the Corinthians; one, to the Galatians; one, to the Ephesians; one, to the Philippians; one, to the Colossians; two, to the Thessalonians; two, to Timothy; one, to Titus; one, to Philemon; and one, to the Hebrews. They contain that part of ecclesiastical history which immediately follows after what is related in *The Acts*. The principal matter contained in them is the establishment or confirmation of the doctrine which Jesus Christ taught his disciples. According as the difficulties which raised disputes among the Christians, or the heresies which sprung up in the church from the first age of it, required, St Paul in these epistles clears up and proves all matters of faith, and gives excellent rules for morality. His epistles may be considered as a commentary on, or an interpretation of, the four books of the Gospel.

The Epistle to the *Romans* is placed first, not because of the priority of its date, but on account of its superlative excellence, it being one of the longest and fullest of all, and, perhaps, also, on account of the dignity of the place to which it is written. It is gathered from some passages in the epistle, that it was written in the year of Christ 56, from Corinth, while Paul made a short stay there in his way to Troas. He was then going up to Jerusalem, with the money that was given to the poor saints there; which is spoken of in the fifteenth chapter of the epistle.

The Two Epistles to the *Corinthians* were written about a year after that to the *Romans*, viz. A.D. 57; that to the *Galatians*, A.D. 56; to the *Ephesians*, A.D. 61; to the *Philippians*, A.D. 62; to the *Colossians*, A.D. 62; two to the *Thessalonians*, A.D. 51 and 52; the first to *Timothy*, A.D. 64; the second to *Timothy*, A.D. 66; to *Titus*, A.D. 65; to *Philemon*, A.D. 62; and that to the *Hebrews*, A.D. 62. From which chronology it appears, that the Epistles of St Paul are placed in the New Testament rather according to the dignity of the cities to which they were sent, than according to the order of time in which they were written; for the Epistles to the Thessalonians were those he wrote first, though that to the Romans is placed before them. Interpreters are agreed that the last epistle which he wrote was the second to *Timothy*.

St Paul wrote to the churches of some particular places, or to some particular persons; but the other epistles which follow his are called *Catholic*, because, with the exception of the second and third of St John, they were not addressed to any particular church, or individual, as his were, but to the whole church in general. These are, one, of St James; two, of St Peter; three, of St John; and one, of St Jude.

The date of most of these epistles is extremely uncertain, but the most generally received chronology of them is as follows:—That of St James, A.D. 61; of St Peter, A.D. 66 and 67; of St John, A.D. 80 and 90; of St Jude, A.D. 66.

It has sometimes occurred to the minds of many well-disposed persons, that it would have been better for Christianity had there never been any other record of its origin and doctrines than the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But however plain and satisfactory the histories of these Evangelists may be,

and however little they admit of controversy, it has to be remembered that it required the strong arguments and illustrations brought forward in the Epistles by Paul and others, to combat the sophistry of the Greeks, and the self-sufficient philosophies of other races of men. Paul, the chief of the epistle writers, who became a Christian by conversion, after Christ had departed from the earth, is the great champion of the faith, and exposes, in strong and dauntless language, the hidden depravities of the human heart; so that where the affecting discourses and sufferings of the Messiah fail to convert and to convince, the reasoning of this great writer is calculated to silence and subdue those who stubbornly resist the benignant influence of the Christian faith.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, the author of a variety of productions in light literature, and whose life furnishes an example of the success which often attends the ardent pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, was born in London in the year 1745, at which time his father wrought as a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters. His father, who seems to have been a person of unsettled habits, though a well-meaning and upright man, knew very little of his business, to which he had not been regularly bred, and, in spite of the exertions both of himself and his wife, his affairs did not prosper. When young Holcroft was about six years old, the family were suddenly removed from London to a place in Berkshire, beyond Ascot Heath, where they remained for about twelve months. Thomas had as yet only been for a short time at a school where children were sent rather to keep them out of harm's way than to learn anything, and to which he used to be carried by an apprentice of his father's. This lad afterwards gained his warmest gratitude by making him a present of the first two books he ever possessed, the one being the History of Parismus and Parismenes, already mentioned as one of Gifford's early literary companions, and the other the Seven Champions of Christendom. It was while they resided in Berkshire that his father began teaching him to read. "The task," says he, "at first I found difficult, till the idea one day suddenly seized me, of catching all the sounds I had been taught from the arrangement of the letters; and my joy at this amazing discovery was so great, that the recollection of it has never been effaced. After that my progress was so rapid, that it astonished my father. He boasted of me to every body; and that I might lose no time, the task he set me was eleven chapters a-day in the Old Testament. I might, indeed, have deceived my father by skipping some of the chapters, but a dawning regard for truth, aided by the love I had of reading, and the wonderful histories I sometimes found in the Sacred Writings, generally induced me to go through the whole of my task. One day as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighbouring farmer, coming to see my father, asked me if I could read the Bible already. I answered, yes; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him, that, if he pleased, he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better, and more easily, than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise or his gift was most flattering to me. Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, who came backward and forward to my father on his affairs, brought me the two delightful histories I have above mentioned, which were among those then called Chapman's Books. It was scarcely possible for any thing to have been more grateful to me than this present. Parismus and Parismenes, with all the adventures detailed in the Seven Champions of Christendom, were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father."

On leaving their house in Berkshire, the family were obliged to adopt a wandering life, the mother turning pedlar, and hawking her wares through the outskirts and neighbourhood of London, while her son trotted after her, and the father, after a vain attempt to obtain some regular employment, in a short time joining the party, who now extended their peregrinations to remote parts of the country. While leading this life, they endured the greatest hardships, and upon one occasion, were so severely pressed, that Thomas was sent to beg from house to house in a village where they happened to be. At length the father managed to buy two or three asses, which he loaded with hampers of apples and pears, and drove about through the country. But this apparent improvement in their circumstances afforded no alleviation to the sufferings of the poor boy. "The bad nourishment I met with," says he, "the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed; and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. Bye roads and high roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of

them in winter would scarcely at present be believed." In one instance he mentions that he travelled on foot thirty miles in one day; and he was at this time only a child of about ten years old. During all this time, he made little or no progress in reading. "I was too much pressed," he says, "by fatigue, hunger, cold, and nakedness." Yet as he continued to repeat his prayers and catechism morning and evening, and to read the Prayer-book and Bible on Sundays, he, at least, did not forget what he had formerly learned. On one occasion, too, he states, that the ballad of Chevy Chase having fallen into his hands, his father, who was very proud of what he conceived to be his son's talents, and particularly of his memory, set him to get by heart the whole song, by way of task, which he performed, in the midst of his toils, in three days. His father gave him a halfpenny for the achievement, which made him think himself at the time quite a rich man.

When in his eleventh or twelfth year, having been present at the Nottingham races, he was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition, and that of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity in Newmarket. After much perseverance, and being turned off upon a short trial, first by one master, and then by another, from the little knowledge he was found to have of riding, he was at last taken into the service of a person who was considerate enough not to expect him to be a finished groom almost before he could have ever mounted a horse. He very soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in his new occupation; and the language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meal which he and his companions were wont to make every morning at nine o'clock, after four hours' exercise of their horses, he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it? For my own part," he adds, "so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it; I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite, and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?"

We must, however, pass over the account which he gives of his life as a stable-boy, interesting as many of the details are into which he enters. During his wanderings through the country with his father, as has been already mentioned, he had scarcely had any opportunity of extending his knowledge of books; the Bible, and such old ballads as he met with by chance on the walls of cottages and ale-houses, constituting all his reading. "Books were not then," he remarks, "as they fortunately are now, great or small, on this subject or on that, to be found in almost every house. A book, except of prayers, or of daily religious use, was scarcely to be seen but among the opulent, or in the possession of the studious; and by the opulent they were often disregarded with a degree of neglect which would now be almost disgraceful." For some time after his arrival at Newmarket, he was not much better off. In about half a year, however, his father followed him to that place, where he at first found a little employment at his old trade of making shoes; and one of his shopmates, who happened to be fond of books, and to be in possession of a few, occasionally lent young Holcroft a volume from his collection. Among other works, this person put into his hands 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Spectator,' with which, the former especially, he was much delighted. He mentions, also, the 'Whole Duty of Man,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other religious books, as at this time among his chief favourites. As he was one day passing the church, he heard some voices singing, and was immediately seized with a strong desire to learn the art. Having approached the church door, he found the persons within engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr Langham. They asked him to join them, and his voice and ear being pronounced good, it was agreed that he should be taken into the class; the master offering to give up the entrance money of five shillings, in consideration of his being but a boy, whose wages could not be great, and the others agreeing to let him sing out of their books. "From the little," he proceeds, "I that day learned, and from

another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards or downwards, such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature in which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth, and seventh. Previously, however, to any great progress, I was obliged to purchase 'Arnold's Psalmody;' and, studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft."

His wages were four pounds a-year, and he paid five shillings a quarter to his singing master; but upon Mr Langham offering to give him lessons in arithmetic also for as much more, he agreed to the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he got so far as Practice, and the Rule-of-Three. "Except what I have already related," says he, "these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At the age of two or three and thirty, indeed, when I was endeavouring to acquire the French language, I paid a Monsieur Raymond twenty shillings for a few lessons, but the good he did me was so little that it was money thrown away. At Newmarket, I was so intent on studying arithmetic, that for want of better apparatus I have often got an old nail, and cast up sums on the paling of the stable-yard." This will remind the reader of Gifford, with his leather for paper, and his blunted awl for a pen.

Holcroft continued at Newmarket for about two years and a half, when he determined to go to London once more to join his father, who now kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street. "My mind," he says, "having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had rather concurred to disgust me than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was even with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent on acquiring some small portion of knowledge; so that I was far from having any prompter either as a friend or a rival." He was at this time nearly sixteen. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, and at last became an able workman. But he grew every day fonder of reading; and whenever he had a shilling to spare, spent it, we are told, in purchasing books. In 1765, having married, he attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool, but was obliged to abandon the project in about a year, when he returned to town, and resumed his trade of a shoemaker. Beside his dislike to this occupation, however, on other accounts, it brought back an asthmatic complaint he had had when a boy; and every consideration made him resolve to endeavour to escape from it. Even at this time he had become a writer for the newspapers, the editor of the 'Whitehall Evening Post' giving him five shillings a column for some essays which he sent to that journal. He again attempted to open a school in the neighbourhood of London; but after living for three months on potatoes and butter-milk, and obtaining only one scholar, he once more returned to town. Having acquired some notions of elocution at a debating club which he had been in the habit of attending, he next thought of going on the stage, and obtained an engagement from the manager of the Dublin Theatre, at a poor salary, which was very ill paid. He was so ill treated, indeed, in this situation, that he was obliged to leave it in about half a year. He then joined a strolling company in the north of England, and wandered about as an itinerant actor for seven years, during which time he suffered a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starving. In the midst of all his sufferings, however, he retained his love of books, and had made himself extensively conversant with English literature. At last, in the end of the year 1777, he came up to London, and by means of an introduction to Mr Sheridan, obtained an engagement in a subordinate capacity at Drury Lane. He had just before this, as a desperate resource, sat down to compose a farce, which he called 'The Crisis;' and this turned out the commencement of a busy and extended literary career. The farce, although only acted once, was well received, and it soon encouraged him to new efforts of the same kind. Yet he continued for many years involved in difficulties, from which it required all his exertions to extricate himself. The remainder of Mr Holcroft's history, with the exception of a short but stormy period, during which he was subjected to very severe usage on account of certain political opinions which he was supposed to hold, is merely that of a life of authorship. He never became a good actor, and after some time dedicated himself entirely to literary occupation. His industry in his new profession is abundantly evidenced by the long list of his works, which comprise several of high talent and established popularity. In his maturer years, beside many other acquisitions, he made himself master of the French and German languages, from both of which he executed several well-known translations.

Mr Holcroft died in 1809. His life is in many respects admirably calculated to answer the design which he had in view, he tells us, in writing the account of the early part of it, namely, "to excite an ardent emulation in the breasts of youthful readers, by shewing them how difficulties may be endured, how they may be overcome, and how they may at last contribute, as a school of instruction, to bring forth hidden talent."†

THE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled *The Infant Annual* (published by Waugh and Innes of Edinburgh; Whitaker and Co., London, and Curry and Co., Dublin), and which is eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children.

"Little Harriet M—— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When anything teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, 'I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you, I hate you.' She stopped when she saw her mamma. 'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs M. to the servant. 'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me and struck me as you have seen.' Mrs M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it: oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice, 'Not quite, mamma; but it's better.' 'Very well,' said her mother, 'until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper: Lord and Lady—— were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and, like you, would turn at, or strike, whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will,' and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, 'Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she won't see you now.' Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.' She would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, 'that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room.' Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a-laughing, and said, 'I told you that, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!' The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more." 'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting

† Abridged from an account in Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?' 'It was dead—killed by its own sister.' 'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma! I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. 'My dear child,' said Mrs. M. solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed.' 'And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?' 'Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.' 'Oh, dear—oh, dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?' 'My love, how can you ask such a question?' 'But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?' 'Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.' 'And, mamma, was it a quite true story?' 'It is so dreadful, mamma.' 'Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E——.' 'My dearest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable.' 'Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.'

The Editor of the London Literary Gazette, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of it being perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child (says he) was Anna Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.

UNROOFING THE KIRK OF TULLIBODY.

THE parish of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, now united with Alloa, was, before the Reformation, an independent ecclesiastical district. The manner in which it lost its separate character is curious. In the year 1559, when Monsieur d'Oysel commanded the French troops on the coast of Fife, they were alarmed by the arrival of the English fleet, and thought of nothing but a hasty retreat. It was in the month of January, and at the breaking of a great storm. William Kirkaldy of Grange, commander of the congregational forces, attentive to the circumstances in which his enemies were caught, took advantage of this situation, and marched with great expedition towards Stirling, and cut the bridge of Tullibody, which was over the Devon, to prevent their retreat. By this manoeuvre the French found themselves completely enclosed. They were driven to an extremity which obliged them to resort to an extraordinary expedient to effect their escape. They lifted the roof off the church of Tullibody, and laid it along the broken part of the bridge, by which means they effected a safe retreat to Stirling.

Such a dilapidation of the church caused the Tullibodians to proceed to the adjacent kirk of Alloa, and, in a short time, the parish ceased to be independent. The burying ground around the ancient place of worship, now repaired, still remains; and on the north side of it, where there had been formerly an entry, there is a stone coffin, with a niche for the head, and two for the arms, covered with a thick hollowed lid, like a tureen. The lid is a good deal broken, but a curious tradition is preserved of the coffin. It is related that in early times a young lady of the neigh-

bourhood had declared her affection for the minister, who, either from his station, or want of inclination, made no returns. So vexed was the lady on perceiving his indifference, that, in a short while, she sickened, and at last died of grief. While on her deathbed, she left it as her last request, that she should not be buried in the earth, but that her body should be placed in a stone coffin, and laid at the entry to the church; which was done, and, till this day, the stone retains the name of the *Maiden's Stone*.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

THE best systems of artificial memory, though in diligent hands they produce a surprising effect, depend upon very simple principles. Every person uses a kind of artificial memory, when he endeavours to fix in his mind anything he is little acquainted with, by means of another which he knows better. A person, for instance, wishes to recollect a house where he has some business, and for that purpose he notices that it is the third door, or fourth door, from some well-known corner; by this mark he will not fail to retrace it. A stranger, again, is often recollected when seen in company with one of our acquaintance, though we could never have called him to remembrance if he had passed us alone. Many schemes of artificial memory have been framed, but they depend merely on a systematic application of the principles we have mentioned, and differ from one another only in the ingenuity with which these are applied.

In passing along a road which we have formerly travelled with a friend, the sight of the different objects, as they come in view, often recalls the subjects of conversation which occurred at the same points in our first journey. We recollect every topic with the utmost freshness; and if there were any new ideas or remarkable expressions, the sight of the tree, ford, or narrow lane, where they were started, seldom fails to recall them. It is plain, therefore, that if we wished to imprint the contents of a book on our memory, we may be greatly assisted by reading it in the same way, as we pass along some favourite walk, associating each of its topics with remarkable points in the scenery. If every subject be thus, as it were, tied to some conspicuous point in regular succession, the facility of recollection which will be gained will be found of the greatest advantage; and long lists of facts may be exactly committed to memory, which otherwise we would hardly have thought of attempting to remember. In a town, let any one take, in regular succession, the streets which branch off from some principal line of thoroughfare, and if their names and order be familiar to him, he may use them in this way as resting places for his memory, where he may have arranged great numbers of circumstances which the mind could not otherwise have retained. Lists of the kings of England have in this way been taught to children effectually in two lessons, merely by connecting the successive names with some series of familiar streets, or well-known objects on a public road.

Instead of taking any succession of objects out of doors, it is sometimes convenient to use merely the walls of a room, and the familiar objects which occupy places upon them; if there be a number of pictures in the room, for instance, we may commit to memory a list of names by attaching each to one of the pictures in the order of their arrangement; and the names will not fail to recur as often as we choose to recall them in that connection. This method was reduced to system, and taught with great success, by a German professor, Mr Feinaigle; and in another paper we may perhaps give the details of his plan.

At present we shall only explain the same person's ingenious mode of teaching the memory of numbers. The simplicity of the process will be immediately apparent; and any person who practises it for two days, will acquire a facility in recollecting dates and numbers of which otherwise he could have had little idea.

The first thing to be done is to assign for each numeral figure a letter of the alphabet, which is to stand for it on all occasions. It is on this that the whole artifice depends; and the learner must first make himself familiar with these substitutions (which may be done in 20 minutes) before proceeding further. For the figure 1, use the letter *t*, because it is a single stroke.

For 2, use *n*, because it is two strokes combined.

For 3, use *m*, because it is three strokes.

For 4, use *r*, because *r* is found in the word denoting four in most languages.

For 5, use *l*, because in Roman numerals *L* denotes 5 tens.

For 6, use *d*, because the written *d* resembles 6 reversed.

For 7, use *k*, because *k* resembles two 7's joined at top; and for this figure use also *g*, *q*, *c* (hard), because they are all letters formed in the throat (gutturals), like the first one, *k*.

For 8, use *b*, which in writing is often made to resemble 8 a good deal; use also *w*, which is like an 8; and *v*, which is half of *w*.

9 is represented by *p*, from the similarity of figure; and also by *f*, both of which are united in the word *puff*, which proceeds from a *pipe* like a 9 figure.

For 0, use *s*, *x*, or *z*, for this reason, that O is like a grindstone, which gives out a hissing noise like these letters when it is in motion.

The reasons given for our choice of letters to represent the different figures will appear whimsical; but it must be recollected that they are adopted merely to assist memory, and that their oddity is, therefore, a recommendation rather than an objection. It will be observed, that neither *h* nor any of the vowels represent any figure.

This table of letters is applied to use as follows:—Suppose a person wishes, for instance, to recollect the numbers 547: 5 is represented by *t*; 4 by *r*; 7 by *k*; hence we have here *t*, *r*, *k*; among these letters insert the vowel *a*, and there will be *lar-k*, a word easily to be remembered; and as the vowel *a* denotes no figure, no mistake can arise from it to confuse the memory; so that the word *lar-k* on all occasions will be the sign for 547. The year in which King William the Fourth was born is 1765; here we have *t*, *k* (or *g*), *d*, *l*; by inserting vowels, and the letter *h* (which signifies no figure), these form the word *GOODY*; and in that shape will hardly escape the memory. The Queen was born in the year 1794; we have here *t*, *k*, *p* (or *f*), *r*; and by inserting vowels at pleasure, we make the words *They yoke fair*; a combination ludicrous enough, which will, however, greatly assist the memory as to the date, and that is all that is wanted.

Suppose we wish to recollect the dates of some principal geographical discoveries:

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486; here we have the letters *t*, *r*, *w*, *d*; these become *rain-wood*; there is a fable that the wreck of a Carthaginian ship was found here on its first discovery, which will make the word *rain-wood* memorable.

America was discovered in 1492; these figures are represented by *t*, *r*, *p*, *n*; which by inserting vowels become *to rapine*, because that discovery led to rapine by the first Spaniards.

The great South Sea was first discovered by Nunez de Balboa in 1513; this is *t*, *l*, *t*, *m*; by inserting *h*, and vowels, these letters form *tell them*; an expression denoting the importance of that discovery.

The Straits of Magellan were discovered in 1519; these figures become *t*, *l*, *t*, *p*; and may read *it let up*; because this strait *let up* the navigators into the land, and through to the Pacific Ocean.

New Holland was first discovered in 1525; the letters, because it is a lonely or insulated continent.

Baffin's Bay, discovered in 1616: Thy duty do, because Baffin's accuracy in this discovery, after being a long time doubted, was at last verified.

By these examples the method will now be sufficiently understood; and the reader may go on applying it to other cases as he finds occasion.

When it is required to recollect a long list of numbers in regular succession, the object may be effected by forming words out of each of them, and attaching the ideas belonging to these to any series of familiar objects. If we wish to recollect, for example, the numbers 748, 954, 7430, 241: take a road where we know four or five objects in succession—say, a *house*, a *tree*, a *hay-stack*, a *mill*; then we have for 748, *crib*, and we call the house a *crib*: next for 954, we have *flower*; there is a *flower* on the tree: for 7430, we have *grey mouse* in the hay-stack: and for 241, there is one *rat* in the mill. When we recall the principal objects according to their order, the numbers will also be remembered.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

WE beg to recommend to the attention of our readers, but especially the young, and those taking an interest in the delightful study of Natural History, a new periodical work, at a low price, entitled 'The Field Naturalist's Magazine,' conducted by Professor Rennie, of the King's College, London. In the first number there occur several pleasing papers; among others, one on the Migration of Birds, which we present as a specimen of the style in which the work is written.

"I shall here give some observations on the periodical and frequently long journeys performed by several species of erratic birds, and on the points of re-union and departure which they appear to select. The yearlings and the old ones rarely go together in these journeys, which are more or less extended, as the necessity of seeking a fresh supply of food for other climates, obliges them to quit those places which fail at certain seasons to furnish them with the means of subsistence. I think I have traced the separation of families, and their re-union in bands, of ages more or less equal, to a very natural cause, produced by the difference in the time of moulting in the old and young; and this also appears to be the cause that the bands composed of adults migrate to a much greater distance, whether in autumn, or at their return in spring, than the bands composed of young ones, which do not, in either season, extend their journey so far. The plumage of these birds being still imperfect, and the colours not yet durable, they are generally one or two years old before they are in a state to breed; they then choose those places where adults of their own species do not build their nests, the latter always expelling them from the districts which are to give birth to a new progeny. When the old ones extend their journey to the arctic regions, those of one or two years old are found in the middle countries of Europe; and when the old ones choose the temperate climates, the young ones remain at the south, or at farthest dis-

not pass the seas which separate Europe from the northern parts of Africa; countries in which the greater number of the largest species of our erratic birds, that do not perfect their growth within the first year, choose to reside in winter. It is from these countries, or the numerous islands of the Archipelago, and those of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Venice, that they set off on their return in the spring; numerous flocks are then seen on all our southern coasts, especially where the sea forms large gulfs, such as the Archipelago, the Adriatic Gulf, and those of Genoa and Lyons. These meetings continue eight, ten, or at most fifteen days; in which time the passage of those countries is completed.

The routes taken by water-fowl and birds which frequent marshes, depend very much on the course of rivers, and the beds of the great lakes; the waters furnishing to each species its proper food, they seem to be impelled, by a wonderful instinct, to choose for a rallying point and place of departure, those spots whence the passage from the great sea to the lakes and rivers is shortest and least occupied by land. Thus the bands that assemble on the environs of Genoa and Lyons repair forthwith to the banks of the Po; following afterwards the passes of the great valleys of the Alps, which descend into Piedmont, they rise above the mountains, where different species of the birds in question are annually killed. From these points they appear to direct their flight towards the great lakes of Switzerland, particularly that of Geneva, which all the water and fen birds of Europe resort to for a short period, or pass more or less regularly; from this they seem to continue their journey by the lakes of Morat, Neuchâtel, and Bienné, and repair to the Rhine, the course of which they follow, and thus arrive at the Baltic, the great inland, and North Seas. These companies, already less numerous when they arrive in the north, disperse themselves soon afterwards. At this period, the individuals pair and attend to the wants of their new progeny. The route most frequented by all the water-birds is along the borders of the sea: those which come from the Gulf of Gascony, from Spain, and the coasts of Barbary, appear to follow that only; several species of waders follow it uniformly; and the same route is taken by all those birds which are unprovided with powerful means of flight. The divers, the grebes, and other fresh water-fowl, which seldom fly when occupied with the cares of pairing and breeding, are, however, endowed with great powers for this action; their flight is vigorous and long sustained; they rise even above the high mountains, for it is not rare to find individuals of these species on the lakes of the Alps, where the waders and web-footed species are often killed. It appears that the great flocks which assemble in the Ionian Isles, and the vast marshes between Venice and Trieste, follow in their travels the course of the Tagliamento, to arrive at the lakes in the environs of Villach and Klagenfurt; they visit the immense marshes which form the lakes Balaton and Neuzidél, where several species remain, while others re-ascend the Danube, and continue their journey to the Baltic Sea. On the lakes of Hungary, and upon the Danube, several species are found, which also visit the shores of the ocean. It appears to me that the species most peculiar to the western countries assemble in the Archipelago, and on the borders of the Black Sea; they re-ascend the Danube, and, following the course of the river, arrive in Hungary and Austria, countries that abound with various species of birds, in great numbers. I have not travelled over the whole extent of country crossed by the birds in the latter migration, nor that which takes place from the Gulf of Lyons by the mouths of the Rhone, along that river, and by the Doubs, the way by which their companions reach the Rhine. The banks of this river are peopled in spring and autumn by a great number of birds: we find in the part which forms the boundary of the western countries of Germany, all the species which go by the shores of the ocean and the Baltic Sea.

It is, however, very rarely that we see companies composed of old ones; these seem to come more frequently by chance, and separately: the yearlings of almost every species pass regularly by these parts of the sea, and they are generally young individuals, or only one or two years old, such as are killed on the great lakes of Switzerland and Italy. It should be understood that the species which do not continue their periodical journey so far as the North Sea and the Baltic, are exceptions; the old ones among the latter never stray to the northern climates, and it would be an extremely rare circumstance to find a young one there."

SLOW POISON.

PREPARATIONS having the power of weakening the vital powers, and finally cutting short the life of human beings, were at one time used to an incredible extent for the purpose of private murder; and no where with greater skill than in Italy—a country where assassination has always, in modern times, been deemed a light crime. The atrocities committed in Italy and France during the seventeenth century, by these diabolical preparations, have been noticed by Professor Beckmann, in his History of Inventions and Discoveries, in a narrative fitted to interest the reader.

"It was remarked at Rome (says he), about the year 1669, that many young married ladies suddenly became widows, and many husbands who were known

to have become disagreeable to their wives unexpectedly died. Suspicion fell on a society of females under the direction of an old woman, who pretended to foretell future events, and who had in fact correctly predicted the death of many persons, to those who were interested in the event. A spy was employed, who introduced herself to this sorceress as a person of distinction, suffering under the tyranny of an imperious husband, of whom she wished to be rid; and by means of this stratagem her secret was detected. The whole society were then arrested, and put to the torture; and the hag herself, whose name was Hieronyma Spara, along with several others, publicly executed. It appeared that many of the Roman nobility were implicated in this affair; and, notwithstanding the severity with which it was visited, traces of the same suspicious practices were remarked for a long time afterwards. Spara was a Sicilian, and was said to have acquired her knowledge from the celebrated Tofania; but the difference of their age renders it more probable that she was the instructress of the latter.

Tofania, if not the inventress of the far-famed drops which from her obtained the name of *acqua tofana*, at least carried the diabolical art of preparing them to the greatest perfection. She first resided at Palermo, but afterwards at Naples, where she was more particularly known, and whence the drops have also been commonly called *acquetti di Napoli*. There was, at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, a miraculous old, said to distil from the tomb of St Nicholas; and the credulity of the people inducing them to employ it as a remedy for certain disorders, it was sold in small glass phials bearing the image of the saint, and an inscription purporting that they contained '*manna of St Nicholas of Bari*.' The apparent sanctity of these securing them from suspicion, Tofania employed them for the distribution of her drops; but it seems that, like her friend Spara, she reserved them for the service of those of her own sex to whom the yoke of matrimony had become irksome; and if the history of those times be not incorrect, the toilet of few married ladies of distinction at Naples, and other parts of Italy, was without a phial of the precious manna. This poison was limpid and tasteless as pure water, so that it was impossible to guard against its attacks; a few drops, administered at different periods, were sufficient to destroy a man by slow and imperceptible degrees; and it was supposed, that through its effects not fewer than six hundred persons perished.

Tofania lived to a great age; but suspicion having at length fallen on her, she took refuge in a monastery, from which she was dragged by the officers of justice, notwithstanding an outcry raised by the clergy at the violation of ecclesiastical privilege. Being put to the rack, she confessed her crimes, and acknowledged that, the day before she absconded, she had forwarded two boxes of manna to Rome, where it was actually found in the customhouse; but it never appeared who had ordered it. She was afterwards, it is said, privately strangled; but in the accounts of her fate there is considerable discrepancy; for Labat says that she was arrested in 1709; Keysler, another traveller, affirms, on the contrary, that she was still living at Naples in 1730, and resided in a convent, in which she was protected as in a sacred sanctuary, and where many strangers used to visit her from motives of curiosity; and Garelli, who was physician to Charles the Sixth, King of the Two Sicilies, and whose authority on this point is most to be relied on, writes to a friend, about 1719, that she was still in prison at Naples.

This infamous art, however, no where ever excited greater interest than at Paris. About the year 1670, Margaret d'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a nobleman of large fortune, attached herself to a young officer of a distinguished but needy family, named Godin de Ste. Croix. After a short period, she lost her husband, whose property she had partly dissipated; and still openly continuing her intimacy with De Ste. Croix, her father procured a *lettre de cachet*, had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. He there got acquainted with an Italian, who instructed him in the manner of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment, he was released, and immediately flew to the Marchioness, to whom he communicated the baneful art, which she undertook to practise for the improvement of their circumstances. She then assumed the garb of a nun of the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, distributed food to the poor, administered to the sick in the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and thus tried the effect of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed a servant to poison her own father and her brother, and endeavoured to poison her sister. The two former perished; but a suspicion having arisen of the cause of their death, the sister was on her guard, and thus escaped. She then, however, avoided detection, and the guilty pair continued their villainous practices in security, until they were at length providentially brought to light in the following manner:—

De Ste. Croix, while preparing poison, always wore a glass mask; but this once happening to drop off by accident, he was, as it is said, suffocated by the vapour, and was found dead on the floor of his laboratory. As he was without apparent heirs, government caused an inventory to be taken of his effects, among which there was found a sealed casket, with a label to the following effect:—'I hereby entreat that those into whose hands this box may fall, will have the kindness to deliver it into the hands of the Mar-

chioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the *Rue neuve St Paul*, as its contents concern her alone, are her sole property, and can be of no use to any other person; and in case that she should die before me, I beg that it may be burned, with all that it contains, without opening it. That no one may plead ignorance, I swear by that God whom I adore, and by all that is sacred, that I advance nothing but the truth; and if these, my just and reasonable wishes, be not complied with, I charge the conscience of those who infringe them with the consequences, both in this world and the next, in order that I may relieve my own: protesting, at the same time, that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 25th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.—DE SAINTE CROIX." The singularity of this request formed the strongest inducement not to comply with it: accordingly, the casket was opened, and in it were found various packets, with inscriptions signifying that they contained poisons, the effects of which had been proved by experiments on animals.

The Marchioness, having failed in an attempt to obtain possession of the casket, fled to England, and thence to Liege, where she took sanctuary in a convent. In order to entice her from this privileged abode, a police-officer, in the disguise of an Abbé, obtained an introduction to her, and, assuming the character of a lover, persuaded her to leave the convent on a party of pleasure, and then arrested her. At first she denied all that was laid to her charge; and while in prison, she behaved with great levity, passing the greater part of her time in playing at piquet. But she had been guilty of the extraordinary imprudence of making out a catalogue of her crimes, which, in her own hand-writing, was found among her effects in the convent. Upon this she was convicted; and having afterwards acknowledged the horrid detail, which contained a series of the most shocking atrocities, she was publicly beheaded, and afterwards burned at Paris, on the 16th of July 1676, and met her fate with a degree of resolution amounting almost to unconcern. It may afford matter for curious speculation to the disciples of Lavater to learn, that nature had not been sparing to the Marchioness of the beauties of her sex: her features were regular, the contour of her face extremely graceful, and her whole air wore that appearance of serenity, which is considered as an indication of virtue."

ENGLISH PORCELAIN.

The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea, near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine white sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added, as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze, and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low perhaps as any on the list. The china works at Derby come the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighbourhood of Newcastle in Staffordshire; and in other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the gray disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk-white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients to the amount of about 15 per cent., and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

JAMAICA FIRE-FLIES.

I was in the habit, almost nightly, of enclosing a dozen or more of fire-flies under an inverted glass tumbler on my bedroom table, the light from whose bodies enabled me to read without difficulty. They are about the size of a bee, and perfectly harmless. Their coming forth in more than usual numbers is the certain harbinger of impending rain; and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, that, be the night ever so dark, the pathway was as plain and visible almost as at noonday. The light they emit resembles exactly the lustre of the diamond, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the Creole coquettes to insert a few of them, confined in pieces of thin gauze, amongst their hair, and in various parts of their dress, just as our belles at home avail themselves of the ingenuity of the paste-jeweller.—*Author of Scenes in Jamaica.*

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LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ANCESTRY.

THE parentage of Sir Walter Scott connected him with baronial and professional rank of considerable eminence. His father, Walter Scott, Esq. a member of the respectable society of Writers to the Signet, was the son of Mr Robert Scott, settled at Sandyknowe in Roxburghshire,* whose father, Mr Walter Scott, was a younger son of Walter Scott of Raeburn, the third son of Sir Walter Scott of Harden, the ancestor of the present Lord Polwarth.

Scott of Raeburn, great-great-grandfather to the subject of this memoir, lived at the time of the Restoration, and embraced the tenets of Quakerism, which at that period made their way into Scotland. For this he endured a degree of persecution for which it is now difficult to assign a reason. The Scottish Privy Council, by an edict dated June 20, 1665, directed his brother, the existing representative of the Harden family, to take away his three children, and educate them separately, so that they might not become infected with the same heresy; and, for doing so, he was to be entitled to sue his brother for the maintenance of the children. By a second edict, dated July 5, 1666, the Council directed two thousand pounds Scots money to be paid by the Laird of Raeburn for this purpose; and as he was now confined in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he was liable to be further tainted by converse with others of the same sect there also imprisoned, the Council further ordered him to be transported to the jail of Jedburgh, where no one was to have access to him but such as might be expected to convert him from his present principles.

Walter, the second son of this gentleman, and father to the novelist's grandfather, received a good education at Glasgow College, under the protection of his uncle. He was a zealous Jacobite—a friend and correspondent of Dr Pitcairn—and made a vow never to shave his beard till the exiled house of Stuart should be restored.

Dr John Rutherford, maternal grandfather to the subject of this memoir, was the son of a minister of Yarrow, in Selkirkshire, whose monument, bearing that he died in 1709, is to be seen on the north wall of the church of that parish. Dr Rutherford was one of four Scottish pupils of Boerhaave, who, in the early part of the last century, contributed to establish the high character of the Edinburgh University as a school of medicine. He was the first Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University, to which office he was elected in 1727, and which he resigned in 1766, in favour of the celebrated Dr John Gregory. He was also the first person who delivered lectures on Clinical Medicine in the Infirmary. His son, Dr Daniel Rutherford, maternal uncle to the novelist, was afterwards, for a long period, Professor of Botany in the Edinburgh University. His daughter, Anne, was the mother of Sir Walter Scott.

The wife of Dr John Rutherford, and maternal grandmother of Sir Walter Scott, was Jean Swinton, daughter of Swinton of Swinton, in Berwickshire, one of the oldest families in Scotland, and at one period very powerful. Sir Walter has introduced a chivalric representative of this race into his drama of "Halidon Hill." The grandfather of Jean Swinton was Sir John Swinton, the twentieth baron in lineal descent, and the son of the celebrated Judge Swinton, to whom, along with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, Cromwell entrusted the chief management of civil affairs in Scotland, during his usurpation. Lord Swinton, as he was called in virtue of his judicial character, was seized, after the Restoration, and brought down to Scotland for trial, in the same vessel with the Marquis of Argyre. It was generally expected that one who had played so conspicuous a part in the late usurpation, would not elude the vengeance of the new government. He escaped, however, by suddenly adopting the tenets of the society to which Walter Scott of Raeburn afterwards attached himself. On being brought before the Parliament for trial, he rejected

all means of legal defence; and his simply penitent appearance and venerable aspect wrought so far with his judges, that he was acquitted, while less obnoxious men were condemned. It was from this extraordinary person, and while confined along with him in Edinburgh Castle, that Colonel David Barclay, father of Robert Barclay, the eminent author of the "Apology for the Quakers," contracted those sentiments which afterwards shone forth and attracted so much notice in his son.

FATHER.

While the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott is thus shown to have been somewhat more than respectable, it must be also stated, that, in his character as a man, a citizen, and a professional agent, there could not be a more worthy member of society than his immediate parent. Mr Walter Scott, born in 1729, and admitted as a writer to the signet in 1755, was by no means a man of shining abilities. He was, however, a steady, expert man of business, inasmuch as to prosper considerably in life; and nothing could exceed the gentleness, sincerity, and benevolence of his character. For many years, he held the honourable office of an elder in the parish church of Old Greyfriars, while Dr Robertson, the historian of America and Charles V., acted as one of the ministers. The other clergyman was Dr John Erskine, much more distinguished as a divine, and of whom Sir Walter has given an animated picture in his novel of "Guy Mannering." Mr Walter Scott, W.S. had been considered as extremely handsome. In early life, his friend Mrs Cockburn, author of the beautiful song of "the Flowers of the Forest," passed the following eulogium upon his various qualities of person and mind, in an extemporaneous series of toasts—

To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation;
To the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

MOTHER.

Mrs Scott, while she boasted a less prepossessing exterior than her husband, was enabled, partly by the more literary character of her connexions and education, and more perhaps by native powers of mind, to make a greater impression in conversation. It has thus become a conceded point, that Sir Walter derived his abilities almost exclusively from this parent. Without pretending to judge in a matter of such delicacy, it may at least be allowed that the young poet was at first chiefly indebted to his mother for an introduction to the literary society of which her father and brother were such distinguished ornaments. It has somewhere been alleged, that Mrs Scott, who was an intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and other poetical wits of the last century, wrote verses, like them, in the vernacular language of Scotland. But this can be denied, upon the testimony of her own son. The mistake has probably arisen in consequence of a Mrs Scott of Wauchope, whose maiden name was likewise Rutherford, having published poetry of her own composition. Mrs Walter Scott, who was nevertheless a woman of powerful intellect, was, at an early age, deemed worthy by her father to be entrusted with the charge of his house, during his temporary widowhood; and thus she possessed opportunities enjoyed by few young ladies of her own age, and of the period when she lived, of mixing in literary society. It is unquestionable that this circumstance was likely to have some effect in later life upon her son, with the training of whose mind she must, in virtue of her maternal character, have had more to do than her husband. It may be further mentioned, that Mrs Scott had been principally educated by a reduced gentlewoman, a Mrs Euphemia Sinclair (granddaughter of Sir Robert Sinclair of Longformacus), who kept a school for young ladies, in the now wretched precincts of Blackfriars' Wynd, in Edinburgh, and who had the honour of educating many of the female nobility and gentry of Scotland, some of whom were her own relations. Sir Walter's own words respecting this person, are given in the work entitled "Traditions of Edinburgh." "To judge by the proficiency of her scholars, although much of what is called accomplishment might then be left untaught, she must have been possessed of uncommon talents for education; for all the ladies above mentioned" (the list includes Mrs Scott) "had well-cultivated minds, were fond of reading, wrote and

spelled admirably, were well acquainted with history and with the belles lettres, without neglecting the more homely duties of the needle and accompt-book; and while two of them" (meaning, as there is reason to believe, Mrs Scott and Mrs Murray Keith*) "were women of extraordinary talents, all of them were perfectly well bred in society."—Vol. iii. p. 128. Sir Walter further communicated, that his mother, and many others of Mrs Sinclair's pupils, were sent, according to a fashion then prevalent in good society, to be finished off by the Honourable Mrs Ogilvie, lady of the Honourable Patrick Ogilvie of Longmay, whose brother, the Earl of Seafield, was so instrumental, as Chancellor of Scotland, in carrying through the union with England. Mrs Ogilvie trained her young friends to a style of manners which would now be considered intolerably stiff: for instance, no young lady, in sitting, was permitted ever to touch the back of her chair. Such was the effect of this early training upon the mind of Mrs Scott, that even when she approached her eightieth year, she took as much care to avoid touching her chair with her back, as if she had still been under the stern eye of Mrs Ogilvie.

BIRTH—BIRTH-PLACE—EARLY SCENES.

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771. He was the third of a family, consisting of six sons and one daughter. The eldest son John attained to a majority in an infantry regiment, but was early obliged to retire from service on account of the delicate state of his health. The youngest brother Daniel was a sailor, but died in early life. Of him Sir Walter has often been heard to assert, that he was by far the cleverest and most interesting of the whole. Thomas, the next brother to Sir Walter, followed the father's profession, and was for some years factor to the Marquis of Abercorn, but eventually died in Canada in 1822, in the capacity of paymaster to the 70th regiment. Sir Walter himself entertained a fondly high opinion of the talents of this brother, but it is not borne out by the sense of his other friends. He possessed, however, some burlesque humour, and an acquaintance with Scottish manners and character—qualities which were apt to impose a little, and even induced some individuals to believe, for some time, that he, rather than his more gifted brother, was the author of "the Novels."

Existence opened upon the Author of Waverley in one of the duskiest parts of the ancient capital, which he has been pleased to apostrophise in *Marmion as his own romantic town*. At the time of his birth, and for some time after, his father lived at the head of the College Wynd, a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate to the gate of the College. The two lower floors of the house were occupied by Mr Keith, W.S., grandfather of the present Knight Marischal of Scotland, and Mr Walter Scott lodged *aux troisieme*, his part of the mansion being accessible by a stair behind. For a more particular account of the house, reference is made to the note below.†

It appears, however, that, before Sir Walter could receive any impressions from the romantic scenery of the Old Town of Edinburgh, he was removed, on account of the delicacy of his health, to the country, and lived for a considerable period under the charge of his paternal grandfather at Sandyknowe. This farm is situated upon high ground, near the bottom of Leader water, and overlooks a large part of the vale of Tweed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the farm-house, upon a rocky foundation, stood the Border fortlet called Smallholm Tower, which possessed many features to attract the attention of the young poet. But he has himself, in the introduction to the third canto

* The Mrs Bethune Balgool of the "Chronicles of the Canon gate."

† It was a house of what would now be considered humble aspect, but at that time neither humble from its individual appearance, nor from its vicinity. As it stood on the line necessary for the opening of a street along the north skirt of the new University buildings, it was destroyed on that occasion, and never rebuilt. Speaking of this house in a series of notes communicated to a local antiquary in 1825, Sir Walter said, "It consisted of two flats above Mr Keith's, and belonged to my father, Mr Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet; there I had the chance to be born, 15th August 1771. My father, soon after my birth, removed to George's Square, and let the house in the College Wynd, first to Mr Dundas of Philipstoun, and afterwards to Mr William Keith, father of Sir Alexander Keith. It was purchased by the public, together with Mr Keith's [the inferior floors], and pulled down to make way for the new College."

* "The Poet's grandfather, Mr Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, though both descended from and allied to several respectable Border families, was chiefly distinguished for the excellent good sense and independent spirit which enabled him to lead the way in agricultural improvement—then a pursuit abandoned to persons of a very inferior description. His memory was long preserved in Teviotdale, and still survives, as that of an active and intelligent farmer, and the father of a family all of whom were distinguished by talents, probity, and remarkable success in the pursuits which they adopted."—*Border Antiquities*, by Walter Scott, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1814.

of Marmion, described both the place and its inhabitants, as well as the various romantic associations which it established in his young bosom :—

Thus, while I ope the measure wild,
Of tales which charm'd me when a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed,
Yet was poetic impulse given;
By the green hill, and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its rounds survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvel'd, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind
Of foragers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southron rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue;
And, home-returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars;
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe, or mirth;
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, one of old
By Wallace wight, and Bruce the bold;
Of later feuds of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed.
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Still with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire,
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint.
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grand-dame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

It is understood, that, at the "evening fire" of Sandyknowe, Sir Walter learned much of that Border lore which he afterwards wrought up in his fictions. In the meantime, his advance in the mechanical and elementary parts of education was greatly retarded by the ill health which rendered rustic recreation necessary. The school which he first attended is said to have been one at Kelso, kept by a Mr Launcelot Whale, where he was the contemporary and playmate of the Messrs Ballantyne, afterwards so conspicuously connected with him in the affairs of mature life. After an irregular attendance at this and other seminaries, he entered Fraser's class at the High School of Edinburgh, in the *third year*; that is to say, when that master had carried his class through one-half of the ordinary curriculum of the school; wherefore it is clear, that any earlier instruction he could have received must have been in some inferior institution, and very probably communicated in a hurried and imperfect manner. It is at the commencement of the school year in October 1779, that his name first appears in the school register; he must have then been eight years of age, which, it may be remarked, is an unusually early period for a boy to enter the third year of his classical course. What is further remarkable, his elder brother attended the same class. It is therefore to be suspected that his educational interests were sacrificed, in some measure, to the circumstances of the school, which were at that period in such an unhappy arrangement as to teachers, that parents often precipitated their children into a class for which they were unfitted, in order to escape a teacher whom they deemed unqualified for his duties, and secure the instructions of one who bore a superior character. Although Mr Luke Fraser was one of the severest flagellators even of the *old school*, he enjoyed the reputation of being a sound scholar, so far as scholarship was required for his duties, and also that of a most conscientious and pains-taking teacher. He first caused his scholars to get by heart Ruddiman's Rudiments; and as soon as they were thoroughly grounded in the declensions, the vocabulary of the same great grammarian was put into their hands,

and a small number of words prescribed to be repeated every morning. They then read in succession the Colloquies of Corderius, four or five lives of Cornelius Nepos, and the first four books of Cæsar's Commentaries. Ere this course was perfected, the greater part of Ruddiman's Grammatica Minora, in Latin, was got by heart. Select passages from Ovid's Metamorphoses, the Bucolics, and the first Æneid of Virgil, concluded the fourth year; after which, the boys were turned over to the Rector, by whom they were instructed for two years more, making the course in all six years. Every one of the three masters besides Mr Fraser pursued the same system, bringing forward a class from the first elements to the state in which it was fitted for the attention of the Rector; after which he returned once more to take up a new set of boys in the first class—and so forth for one lustrum after another, so long as he was connected with the school. If any teacher could have brought a boy over such a difficulty as that which attended the commencement of Sir Walter's career at the High School, it would have been Mr Fraser; for few of his profession at that time were more anxious to explain away every obstruction in the path of his pupils, or took so much pains to ascertain that they were carrying the understandings of the boys along with them through all the successive stages. Apparently, however, neither the care of the master, nor the inborn genius of the pupil, availed much in this case; for it is said that the twenty-fifth place was no uncommon situation in the class for the future author of the Waverley Novels.

After two years of instruction, commenced under these unfavourable circumstances, Sir Walter, in October 1781, entered the Rector's class, then taught by Dr Alexander Adam, the author of many excellent elementary books, and one of the most meritorious and most eminent teachers that Scotland has ever produced. The authors read by Dr Adam's class at this period, and probably during the whole of his career, were Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Livy, and Terence; but it was not in reading and translating alone that an education under this eminent man consisted. Adam, who was an indefatigable student, as the number and excellence of his works testify, was a complete contrast to Mr Fraser, who hardly ever introduced a single remark, but what was intended to illustrate the *letter* of the author; whereas Dr Adam commented at great length upon whatever occurred in the course of reading in the class, whether it related to antiquities, customs, and manners, or to history. Adam was of so communicative a disposition, that whatever knowledge he had acquired in his private studies, he took the first opportunity of imparting to his class, paying little regard whether it was above the comprehension of the greater number of his scholars or not. He abounded in pleasant anecdote; and while he never neglected the proper business of his class, it is certain that he inspired a far higher love of knowledge and of literary history into the minds of his pupils than any other teacher of his day. At the same time he displayed a benevolence of character which won the hearts of his pupils, and nothing ever gave him so much pleasure as to hear of their success in after life. To this venerable person Sir Walter was always ready to acknowledge his obligations, and it is not improbable that some part of his literary character was moulded on that of Dr Adam.

As a scholar, nevertheless, the subject of this memoir never became remarkable for proficiency. There is his own authority for saying, that, even in the exercise of metrical translation, he fell far short of some of his companions; although others preserve a somewhat different recollection, and state that this was a department in which he always manifested a superiority. The following is the account of his habits at this early period of life, given by himself at the distance of nearly half a century :—

STORY-TELLING.

"I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller; but I believe some of my old schoolfellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

It was the effect unquestionably of this perverse love of tale-telling, that the future Author of Waverley left

* General Introduction to new edition of Waverley Novels, p. ii.

the High School in 1783, ranking only *eleventh* in the Rector's class.

ANECDOTE OF JUVENILE TEMPER.

It is the tradition of the family—and the fact is countenanced by this propensity to tales of chivalric adventure—that Sir Walter wished at this period of his life to become a soldier. The illness, however, which had beset his early years, rendered this wish bootless, even although his parents had been inclined to gratify it. His malady had had the effect of contracting his right leg, so that he could hardly walk erect, even with the toes of that foot upon the ground. It has been related by a member of his family, that, on this being represented to him as an insuperable obstacle to his entering the army, he left the room in an agony of mortified feeling, and was found some time afterwards suspended by the wrists from his bedroom window, somewhat after the manner of the unfortunate Knight of the Rueful Countenance, when beguiled by the treacherous Maritornes at the inn. On being asked the cause of this strange proceeding, he said he wished to prove to them, that, however unfitted by his limbs for the profession of a soldier, he was at least strong enough in the arms. He had remained in that uneasy and trying posture for upwards of an hour.*

MUSIC.

An attempt was made about the same time to give him instructions in music, which used to be a branch of ordinary education in Scotland. His preceptor was Mr Alexander Campbell, then organist of an Episcopal chapel in Edinburgh, but known in later life as the editor of "Albyn's Anthology," and author of various other publications. Mr Campbell's efforts were entirely in vain: he had to abandon his pupil in a short time, with the declaration that he was totally deficient in that indispensable requisite to musical education—an *ear*. It may appear strange, that he who wrote so many musical verses, should have wanted this natural gift; but there are other cases to show that a perception of metrical quantities does not depend on any such peculiarity. Dr Johnson is a splendid instance. Throughout life, Sir Walter, however capable of enjoying music, was incapable of producing two notes consecutively that were either in tune or in time. He used to be pressed, however, at an annual agricultural dinner, to contribute his proper quota to the cantations of the evening; on which occasions he would break forth with the song of "Tarry Woo," in a strain of unmusical vehemence, which never failed, on the same principle as Dick Tinto's famous sign, to put the company into good humour.

UNIVERSITY.

After having been two years under the Rector of the High School,† he was placed in the University of Edinburgh, October 1783. The usual course at this seminary is, for the first year, to attend the classes of Latin and Greek, to which, during the second, are added Mathematics and Logic; the third and last year of the course of a merely liberal education, is spent in attending the lectures on Moral and Natural Philosophy. It would appear that Sir Walter did not proceed regularly through this academical course. He was matriculated, or booked, in 1783, at once, for the Humanity or Latin class under Professor Hill, and the Greek class under Professor Dalryell; and for the latter, once more, in 1784. But the only other class for which he seems to have matriculated at the College, was that of Logic, under Professor Bruce, in 1785. Although he may perhaps have attended other classes without matriculation, there is reason to believe that his irregular health produced a corresponding irregularity in his academical studies. The result, it is to be feared, was, that he entered life much in the condition of his illustrious prototype, the Bard of Avon—that is, "with a little Latin and less Greek."

While still at the High School, he made his first attempt in original versification, the subject being a thunder-storm, which happened one day as he and his companions were amusing themselves in the yard. The poem consisted only of six lines, but when he repeated it, on his return home, to his mother, it produced a deep impression of pleasure and pride in her bosom, so that, after he had retired from her presence, she could not help addressing a person, who was then beside her, in an exclamation of the most passionate nature, respecting the promising intellect of her child.‡

* His parents made many efforts to cure his lameness. Edinburgh at this time boasted of an ingenious mechanist in leather, the first person who extended the use of that commodity beyond ordinary purposes; on which account there is an elaborate memoir of him in Doddsley's Annual Register for 1793. His name was Gavin Wilson, and, being something of a humorist, he exhibited a sign-board, intended to burlesque the vanity of his brother tradesmen—his profession being thus indicated, "Leather leg-maker, not to his Majesty." Honest Gavin, on the application of his parents, did all he could for Sir Walter, but in vain. Mr and Mrs Scott, with less creditable anxiety for their child's welfare, thought proper to apply to the celebrated quack James Graham, who came to Edinburgh in 1783. It is needless to say that Mr Graham's prescriptions were still less efficacious than those of Mr Wilson.

† His attendance at the High School stood distinctly thus :—Under Mr L. Fraser, during seasons 1779-80 and 1780-1.

Under the Rector, during seasons 1781-2 and 1782-3.

‡ One of Mrs Scott's female friends recollects hearing her mention the following anecdote of her distinguished son :—She was conversing with a gentleman respecting the almost perpetual drizzle which prevails in the west of Scotland—a fact for which both parties declared themselves at a loss to account, when Walter, popping his head up from below the table, said, "It is only Nature, weeping for the barrenness of her soil."

Some further notice of this and other juvenile attempts, will be found in a subsequent part of the present narrative.

READING.

"When boyhood advancing into youth," says Sir Walter, in the autobiographical chapter formerly quoted, "required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered of course greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, to far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

There was at this time a circulating library in Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction.* It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning till night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the old romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

At the same time, I did not in all respects abuse the licence permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages, and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of the imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the exercise of my own free-will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely, but for the amusement which I derived from a good though old-fashioned library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning whose reading were imitated from recollections of my own."

It will thus be observed that Sir Walter's acquirements in his early years did not lie nearly so much in ordinary branches of education, as in a large stock of miscellaneous reading, taken up at the dictation of his own taste. His thirst for reading is perhaps not described in sufficiently emphatic terms, even in the above narrative. It amounted to an enthusiasm. He was at that time very much in the house of his uncle Dr. Rutherford,† and there, even at breakfast, he would constantly have a book open by his side, to refer to while sipping his coffee, like his own Oldbuck in the Antiquary. His uncle frequently commanded him to lay aside his book while eating, and Sir Walter would only ask permission first to read out the paragraph in which he was engaged. But this request resembled the miracle of *Balmerino's Eik* in conviviality,‡ and the doctor never could find that his nephew finished a paragraph in his life. It may be mentioned that Shakespeare was at this period frequently in his hands, and that, of all the plays, the Merchant of Venice was his favourite.

PROFESSION.

About his sixteenth year, Sir Walter's health experienced a sudden but most decisive change for the better. Though his lameness remained the same, his

* This venerable institution, as it might without impropriety be called, was then the property of Mr James Sibbald, a man of literary accomplishment, who for several years conducted his own excellent "Edinburgh Magazine," and afterwards published a collection of old Scottish poetry in four volumes. The library, of which Sir Walter speaks in such high terms, was finally sold off in 1831, and the shop is now occupied by persons of a different profession.

† At the bottom of Hyndford's Close, near the Netherbow. He also resided much in his youthful days with his paternal uncle, Captain Scott of Rosebank, near Kelso, who ultimately left him that property, from which, on selling it, he realised about £4000. This was immediately before his marriage.

‡ A way of drinking a whole night in one bowl, by means of perpetual but always partial replenishing. *Eik* signifies addition, and in this case sometimes referred to the sugar, sometimes to the liquor, and sometimes, but less frequently, to the water. Which of the Lords Balmerino was the inventor of this ingenious practice, is not recorded.

body became tall and robust, and he was thus enabled to apply himself with the necessary degree of energy to his studies for the bar. At the same time that he attended the lectures of Professor Dick on Civil Law in the College, he performed the duties of a writer's apprentice under his father; that being the most approved method by which a barrister could acquire a technical knowledge of his profession, though it has never been uniformly practised.* It generally happens, or used to happen, that when a young man of considerable abilities was coming forward to the bar, he was preceded by a crepuscular fame, resulting from his exhibitions either at College, or at the debating societies, in which the well-educated youth of Edinburgh first tried their powers of reasoning and eloquence. But Sir Walter had no prestige of this kind; he was never heard of at any of those clubs; and so far as he was known at all, it was only as a rather abstracted young man, very much given to reading, but not the kind of reading with which other persons of his age are conversant.

ENTERS AT THE SCOTTISH BAR.

On the 10th of July 1792, when just on the point of completing his twenty-first year, he passed advocate with the usual forms. The manner of admission to the Scottish bar was in those days somewhat different from the present. The candidate having made application to the Dean of the Faculty,† a day was appointed for his examination on the Civil and Scottish Law. Having passed with approbation through this trial, he published a thesis upon some head of the Pandects, which he was understood to be ready to defend.‡ The ceremony of admission to the bar took place afterwards, when the candidate addressed the whole court from the Bench in a Latin speech. On the division of the Court of Session into two Chambers, this form was dispensed with.

The young barrister was enabled, by the affluence of his father, to begin life in an elegant house in the most fashionable part of the town; but it was not his lot to acquire either wealth or distinction at the bar. He had perhaps some little employment at the provincial sittings of the criminal court, and occasionally acted in unimportant causes as a junior counsel; but he neither obtained, nor seemed qualified to obtain, a sufficient share of general business to insure an independency. The truth is, his mind was not yet emancipated from that enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge which had distinguished his youth. His necessities, with only himself to provide for, and a sure retreat behind him in the comfortable circumstances of his native home, were not so great as to make an exclusive application to his profession imperative; and he therefore seemed destined to join what a sarcastic barrister has termed, "the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business." Although he could speak readily and fluently at the bar, his intellect was not at all of a forensic cast. He appeared to be too much of the abstract and unworlthy scholar, to assume readily the habits of an adroit pleader; and even although he had been perfectly competent to the duties, it is a question if his external aspect and general reputation would have tempted the generality of agents to entrust them to his hands.

Throughout all the earlier years of his life as a bar-

* He has related a curious anecdote of this period of his life, in the notes to the recent edition of Rob Roy. The farm of Inverenty, in Balquidder, had been the scene of a murder committed by Robert Oig, son of Rob Roy, upon a man of the name of MacLaren. In reference to that incident, Sir Walter says:—

"The author is uncertain whether it is worth while to mention that he had a personal opportunity of observing, even in his own time, that the king's writ did not pass quite current in the Braes of Balquidder. There were very considerable debts due by Stewart of Appin (chiefly to the author's family), which were likely to be lost to the creditors, if they could not be made available out of this same farm of Inverenty, the scene of the murder done upon MacLaren.

His family, consisting of several strapping deer-stalkers, still possessed the farm, by virtue of a long lease for a trifling rent. There was no chance of any one buying it with such an encumbrance, and a transaction was entered into by the MacLarens, who being desirous to emigrate to America, agreed to sell their lease to the creditors for £500, and to remove at the next term of Whitsunday. But whether they repented their bargain, or desired to make a better, or whether from a mere point of honour, the MacLarens declared they would not permit a summons of removal to be executed against them, which was necessary for the legal completion of the bargain. And such was the general impression that they were men capable of resisting the legal execution of warning by very effectual means, no king's messenger would execute the summons without the support of a military force. An escort of a sergeant and six men was obtained from a Highland regiment lying at Stirling; and the author, then a writer's apprentice, equivalent to the honourable situation of an attorney's clerk, was entrusted with the superintendence of the expedition, with directions to see that the messenger discharged his duty fully, and that the gallant sergeant did not exceed his part by committing violence or plunder. And thus it happened, oddly enough, that the author first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine, of which he may perhaps say he has somewhat extended the reputation, riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear-guard, and loaded arms. The sergeant was absolutely a Highland Serjeant Kite, full of stories of Rob Roy and of himself, and a very good companion. We experienced no interruption whatever, and when we came to Inverenty, found the house deserted. We took up our quarters for the night, and used some of the victuals which we found there. On the morning we returned as unmolested as we came."

† The Scottish advocates form what is called a Faculty, at the head of which is an officer termed the Dean. The Dean on this occasion was the Hon. Henry Erskine (father of the present Earl of Buchan), "the wittiest and the best-honoured man living," as he has been termed by Sir Walter himself.

‡ Sir Walter's thesis was upon a curious subject—*De Cudaveribus Damnatorum*—and is unusually short, consisting only of eight small pages; it is dedicated to Robert Macqueen, better known by his judicial title of Lord Braxfield.

risters, he was constantly studying either one branch of knowledge or another. Unlike the most of young men of his order, he was little tempted from study into composition. With all the diligence which the present writer could exercise, he has not been able to detect any fugitive piece of Sir Walter's in any of the periodical publications of the day, nor even any attempt to get one intruded, unless the following notice in Dr Anderson's "Bee" for May 9, 1792, refers to him:—"The Editor regrets that the verses of W. S. are too defective for publication!"

POLITICAL OPINIONS—SOLDIERING.

From his earliest years, Sir Walter's political leanings were towards Toryism, or, as it may be explained, that principle which disposes men to wish for the preservation of existing institutions. "As for politics," says Shenstone in his Letters, "I think poets are Tories by nature, supposing them to be by nature poets. The love of an individual person or family that has worn a crown for many successions, is an inclination greatly adapted to the fanciful tribe. On the other hand, mathematicians, abstract reasoners, of no manner of attachment to persons, at least to the visible part of them, but prodigiously devoted to the ideas of virtue, liberty, and so forth, are generally Whigs." There is much in this passage that hits the particular case of Sir Walter Scott. But moods of political feeling are not confined to individuals—they sometimes become nearly general over entire nations. At the time when Sir Walter entered public life, almost all the respectable part of the community were filled with a Tory antipathy to the principles and policy of the French republic—a feeling roused to enthusiasm when the French, in 1797, threatened to invade the British islands. Numerous bodies of volunteer militia were consequently formed, for the purpose of local defence. In the beginning of the year 1797, it was judged necessary by the gentlemen of the Scottish capital to imitate the example already set by several counties, by embodying themselves in a cavalry corps. This association assumed the name of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons; and Mr Walter Scott had the honour to be appointed its quarter-master, for which office his lameness was considered no bar, especially as he happened to be a remarkably good equestrian. He was a signally zealous officer, and very popular in the regiment, on account of his extreme good humour and powers of social entertainment. His appointment partly resulted from, and partly led to, an intimacy with the most considerable man of his name, Henry Duke of Buccleuch, who had taken a great interest in the embodying of the corps. It was also perhaps the means, to a certain extent, of making him known to Mr Henry Dundas, who was now one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State, and a lively promoter of the scheme of national defence in Scotland. Quarter-master Scott composed a war-song, as he called it, for the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, which he afterwards published in the Border Minstrelsy.

DAWNINGS OF LITERARY AMBITION.

Heretofore, Sir Walter had only been remarkable for his qualifications as a relater of amusing and apposite stories in conversation, and for his activity as Adjutant to the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry. Now, however, he became known within a small circle, as a person of poetical abilities. An account of this change in his circumstances is given by himself, in a narrative, written in latter life, introductory to the department of his Border Minstrelsy which consists of imitations of the ancient ballad.

"A period," says Sir Walter, "when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. * * * I may remark, that, although the assertion has been made, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration, efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these circumstances because they are true. * * I now proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, although he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was dead, and even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty."

The author then details the rise of German literature, and its gradual introduction into this country. The Scottish literati were first made at all acquainted with its existence by Mr Henry Mackenzie, in a paper read to the Edinburgh Royal Society in August 1788.

STUDIES GERMAN.

"In Edinburgh," he continues, "where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered mine, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, adverse to the necessary toils of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and of course frequently committing blunders, which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement was the despair of the teacher on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and were ambitious of perusing Goëthe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr Willich (a medical gentleman), who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us 'The Death of Abel,' as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathise with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. * * * At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than 'The Death of Abel.'"

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

Sir Walter next proceeds to mention his acquaintance at this period with Mr M. G. Lewis, author of 'The Monk,' who became almost a yearly visitor of Scotland, and to whom he was introduced by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Lewis had studied deeply in the German school, and already produced some imitations of the manner of their ballad poets, which had struck the public mind with all the charm of novelty.

"Out of this acquaintance," he continues, "consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life. In early youth I had been an eager student of ballad poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged. The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore; but I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had indeed tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my verses were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my school-days, I was so far left to my own desires, as to become guilty of verses on a thunder-storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprang up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskin wife, who af-

firmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my verses ready-made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawlucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire; and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, except the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

About this period—that is, in the year 1793 or 1794—Mrs Barbauld paid a visit to Edinburgh. She lived in the house of Professor Dugald Stewart, and one evening she astonished the family circle to a great degree, by reading aloud a translation of Bürger's "Lenore," executed by Mr Taylor of Norwich. A friend who had heard it, told Sir Walter what impression the recitation had occasioned, and repeated to him the rude but striking passage, descriptive of the supernatural speed of the ghostly horseman and his mistress:—

Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
Splash, splash, along the sea,
Hurra, the dead can ride apace,
Dost fear to ride with me?

Inspired with a strong desire to see the original, Sir Walter, with great difficulty, obtained a copy from Germany, through the kind offices of Mrs Scott of Harden, who was a German by birth. The perusal, says Sir Walter, rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr Stewart's family had induced me to form; and the book had only been a few hours in my possession, when "I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse. I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about day-break the next morning (it consists of sixty-six stanzas), by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up, were rather of an uncomfortable character."

FIRST PUBLICATION.

The young poet was so much pleased with his own success on this occasion, as to attempt a few more translations from Bürger, particularly of the poem entitled "Der Wilde Jäger." "In the course of a few weeks," says he, "my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of my friends, interested by the revival of a species of poetry, containing a germ of popularity, of which, perhaps, they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was an author deaf to such a recommendation? In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, by request of friends, to indulge his own vanity, by publishing the translation of 'Lenore,' with that of 'The Wild Huntsman,' in a thin quarto. * * * The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in the Monthly Magazine, were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. * * In a word, my adventure proved a dead loss; and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker."

SECOND PUBLICATION.

This failure, Sir Walter informs us, instead of disposing him to retire from the field of letters, rather tempted him to proceed, in order "to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice." He pursued the German language keenly, procured more books in that language from their native country, and extended his views to the dramatic authors. Though he does not mention the fact in this narrative, it must be stated, that early in 1799 he published "Goetz of Berlichingen, a tragedy translated from the German [of Goëthe]." London, 8vo.†

ATTEMPTS ORIGINAL BALLADS.

"The ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold attempt, was still my favourite. * * By degrees I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called 'Glenfinlas,' was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad. * * * After 'Glenfinlas,'

* The Chase; and William and Helen. Edinburgh, Manners and Miller, 1796. The translator's name was not given.

† The title-page bears, "By Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate, Edinburgh."

I undertook another ballad, called 'The Eve of St John.' The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the notes, are entirely imaginary; but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron-grated door of Smailholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman already mentioned (Mr Scott of Harden, the proprietor), that the dilapidation should be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of, as well as 'Glenfinlas;' and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name."

MARRIAGE.

In autumn 1797, the young poet chanced to dine at the inn of Gillsland, in Cumberland, in the course of one of his rambles through the Borders. Amidst the company which the spa of that place had assembled at the common table of the inn, he met a gentleman who had three ladies under his charge, and who proved to be Dean Burd of Carlisle. The conversation which took place between Mr Scott and this party led to further intercourse, and, ere the evening elapsed, the youngest of the ladies had made such an impression upon his heart, as to induce him to give up the intention of immediately continuing his ramble. This young person was Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, a native of Lyons, whom some delicate family circumstances had placed under the charge of the Marquis of Downshire. From her brother in India she enjoyed an annuity sufficient for her decent maintenance; and she was now temporarily entrusted by the marquis to the charge of Mr Burd, in order that she might be diverted from a girlish attachment which was threatening unpleasant consequences. During the fortnight which he spent at Gillsland, Mr Scott succeeded in making himself agreeable to Miss Carpenter, and a correspondence with Lord Downshire soon after opened the way to their union, which took place at Carlisle on the ensuing Christmas eve. The late Mr Hogg, who saw her a very few years after the marriage, described her as at that period "a lovely young creature, with a profusion of dark hair, a fine pale skin, and an elegant and slender person." She also possessed a kindness and gentleness of nature harmonising with the character of her husband, whose affections she enjoyed to the close of her life.

Soon after this period, Sir Walter established himself, during the vacations of the Court of Session, in a delightful retreat at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, about five miles to the south of Edinburgh. He was there visited, in the autumn of 1799, by Mr Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta), who was engaged in those tours which he afterwards embodied in his "Remarks on the Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland." * This cultivated Englishman appears to have been deeply struck with the amiable picture which Sir Walter presented in his domestic character; inasmuch that his feelings induced him to make a slight trespass upon the privileges of private life, by introducing the following passage into his work; a passage, however, of which we cannot sufficiently prize the value, as it does justice to those talents and virtues in their unfamed state, which afterwards all the world was delighted to honour.

Speaking of Lasswade, Mr Stoddart says—"The circumstance which particularly endears this spot to me, is the residence of my friend Mr Walter Scott, whose poetical talents are too well known to receive any accession of praise from me." (This must of course chiefly refer to a manuscript fame.) "I shall have a future occasion to speak of the pleasure and instruction which I derived from the society of such a companion in a subsequent part of my tour; yet I cannot withhold the immediate expression of my feelings; they oblige me to say something, and the fear of doing them injustice prevents my saying much. Though we cannot pay the debts of friendship in public, we should not be ashamed to acknowledge them: this false shame of our best feelings has indeed become almost fashionable; but it is a fashion ominous to general morals, and destructive of individual happiness. I cannot believe but that a reader of taste would be delighted with even a slight copy of that domestic picture which I contemplated with so much pleasure during my short visit to my friend—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in a churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies, as a husband, a father, and a friend. To such an inhabitant, the simple, unostentatious elegance of the cottage at Lasswade is well suited; and its image will never recur to my memory without a throng of those pleasing associations, whose outline I have faintly sketched."—Vol. i. p. 126.

Mr Stoddart, in a subsequent part of his work, describes a tour of the south of Scotland, including Liddesdale, in which he was accompanied by Mr Scott. His narrative is here evidently enriched, in no slight degree, with the local knowledge of his companion,

* Two vols. 8vo. London, 1801.

and especially with his numerous traditionary anecdotes of the former inhabitants of the Border. "In return," we are informed by Sir Walter himself, "he (Mr Stoddart) made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken." Upon these writers he partly formed the style of his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

MINSTRELSY OF THE BORDER.

For some years before the end of the century, Sir Walter had been in the habit of making, periodically, what he called "raids" into Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of that romantic and most primitive district. The term *raids* was highly appropriate to those journeys, for the country was still in nearly the same secluded state as in the old riding times; and although ballads were a different ware from bullocks, the expedition was invested with much of the same adventurous character which must have belonged to a predatory incursion of the fifteenth century. Liddesdale, which forms the westerly extremity of the Scottish Border, is a wild pastoral vale, which in former times was almost exclusively occupied by the Elliots and Armstrongs, noted for their lawless character, and even now was possessed by a race of stock farmers of a remarkably unsophisticated description. The inhabitants of this vale, cut off, in a great measure, from all communion with the rest of the country, retained a strong impress of primeval manners, and were at least perfectly acquainted with the traditionary character of their ancestors, if they did not choose to imitate it. Sir Walter travelled thither, from the more civilised part of Roxburghshire, in an old gig, which also contained his early friend and local guide, Mr Robert Shortreed of Jedburgh, Sheriff-substitute of the county. Introduced by this gentleman, Sir Walter paid visits to many of the farmers and small proprietors, among whom, or among their retainers, he picked up several capital specimens of the popular poetry of the district, descriptive of adventures of renown which took place in the days of yore, besides impressing his mind with that perception of the character of the people, which he afterwards embodied in his *Dandie Dinmont*. Mr Shortreed, who was a most intelligent person, used to relate an amusing anecdote, illustrative of the shy manners of this sequestered race. On visiting a particular person, whose name and place of residence are sufficiently indicated by his usual designation of "Willie o' Milburn," the honest farmer was from home, but returned while Sir Walter was tying up his horse in the stable. On being told by Mr Shortreed that an Edinburgh advocate was come to see him, he expressed great alarm as to the character of his visitor, the old fear of the law being still so very rife in Liddesdale as even to extend to the simple person of any of its administrators. What idea Willie had formed of an Edinburgh barrister, cannot exactly be defined; but, having gone out to reconnoitre, he soon after came back with a countenance of so mischievous a cast as eminently bespoke a relieved mind. "Is yon the advocate?" he inquired of Mr Shortreed. "Yes, Willie," answered that gentleman. "Deil o' me's feared for them, then," cried the farmer; "yon's just a chield like ourself!"

It was not alone necessary on this occasion to write down old ballads from recitation; but the intending editor also thought proper to store up the materials of notes by which the ballads themselves might be illustrated. On this account he visited many scenes alluded to in the metrical narratives, and opened his ear to all the local anecdotes and legends which were handed down by the peasantry. He had a most peculiar, and, it may even be said, mysterious mode of committing these to memory. According to Mr Shortreed's distinct recollection, he used neither pencil nor pen, but, seizing upon any twig or piece of wood which he could find, marked it by means of a clasp-knife, with various notches, which his companion believed to represent particular ideas in his own mind; and these Mr Shortreed afterwards found strung up before him in his study at home, like the *nick-sticks* over a baker's desk, or the string alphabet of a blind man. He seemed to have invented this algebraic system of memorandum-making for his own use, and, to all appearance, was as conversant with its mysteries as he could be with the more common accomplishment of writing. When his own pockets were inconveniently stuffed with notes, he would request Mr Shortreed to take charge of a few; and often that gentleman has discharged as much timber from his various integuments, as, to use his own phrase, quoted from Burns, might have mended a mill.

His collections in Liddesdale, joined to various contributions from reciters in other parts of the country, among whom the Ettrick Shepherd was one, formed his first publication of any note, "the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*." This work was issued in 1802, from the printing-press of his early friend Mr James Ballantyne of Kelso; and the elegance of its typography was not its least remarkable feature. It displayed a vast quantity of curious and abstruse learning, and, in particular, a most intimate acquaintance with a district of Scotland which had hitherto received hardly any attention either from the historian or the antiquary. At first it consisted of only two volumes, but a third was added on the reprinting of the work next year; by which means the editor was enabled to present a new

department of his subject—imitations, by himself and others, of the ancient ballad. The work was, upon the whole, a pleasing melange of history, poetry, and tradition; and it gained the author a considerable reputation, although certainly not that of an original poet in any great degree.

APPOINTMENT AS SHERIFF.

Previous to this period—in December 1799—he had been favoured, through the interest of his friends already alluded to, with the Crown appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to which was attached a salary of £300 a-year. This office, while it involved no oppressive duties, rendered it necessary that he should reside a certain part of the year in Selkirkshire; and he therefore engaged the house of Ashetell, on the banks of the Tweed, which continued to be his country residence till he removed to Abbotsford. The nomination was to him a peculiarly happy one, as he had many valued connexions in Selkirkshire and the immediately adjacent counties, while the office itself conferred both a general and local respectability, in the highest degree suited to his taste.

ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM.

It is here to be mentioned, that, in 1804, Mr Scott increased his reputation as a literary antiquary, by publishing the ancient minstrel tale of "Sir Tristrem," which he endeavoured, in a learned disquisition, to prove to be the composition of Thomas of Erildoune, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, who lived at the end of the thirteenth century. Though it is now allowed that he has failed in the main object of his essay, the profound knowledge displayed in the general illustration of the poem cannot be disputed.

ABANDONMENT OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

For the ensuing circumstances of the poet's life, it will be best to resort to his own narrative, introductory to a late edition of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"At this time," says he, alluding to the era of 1803, "I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink, for other purposes than those of my profession. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family; and though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and my desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life. It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose every where else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least *seem* perpetually engaged in his law papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises of the fair,

* Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen exoute nullum.*

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a number of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. * * *

The reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mrs Anne Page. "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!" I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to 'the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Dalilabs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. My income, however, being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that, in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as

in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention—not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in such mistakes, or what I considered as such: and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which from one motive or other ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary class, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh, if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief), that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

The author then details his resolution to write a poem of considerable length in the ballad style, varied by the octo-syllabic measure; and the following is his account of the accident which dictated a subject:—

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,* near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator and many more of that county were firm believers. The young countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey;† and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author." The work produced to the author the sum of £600.

* Mr Beattie of Mickledeale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty.

† In a letter to Miss Seward, the poet has acknowledged that, if requested by the Countess of Dalkeith, he would have written a poem upon a broomstick.—*Seward's Letters*, vol. vi. 1811.

APPOINTED A PRINCIPAL CLERK OF SESSION.

About this period, the prospect of a situation which completely met his moderate wishes as to preferment, opened upon our author. This was the honourable and easy office of a principal clerk in the Court of Session. One of the officiating clerks, Mr George Home, who had served upwards of thirty years, and of whom it may be mentioned in passing, that he was one of the literary fraternity concerned in "The Mirror," found it about this time agreeable to his advanced age to retire, more especially as he had just succeeded to his paternal estate of Wedderburn, in consequence of the death of his brother. As hopes had been held out to Sir Walter from an influential quarter, that he would be provided for in a manner suitable to his wishes, and as Mr Pitt had himself expressed a wish to be of service to the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, he was induced to apply for the reversion of this office, upon an arrangement that Mr Home should continue during life to draw the emoluments, while Mr Scott should perform the duty. His desires were readily acceded to, and George III. is reported to have said when he signed the commission, "that he was happy he had it in his power to reward a man of genius, and a person of such distinguished merit." This document lay in the office, subscribed by his majesty, and Mr Scott was in London with Mr Home's resignation in his pocket, and nothing required for the completion of the affair, but his paying the proper fees, when Mr Pitt's death, on the 25th of January 1806, made way for the appointment of a new and opposite ministry. It is a very general impression that Sir Walter was indebted ultimately for his place to the grace and favour of an administration differing from himself in politics; but the real fact speaks less equivocally for the nominee, though quite as honourably for Mr Fox. That great statesman, who had previously been heard to express his admiration of Mr Scott's talents, no sooner learned the difficulty which had occurred respecting his appointment, than he gave directions for accelerating it, and that it should be conferred as a favour coming directly from his administration. The expectant, however, had previously applied, through Lord Stafford and Lord Somerville, to Earl Spencer, for the indulgence usual on a change of ministry, of passing such grants as are already in a certain state of progress, unless an impropriety can be challenged. His lordship at once acceded to the request as a matter of justice, but with the handsome declaration that he would have been glad if it could have been done as one of favour. The warrant was therefore in Mr Scott's possession, when the words of Mr Fox were repeated to him. He never had any thing else to say on this subject, than that he would have been proud to owe an obligation to a man of Mr Fox's brilliant qualifications, if it had been his fortune to be so distinguished, and provided that he could have done so without any dereliction of his own political opinions.

The appointment of Mr Walter Scott, a zealous Tory, to the situation of Principal Clerk of Session, was announced in the same Gazette (March 8, 1806) which contained the nomination of Messrs Erskine and Clerk to the offices of Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General, just vacated, according to custom, by the late Tory holders, Sir James Montgomery and Mr Robert Blair. It is also remarkable, that, at this period, Lord Melville, who had been the first to hold out hopes of this preferment, was under impeachment of the House of Commons, for supposed high crimes and misdemeanours.

The good fortune which placed the poet in an office so nearly a sinecure, must be held as also a fortunate event for the world; for it is evident from what he has himself said, that, without such a refuge against the contingencies of a literary life, he would not have thrown himself so much before the public as he now did, in the character of an author. Viewing the matter in this light, his friend, the Rev. John Marriot, wrote the following verses, which, whatever be their poetical merits, certainly bear what Burns calls "the frater feeling strong" in an eminent degree:—

The captive bird, from irksome durance freed,
Its heart quick-throbbing as in mirthful mood,
Battling the liquid air with joyous speed,
Regains the covert of its native wood;
There rests from toil its long unpractised wing,
And perch'd upon the hazel's topmast spray,
Makes the wild woodland's deep recesses ring,
Chanting sweet liberty's delightful lay,
Nor wearies of its song the live-long summer day.

So lightly pricketh on his way yon wight,
Who, long y-pent in dungeon dark and drear,
Full many a scroll did wearily indite,
Blotting the parchment oft with bootless tear;
How could he but by stealth (Oh stealth how sweet!)
Hold raptur'd converse with the sisters nine,
Whose colloquy doth fill the breast with heat,
Venus, how far more elevate than thine;
How far more heavenly pure, ethereal, and divine!

Him now they welcome to their green retreats,
Released from labour's dolorous abode,
No more to stray from those delightful seats,
No more to plod in Mammon's toilsome road;
How sweetly will he pour the flowing rhyme,
Resistless master of the smile and tear!
How sweetly tell the tale of olden time!
Oh, may it be my lot to wander near,
Some strains of his enchanting minstrelsy to hear!

Sir Walter continued for five or six years to perform the duties of his office without salary, when at length an alteration of the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers, permitted his col-

league to retire upon an annuity, and he was left to enjoy the profits, as he also executed the labours, of the situation. These profits were never stationary, but seldom much below £1200 a-year, which, with the £300 which he enjoyed as Sheriff, might be said to make up a very respectable income, without regard to the result of his literary labours.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

During the year 1806, Sir Walter collected his original compositions in the ballad style into a small volume, which he published under the title of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces." The volume contained several compositions which he had contributed to Mr M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder," published in 1801.

MARMION.

In 1803, Sir Walter published his second poem of magnitude, "Marmion," in which, we are informed by himself, he took great pains, and was disposed to take still more, if the distresses of a friend had not rendered it convenient at least, if not necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers," he continues, "of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for 'Marmion.' The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise; I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once of what I considered the very handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which was indeed of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their own expectation, as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scotch housekeeper, namely, a hog'shead of excellent claret."

While "Marmion" was not exempt from some faults, which the critics did not fail to point out, it brought an immense increase of reputation to the author. Its more stately chivalric pictures, its stronger alliance to national history, and the broader scale on which it painted feudal manners, produced greater admiration than what had been excited by "The Lay." "By good fortune," says Sir Walter, "the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus, the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity—was, in my case, decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return of the sales before me† makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand, printed between 1803 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period."

Sir Walter considered this as not only the crisis of his poetical reputation, but the climacteric of his poetical character. He has been heard to say, that he never had been in danger of becoming vain till the extraordinary success of "Marmion" had nearly made him so. He resisted the temptation, and it fled from him for ever. Previously to this period, he had generally felt a little anxious to see what the periodical critics said of his works; but now this anxiety ceased, and he rarely heeded either the voice of praise, or censure.

"Marmion" consisted of six cantos, and each was graced with a prefatory address or epistle to some friend of the poet, the principal object of which, probably, was to serve as interludes or breathing-spaces during the progress of the story. In the first of these pieces, addressed to Mr W. Stewart Rose, the poet breathed an affectionate requiem over the tomb of Pitt, and took occasion, from the well-known juxtaposition of that sepulchre to the grave of Fox, in Westminster Abbey, to introduce some highly graceful acknowledgments of the talents of the Whig statesman.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy requiescent dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd and wanted most.‡
Mourn genius high and love profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be his last long rest.

* Introduction to late edition of "Marmion."

† It was a peculiarity of Sir Walter Scott's literary conduct, that he always required to have an offer made to him by the bookseller. Till the offer was made, he was like a ghost uninvoked, and would hardly say any thing upon the subject; but when it was made, he was almost sure to accept it without demur.

‡ Writing in April 1830.

§ To explain the seeming inconsistency of this expression with Sir Walter's general opinions on politics, it may be mentioned, that the whole couplet was written by the late Marquis of Aberdeen (the patron and employer of Sir Walter's father, as afterwards of his brother Thomas), and inserted at his express request, while the sheet was in proof.

EDITION OF DRYDEN.

Marmion had been published at the commencement of the year 1803; within a few weeks thereafter appeared "The Works of John Dryden, now first collected, in eighteen volumes. Illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Walter Scott, Esq."* This publication manifested, in a striking manner, the great erudition of the poet of Marmion. In composing the Life of Dryden, he frankly confessed that the research of Malone, and the critical acumen of Johnson, had left him little to do in these different departments. "But something," he conceived, "remained for him who should consider these literary productions in their succession, as actuated by, and operating upon, the taste of an age, where they had so predominating an influence, and who might, at the same time, connect the Life of Dryden with the history of his publications." Accordingly, the most original and interesting part of his work consists in the view which it exhibits of the general literary character of Dryden's age, and of the one immediately preceding. The publication met with so much success as to demand a reprint at the end of a few years.

SADLER'S STATE-PAPERS—SOMERS'S TRACTS.

In 1809, Sir Walter assisted in editing "The State-Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," which appeared in two expensive volumes, in quarto. Sadler was the negotiator, in behalf of Henry VIII., respecting the proposed marriage between Prince Edward and the infant Mary Queen of Scots; and his State-Papers throw much light, not only upon that political transaction, but upon the domestic circumstances of Scotland, in the early half of the sixteenth century. The Life of Sir Ralph, and a great variety of historical notes, were supplied by the subject of this memoir. In the same year, he contributed like assistance to a new edition of Lord Somers's invaluable collection of tracts, which appeared in twelve volumes quarto.

EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

Some of the late labours of Mr Scott had showed that he was not disposed to confine himself to poetry, but had also the inclination to prepare more ordinary and familiar matter for the public taste. This arose, in some measure, from his connection with Mr John Ballantyne, a youthful friend and companion, who had now entered into business at Edinburgh as a bookseller and publisher on a large scale, and with whom it was the pleasure of our author to form an occult mercantile alliance. In order to promote the prosperity of an enterprise in which he was thus for various reasons interested, he devoted a portion of his time to editing various weighty publications, of which those above enumerated are the most remarkable. For the same reason he became a contributor to the Edinburgh Annual Register, a work which Mr Ballantyne began to publish in 1810, under the editorial charge of Mr Southey, and which was in several respects more ambitious in its plan than any of the respectable compilations previously existing. To the first volume, relating to the year 1808, Mr Scott contributed anonymously an able and pleasing paper "On the Living Poets of Great Britain," in which he was under the necessity of ranking himself as one of the three first-rate poets of the day. It must be allowed, however, that while the praise is in this case managed with some delicacy, the criticism contains a much severer view of his own faults than the delirious approbation of the public would permit any critic of its own body to take.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

It is necessary to have recourse to the poet's own narrative† for an account of the circumstances which directed his choice in his next poetical attempt:

"The ancient manners, the habits and customs, of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that, if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly

* Price L.9. 9s.

† Introduction to late edition of the Lady of the Lake.

of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity. * * *

I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that, to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in June 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken."

ROKEBY—LORD OF THE ISLES—SMALLER POEMS.

In "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott appeared to have produced the finest specimen of which his genius was capable. His earlier efforts were less matured and refined; and the later are all, in various degrees, less spirited and effective. In 1811 appeared "Don Roderick," a dreamy vaticination of modern Spanish history; in 1813 he published "Rokeby," in which he attempted, but without success, to invest English scenery and a tale of the Civil War with the charm which he had already thrown over the Scottish Highlands and Borders, and their romantic inhabitants. Rokeby met with a decidedly unfavourable reception; and, it cannot be denied, the public enjoyed to a greater extent a burlesque, which appeared upon it, under the title of "Jokeby." The evil success of this poem induced him to make a desperate adventure to retrieve his laurels; and in 1814 he published "The Lord of the Isles." Even the name of Bruce, however, could not compensate the want of what had been the most captivating charm of his earlier productions—the development of new powers and styles of poetry. The public was now acquainted with his whole "fence," and could therefore take no longer the same interest in his exhibitions. This was strikingly proved by the silence in which two successive poems, entitled "Harold the Dauntless" and "The Bridal of Triermain," were allowed to fall from the press. Yet it may be asserted, that an individual, without national or other prepossessions, beginning to read the author's poetical works for the first time, would not find nearly so much difference between the early and late productions, as was found by the contemporary public. So much was the greater appreciation of the former owing to novelty.

WAVERLEY.

It now became evident to Sir Walter, without the use of any monitor like him employed by the Archbishop of Toledo, that his day as a poet was well nigh past. He saw that he must "change his hand," if he wished his lyre any longer to awaken sympathetic chords in the bosom of the public. About the close of the eighteenth century, he had commenced a tale of chivalry in prose, founded upon the legendary story of Thomas the Rhymer; but it never went beyond the first chapter. Subsequently, he resolved upon a prose romance relating to an age much nearer our own time. "My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the Lady of the Lake, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people, who, living in a civilised age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling.

It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of Waverley.* It was advertised to be published by the late Mr John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of 'Waverley, or, 'Tis Fifty Years since'—a title afterwards altered to "Tis Sixty Years since," that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid.† Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavour-

able; and having some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. * * * This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing-desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature."

The author then adverts to two circumstances which particularly fixed in his mind the wish to continue this work to a close—namely, the success of Miss Edgeworth's delineations of Irish life, and his happening to be employed, in 1803, in finishing the romance of Queen-Hoo-Hall, left imperfect by Mr Strutt. "Accident," he continues, "at length threw the lost sheets in my way.

I happened to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. * * * Among other unfounded reports, it has been said that the copyright was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the author not choosing to part with the copyright.

Waverley was published in 1814, and as the title-page was without the name of the author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but after the first two or three months, its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste, which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose, considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and schoolfellow, Mr James Ballantyne, who printed these novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but of his critical abilities.* The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, *copy*, was transcribed under Mr Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the author by Mr Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received, were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault."

To this account of the publication of Waverley it is only to be added, that the popularity of the work became decided rather more quickly, and was, when decided, much higher than the author has given to be understood. It was read and admired universally, both in Scotland and England, so that, in a very short time, about twelve thousand copies were disposed of.

MIDDLE LIFE.

At this period we are called upon to turn a while from the literary to the domestic history of the poet. To continue our quotations from his own delightful narrative—†

"I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public has certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

* The carelessness of Sir Walter Scott in all his compositions, found a most fortunate correction in the taste and good sense of this gentleman, who had the fortune to be his printer from nearly the commencement of his literary career.

† Introduction to late edition of Rokeby.

In the meantime, years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years, attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comforts of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle, or my crops, were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and, nevertheless, I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation than I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the blue-room to the brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiestiel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadowland along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like uncle Toby's bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother-earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and envied the poet much more, for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to the boot of all. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles II.'s time (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart), in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised, for the sake of his health, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest possible of cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what was the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader, I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years should elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour; for as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated."

Although the author has designed this to serve as an introduction to Rokeby, which appeared in 1813, it applies more extensively and properly to the early range of what have been called the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter soon found that the cultivation of poetry was not likely to encourage the cultivation, or at least the extension, of his estate; and he therefore resolved to try what could be done with prose. In the preceding passages he has perhaps understated the intensity of his desire of becoming a land proprietor. The writer of these pages is convinced that this was a passion which glowed more warmly in his bosom than any appetite which he ever entertained for literary fame. The whole cast of his mind, from the very beginning, was essentially aristocratic; and it is probable that he looked with more reverence upon an old title to a good estate, than upon the most ennobled title-page in the whole catalogue of contemporary genius. Thus it was a matter of astonishment to many, that, while totally insensible to flattery on the score of his works, and perfectly destitute of all the airs of a professed or practised author, he could not so well conceal his pride in the possession of a small patch of territory, or his sense of importance as a local dispenser of justice. As seen through the medium of his works, he rather appears like an old baron or chivalrous knight, displaying his own character and feelings, and surrounded by the ideal creatures which such an individual would have mixed with in actual life, than as an author of the modern world. It must have been in a great measure owing to the same ruling passion, that he kept the Waverley

* Sir Walter here seems partly to attribute to an event which happened in 1810 (his publication of the Lady of the Lake), a result which took place in 1805. It is evident that he only intended to imply that the success of the poem induced him to renew his prose attempt after it had been several years cast aside. See sequel.

† We have here another curious anachronism. Sir Walter overlooks that the era of 1745 was in reality sixty years antecedent to that of 1805, and that if any alteration was required to be made for the date of publication (1814), it ought to have been to "seventy years since." What makes this the more strange, is, that in the introduction to the novel as published, where he persuades himself to be writing in 1805, as seems to have really been the case, he gives the space of time rightly enough, namely, "Sixty years since."

secret with such pertinacious closeness—being unwilling to be considered as an author writing for fortune, which he must have thought somewhat degrading to the Baronet of Abbotsford. It was now the principal spring of his actions to add as much as possible to the little realm of Abbotsford, in order that he might take his place—not among the great literary names which posterity is to revere, but among the country gentlemen of Roxburghshire.* The nucleus of his property was a small farm, called by the plain name of Cartley-Hole, which he purchased from the late Dr Douglas, minister of the neighbouring parish of Galashiels, and upon which he conferred the more elegant title of Abbotsford, adopted with reference to a neighbouring ford in the Tweed, coupled with the adjacent Abbey of Melrose. The situation of the house was generally considered unfortunate, as it lay on a northern slope towards the river, and was bounded close at hand by a public road. The adjacent land was also of such a kind† as to promise the poet, when he should purchase it, rather more amusement in bringing it up, than is generally wished even by the most enthusiastic improvers.

EARLIER CLASS OF NOVELS.

It was chiefly, nevertheless, to his desire of forming an estate on this spot, which he might hand down to his descendants, that the world is indebted for a series of the most delightful fictions that ever appeared. It is not necessary here to say much regarding these works; it may be enough to subjoin little more than a list of them, with their respective dates of publication. To *Waverley* succeeded, in 1815, *Guy Rannering*; in 1816, the *Antiquary*, and the *First Series* of the *Tales of My Landlord*, containing the *Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*; in 1818, *Rob Roy*, and the *Second Series* of the *Tales of My Landlord*, containing the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*; and in 1819, the *Third Series* of *Tales of My Landlord*, containing the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *A Legend of Montrose*.

Sir Walter, having early been instructed in the disposition of the public to tire of the repeated appearances of even a favourite author, had, in the *Tales of My Landlord*, assumed a new incognito, which, however, was easily seen through. It was impossible, without utterly abandoning the gifts he possessed, to assume a style sufficiently discrepant to impose upon the public. The same great magician was seen to be at work in both series, and the artifice had therefore only the effect of giving a slight fillip to public curiosity.

It was not the least remarkable feature of these works, that, while there was so much to delight, there was hardly a passage that jarred with any existing prejudices, or could be interpreted into offence by any class of men. The author in only one instance permitted his own prepossessions to wound the feelings of his countrymen. This was in the tale of *Old Mortality*, where he was thought to have given a somewhat too favourable picture of the Cavaliers, and an unjust delineation of their opponents. The Scottish people, who insensibly have paid a far worse compliment to the Presbyterians of those days by deserting all their standards of faith, yet entertain a very laudable feeling of reverence for men who considered it their duty, in a tyrannical reign, to lay down their lives in the cause of popular rights. They therefore expressed a very general sense of the injustice of the Author of *Waverley* towards those martyrs; and it soon received shape from the pen of Dr McCrie, who wrote a very acrimonious pamphlet upon the subject, published at first in the *Christian Instructor*. In expiation of an error, which was probably in a great degree the result of inadvertency, Sir Walter has taken care, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, to do ample justice to the children of the covenant. But, while the smart occasioned by the pen of Dr McCrie was still fresh, he seems to have been unable to resist the temptation to retaliate, in a slight measure, for the unduly severe terms in which his offence had been spoken of. If his descent from Judge Swinton be recollected, the force of the following passage in the introduction to the second series of the *Tales of My Landlord*, will be readily appreciated:—

"It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinion, seeing (as it is stated) that I must necessarily have been descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be of course wedded, for better for worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers,

* As this view of the character of Sir Walter Scott has been somewhat uncourtously challenged, the editors think it proper to mention, that when these pages were passing through the press of Ballantyne and Company, Mr James Ballantyne gave the speculations in question his full and valuable sanction, by writing along the margin, "This is admirably true."

† Most of the Abbotsford estate is very bad land. Part of it was formerly subject to what is called a *serotidness of soil* and *divot* in favour of the villagers of Dunsick and Melrose; and thus, as its vegetable surface was periodically pared off, it at length came to lose almost all natural pith, and was reduced to what in Scripture is termed a field of stones. For this land his anxiety to possess, and his ability to pay, caused him to give about three times its present value. The whole rental of what he must have bought at something approaching half a plum, is not above seven hundred a-year.

and inevitable as seems the one or other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For oh, ye Powers of Logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor (venerated be his memory!) was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse, and incarceration of his person."

LATER CLASS OF NOVELS.

Having now drawn upon public curiosity to the extent of twelve volumes in each of his two incognitos, he seems to have thought it necessary to adopt a third, and accordingly he intended *Ivanhoe*, which appeared in the beginning of 1820, to come forth as the first work of a new candidate for public favour—namely, Lawrence Templeton. From this design he was diverted by a circumstance of trivial importance, the publication of a novel at London, pretending to be a fourth series of the *Tales of My Landlord*. It was therefore judged necessary that *Ivanhoe* should appear as a veritable production of the Author of *Waverley*. To it succeeded, in the course of the same year, the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*, which were judged as the least meritorious of all his prose tales. In the beginning of the year 1821, appeared *Kenilworth*, making twelve volumes, if not written, at least published, in as many months. In 1822, he produced the *Pirate* and the *Fortunes of Nigel*; in 1823, *Peveril of the Peak** and *Quentin Durward*; in 1824, *St Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet*; in 1825, *Tales of the Crusaders*†; in 1826, *Woodstock*; in 1827, *Chronicles of the Canon-gate, first series*;‡ in 1828, *Chronicles of the Canon-gate, second series*; in 1829, *Anne of Geierstein*; and in 1831, a fourth series of *Tales of My Landlord*, in four volumes, containing two tales, respectively entitled *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. The whole of these novels, except where otherwise specified, consisted of three volumes, and, with those formerly enumerated, make up the amount of his fictitious prose compositions to the enormous sum of seventy-four volumes.

MINOR AND FUGITIVE WORKS.

Throughout the whole of his career, both as a poet and novelist, Sir Walter was in the habit of turning aside occasionally to less important avocations of a literary character. He was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* during the first few years of its existence. To the *Quarterly Review* he was a more frequent contributor, especially for the last five or six years of his life, during which the work was conducted by his son-in-law, Mr Lockhart. To the *Supplement* of the Sixth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he contributed the articles "Chivalry," "Romance," and the "Drama." In 1818, he wrote one or two small prose articles for a periodical, after the manner of the *Spectator*, which was started by his friend Mr John Ballantyne, under the title of "The Saleroom," and was soon after dropped for want of encouragement. In 1814, he edited "The Works of Swift," in 19 volumes, with a Life of the Author. In 1814, Sir Walter gave his name and an elaborate introductory essay to a work entitled "Border Antiquities" (two volumes 4to), which consisted of engravings of the principal antique objects on both sides of the Border, accompanied by descriptive letter-press. In 1815, he made a tour of France and Belgium, visiting the scene of the recent victory over Napoleon. The result was a lively traveller's volume, under the title of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and a poem styled "The Field of Waterloo." In the same year he joined with Mr Robert Jamieson and Mr Henry Weber in composing a quarto on *Icelandic Antiquities*. In 1819, he published "An Account of the Regalia of Scotland," and undertook to furnish the letter-press to a second collection of engravings, under the title of "Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland," one of the most elegant books which has ever been published respecting the native country of the editor.

POLITICAL APPEARANCES.

In the year 1820, the agitated state of the country was much regretted by Sir Walter Scott; and he endeavoured to prove the absurdity of the popular excitement in favour of a more extended kind of parliamentary representation, by three papers which he inserted in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* newspaper, under the title of "The Visionary." However well intended, these were not by any means happy specimens of political disquisition. Some months afterwards, it was deemed necessary by a few Tory gentlemen and lawyers to establish a newspaper in which the more violent of the radical prints should be met upon their own grounds, and reprisals made for a long course of aggressions which had hitherto been endured with patience. To this association Sir Walter subscribed, and, by means partly furnished upon his credit, a weekly journal was commenced under the title of "The Beacon." As the scurrilities of this print inflicted much pain in respectable quarters, and finally led to the death of one of the writers in a duel, it sank, after an existence of a few months, amidst general execration. Sir Walter Scott, though he probably never contemplated, and perhaps was hardly aware of

the guilt of the Beacon, was loudly, but perhaps inconsiderately, blamed for his connection with it.

MINOR POETICAL WORKS.

In 1822, Sir Walter edited "Trivial Poems and Triplets, by P. Carey, with a Preface;" and, in 1822, appeared his dramatic poem of "Haildon Hill." In the succeeding year, he contributed a smaller dramatic poem, under the title of "Macduff's Cross," to a collection of Miss Joanna Bailie. The sum of his remaining poetical works may here be made up, by adding "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "The Auchindrane Tragedy," which appeared in one volume in 1830. It cannot be said of any of these compositions that they have made any considerable impression upon the public.

PRIVATE LIFE—BARONETCY—KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

It has already been mentioned that Mr Scott had entered into a commercial alliance with his friend Mr John Ballantyne, and endeavoured to promote the prosperity of the concern by editing several large works, which appeared in an expensive style of typography, such as was then fashionable. The temptation to this step was probably a prudent anxiety on the part of the poet to establish another regular stay against the precariousness of a literary source of income. After a few years' trial, it became apparent, from the embarrassments of the firm of John Ballantyne and Company, that loss rather than profit was likely to accrue from the design; and, in 1813, the subject of our memoir deemed it necessary to accede to an arrangement, by which Messrs Archibald Constable and Company purchased a great part of the stock of the other establishment, with an understanding, or at least an expectation, that with them should thenceforward rest the honour and profit of publishing the productions of Mr Scott. The sum advanced on this occasion, in bills, was about nine thousand pounds; but the transfer was to Sir Walter only a change from connection with one embarrassed firm to a scarcely less intimate and fatal connection with another. From that time, his works were, with scarcely an exception, published by Constable and Company, a copartnership which will long be memorable for its enterprising spirit, and the impulse which it gave to native literature, whatever blame may be charged against it on the score of imprudence. Sir Walter was not a partner in this firm, as he had been in that of John Ballantyne and Company; but he was gradually led to engage his credit to a great amount for the purpose of supplying it with capital.

The great success of the earlier novels had encouraged Messrs Constable and Company to give large sums for those works; and, previous to 1824, it was understood that the author had spent from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, thus acquired, upon his house and estate of Abbotsford. During the months which his official duties permitted him to spend in the country—that is, the whole of the more genial part of the year, from March till November, excepting the months of May and June—he kept seat, like a wealthy country gentleman, at this delightful seat, where he was visited by many distinguished persons from England, and from the Continent. As he scarcely ever spent any other hours than those between seven and eleven, A.M., in composition, he was able to devote the greater part of the morning to country exercise, and the superintendence of his planting and agricultural operations, while the evenings were, in a great measure, devoted to his guests. Almost every day he used to ride a considerable distance—sometimes not less than twenty miles—on horseback. He also walked a great deal; and, lame as he was, would sometimes tire the stoutest of his companions.

Among the eminent persons to whom he had been recommended by his genius, and its productions, the late King George IV. was one, and not the least warm in his admiration. The poet of *Marmion* had been honoured with many interviews by his sovereign, when Prince of Wales and Prince Regent; and his Majesty was pleased, in March 1820, to create him a Baronet of the United Kingdom, being the first to whom he had extended that honour after his accession to the crown.

In 1822, when his Majesty visited Scotland, Sir Walter found the duty imposed upon him, as in some measure the most prominent man in the country, of acting as a kind of Master of Ceremonies, as well as a sort of dragoman, or mediator, between the sovereign and his people. It was an occasion for the revival of all kinds of historical and family reminiscences; and Sir Walter's acquaintance with national antiquities, not less than his universally honoured character, caused him to be resorted to by innumerable individuals, and many public bodies, for information and advice. On the evening of the 14th of August, when his Majesty cast anchor in Leith Roads, Sir Walter went in a boat, commissioned by the LADIES OF SCOTLAND, to welcome the King, and to present his Majesty with an elegant jewelled cross of St Andrew, to be worn on his breast as a national emblem. When the King was informed of Sir Walter's approach, he exclaimed, "What! Sir Walter Scott? The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up." Sir Walter

* A friend started to him a report that he was to be made a Knight. "Am I?" was his characteristic response. "More than I know. No, no."

† I like not the grinning honour which Sir Walter hath."

* Four volumes. † Four volumes. ‡ Two volumes.

accordingly ascended the ship, and was presented to the king on the quarter-deck, where he met with a most gracious reception. After an appropriate speech, Sir Walter presented his gift, and then knelt and kissed the King's hand. He had afterwards the honour of dining with his Majesty, being placed on his right hand.

In the arrangements for his Majesty's residence at Dalkeith, Sir Walter bore a conspicuous part; and in the whole of these difficult and delicate transactions, although the novelty of the circumstances might well have occasioned mistakes, he performed his part with faultless address and propriety. The whole affair of the royal visit seemed to take its character from Sir Walter Scott; or, at least, it must be allowed that, but for the taste which his works had awakened for ancient national recollections, and the cast which his own interposition gave to almost every scene, the King's visit would have had a very different external appearance, and one not nearly so well calculated to delight either the visitor or the visited.

Immediately after this grand national jubilee, Sir Walter had the honour to be appointed one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county of Roxburgh, in which his house of Abbotsford is situated.

FAMILY.

By his wife, Lady Scott, Sir Walter had four children—two sons and two daughters. The elder daughter, Sophia Charlotte, was married, April 28, 1820, to Mr J. G. Lockhart, advocate. The elder son Walter, who entered the army, was married to Miss Jobson, a young lady of fortune. The younger son Charles was attached to the Legation of the King of the Two Sicilies. We may here close Sir Walter's family history, by mentioning that Lady Scott died May 15, 1826, and that his second daughter only survived himself a few months, dying unmarried.

PECUNIARY MISFORTUNES.

In 1825, Mr Constable having projected a cheap series of original and selected works, engaged Sir Walter to compose a life of Bonaparte. This work was in progress, when, in January 1826, Messrs Constable and Company became bankrupt. For many years before, Sir Walter had been in the habit of drawing bills, at long dates, upon his publishers, as payment of the copyrights of his works; and as he occasionally was obliged with their acceptances in reference to works not yet written, he was in some measure compelled, by a sense of gratitude, to give his name to other obligations which were incurred by the house for the purpose of retiring the original engagements. Thus, although Sir Walter appeared to receive payment for his literary labours in a very prompt manner, he was pledging away his name all the while for sums perhaps not much inferior in amount to those which he realised; so that, in the long-run, he stood engaged to certain banks, in behalf of Messrs Constable and Company, for, it is said, about £60,000; in other words, a great portion of the earnings of his literary life.

The blow was endured with a magnanimity worthy of the greatest writer of the age. On the very day after the calamity had been made known to him, a friend accosted him as he was issuing from his house, and presented the condolences proper to such a melancholy occasion.

"It is very hard," said he, "thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all."

In conferring, accordingly, with those who had claims upon him, he only requested time in order to satisfy them in full. At the same time, to make sure that his sudden and early death should not altogether balk his design, he effected an insurance of £22,000 upon his life. A trust-deed was then executed, in which he was considered as a member of the printing firm of James Ballantyne and Company; and it appeared that the whole debts, including what must have been contracted under the name of that firm, amounted to £102,000. The commercial world in general receives great honour for the forbearance manifested on this occasion by a few of its members, who are even said to have proposed a scheme of settlement more advantageous to their debtor than what his sense of honour would admit of.

MALAGROWTHER'S LETTERS.

The commercial distresses of the country were at this period very great, and in the case of Scotland they were threatened to be much increased by the Parliamentary regulations then in progress, for reducing the monetary system to an equality with that of England. There was perhaps abstract justice in the proposal of the government; but yet to have suddenly altered a system so interwoven with the commercial existence of the country as that of the small bank-notes, was generally felt by men of sense, without the least regard to national feeling, as calculated to produce something little short of total ruin. There can be little doubt, however, that the clamours of the people themselves would have had no effect in staying the hand of Parliament, interpreted as they were sure to be into a selfish regard to personal interest, if his country's Genius, Sir Walter Scott, had not stepped forward, and undertaken to show the fallacy upon which men in power were proceeding. On the 22d February [1826],

he published a letter in the Weekly Journal newspaper, under the signature of Malachi Malagrowther, in which he delineated the absurdity of the Parliamentary scheme in language so rich in argument, humour, and pathos, as to produce a most extraordinary sensation. His feelings on this occasion were roused to an unusual pitch, and perhaps his own recent calamity contributed to give them force and pungency. Two days after the letter had appeared, he was in the printing-house with his friend Mr Ballantyne, when the latter remarked that he had been more solicitous and careful about the proof of this little composition, than he had ever observed him to be respecting any of his productions. "Yes," said he, in a tone that electrified even this familiar friend, who had heard him speak before under all varieties of circumstances, "my former works were for myself, but this—this is for my country!" Two other letters in the same strain followed, and notwithstanding an answer to them, written by no less powerful a pen than that of Mr J. W. Croker, they had the happy effect of procuring an exemption for Scotland from the contemplated enactments.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

He then sat down, at fifty-five years of age, to the task of redeeming a debt exceeding a hundred thousand pounds. In the first place, he sold his furniture and house in Edinburgh, and retreated into a humble lodging in a second-rate street.* During the vacations, when resident at Abbotsford, he almost entirely gave up seeing company; a resolution the more easily carried into effect, as Lady Scott was now dead. His expenses were thus much reduced; and yet, we are told, he never lived more agreeably in the days of his brightest splendour, than he now did in the company of his younger daughter alone, with a task before him which might have appalled many younger hearts. He was at this time labouring at his *Life of Napoleon*, which expanded under his hands to a bulk much beyond what was originally contemplated. In the autumn of 1826, he paid a visit to Paris, in company with Miss Scott, in order to acquaint himself with several local and historical details necessary for his work. On this occasion he was received in the kindest manner by the reigning monarch, Charles X. "The *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*" appeared in summer 1827, in nine volumes 8vo, and produced to him, it is understood, the sum of £12,000, being at a rate of about £33 a-day for the time he had been engaged on it. This, with other earnings and accessory resources, enabled him to pay a large dividend to his creditors.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WAVERLEY SECRET.

Till the failure of Messrs Constable and Company, the Waverley secret was kept inviolate, though entrusted, as he has himself acknowledged, to a considerable number of persons. The inquiries which took place into the affairs of the house, rendered it no longer possible to conceal the nature of its connection with Sir Walter Scott; and he now accordingly stood fully detected as the Author of Waverley, though he did not himself think proper to make any overt claim to the honour. It may be mentioned, that, at the time of the failure, Sir Walter was in possession of bills for the novel of Woodstock, of which but a small part had as yet been written. A demand was made by the creditors of Messrs Constable and Company upon the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, for the benefits of this work, when it should be made public. But the author, not reckoning this either just or legal, was resolved not to comply. The bills, he said, were a mere promise to pay; since, then, he had only promised to write, and they to pay, he would simply not write, and then the transaction would fall to the ground. On the claim being further pressed, he said, "The work is in my head, and there it shall remain." The question, however, was eventually submitted to arbitration, and decided in favour of the creditors of the author, for whose benefit the work was soon after published.

The fact of the authorship continued to waver between secrecy and divulgement till the 23d of February 1827, when Sir Walter presided at the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, in the Assembly Rooms. There, Lord Meadowbank,† in proposing the health of the chairman, used language to the following effect: "It was no longer possible, consistently with the respect to one's auditors, to use upon this subject terms either of mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled—the darkness visible has been cleared away—and the Great Unknown—the Minstrel of our native land—the mighty Magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before our living senses the men and manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen." Sir Walter, though somewhat taken by surprise, immediately resolved to throw off a mantle, which, as he afterwards remarked to the writer of these notices, was getting somewhat tattered. "He did not think," he said, "that, in coming here to-day, he should have the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, had been remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of *Not Proven*." He did

* St David Street, where David Hume had formerly lived.

† A Judge of the Scottish Courts of Session and Justiciary.

not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps caprice had a great share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself." [Here the audience broke into an absolute shout of surprise and delight.] "He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, then, seriously to state, that when he said he was the author, he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word written that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. His audience would allow him further to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath has filled my sails.'"

He soon after followed up this confession with one more at large, in his Preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

About the same time, the copyright of all his past novels was brought to the hammer, as part of the bankrupt stock of Messrs Constable and Company. It was bought by Mr Robert Cadell, of the late firm of Archibald Constable and Company, at £8,400, for the purpose of republishing the whole of these delightful works in a cheap uniform series of volumes, illustrated by notes and prefaces, and amended in many parts by the finishing touches of the author. Sir Walter or his creditors were to have half the profits, and a gratuity of a hundred pounds upon each volume, in consideration of his literary aid.

This was a most fortunate design. The new edition began to appear in June 1829; and such was its adaptation to the public convenience, and the eagerness of all ranks of people to contribute in a way convenient to themselves, towards the reconstruction of the author's fortunes, that the sale soon reached an average of twenty-three thousand copies. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of this concern—speaking commercially—it may be stated that, in the mere production of the work, not to speak of its sale, about a thousand persons, or nearly a hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were supported. The author was now chiefly employed in preparing these narratives for the new impression; but he nevertheless found time occasionally to produce original works. In November 1828, he published the first part of a juvenile History of Scotland, under the title of "Tales of a Grandfather," being addressed to his grandchild, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he typified under the appellation of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. In 1829, appeared the second, and in 1830, the third and concluding series of this charming book, which fairly fulfilled a half-sportive expression that had escaped him many years before, in the company of his children, "that he would yet make the History of Scotland as familiar in the nurseries of England, as lullaby rhymes." In 1830, he also contributed a graver History of Scotland, in two volumes, to the periodical work called "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia." In the same year, appeared his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, as a volume of Mr Murray's "Family Library."

The profits of these various publications, but especially his share of the profits of the new edition of his novels, enabled him, towards the end of the year 1830, to pay a dividend of three shillings in the pound, which, but for the accumulation of interest, would have reduced his debts to nearly one-half. Of £54,000 which had now been paid, all except six or seven thousand had been produced by his own literary labours. Besides this sum, Sir Walter had also paid up the premium of the policy upon his life, which, as already mentioned, secured a *post obit* interest of £22,000 to his creditors.

RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE.

About the same time—that is, in November 1830—Sir Walter retired from his office as a Principal Clerk of the Court of Session, retaining a large share of the salary appropriated to that office. It is much to the honour of the government of the day, that, without regard to the opposite principles of this illustrious public servant, they offered him a pension sufficient to make up the full amount of his usual salary—which, however, he respectfully but firmly declined.

His health, from his sixteenth year, had been very good, except during the years 1818 and 1819, when he suffered severely under spasms in the stomach, brought on by over-exertion and excitement. It may be mentioned, however, that this illness, though accompanied by very acute pain, did not materially interrupt or retard his intellectual labours. He was only reduced to the necessity of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictated from his bed. The humorous character, Dugald Dalgetty, in the third series of the *Tales of My Landlord*, and the splendid scene of the siege of Torquilston in *Ivanhoe*, were created under these circumstances. Mr William Laidlaw, his ground-steward, who at one time performed the task of amanuensis, has described how he would sometimes be stopped in the midst of some of the most amusing or most elevated scenes, by an attack of pain—which, being past, he would recommence in the same tone at the point where he had left off, and so on for day after day, till the novel was finished.

It happened very unfortunately that the severe task which he imposed upon himself, for the purpose of

discharging his obligations, came at a period of life when he was least able to accomplish it. It will hardly be believed that, even when so far occupied with his official duties in town, he seldom permitted a day to pass over his head without writing as much as to fill a sheet of print, or sixteen pages; and this whether it was of a historical nature, with of course the duty of consulting documents, or of fictitious matter spun from the loom of his fancy. Although this labour was alleviated in the country by considerable exercise, it nevertheless must have pressed severely upon the powers of a man verging upon sixty. The reader may judge how strong must have been that principle of integrity, which could command such a degree of exertion and self-denial, not so much to pay debts contracted by himself, as to discharge obligations in which he was involved by others. He can only be likened, indeed, to the generous elephant, which, being set to a task above its powers, performed it at the expense of life, and then fell dead at the feet of its master.

His retirement from official duty might have been expected to relieve in some measure the pains of intense mental application. It was now too late, however, to redeem the health that had fled. During the succeeding winter, symptoms of gradual paralysis, a disease hereditary in his family, began to be manifested. His contracted limb became gradually weaker and more painful, and his tongue less readily obeyed the dictate of the will.

REFORM QUESTION.

As a high monarchist in principle, and attached personally to the royal family of France, Sir Walter contemplated the revolution of July 1830 with a different feeling from what was generally manifested upon the occasion by his countrymen. He feared that the new monarchy of Louis Philippe was only the commencement of a new series of ruinous changes, similar to those which followed the revolution of 1789. Sir Walter also beheld with alarm the impulse given by the popular triumphs in France to innovatory principles in Britain, and could not conceal that he believed the Reform Bill, consequently introduced into the House of Commons, to be the first step towards the destruction of this mighty empire. In the eyes of the majority of readers, this interpretation of their favourite measure will perhaps be held as indicating great political blindness, or else an interest in the continuance of those abuses which the Reform Bill was designed to abolish. But political leanings are oftener a matter of temperament than of reason, and to suppose that Conservative principles arise invariably either from an interest in a bad system, or a deliberate preference of the bad to the good, only argues blindness in those who maintain such doctrines. It is to be hoped, though it might be convenient in the fervour of the question to throw these imputations upon the Tories, as it was convenient for William III. in his manifesto to stigmatise the son of James II. as an impostor, the triumphant party will eventually allow that many well-meaning and even liberal thinkers opposed the measure only from a fear for the consequences of so sudden and so great a change. That Sir Walter Scott had no objections but of this sort, must be clear to every person who is in the least acquainted with his circumstances and personal character.

In March 1831, the freeholders of Roxburghshire held a meeting at Jedburgh, in order to express their opinion of the Reform Bill, recently introduced by Lord John Russell. Sir Walter Scott, notwithstanding his declining health, felt it to be his duty to attend this meeting, in order to enter his protest against the contemplated measure. A gentleman who saw him on this occasion, describes his face as "shrunken, ill-coloured, and unhealthy, his voice hollow and tremulous, and his entire frame shaken, feeble, and diminished. But," continued this informant, "the leaven of Lionheart was still strong within him. He sat in evident disquiet during the speeches of the ministerialists, till nearly the end of the meeting. He then rose with much of his wonted dignity, when addressing an assembly (for you know his manner then is eminently noble and graceful), and told the meeting that he had come there that day with great reluctance, and at much personal inconvenience, as he had been for some time contending with severe indisposition. 'But, gentlemen,' said he, clenching his iron fist, and giving it an energetic downward motion, 'had I known that I should shed my blood on these boards, I would have spent my last breath in opposing this measure.' He proceeded further to argue the inexpediency of following French political fashions, and ended by saying, 'I must take leave of you, gentlemen; and I shall do it in the well-known adage of the gladiator to the Emperor—*MORITURI VOS SALUTAT*.*' In the course of this speech he was hissed by a few individuals who were present only as auditors—of which he took no notice; but in replying to the gentleman who rose next, when the sound was repeated, he turned quick upon those who were expressing their disapprobation, and said that he cared no more for their hissing than for the braying of the beasts of the field." His feelings, nevertheless, are known to have been so much hurt by this great reverse—for to him it might be so

considered—that, on his way home, he was observed to be in tears. There can be no doubt that the Jedburgh meeting, and the continued excitement upon the Reform question, did much to sadden the last days of this illustrious man, and perhaps also to accelerate his decline.

LAST ILLNESS.

During the summer of 1831, the symptoms of his disorder became gradually more violent; and to add to the distress of those around him, his temper, formerly so benevolent and so imperturbable, became peevish and testy, insomuch that his most familiar relations could hardly venture, on some occasions, to address him. At this period, in writing to a friend, he thus expressed himself—"Although it is said in the newspapers, I am actually far from well, and instead of exercising on a brother novelist, Chateaubriand, my influence to decide him to raise an insurrection in France, which is the very probable employment allotted to me by some of the papers, I am keeping my head as cool as I can, and speaking with some difficulty.

"I have owed you a letter longer than I intended, but write with pain, and in general use the hand of a friend. I sign with my initials, as enough to express the poor half of me that is left. But I am still much yours, W. S."

Since the early part of the year, he had in a great measure abandoned the pen for the purposes of authorship. This, however, he did with some difficulty, and it is to be feared that he resumed it more frequently than he ought to have done. "Dr Abercromby," says he, in a letter dated March 7, "threatens me with death if I write so much; and die, I suppose, I must, if I give it up suddenly. I must assist Lockhart a little, for you are aware of our connection, and he has always showed me the duties of a son; but, except that, and my own necessary work at the edition of the Waverley Novels, as they call them, I can hardly pretend to put pen to paper; for, after all, this same dying is a ceremony one would put off as long as they could."

VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In the autumn, his physicians recommended a residence in Italy, as a means of delaying the approaches of his illness. To this scheme he felt the strongest repugnance, as he feared he should die on a foreign soil, far from the mountain-land which was so endeared to himself, and which he had done so much to endear to others; but by the intervention of some friends, whose advice he had been accustomed to respect from his earliest years, he was prevailed upon to comply. By the kind offices of Captain Basil Hall, liberty was obtained for him to sail in his Majesty's ship the *Barham*, which was then fitting out for Malta.

The illustrious invalid, on quitting the country, appended the following touching note to his Fourth Series of the *Tales of My Landlord*—the last words he was destined ever to address to his countrymen:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may readily obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least, in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relations to him in the ranks of life might have insured their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

He set sail in the *Barham* from Portsmouth on the 27th of October, and, after a pleasant voyage, during which his health seemed considerably improved, he arrived at Malta. From this place, after a short residence, he proceeded to Naples, where he landed on the 27th of December.

In April he proceeded to Rome, which he entered on the 21st, and here also he was received with every mark of attention and respect. He inspected the remains of Roman grandeur with great interest, and paid a visit to Tivoli, Albani, and Frascati. If any thing could have been effectual in re-illuminating that lamp which was now beginning to pale its mighty lustres, it might have been expected that this would

have been the ground on which the miracle was to take place. But he was himself conscious, even amidst the flatteries of his friends, that all hopes of this kind were at an end. Feeling that his strength was rapidly decaying, he determined upon returning with all possible speed to his native country, in order that his bones might not be laid (to use the language of his own favourite minstrelsy) "far from the Tweed." His journey was performed too rapidly for his strength. For six days he travelled seventeen hours a-day. The consequence was, that in passing down the Rhine he experienced a severe attack of his malady, which produced complete insensibility, and would have probably carried him off, but for the presence of mind of his servant, who bled him profusely. On his arrival in London, he was conveyed to the St James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, and immediately attended by Sir Henry Hallford and Dr Holland, as well as by his son-in-law and daughter. All help was now, however, useless. The disease had reached nearly its most virulent stage, producing a total insensibility to the presence of even his most beloved relatives—

— omni

Membrum damno major, dementia, quæ nec Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici.

It is painful to think, that the unhappy condition to which he was now reduced had long been contemplated by him, as what would in all human probability be his ultimate fate. He recollected the circumstances preceding the death of his father,* and the premonitory symptoms were in himself the same. Under the feelings which this reflection inspired, he penned, in 1827, a description of the last days of his parent, which he inserted, with some disguising circumstances, into his novel called "Chronicles of the Canongate."

"The easy chair fitted with cushions, the extended limbs swathed in flannel, the wide wrapping-gown and nightcap, showed illness; but the dimmed eye, once so replete with living fire—the blabber lip, whose dilation and compression used to give such character to his animated countenance—the stammering tongue, that once poured forth such floods of masculine eloquence, and had often swayed the opinion of the sages whom he addressed—all these sad symptoms evinced that my friend was in the melancholy condition of those in whom the principle of animal life has unfortunately survived that of mental intelligence. He gazed a moment at me, but then seemed insensible of my presence, and went on—he, once the most courteous and well-bred—to babble unintelligible but violent reproaches against his niece and servant, because he himself had dropped a teacup in attempting to place it on a table at his elbow. His eye caught a momentary fire from his irritation; but he struggled in vain for words to express himself adequately, as, looking from his servant to his niece, and then to the table, he laboured to explain that they had placed it (though it touched his chair) at too great a distance from him."

After perusing this picture, the reader will be ready to catch up the language used by the physician of this fictitious patient, and turn it into a reference to the illustrious author himself.

"I have heard our poor friend, in one of the most eloquent of his pleadings, give a description of this very disease, which he compared to the tortures inflicted by Mezentius, when he chained the dead to the living. The soul, he said, is imprisoned in its dungeon of flesh, and, though retaining its natural and unalienable properties, can no more exert itself than the captive inclosed within a prison-house can act as a free-agent. *Alas! to see HIM, who could so well describe what this malady was in others, a prey himself to its infirmities!*"

After residing for some weeks in London, in the receipt of every attention which filial piety and medical skill could bestow, the expiring poet desired that, if possible, he might be removed to his native land—to his own home. It was resolved to gratify him in his dying wish, even at the hazard of accelerating his dissolution by the voyage. On the 7th July, he was taken in a carriage to Blackwall, accompanied by his two daughters and Mr Lockhart, and, by the help of a crane, brought on board the James Watt steam-packet, which was to conduct him to Leith. The circumstances of the embarkation were striking. The sailors, while working the machinery which swung the carriage from the shore to the deck, abstained from the wonted "yee hoe." All looked on in pitying and reverential silence. The scene was thus described, it is supposed, by Mr Lockhart—

What car is that the cautious sailors seek
So silently to hoist upon the deck?
What feeble form therein extended laid,
By every eye so curiously surveyed?
Pressed by a throng, all eager, yet not rude,
Anxious to scan, but fearing to intrude?
Well may they pause and gaze intently—Here
No vulgar cause excites the unbidden tear,
A scene like this may well draw sorrow forth;
Behold the mighty minstrel of the north!
Those palsied limbs which now so faintly move,
Sung Marston's valour and De Wilton's love,
Sounded Clan Alpine's gathering-cry to arms,
And sweetly whispered gentle Ellen's charms,
That fading eye which death has nearly sealed,
What brilliant visions hath it once beheld!
The court—the camp—the cottage, and the bower,
Alike were pensive to its searching power,
As all enraptured it read nature o'er,
From Scotland's crags to Syria's burning shore.

* Mr Walter Scott, W.S., lived to an age more advanced than his son. He died April 11, 1799, aged 70.

* The full effect of this very touching expression can only be obtained by general readers through the medium of a note. In the bloody games of ancient Rome, those swordsmen or gladiators who intended to combat till there were no longer any survivors on at least one side, were accustomed to pass first in review before the emperor, and, in anticipation of their probable death, said, *Morituri salutem*. "We dying men now bid you farewell."

Whilst by the bard I now admiring stand,
And sadly mark that scarcely moving hand,
The creatures of his skill appear to me,
Glittering in every bright variety;
The fiery chieftain, his devoted clan,
The gallant Graham—the sterner Puritan—
The virtuous Jeanie—Effie, prey to grief—
The Gipsy Sybil, wise beyond belief—
The princely Richard of the Lion heart,
The rival Soldan, great in every art—
The haughty Templar, and the Prior vain—
The Norman noble, and the Saxon Thane—
The bold freebooters of the olden time,
And Judah's maiden, simple, yet sublime;
All these, and more, how rapidly fit by,
Reflected in the glass of memory!
Ne'er shall the poet number them again—
The wizard sinks, although his spells remain;
To soothe his woe, how little they avail,
Less than to Roderick the old harper's tale!
Yet, though exhausted, will he cross the sea,
Still, Caledonia, still he turns to thee,
Drags his faint footsteps from a foreign strand,
And, dying, seeks his own, his native land;
Sighs for those scenes his pencil first made known,
And then, content, will draw his parting groan.
What though we weep to think upon his tomb,
None ever eune enjoyed so bright a doom!
Oh! what a glorious course 'twas his to run,
Delighting nations, yet offending none!
Ne'er touched by envy—ready to command—
His only rival proud to be his friend.
Rising above the flattery of fame,
Though either world with plaudits speak his name;
With satire's venom ever unembued,
So simply great, so eminently good,
Childhood was charmed, and sober age approved,
Admired by all, by all admiring, loved.

Arriving at Newhaven on the evening of the 9th, he was conveyed, with all possible care, to a hotel in his native city. After spending two nights and a day in Edinburgh, he was removed, on the morning of the 11th, to Abbotsford.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

That intense love of home and of country which had urged his return from the Continent, here seemed to dispel for a moment the clouds of the mental atmosphere. In descending the vale of Gala, at the bottom of which the view of Abbotsford first opens, it was found difficult to keep him quiet in his carriage, so anxious was he to rear himself up, in order to catch an early glimpse of the beloved scene. On arriving at his house, he hardly recognised any body or anything. He looked vacantly on all the objects that met his gaze, except the well-remembered visage of his friend Laidlaw, whose hand he affectionately pressed, murmuring, "that now he knew he was at Abbotsford." He was here attended by most of the members of his family, including Mr Lockhart, while the general superintendence of his deathbed (now too certainly such) was committed to a local surgeon. For two months he lingered in a state of almost total insensibility and mental deprivation, sometimes raving frantically, but in general quite low and subdued. On one occasion he slept the uncommonly long period of twenty-seven hours; and it was hoped that, on awakening, there might be some change for the better. But in this hope his anxious friends were disappointed. He was now arrived at that melancholy state, when the friends of the patient can form no more affectionate wish than that Death may step in to claim his own. Yet day after day did the remnants of a robust constitution continue to hold out against the gloomy foe of life; until, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, mortification commenced at several parts of the body. This was about twelve days before his demise, which at length took place on the 21st of September, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon; the principles of life having been by that time so thoroughly worn out, that nothing remained by which pain could be either experienced or expressed.

The remains of this illustrious person were immediately consigned to a leaden coffin, which had been prepared as soon as the symptoms of mortification appeared. On Wednesday the 26th, he was interred in a place of sepulture belonging to his family,* amidst the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Dryburgh.†

* It originally belonged to the Halyburtons of Merton, an ancient and respectable baronial family, of which Sir Walter's paternal grandmother was a member. It is composed simply of the area comprehended by four pillars, in one of the aisles of the ruined building. On a side-wall is the following inscription:—*Sub hoc tumulo jacet Joannes Halyburtonus, Barro de Mertoun, vir religione et virtute clarus, qui obiit 17 die Augusti 1640;* below which there is a coat-of-arms. On the back wall, the latter history of the spot is expressed on a small tablet, as follows:—*"Hunc locum sepultura D. Seneschallus, Buchanica comes, Gualtero, Thomae, et Roberto Scott, nepotibus Halyburtoni, concessit, 1791."* That is to say, the Earl of Buchan (lately proprietor of the ruins and adjacent ground) granted this place of sepulture, in 1791, to Walter, Thomas, and Robert Scott, descendants of the Laird of Halyburton. The persons indicated were the father and uncles of Sir Walter Scott; but though all are dead, no other member of the family lies there, besides his uncle Robert and his deceased lady.

† The following account of the funeral was written by an eye-witness on the succeeding day. The company invited by Major Sir Walter Scott to take part in the ceremony, consisted chiefly of the neighbouring gentry and others acquainted with the deceased, besides a few of his more intimate associates from Edinburgh. Besides these, a few gentlemen had come unbidden from various distances. After a refectory in the style usually observed on such occasions, the funeral train set forward to Dryburgh. The procession consisted of about sixty vehicles of different kinds, and a few horsemen. It was melancholy at the very first to see the deceased carried out of a house which bore so many marks of his taste, and of which every point, and almost every article of furniture, was so identified with himself. But it was doubly touching to see him carried insensible and inurned through the beautiful scenery, which he has in different ways rendered, from its most majestic to its minutest fea-

AFFAIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AT HIS DECEASE.

At the time of his decease, the remaining claims of his creditors amounted to about L.53,000. The dividends heretofore paid amounted to eleven shillings and eightpence per pound, leaving, exclusive of interest, less than nine shillings still due. To meet this residue of debt, there was L.22,000, which had been insured upon his life, and was now realised, besides considerable sums which had arisen from the profits of his works. On the 29th of October, at a meeting of the creditors, the family of the deceased were enabled to come forward with an offer of L.53,000, or nine shillings in the pound, as a complete payment for all, forming, with what had formerly been paid, a sum equal to the whole ranking against Sir Walter in 1826. The proposal was accepted by the meeting without a dissentient voice; and, in addition to other resolutions, the following was carried with the like unanimity:—

"The meeting think it a tribute justly due to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, to express, in the strongest manner, their deep sense of his most honourable conduct, and of the unparalleled benefits which they have derived from the extraordinary exertion of his unrivalled talents, under misfortunes and difficulties which would have paralysed the exertions of any one else, but in him only further proved the greatness of mind which enabled him to rise superior to them."

"In communicating this intelligence," said the newspaper which gave it to the world, "we cannot help expressing our gratification, in which we are sure that all will heartily sympathise, that this matter has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The conduct of Sir Walter Scott, under the heavy and unexpected trials to which he was exposed, is above all praise, and has been, indeed, a subject of universal admiration. The honourable feelings by which he was actuated in his incessant efforts to pay his debts, could not fail to be duly appreciated by his creditors; and their ready acceptance of the present offer, as a final settlement, is a further proof of their favourable disposition towards him, who, from his exalted genius, as well as his sterling moral worth, has left behind

tures, a matter of interest unto all time. There lay the grey and august ruin,* whose broken arches he has rebuilt in fancy, and whose deserted aisles he has re-peopled with all their former tenants—as lovely in its decay as ever; while he had given it all its charm, was passing by, unconscious of its existence, and never more to behold it. At every successive turn of the way, appeared some object which he had either loved because it was the subject of former song, or rendered delightful by his own—
from the Eildon Hills, renowned in the legendary history of Michael Scott—to

"Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
'Twas Tweed and Leader standing;†

to Cowdenknows, where once spear and helm

"Glanced gaily through the broom;‡

and so on to the heights above Gladwood, where Smallholm Castle appeared in sight—the scene of his childhood being thus brought, after all the transactions of a mighty and glorious life, into the same prospect with his grave. During the time of the funeral, all business was suspended at the burgh of Selkirk, and the villages of Darnick and Melrose; and in the former of these hamlets several of the signs of the traders were covered with black cloth, while a flag of crape was mounted on the old fortalice which rears itself in the midst of the inferior buildings. At every side avenue and opening, stood a group of villagers at gaze—few of them bearing the external signs of mourning, but all apparently impressed with a proper sense of the occasion. The village matrons and children, clustered in windows or in lanes, displayed mingled feeling of sorrow for the loss, and curiosity and wonder for the show. The husbandmen suspended their labour, and leant pensively over the enclosure. Old infirm people sat out of doors, where some of them, perhaps, were little accustomed to sit, surveying the passing cavalcade. Those forming the procession, so far as they could abstract themselves from the feeling of the occasion, were impressed with the extraordinary appearance which it bore, as it dragged its enormous length through the long reaches of the road—the hearse sometimes appearing on a far height, while the rear vehicles were stealing their way through a profound valley or chasm. The sky was appropriately hung, during the whole time of the ceremony, with a thick mass of cloud, which canopied the vale from one end to the other like a pall.

Towards nightfall the procession arrived within the umbrageous precincts of Dryburgh:§ and the coffin, being taken from the hearse, was borne along in slow and solemn way through the shady walks, the mourners following, to the amount of about three hundred. Before leaving Abbotsford, homage had been done to the religious customs of the country by the pronunciation of a prayer by Dr Baird; the funeral service of the Episcopal Church (to which the deceased belonged) was now read in the usual manner by the Rev. John Williams, whose distinction in literature and in scholarship eminently entitled him to this honour. The scene was at this time worthy of the occasion. In a small green space, surrounded by the broken but picturesque ruins of a Gothic Abbey, and overshadowed by wild foliage, just tinged with the melancholy hues of autumn, with mouldering statuary, and broken monuments meeting the eye wherever it attempted to pierce, stood the uncovered group of mourners, amongst whom could be detected but one feeling—a consciousness that the greatest man their country ever produced was here receiving from them the last attentions that man can pay to his brother man—which, however, in this case, reflected honour, not from the living to the dead, but (and to such a degree!) from the dead to the living. In this scene, where the efforts of man seemed struck with desolation, and those of nature crowned with beauty and triumph, the voice of prayer sounded with peculiar effect; for it is rare that the words of Holy Writ are pronounced in such a scene; and it must be confessed that they can seldom be pronounced over such a "departed brother." The grave was worthy of a poet—was worthy of Scott. And so there he lies, amidst his own loved scenes, awaiting throughout the duration of time the visits of yearly thousands, after which the awakening of eternity, when alone can he be reduced to a level with other men.

* Melrose Abbey.

† Old Song.

‡ Ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, in the Border Minstrelsy.

§ Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 by David I., for monks of the kind called Premonstrates.—Hailie's Annals, i.

|| Of Balliol College, Oxford—Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and since become Archdeacon of St David's.

him a name—"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

A will executed by the deceased, February 4, 1831, directed his executors (his two sons and Mr Lockhart) to sell his moveable property at Abbotsford (given back in 1830 by his creditors, as a present) to his eldest son, at L.5000, of which sum, L.2000 to be given to Mr Charles Scott, as much to Miss Anne Scott, and the remaining thousand to Mrs Lockhart, in order to make up her portion (with a like sum given at her marriage) to the same amount as the rest of the junior branches of his family. He then directed that the future profits of the work entitled "Tales of a Grandfather," and certain articles inserted in the *Annals*, all of which were written for his own immediate comfort and subsistence, be applied to discharge his debts incurred since the execution of the trust; the surplus, if any, to go to the trust. He next enumerated the means which he principally depended on for the payment of all his other debts. First, the new edition of his novels, or rather his share in the profits of that edition: then the similar edition, which was contemplated, of his poems. In the event of these being sufficient to discharge the debts under the trust, the further profits to go towards the redemption of an heritable bond of L.10,000, contracted upon the estate of Abbotsford for the support of Archibald Constable and Company; the still further profits, if any, to be divided among his family. "And if it be thought necessary," the document thus proceeds, "that any biographical sketch of the author himself be drawn up, to be attached to the said collection, I do request and entreat my affectionate son-in-law, the said John Gibson Lockhart, who has, during all his connection with me, shown me the duty and kindness of a son, to draw up such sketch, using in that matter such letters, correspondence, and diaries, as shall be found in my repositories; and I also request the said John Gibson Lockhart to carry on and conclude the publication of my poetical works as above mentioned, if I shall leave them incomplete, for behoof of the said trust, and also, for the same purpose, to correct and cut down the *Life of Bonaparte* to a less size, which may be done with a prospect of considerable advantage, or to suggest some competent person to do so; and in general I name the said John Gibson Lockhart my literary executor, assigning my son the said Charles Scott as his assistant, to spare his time as much as possible;" a recompence, he adds, being rendered to them, either by the trust, or by the assignees under this deed.

In the will, allusion is made to a bond upon the estate of Abbotsford to the amount of L.10,000. This burden, though the estate is worth at least five times as much, still operated to prevent Major Sir Walter Scott from being in a condition to take up his residence in his father's house. With a view to preserve, in its original state, a mansion so interesting to the present and all future generations, an association of gentlemen in London commenced a subscription, which was extended to all other districts of the country. In June 1836, the sum thus realised amounted to between seven and eight thousand pounds, which it was proposed to bestow upon the existing proprietor of Abbotsford, to aid him in redeeming the estate from the bond, on an understanding that the house and all contained in it should for ever remain in the condition in which they had been left by the deceased.

It only remains to be added, in this place, that immediately after the death of the illustrious novelist, the king bestowed a pension of L.200 upon his unmarried daughter, who, however, worn out by attendance upon her father's deathbed, did not live many months to enjoy the royal beneficence.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was upwards of six feet, bulky in the upper part of the body, but never inclining in the least to what is called corpulency. His right limb was shrunk from an early period of boyhood, and required to be supported by a staff, which he carried close to the toes, the heel turning a little inwards. The other limb was perfectly sound, but the foot was too long to bring it within the description of handsome. The chest, arms, and shoulders, were those of a strong man; but the frame, in its general movements, must have been much enfeebled by his lameness, which was such as to give an ungainly, though not inactive appearance, to the figure. The most remarkable part of Sir Walter's person was his head, which was so very tall and cylindrical as to be quite unique. The measurement of the part below the eyes was fully an inch and a half less than that above. In early life, the hair was of a sandy pale colour; but it was changed by his illness in 1819 to a light grey, and latterly had become rather thin. The eyebrows, of the same hue, were so shaggy and prominent, that, when he was reading or writing at a table, they completely shrouded the eyes beneath. The eyes were grey, and somewhat small, surrounded by humorous diverging lines, and possessing the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as from above, when their possessor was excited by a ludicrous idea. The nose was the least elegant feature, though its effect in a front view was by no means unpleasant. The cheeks were firm and close, and the chin small and undistinguished. The mouth was straight in its general shape, and the lips rather thin. Between the nose and mouth was a considerable space, intersected by a hollow, which gave an air of firmness

to the visage. When walking alone, Sir Walter generally kept his eyes bent upon the ground, and had a somewhat abstracted and even repulsive aspect. But when animated by conversation, his countenance became full of pleasant expression. He may be said to have had three principal kinds of aspects: *First*, when totally unexcited, the face was heavy, with sometimes an appearance of vacancy, arising from a habit of drawing the under-lip far into his mouth, as if to facilitate breathing. *Second*, when stirred with some lively thought, the face broke into an agreeable smile, and the eyes twinkled with a peculiarly droll expression, the result of that elevation of the lower eyelids which has been just noticed. In no portrait is this aspect caught so happily as in that painted near the close of his life by Mr Watson Gordon (and of which a remarkably good engraving, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, is prefixed to the revised edition of his novels), no other painter, apparently, having detected the extraordinary muscular movement which occasions the expression. The *third* aspect of Sir Walter Scott was one of a solemn kind, always assumed when he talked of any thing which he respected, or for which his good sense informed him that a solemn expression was appropriate. For example, if he had occasion to recite but a single verse of romantic ballad poetry, or if he were informed of any unfortunate occurrence in the least degree concerning the individual addressing him, his visage altered in a moment to an expression of deep veneration, or of grave sympathy. This aspect has been caught very happily in a bust by Joseph, now in the possession of Mr Bara Callander, of Prestonhall. The general tone of his mind being decidedly cheerful, the humorous aspect was that in which he most frequently appeared. It remains only to be mentioned, in an account of his personal peculiarities, that his voice was slightly affected by the indistinctness which is so general in the county of Northumberland in pronouncing the letter *r*, and that this was more observable when he spoke in a solemn manner, than on other occasions.

CHARACTER.

The leading feature of the character of Scott was an admiring and revering affection for the ancient and great—the sentiment of veneration, as we believe it is called in the language of a new philosophy. This gave a direction and a tone not only to his literary efforts, but to the whole strain of his existence. He delighted in whatever was removed by time or situation into a distance at which he could exercise this predominating sentiment upon it; though, from circumstances, it was chiefly in regard to mediæval European history and manners, and particularly those of his own country, that the faculty manifested activity. Whatever recalled the days and usages of feudalism, whether in the shape of architectural remains, the descendants of storied families, or the remnants of tale, and song, and history, which told of chivalrous deeds and semi-barbarous practices, awoke in his mind this sympathising feeling, and could not become to him the subject of either speech or writing without acquiring the hues of poetry. If we search in his writings, metrical and otherwise, for the charm which has rendered them the favourite reading of Europe, we shall find that it is divided between his power of pleasing the corresponding feeling in ourselves, and the general truth of his fictitious characters to nature. It was this master sentiment that animated him in his political prepossessions, in the respect he was thought to pay in an undue degree to the titled great, and in the task of acquiring sufficient property to establish his own posterity in the ranks of the gentry. It was thus the main source of nearly all for which he was admired, and all for which he was blamed.

He was endowed, in a scarcely inferior degree, with all the rest of the moral sentiments. His benevolence exemplified itself in a kind address to all around him, and in numberless acts of beneficence and useful intervention in favour of those who claimed or seemed to be needful of his generosity. The ties of kindred and of country exercised a powerful effect upon his mind: in this respect he was a thorough Scotchman. No moral stain of any kind is known to have marked his life at any of its stages. His integrity, his general prudence, and skill in the ways of the world, were as remarkable as his poetical genius. With all his anxiety to found an aristocratic name, he had no personal pride. He was much more disposed to pay than to exact homage. He possessed an immense fund of humorous anecdote, which he had gathered in the course of his life in all spheres of society, and which he applied with the greatest felicity in private conversation, as well as in his more familiar writings. This, and the extraordinary modesty and simplicity which marked his whole bearing, tend to prove the absence of all sense of personal importance from his character. If he possessed any inferior sentiment of

our nature in a considerable degree, it was that which the phrenologists term secretiveness. His exquisite sense of personal decorum in the various circumstances of life, his protracted concealment of the Waverley secret, and perhaps no small part of his powers in fiction, took their rise in this portion of his constitution. But, though largely bestowed upon him, it had no offensive manifestations.

HIS WRITINGS CRITICISED.

Of the character of his metrical works, some slight notices have been introduced in the course of this brief memoir. With respect to his prose fictions, we beg leave to adopt the following scraps of criticism from an able article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"One of the points of view in which the Author of Waverley is first presented to us, is, as a delineator of human character. When we regard him in this light, we are struck at once by the fertility of his invention, and the force, novelty, and fidelity of his pictures. He brings to our minds, not abstract beings, but breathing, acting, speaking individuals. Then what variety! What originality! What numbers! What a gallery has he set before us! No writer but Shakespeare ever equalled him in this respect. Others may have equalled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait (witness the immortal Knight and Squire of Cervantes, Fielding's Adams, and Goldsmith's Vicar), or may have displayed, with greater skill, the morbid anatomy of human feeling—and our slighter foibles and finer sensibilities have been more exquisitely touched by female hands—but none save Shakespeare has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters; of pictures so surprisingly original, yet, once seen, admitted immediately to be conformable to nature. Nay, even his anomalous beings are felt to be generally reconcilable with our code of probabilities; and, as has been said of the supernatural creations of Shakespeare, we are impressed with the belief, that if such beings did exist, they would be as he has represented them.

The descriptions of persons by the Author of Waverley are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold the individual described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing, are so vividly set before us, that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. But if we feel thus familiar with the personage introduced, it is rather because the mind's eye has received his image, than because we are endowed with a knowledge of his character. It is the outward, not the inward man, that most engages our attention. The best drawn characters of the Author of Waverley make us feel as if we saw and heard them; those of Shakespeare as if we had lived with them, and they had opened their hearts to us in confidence. The female characters in the Waverley Novels are touched with much grace and spirit, though they are not, upon the whole, brought so vividly to our minds as the men—probably because they are more ideal. Such they must necessarily be. The course of woman's existence glides comparatively unobserved in the under-current of domestic life; and the records of past days furnish little note of their condition.

In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, Sir Walter Scott has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. From the various errors into which descriptive writers often fall, Sir Walter Scott is perhaps more exempt than any other. His descriptions of scenery, even in spite of a want of terseness with which his general style is chargeable, are in the highest degree clear, vivid, and intelligible. They have none of those affectations of gorgeous diction, which are the resource of ordinary writers: all is perspicuous, and reasonably concise; written as if the first object proposed was—to be understood; and the poetical associations which are strewn in the path serve to illustrate and impress the subject instead of leading us astray into the realms of fanciful speculation. These remarks are not applicable to such matters of mere detail as the description of costume, of equipments, or of furniture. Many of these, if we try them on a question of taste, will be admitted to be tedious; but we must view them in another light, and accept them as affording information which we could not have obtained, but at an expense of trouble and research, for which their real value would scarcely compensate. Good as are the descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events—of the visible operations of man, or of the elements—that the author displays most power. What have we finer of its kind than the storm in the Antiquary? Guy Mannering contains another masterpiece—the night attack of Portanferry, witnessed by Bertram. We feel as though we were that person—we see and hear all of which his eyes and ears had cognisance; and the im-

pression is the more strong, because the writer has told only *that*, and left the rest to our imagination. This illustrates one feature of the author's skill. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person: he tells just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his reader.

That the Author of Waverley is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the *Antiquary*, the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father; the short narrative of the smuggler in *Redgauntlet*; many parts of *Kenilworth*; and of that finest of tragic tales, the *Bride of Lammermoor*. The plots in the Waverley Novels generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. Guy Mannering is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of *Peveril of the Peak* might perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

It may be said of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, as of the plays of Shakespeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend (to use a common expression) to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions, and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures; and for the most part afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct. There are, perhaps, no fictions exciting the imagination so strongly as the Waverley Novels, which have a less tendency to corrupt the heart; and it is chiefly because they do not exhibit flattering and delusive pictures of crime. The Author of Waverley is never chargeable with that sin so visible in modern literature, which Lord Byron lent his genius to promote, and which humbler writers in verse and prose industriously strive to spread. He has not laboured to diminish our confidence in virtue, and our abhorrence of vice. He does not teach us to believe that the villain probably has generous feelings, while the man who violates no law is as probably at heart a scoundrel. This right-headedness and right-heartedness, this healthy soundness of judgment and of principle in the Author of Waverley, are among those qualities for which posterity will lastingly admire him.

In reviewing the productions of a great writer, interesting as it may be to examine their general character, and the nature of those merits in which their fame is grounded, it is perhaps still more interesting to trace their influence upon literature. That of the Waverley Novels has been great beyond example. That they have invited a good deal of talent to employ itself in the cause of direct imitation, is but an insignificant part of their effects. Nor do we even lay most stress upon the impulse given to the composition of fictitious narrative of every kind. For novel-writing, in general, the Author of Waverley has done much: First, he has made it a more creditable exercise of ability than it was previously considered; and thus invited to it many writers who might otherwise have considered it unworthy of their regard. But, beyond this, he has shown them how they should pursue it. He has taught them that in whatever period, country, or sphere of society, their fictions may be laid, they must first look forth upon nature. They must not indulge the untaught promptings of a wild imagination, but set down only that which they have first ascertained to be in accordance with general truth. Though fiction may be truly the offspring of imagination, it cannot be successful unless tutored by experience. In consequence of this newly-enlarged view of the principles on which fiction should be written, we have, since the appearance of Waverley, seen the fruits of varied learning and experience displayed in that agreeable form; and we have even received from works of fiction what it would once have been thought preposterous to expect—information. From some, we have gathered more respecting the manners of different tribes than books of travels have ever told us; and have obtained a clearer insight into the eventful interior of a soldier or a sailor's life, and the real nature of war and its concomitants, than from all the gazettes that were ever published, and many biographies to boot. We have learnt, too, how greatly the sphere of the novel may be extended, and how capable it is of becoming the vehicle almost of every species of popular knowledge."

J. G.

